Ron's Toys

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/3622710.

Rating: Explicit
Archive Warning: Rape/Non-Con, Underage
Category: F/F, F/M, Multi
Fandom: Kim Possible (Cartoon)
Relationship: Kim Possible/Ron Stoppable, Monique/Ron Stoppable, Ann Possible/Ron Stoppable, Shego/Ron Stoppable, Bonnie Rockwaller/Ron Stoppable, Ron Stoppable/Tara, Ann Possible/Kim Possible, Monique/Kim Possible
Additional Tags: Sleep Sex, Underage Sex, Anal Sex, Parent/Child Incest, Lesbian Sex, Vaginal Sex, Mind Control, Threesome - F/F/M, Pet Girl, Humiliation, Angst, Pregnancy, Forced Pregnancy, Loss of Virginity, Light BDSM
Stats: Published: 2015-03-27 Updated: 2017-04-02 Chapters: 12/? Words: 215437

Ron's Toys

by sandstormhero

Summary

Join Ron Stoppable as he begins to gather items of magic and technology, each pulling him deeper into a world of perversion and darkness as he uses them against the beautiful women in his life. Will he be able to resist the temptation of power, or will he succumb to his desires and embrace everything this new life can offer?

Notes

Hey, this is the first chapter of a multi-chapter lemon based story. heavy on the lemon and even heavier on the story. I hope you all can enjoy the first chapter and just know that i'm already working on chapter five and will try and post on a regular interval as best i can. That being said, most of my chapters tend to be rather large so please be patient with me. also, once you finish if you could be so kind to write me a little comment and tell me what you thought, good or bad, i'd be just oh so grateful. Come on people. If i can take the time to write these big chapters, you can spare the time. don't you think?

Chapter Tag(s): non-consensual, sleep sex, f/m, blowjob, cunnilingus.
Toy(s): Sleep pen
Girl(s): Kim
Sleep Pen

“Ron,” Kim’s whispered to me. “Are you ready?”

Attempting to disconnect myself from my climbing gear, I found the release clip jammed. And looking up, I could see my ginger haired friend watching me impatiently. “One second!” I promised, fumbling even worse than before.

Straining with the mess of metal and rope, I gave a yelp of surprise as the latch sprung free. This left me dazed in a tangle a ropes, whimpering at the sudden ach in my rear-end. “Ready Kim,” my voice announced, wavering as I tried to stop the world from spinning.

Being the good natured person that she was, Kim smiled at my clumsiness rather than becoming annoyed. And with a roll of her eyes, she gave it no thought before pulling me to my feet. “Try to keep on your toes Ron,” she laughed, walking back to cave entrance.

Keeping up with Kim into the mouth of the cave, I followed her example crouching low and hidden. Staying as focused as my hair brained personality would allow, I was completely caught off guard, bumping into Kim’s out stretched arm ceasing my progress. And wouldn’t you know it, not a second latter did two henchmen come bubbling around a corner right where I would have been seen.

Not surprisingly, they passed us completely without so much as a glance to their surroundings. “What do you think Drakken pay’s those guys,” I wondered aloud.

“Ron, concentrate,” Kim’s whispered voice brought me back to focus. Turning my attention back to her, I watched her gesture upwards. Following her motion, my eyes spotted the next route of our infiltration. The air vents.

Understanding my role, I quickly assumed the position, allowing Kim to scale my body like a ladder. I couldn't stifle my whine as the grips of her shoes pulled at my face and hair. “Sorry,” she poked her head out of the grate smiling bashfully.

With Kim lending me an arm, I was able to stumble my way up the wall and join her inside the air conditioning vent. Regretfully, I couldn't help but feel the familiar flutter in my chest as I knew what would be coming next.

Crawling in the cramped, tight ventilation system only a few steps behind my friend, my eyes were immediately drawn to the view of her round backside. Even through her the thickness of her baggy cargo pants, I could clearly see the enticing outline of what lay beneath.

My face flushed with embarrassment, at the dirty thoughts going through my mind about my best friend. It was always a strange feeling for me whenever the line between best friend and... girl became blurred. And with a friend as impossibly beautiful as Kim, it's getting harder and harder to not to think of her as what she was, a gorgeous, blossoming young woman.

Thankfully, having been through this uncomfortable position countless times on even more countless missions, I was able to revert to my usual escape route before my mind really started to wander.

“You know, you’d think villains would stop buying vents big enough for people to crawl thought,” I observed with a grin. Nothing distracted me better than babbling like a fool.

“Rooon,” Kim dragged out aggravated. “Stealth, remember? That means you need to be quiet.” Her voice held the same annoyed, chastising tone that she had used whenever I was acting stupid. Even
when we had been children.

“I’m just saying,” I explained myself. “How many times have we used these things to break into their lairs? You’d think they would learn by now. Maybe even have a special type of vents that they made just because of us.” I continued to babble. “You think we should get royalties for that?”

“RON!” Kim exclaimed whipping her head around to look at me. I was only able to give her an apologetic smile. I watched her roll her emerald green eyes at me and turn back down around the ventilation shaft.

I stayed quiet the rest of the way, also keeping my head focused intently on the dusty metal below me. The view in front of me was a nice treat every now and then, unfortunately I can’t seem to help feeling guilty. Which is why as Kim stopped, her form blocking me from going any further, I blew a sigh of relief.

“Ron, we’re here,” she announced stopping at another grate. Looking past her body, I could see the telltale signs of mad science flickering on the other side.

“I’ll distract Shego while you destroy Drakken’s machine,” Kim instructed, falling back on our good old strategy. That’s all the warning she gave before springing into action.

Kicking open the grate, Kim jumped down, landing gracefully on her toes. Following after her, I too landed, albeit a bit more painfully than her. Groaning, I staggered to my feet, only to see a rather aggravated Kim holding up her hands like she was being robbed.

“Kim, what are you, ohhh…” my words died in my mouth upon seeing Drakken and Shego surrounding us, along with twenty or so henchmen.

“So good of you to join us, Ms. Possible,” Drakken taunted with a smirk.

The next few moments passed like anyone would expect. What with the ranting, and threats and maniacal laughter. Thankfully it was only a few moments of this, and I found myself tied alongside Kim to a steel beam. And just like always, we were set in perfect view of Drakken about to give his big speech.

“Kim Possible,” he began darkly. “After who knows how many times you’ve snuck into my bases through the vents, did you really think I would forget to install motion detectors?” Not even giving her enough time to blink, the maniacal blue skinned man could hold his boasting in no longer. “Well, you thought Wrong!” He cackled happily.

Kim shot me a glare that silenced any words of ‘I told you so.’ in response, it was all I could do not to smile.

“Behold!” He marveled, motioning toward an enormous machine crackling with electricity. “My newest and greatest invention: The Narcoleptor two point oh!” He cheered. Like many of his inventions, this one very much resembled all his other laser rays. And giving it a critical stare, I couldn’t help but shake my head in disappointment. So underwhelming.

“With this, I have the power to force every man, woman, and child on the planet to fall into a sleep so deep, not even the greatest alarm clock could wake them! And with the world dozing off in dreamland, I’ll be free to do whatever I please. Money, technology, anything I could ever want, free for the taking!”

After listening to him rant for so long, my attention was drawn to a sudden rustling in my pants pocket. It didn’t take long for my other best buddy to poke his head free and spot the situation we
were in. Chattering excitedly, I quickly garnered for his attention.

Seeing his adorable beady eyes meet my own, I silently motioned for him to free us from the ropes. Years of friendship and bonding served true as at once his small pink form discreetly scurried up my shirt and began to gnaw away at the cords binding us. A quick motion to Kim and everyone was on board.

I could already feel the ropes loosening as Drakken decided to bring his gloating up closer. Standing face to face with Kim, his obnoxious sneer showed his unbridled joy over his position. “And without this,” he taunted, dangling an electronic looking belt in front of her. “You’ll be helplessly asleep just like everyone else.” Finished with his gloating, Drakken released an evil bellow of laughter to the heavens.

I watched as Drakken remained oblivious to the sly, poised smile that remained on Kim’s face through the whole ordeal. “There’s just one problem with that Drakken,” she spoke confidently.

Grunting suspiciously, Drakken eyed my red haired friend distrustfully before once again getting in her face. “And just what would that be,” he dared with narrowed eyes.

“This,” Kim comment casually, and then prosed to rear back on her tailbone, legs poised to strike.

Bracing herself against the steel pillar, her legs snapped forward, catching Drakken on both sides of his rib cage and sending him flying through the air. Then, using the same momentum from her kick, she sprung to her feet adopting her signature Kung-Fu attack stance.

Now free from the rope, I bounded upward to stand next to her, though in a much less impressive manor.

I watch with concern as Drakken struggled to stand, clutching a hand to his chest. Guards were already starting to close in on us.

Starting to get nervous, my back once again found a home with the steel pillar. This was the time I usually start running. “Shego!” Drakken bellowed, still coughing up a fit.

Seeming to fall from the sky, said green skinned woman appeared like a demon from hell. With hands burning hotter than the devils flames and with a smirk to match. Even a few of the henchman were scared enough to flee the room. I guess they aren’t as stupid as I thought.

“Ron, find a way to destroy the machine before Drakken has a chance to activate it,” Kim ordered me. More than happy to escape being the middle of the battle, my running skills proved valuable once again as a hail fire of green plasma rained in the space where I once stood.

Checking to make sure Kim was ok; I looked over my shoulder just in time to see Shego land a particularly hard kick into her pelvis. Wincing, I knew that even to a girl that must have hurt.

Turning back to my task at hand, I smiled as Rufus appeared, smiling at me on the control panel’s dashboard. “Ok buddy,” I said smiling. “Start pulling some wires!” And pull he did. Like a small, pink, naked Tasmanian devil, Rufus dived inside the machine yanking everything he could. Soon sparks of electricity and smoke could be seen bleeding out and into the room.

“Buffon!” Drakken yelled, seeing what me and Rufus had done to his precious machine.

Looking over, I quickly drew his attention away from Rufus so my little buddy could finish destroying the machine. “WHAAAA!” I mimicked making Kung-Fu noises. Taking the only fighting stance I remember, I charged at him with hands flying. I knew to anyone else I would have
looked pathetic, but it must have been intimidating enough for Drakken for as soon as I charged, he took off running.

Little did I know that it was that moment that would change my life forever. The second I took off after Drakken, Rufus discovered a rather important looking bit of the machine. Wires ran from all corners of the machine ran directly into one blinking piece

At once Rufus set out on unplugging the core of the machine. Each and every wire fell until he was the only thing holding it up. Grasping it in triumph, Rufus’s cheer was short lived as the machine began to shake and groan. The pink rodent took this as a sign that his job was done. Escaping in a hurry, the small naked mole rat completely forgot about the core mechanism still firmly gripped in his teeth…

Back to my fight with Drakken, if you can even call it a fight, I hardly took notice of my friend as he climbed back into my pocket. Instead, I resumed my slapping match with Drakken, oblivious to what I now held in my pocket.

The sound of an explosion ripped its way through the lair like an earthquake. Drakken’s already pale face seemed to drain even further as he gazed upon his once prized machine go up in flames. Only the sound of a second explosion was enough to break him out of his reverie.

Just as scared as he was, I watched Drakken stumble backwards instinctively seeking out the escape route. “SHEGO!” his voice yelled over the rumbling. Amazingly, it appeared that Shego had heard him over the roar of the explosions. Running mid-battle to where we both cowered, she grabbed him before giving me a sneer and dashing out of the room.

Looking around desperately, I cried out in relief as Kim appeared out of the accumulating smoke dashing to me. “Ron!” she yelled my name. “Wade got us a ride out!” Trusting her words without question, I followed Kim as we dashed through what was left of Drakken’s lair.

My screaming seemed to be the only thing louder than the explosions as debris rained on our heads. No matter what direction we turned, all we found were more crumbling hallways. All hope seemed dim until finally a light could be seen shining through the smoke.

Running for it, my hand never left Kim’s. And taking a leap of faith, we both burst through and into the open air seeming to fly as the wind whipped around our forms. Finally, feeling gravity taking its hold, Kim’s arm shifted to my midsection. This was the only warning I had before the sound of Kim’s jetpack roared in my ears and we were soaring off to safety. But it wasn’t until we both landed safely on the boat that I allowed myself to finally stop screaming.

Panting in relief, I was content to lay on the safety of the boat’s deck and wheeze until my breath returned. Kim, of course, was breathing easily, looking perfectly calm and composed. Having Kim pull me to my feet, I staggered around until the world seemed to finally stop spinning.

Rufus skittered out of my pocket soon after looking equally dazed. “I told you to pull some wires man, not set the thing to nuclear,” I chastised the little rodent. Adorably, all he could muster what a strangled “sorry,” as he scratched the back of his head.

“Are you alright Ron,” Kim asked looking worried.

Looking at my friend I put on my best brave face and tried my best to hide the fear still quaking in my mind. “Don’t worry KP, you’ll have to try harder than that to keep the Ron man down,” I laughed hoping she didn’t hear my voice shake.
Her face brightened at my words, and soon after I was enveloped into a warm hug. Seeing the smile on her face, I was once again reminded how I was able to keep doing everything I did to help Kim on her missions.

No matter how scared I get during missions, and no matter how close I come to dying, none of that would ever compare to how terrified I would be sitting at home; wondering if Kim would come home alive. If I can help her, even if it kills me, I never want to see her stop smiling.

Pulling out of the hug, Kim smiled at me warmly. “Good, because we still have a geometry test to study for.”

Falling back to the floor, I couldn't stifle another whine of pain. Homework, my other greatest fear.

“Just a few more minutes,” I whined.

Currently sitting on the coach with Kim, I had managed to convince her to let me watch a little TV before studying. At first I had only asked for an hour, but then that hour turned into two hours, and then that two turned to four, and then…

As Kim Turning off the TV, I whined pathetically as she stood in front of me, her hands on her hips. “Ron!” she exclaimed. “It's almost eleven and we haven’t even started.” She reminded me.

“But can’t we do it tomorrow?” I asked, hoping desperately for an escape.

“The test is tomorrow!” Kim pointed out shaking her arms.

Groaning, my head fell against the back of the couch. I hated when she used logic. “Fine,” I conceded. Putting on my least happy face, I followed Kim as she led me up to her room.

This was where we would usually end up doing our homework as it proved to be the least distracting part of the house. Her brothers weren't allowed inside, and she didn't have a TV either. This provided us with the perfect environment to focus solely on homework… yay. The absence of my best buddy in my pocket was a testament to how much Kim wanted me to focus.

Tired of my sulking, Kim glared at me as soon as she closed her door. “Ron, you were the one who asked me to help you in the first place,” she reminded me. “So stop sulking.”

Feeling guilty, I realized she was right. If I don’t get my grades up, Mom won’t let me keep going on missions. And that can’t happen. “Alright, alright, time to get serious. Lay it on me, I am prepared for anything,” I challenged her making a show of it by cracking my knuckles.

Smiling at my change of attitude, Kim raised an eyebrow. “Ok, Mr. Prepared, did you remember to bring your geometry text book?” I could tell by the look on her face she expected my silence. “How about paper, did you bring any paper?” Again, I was left silent with only a stupid stare on my face.

“Ron!” she yelled.

A knock on the door interrupted whatever it was she was going to yell at me.

Poking her head through the door, Mrs. Possible smiled warmly at us. “Kimmie, try and keep it down, ok? Your father and I are trying to get some sleep.”

I sheepishly peeked at Kim to see her cheeks rosy with embarrassment. “Sorry Mom, we’ll be quiet.”

Giving us both another smile, Mrs. Possible closed the door with a soft click.
I always wondered how Kim’s parents are always so ok leaving me and Kim alone like they do. Part of me hopes it’s because they think of me like family, and know they can trust me with Kim. But then, another part of me realizes that just don’t see me as a threat to their daughter's chastity.

How’s that for a kick in the nacos.

Turning back to me, Kim resumed her look of aggravation. “Did you at least bring a pencil?”

This was where I had a little hope. On missions I usually have to bring my homework with me. That means I usually have to stash my supplies in my pockets before jumping out of the plane. With any luck, I’ll have something to write with stashed somewhere in my pants.

Doing my best to appear as confident as possible, I calmly searched my pockets praying that I wouldn't give Kim the satisfaction of being right yet again.

Felling a long object in my pocket, I was about to cheer for joy. And reaching in, I quickly pulled it out to show Kim with pride. That is until I actually looked at it.

Looking at the mysterious object, I inspected it with confusion. It appeared to be about as long as a pen, but it was easily three times as thick, or about the size of my thumb. The way it lit up, it was easy to see it held some sort of electric charge. But as fascinating as all of that was, there was only one quality that mattered.

It wasn't a pen.

Hanging my head in shame I accepted my defeat. Thankfully, Kim was a more graceful winner than I. Rolling her eyes, she smiled at me before getting all the equipment I neglected to bring.

Sitting across from each other on the floor, Kim began to set up the homework station in her own obsessive compulsive way. I on the other hand, found myself completely distracted, intent on finding out just what my toy was.

For the life of me, I couldn't remember where I had gotten the thing. It didn't seem to do much of anything except for five blinking lights that stood in a row top to bottom. The rest of it was encased in steel gray metal.

Poking at it, I spotted the top of one end held a button. Excited at my new find, I acted without thinking and pressed the button. Ironically, I couldn't help noticing how similar this action seemed to clicking a pen.

Unfortunately, I wasn't allowed to muse on this fact for long for as soon as I clicked the ‘pen’ the other end of it opened up to release a purple laser… that was aimed directly at Kim.

“Ron, would you stop playing with that thi-.” I watched horrified as my friend was enveloped in an aura of purple energy, cutting her off completely. And just as soon as it appeared, the glow dissipated, leaving Kim unresponsive, a heap of limbs on the floor.

Frozen in shock, I was allowed but a few seconds of disbelief before panic set in. Jumping up, my hands hovered over her afraid to touch her. “Don’t be dead. Don’t be dead. Don’t be dead,” I repeated over and over again.

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I could already see the headlines in the newspaper: Teen hero Kim Possible killed by sidekick! Oh god, what am I gonna do!

Getting ready to weep over my fallen friend, the sound of Kim snoring broke me out of my panic.
My eyes grew wide as saucers as the nasal sound erupted from my friend. She was alive! Never in my whole life have I ever been so happy to hear Kim snore!

So relieved, I almost forgot I had just shot my friend with a laser, almost. Once I had calmed down, I realized I still had a laser blasted best friend sleeping in the middle of the room.

Running over to the closed door, I peeked into the hallway to see if anyone had heard the commotion I had made. Not seeing, nor hearing anyone in the sleeping house, it looked as though I was allowed that much luck.

Creeping back over to Kim, I sat down next to her sleeping body filled with self-hatred. My clumsiness had always gotten me in trouble, but it had never gotten Kim seriously injured before. Pulling out the ‘pen’ laser, I glared at the stupid machine that had caused so much trouble.

Glares at it, I noticed some of the devise seemed to have been crudely painted. Using my fingernail, I chipped the rest of it away until it revealed just what I held in my hands. The Narcoleptor one point oh.

This brought another wave of panic to overtake me. Not only had I shot Kim with a laser, but with Drakken’s laser. It didn’t get any worse than that. Knowing there was no other option; I knew there was only person who could help me.

Carefully rolling my friend onto her back, I dug my hand into her pockets and pulled out her Kimmunicator. Shamefaced, I braced myself before making my call.

‘Beep Beep be Beep’

“Hey Ron, what can I do for you?” Wade asked, appearing on the screen.

Whimpering, I couldn’t meet his eyes as I struggled to think of an explanation to explain what had happened. “Wade, I shot Kim with a laser and now she won’t get up!” I cried desperately.

Losing his calm composure, Wade was now giving me his full attention. “Ron, Calm down!” he urged. Then, adopting a calculating expression, his eyes flashed back to mine. “What color was the beam?”

Struggling to focus, I remembered the purple hue that had burst from Drakken’s device. “Purple, I think. Or it could have been violet,” I panicked, wondering if it made a difference. “Actually on second thought it might have even looked eggplant.” I said my face paling. “Oh god Wade, what does eggplant mean!” I cried.

“Ron!” Wade called out to me. “Just put the Kimmunicator over her body and let me scan her.

I nodded my head and rushed to follow his instructions. Holding the device over Kim’s unconscious form, a green line beamed from the communicators moving up and down her body. It wasn’t until I heard Wade give me the ok, that I returned the screen back to my face.

“Give it to me straight Wade, how long does she have,” I asked bracing myself for the inevitable.

“Dude,” Wade spoke in a calming voice, “she’s just asleep.”

Surprised, I looked back over at my friend and then back at the screen. “Just asleep? That’s it?” I asked with newfound hope. “You didn’t find anything… bad?”

Reclining in his chair, Wade took a large swig from his soda. “Just asleep,” Wade confirmed.
“Though, admittedly it is a deep sleep. It doesn’t look like she’s going to be waking up for at least eight hours. She could sleep through an earthquake,” he laughed.

I looked at him, surprised. “Seriously?” I looked over at my friend with relief. The worst I had done was give her a good night’s sleep. “Thanks Wade,” I sighed gratefully.

Giving it a second of thought, I paused closing the connection. “Hey Wade,” I cautiously approached. “Could you not tell Kim about this when she wakes up?” On the account that she didn't actually remember what happened, I didn't see any reason she should be reminded of it.

“Sure Ron,” he laughed. “Good night.”

Signing off, I placed the devise beside me thinking about what I should do next. I watched Kim sleep for a few seconds happy to just see her safe. Brushing a stray lock of auburn hair from her face, I took advantage of this rare opportunity to admire her.

I can’t really recall what time my feelings for her grew past friendship. I just remember always knowing I would never have a chance with her. Even at a young age, I could see the stark difference between us. Girls like her and guys like me just didn’t happen. This was a fact I knew, but held no bitter feelings for. The fact that I was able to be such good friends alone was more than enough. Kim was an amazing girl and an amazing friend. And I was lucky to know her.

Without realizing it, I had begun to gently stroke her cheek. One of her best qualities, in my opinion, was her face. Her pale ginger skin contrasting against her fiery hair was only accented by her beautiful green eyes. Combining her adorable round cheeks and it was amazing how any guy couldn't fall for her.

Pulling my hand back, I smiled at her. It was then I realized how uncomfortable it must be for Kim to sleep on the floor. Fidgeting nervously, I decided I wanted to do the chivalrous thing and try to carry her to her bed.

Digging my hands underneath her body, I let out a small whine of effort as I lifted her body into my arms. The whine proved to be unneeded as it took barely any strength to lift her. I couldn't help but marvel at her. Even with all the muscle and fitness she obtained through her extracurricular activities, she barely weighed a thing. It was like lifting a bird.

Of course, my competency couldn't last as on my six foot journey to her bed, I tripped on my own feet. Thankfully, I was close enough to her bed that could pitch her. This left me quite vulnerable however, landing on harshly on her carpeted floor with a not so subtle ‘thump’ echoing throughout my frame.

Scrambling to my feet, I cautiously peeked at Kim to make sure she hadn’t been hurt. I could breathe easy as she had landed safely without harm.

Kim’s rest persisted unperturbed as she lay on her back, oblivious to the world around her. I knew Wade said she would sleep through an earthquake, but wow.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I couldn't believe how much stress one person could feel in a single night. Leaning on the back of my elbows, I figured it was about time for me to take my leave. Hopefully Mom would be asleep and I’d be able to make up an excuse for what time I got home.

Getting ready to stand, Kim shifted in her sleep capturing my attention. On reflex my eyes snapped to look at what had moved. This was how I found my eyes glued to the suddenly exposed skin of Kim’s midriff.
Whether it happened during the fall or when she had moved, Kim’s lavender pajama tank top had run up her torso exposing even more skin than it usually did. I could feel a lump in my throat as my eyes trailed over her exposed stomach. While her shirt still remained covering her chest, it stopped just below the line of her bra, leaving her lower ribs and toned stomach open for me to see.

I was frozen at the sight before me. Even if I wanted to move, I doubt I would have found the strength. This was so much more than peeking at her butt in a ventilation shaft. If that shirt raised only a few more inches…

Before I was even aware I was moving, the feeling of Kim’s flat stomach burned my fingertips. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest as Kim’s warmth seeped into my fingers. Unable to resist, I pressed my entire hand on her skin rubbing it like fine silk.

Like a moth to a flame, my attention immediately was drawn to her navel. I’ve always wanted to feel it. All the times seeing it peeking from under her midriff tank tops, it was a dream come true.

It was cute, in its own way. As an outy the small nub of her belly button peek out to meet me. With my finger I traced its rim, feeling the steady breath of girl beneath, before finally touching its core. In doing so, I couldn’t help but feel a shiver of unexplained excitement jolt through me. Not sexually. I wasn’t that weird. But rather having the chance to do something I had thought of in passed left me unreasonably amused.

After so much time of continuing this sinful pleasure, I was finally able to pull my hand away, only to stare at it in amazement. She was so… soft. In all her exercise and strength, you couldn’t help but think her body to reflect that power. But no, like any other girl, or even more so, Kim’s skin was smooth and warm. Creamy almost. So much so that I found myself having to fight my on hand from putting it back.

Part of me knew It was sick and wrong of me to take advantage of Kim like I had, but the rest of me couldn't get over how good it had felt. No matter how many times I tell myself to just walk away, my butt remained planted on the bed. I just couldn't look away from the thin furl of cloth blocking my eyes from Kim’s breast. I wasn’t sure if she was wearing a bra or not, but God did I want to find out.

In my mind, I found myself weighing my options as best as could. This was my friend, not just some thing for me to play with. But even knowing that, I couldn’t help but rationalize that so long as she never found out, what harm could it do? One little peak and I’d be out the door. Yea… that sounds reasonable. Besides, if I didn’t look now, I knew the possibility of me having this chance again were slim to none.

I can’t blame my hand this time as it wandered over to Kim’s. I knew full well what it is I’m reaching for, and what I am about to do. Pinching the fabric of Kim’s pajama top, I slowly begin to lift it to her collarbone.

My breath slowed to a stop at the first sight of a powder blue bra peeking its way from under her shirt. Inch by inch more of Kim’s undergarment was revealed to my curious eyes. Once I finally finished lifting Kim’s shirt, I realized my long held breath, staring unabashedly at Kim’s covered breast.

Now I know Kim might not have the biggest bust in school, in all honesty it couldn't be more than a low B, but for me they were more than enough. Swallowing a lump in my throat, I kneeled beside her sleeping form trailing my hands up her ribcage. One finger at a time, I placed them over her bra until each cup rested in my palm.

My face couldn't have been any redder if it was on fire. More focused that I’ve ever been, I slowly
began to gently squeeze my best friend’s boobs. Even through the material of her bra, the soft fleshy feel in my hands sent a shiver up my ribs.

This was more than looking, I knew that. But as the unfathomable softness of her chest rested against my palm, any thoughts of past bargaining went out the window. And in its place, I put the brain power to focus completely on the pair of heavenly mounds resting in my palms.

As time went on, my gentle squeezing grew more fevered until my hands seemed to have a life of their own, gripping, and massaging to my heart’s content. My Reasoning had been if I indulged myself, I would be able to get it out of my system and leave with both a happy friendship and a fulfilled fantasy. But now, looking down at Kim with her breast in each hand, I realized just how stupid I had been.

Running my fingertips over the cup of her bra, my finger brushed over a bump poking through the fabric. Drawing my attention, I searched for the bump curious as to what it could be. Inquisitively, I pinched it between my thumb and forefinger in an attempt to identify it.

“Mmm,” Kim sighed scrunching her face in her sleep.

Hearing her grunt in her sleep, I could see her face contorted in what looked like discomfort. It was in that moment I saw my life flash before my eyes. I jumped from the bed prepared for Kim to fully wake up and start beating me within an inch of my life.

Waiting at the side of the bed, I stood petrified hoping she would at least spare my face. I waited and waited, and then I waited some more. But no matter how long I waited, Kim never so much as squeaked a mattress spring.

After waiting what seemed to be an eternity, my frozen state lessened to a just a mild heart attack. Satisfied that Kim wasn’t actually waking up, I had to stop myself from collapsing onto the bed. Wade had said she would be asleep for eight hours, but when she had made that sound…

Looking at Kim’s face, it had once again returned to its calm peaceful state. For the life of me, I couldn’t figure out what had happened. I hadn’t been doing anything different than before, so what changed? Could it have been… the bump? Wait, that wasn’t a bump, it was… oh.

Even I was embarrassed at my stupidity. Though it was only an accident, I learned something new about Kim tonight. Her nipples were very sensitive.

My cheeks turned pink as I realized what I’d just thought about my friend. But they turned actually red as I fantasized what I wanted to do next. Weighing my decisions, I was shocked to find the moral voice in my head getting quieter and quieter.

Tossing those thoughts away, I crawled back onto the bed and hovered over Kim, my fingers itching at my side. With shaking hands, I reached for Kim’s bra. In a matter of seconds I would be face to face with Kim’s bare breast. This thought only made my hands shake even worse.

Thankfully, I was able to locate the bra’s latch nestled in front. This would save me a good amount of effort flipping Kim over and wrestling it off. Instead, all it took was a simple pinch of my fingers and the bra snapped free.

Parting the unrestricted cups, I was forced to stifle a groan at the sight before me. Before I had been unsure if what I was doing was really worth the consequences, but looking at Kim’s chest bare and un-obscured… a beating was a small price to pay.

Due to their petit size, gravity held virtually no hold over the fleshy orbs. Topping each perky dome
was an eraser sized nub surrounded by her pale areola. What really interested me though was their
color nearly matched the rest of Kim’s skin perfectly.

I shuddered.

Placing my hands back on Kim’s boobs, I realized that without a bra it was an entirely different
experience. Skin on skin my fingers molded her breast to their likeness. Their soft weight in my
hands scrambled my mind with pleasure.

My hands literally tingled with delight. Squishing and kneading them in all directions, I couldn’t
believe how much fun they were to play with. Her nipples were like dials on a radio. Pinching the
between my fingers, I gently rolled and turned them, listening to what it was that made Kim
whimper.

Did girls understand how awesome these were? If not for my short attention span, I could have easily
spent the next few hours just playing with her chest. But, unfortunately, as much fun as I was having,
I couldn’t squish the curiosity buzzing in the back of my head.

Reposition my grip, I paid careful attention to Kim’s reactions. And right away her face contorted
into an expression I’d never seen before. Her eyebrows drew up and her eyelids squinted disturbed,
and even though her mouth had parted slightly, no noise was made.

I couldn’t help but wonder if she could really feel what I was doing. It was captivating to watch.
Before, I had been only thinking of what I wanted. But now, all I wanted to do was see Kim’s face
react to my hands. Were these the faces she would make with her future Boyfriends?

That thought caused a spark of jealousy to form in my brain. I knew one day Kim would find that
one guy who was able to keep up with her, both mentally and physically, and he would take her
away from me. This was something I couldn’t change. No matter what I did, Kim would only ever
see me as a friend.

Gazing down at her face, my depression fell from me. Being her friend should be able to enough to
keep me happy. It was wrong of me to expect more from her. But no matter how much I resisted, I
still wanted more. Even now, after stripping her half naked and allowing myself to… I still wanted
more.

I still wanted Kim.

I could feel my eyes glazing over with lust as I lowered my head to Kim’s breasts. If I could only
release my pent up feelings, maybe I could finally let her go.

I’d heard enough stories from the locker room to know what I wanted to do with Kim next.
Puckering my lips, I placed a chaste kiss directly on her nipple. The sound of Kim’s soft sigh only
spurred me on. Opening my mouth, my lips engulfed her nipple teasing it with my tongue. Though
amateur in technique, I vigorously made up for it in enthusiasm.

My lips remained suctioned to her soft breast sucking the plump flesh into my mouth before it slipped
out with a loud, vulgar ‘pop’. I kept my hands busy by making sure her other boob was well taken
care of rolling and tugging at it until I felt it hardened like a pebble. Pinching the newly discovered
stone, I was treated to the wonderful sound of Kim’s fretful sigh filling the room.

Under my attention, Kim’s unconscious body lifted her chest to seek out my touch. Knowing that I
was the one responsible for Kim’s lustful actions only made me that much more enthusiastic. It
wasn’t until my teeth accidently scrapped over her swollen nub did I really see a reaction.
Kim let out a startled gasp as her hand lifted to grab my hair. Even though the action only lasted a second before it fell back to the bed, I couldn't believe how happy it made me.

Pulling away, I whipped my mouth clean marveling at the sight that lay beneath me. Even though she was asleep, her body was energized and awake. Her pale nipples now stood blushing red and erect, awoken by my touch. While not panting, her breath had notably increased in pace, exposing her state of excitement. But most arousing of all, was the full body blush illuminating her pale skin in a red hue.

I didn't think it was possible, but she was even more beautiful than before.

My own blood pounded behind my eardrums. I felt amazing. I felt in control. I felt scared. What was happening to me? What I was doing was a horrible invasion of Kim’s trust, but I still couldn't stop. Even asking this, I had a feeling the pulsing organ in my pants had a hand in it.

My red face blushed deeper at the thought of Kim seeing my rather obvious tent. It's not that Kim wasn't aware of my sex, but I think it was easier for her to think of me as genderless.

Shifting my pants, I winced at the uncomfortable pressure. I'm sure it goes without saying, but my recent activity built up quite a bit of tension. I wished I could find a way to relieve myself, but I found the idea a little embarrassing to do so in the Possible’s house.

But even still, I found myself unable to continue in my present condition. I’d gone farther with Kim than I’d ever dreamed; maybe I should just head home. But, then again…

With wide eyes, I slowly backed away from the bed. Touching and looking at her was one thing, but what just went through my mind was a whole different level of sick and wrong. Not to mention about five to ten years in jail. But still, I couldn't help but remember the question, if you found a wallet and no one was around to see you, would you take it?

How many people would actually walk away from free money? And even more, how many people would be able to walk past it without at least thinking of taking it? Well, right now I was looking at a pretty good looking wallet, and no one would ever know.

I paced the room thinking over if I was really prepared to cross this line. If only there was a way for me to do it, without taking off her pants. Looking over at her, a thought came to mind.

I mean… as long as no one got hurt, right?

Swallowing the lump in my throat, my fingers shook with fevered anxiety as they pulled down my zipper. My pants fell to the floor exposing my legs to the room’s heated air. Amazing how as many times as my pants have fallen, it never felt as exhilarating as right now.

Strange as it is, pulling off my pants did make me feel better. It left me in the same position as Kim, if only barely. Next came my shirt, and then I was left in only my underwear.

Quietly I slipped over to the bedside, and gently drew her nearer to the border. I was a little concerned how I was going to do this. Cradling her face in my hands, I carefully turned head to face my crotch.

Preparing to relinquish my last item of clothing, I made a troubling discovery. Looking down at her lips, I frowned, thinking about what I was about to do. How could I, when I have yet to even kiss her? After all, how many times had I drifted off watching her talk, wishing for the opportunity to kiss her? Well… here was my chance.
I always loved Kim’s lips. Even when we were little and her body had yet to form the curves that haunted my dreams. I loved their color, their shape. Especially when one of my dumb antics managed to make her smile. And imagining just that, the last of my resolve crumbled away leaving only anticipation, and a shortness of breath as I anxiously positioned myself over her.

Straddling her hips, I could hear my heart pounded in my ears. It was defining in my chest; drowning out anything but its own noise. With a shaking twitch my fingers reached out to caress her cheek. It softness, even then, amazed me.

I didn’t want to be an animal, pawing at her lost in my own emotion. I wanted to savor her just as I knew she deserved. This is why as I began to bend over, the space between our faces shrinking with each second, I held myself back. It wasn't until the smell of her hair entered my nose did I feel her lips against my own. Surrounded by the smell of lilies and wild flowers, I accomplished my thirteen year old dream.

Even though her lips were completely still I couldn't have asked for a better kiss. Her soft lips molded to my own in absolute bliss. It was just how I had always imagined it. Soft, yet touched with the taste of her favorite strawberry lip balm. Flinching my tongue against this, I couldn’t hold myself back as I captured her bottom lip between my own, applying the most gentle of suction as I marveled at its pillowy softness.

Pressing my tongue in her mouth, I was met with a wall of teeth. This issue was quickly solved as I gripped her cheeks in my hands, worming her jaw open to slip my tongue deeper. I was careful to avoid cutting myself on the edge of her teeth.

The moment my tongue touched hers, a muffled moan escaped my mouth. The only real activity there was my tongue swirling around hers. But it still felt amazing. Her mouth tasted briefly of the dinner we ate together that Mrs. Dr. P had made.

Licking at her tongue, I pushed deeper into her mouth memorizing the contours of her mouth with my tongue. Every ridge, every tooth, every bump, I wanted to know it all. It wasn't until Kim’s breathy moan filled my mouth did I realize how worked up kissing had made me.

Halfway through the kiss I had begun to, unconsciously, grind my concealed member into her navel. When I finally did pull myself away from her mouth, I couldn’t hold myself back anymore.

Repositioning her head once more, I hesitated only for second before removing the last item of clothing. Free to open air, my penis stood ridged from my body harder than I’ve ever been. I've never actually measured it before, but I could only guess maybe around six inches. Not a monster by any means, but I like to think it would be enough to get the future Mrs. Stoppable where she needed to go.

But right now, I didn't need to think about future Mrs. Stoppable, I had to think about Kim.

Crouching low, I attempted to align my throbbing member to her mouth. Slightly puffy from my attention, Kim’s lips remained parted as if anticipating what was next. This was how she looked as I gripped her head in both my hands, pulling her jaw as far as it would comfortably opened and prayed she does not bite in her sleep. And as I felt her warm breath rush out her lips and across my member, I could only breath, my grip firm as I finally closed the distance and pressed the crown of my swollen head into her welcoming lips, parting them as I forced my hips forward.

With bated breath I began to push slowly into her waiting mouth. Before my head could even fully pass over the threshold of her lips, I could already feel myself ready to burst. Call me any kind of name you want, when you’re with your ultimate fantasy girl let’s see how long you last.
The first thing that hit me was her warmth. In the wet cavern of her mouth I felt the gentle heat seep into my rod with every inch I dared press. Very careful to hold her jaw open I slid my member past her teeth and released a breath of relief. I was confident now that Kim wouldn’t bite me, and decided to slip my fingers into the soft tresses of her hair for better leverage.

The moment I touched Kim’s tongue I knew I was on borrowed time. Only by sheer force of will was I able to hold myself back from finishing right then and there. My entire body shook with pleasure rubbing against the moist fleshy appendage. Her mouth was easily the most heavenly place I would ever inhabit.

Sinking even further, I was forced to clench my jaw close as my groan threatened to wake the entire house. Her mouth was so warm and so wet. I never wanted it to end. I could finally understand why so many guys talked about getting blowjobs. They were awesome.

Feeling the amazing opening of Kim’s throat, the sparse patch of blond hair resting above my crotch was just about to touch Kim’s nose when the sound of her struggled choke shook me from my trance. I pulled back immediately, but left my penis securely lodged her mouth.

The sound of her choking had startled me, but I had been expecting it. Now that I knew what Kim’s limit was, I could enjoy myself. And enjoy myself I did.

Back and forth, I humped Kim’s face whimpering in lustful pleasure. Careful to not go too deep, I ground the head of my dick against the rough pallet of her tongue. When kissing her, the naturally rough texture of her tongue had been a side note, nice but not really important. Against the underside of my shaft however, it was a different story entirely.

Looking down from my lustful actions, my eyes widened at the sight of Kim with her lips wrapped around my staff. Glimmering in the light, her own saliva seeped from the corner of her lips and onto the bed below us. This left them glistening, still pink from her lip gloss as I watched the veins of my now throbbing erection disappear into their depths. It was easily the most arousing thing I had ever seen in my life.

Seeing her expressionless face wrapped around my staff somehow made the act that much more arousing. The fact that she was completely oblivious to what I was doing to her just made me… crazy. With her eyes closed, she looked so innocent, so peaceful. She looked just like I always saw her.

Just as I began to feel myself approaching the brink, a new sensation flooded my nervous system. Like a baby sucking on a bottle, Kim’s body had instinctively begun to suck on the object inserted in her mouth. If I had thought what I was doing was good, it was a rough sock compared to what Kim was doing.

Sealing her lips around my base, her teeth gently rested on my lower shaft. Thankfully, no pressure was applied. And to top it off, while Kim’s suction was ungodly, the feeling of her small tongue flipping lazily on the under head of my pulsing core was what finally set me off.

Straining every muscle in my body, my hands gripped two fistfuls auburn hair as my pelvis impulsively shot forward, lodging my manhood deep in her mouth. With gasping breaths, my head shot backwards whimpering in unadulterated bliss.

I could feel my orgasm erupt from the root of my core. Glob after glob flew from my engorged manhood burning me as it left with its own heat. Unable to control my actions, my knees shook with pleasure as I continued to hump my friend’s face. I could feel each spurt leave me only to be followed by its brother. Honest to God, I felt I had melted right then and there.
Finally, my bliss slowly began to fade allowing me to slip from Kim’s mouth with a shuddering sigh. Stumbling backwards, my knees collapsed from under me landing me on my butt. With a dizzy head, I looked at Kim only to panic as I realized the possibility of what I’d just done blocking her airway.

Thankfully, my worries were quickly alleviated at the sound of Kim’s relaxed breathing. However possible, it seemed Kim’s body swallowed my substance all on its own. And as if to mark this, as Kim sleepily smacked her lips swallowing the last of my cream, her face contorted in an expression of displeasure at the unpleasant taste.

Still naked, I walked over to the bed and turned Kim back on her back and gave her a small look over. Except for a few out of place hairs, she didn't seem any worse for wear. In fact, if not for the left over smudge of my juice running down her cheek, she’d look like any other topless, happily sleeping girl.

Whipping that smudge away, I felt guilty that I was the only one who had been able to feel that amazing experience. It had easily been the most amazing thing I had ever felt. And Kim had been the one responsible for it. I only wish she could feel that amazing.

Petting her hair, my eyes were drawn the pajama pants concealing the lower half of her body. It wasn't right that I was the only one to feel that good. And since Kim was the one who had done it, it makes sense that I should return the favor. So to speak. Even asleep, I've seen Kim react when I sucked on her breasts.

Still just saying that, I was left unsure how I should go about my plan. Crawling to Kim’s feet, I chewed on the inside of my lip before gently moving her legs apart. As long as I left her pants on, I wasn't doing anything for me, just for her.

With my justification in place, I crawled between her spread legs, focusing on the junction of her thighs. Carefully, I slowly pressed two fingers against Kim’s core and held them there, amazed. Unfortunately, as great as I found the moment to be, Kim seemed to be unimpressed as her breathing remained even and uninterrupted.

Completely inexperienced, I was again helpless when it came to technique. With no other references available, I decided to rely on instinct. I applied some pressure before rubbing Kim up and down. All the while Keeping a trained eye on her expression. After all, there’s was no point if she wasn't getting pleasure.

Despite my good natured intentions, I couldn't help but examine my new focus of attention. Through her pajama bottoms and underwear, I couldn't exactly get a definite feel of anything, but I could identify a marshmallow like softness directly on her core. My mind could only marvel as to what it could be, but I was determined to stay focused on my mission.

Ten minutes later and I still had no visible reaction to say I was doing anything at all. I’d done everything I could think of. I’d used one finger, three fingers, rubbed hard, fast, high, and low, and I still couldn’t see even the smallest of reactions. I sighed, lowering my head at my failure. I really was a buffoon. At least I was able to take solace in the fact Kim wasn't awake to see my blundering.

Sighing, I took another look at Kim. Maybe I was expecting too much from myself. After all, how can I be expected to drive Kim crazy when I have no idea what I'm doing, and I have to work through two layers of clothes? Maybe if I gave myself a bit of a handicap. …Because, you know, it is for Kim. And seduced by my own warped reasoning, it was all I could do to keep an excited smile from slipping onto my features.

Grasping Kim’s pajama bottoms, I watched with guilty fascination as the elastic band slid ever so
sensually down her young hips. I continued in this fashion until they reached her knees, which was when I pulled them down, getting them out of the way completely.

Raising my head, my cheeks flared as a pair of hot pink, bikini style panties filled my field of vision. I don’t know what I was expecting, but the sight of my friend in only her underwear raised my sated member to new life. Focusing, I forced myself to ignore my urges and remember that this was about Kim.

With a gulp, I once again spread Kim’s legs, shuddering at the sight before me. With only a single item of clothing to hide the last of her modesty, Kim was almost completely exposed to viewing eyes. I tried to picture what she might do if she awoke, if she knew what I had done, what I had seen. And amazingly, instead of fear or guilt like I expected, my blood seemed to burn, flushing my entire body in a heat. And with this new sensation engulfing my body, I raised my eyes back to the task at hand and felt my breath begin to deepen.

Trailing my sight along her thighs, I took in every detail my young developing brain could remember. Reaching the apex of her legs, I found two dimples on each side her concealed mound that bulged into what appeared to be the beginning of plump outer lips. Oh god…

I shook my head free of those thoughts, and once again placed myself in between her legs. Rubbing her exposed thighs, I could already see her reacting to me. Each of her legs was completely hairless, a common trait among cheerleaders I’d noticed. I took a moment to enjoy their smooth texture before closing in on her center.

Keeping both hands firmly clasped in the uppermost point of Kim’s thigh, I reached out with my thumb and lightly traced it against the cotton fabric against Kim’s crotch. Immediately I knew both of us could feel the difference as Kim’s thighs braced against my hands at the moment of contact.

I on the other hand, I could feel everything. With just my thumb, I traced the line of Kim’s crack, marveling at what lay inside. I repeated this motion over and over again, each time adding more pressure until I was actually working my finger between her lower lips.

One thing that amazed me was the undeniable… heat burning from her core. Even more than my own skin, it burned my fingers with the most pleasurable warmth I’d ever felt.

Still unable to see Kim fully, I was only allowed to see through my fingers as I explored the inner workings of her sex. Tensing and moaning, I watched Kim with excited eyes as her body burned with excitement. Her nipples had once again returned to their swelled size as well as her body flushing with color. And her mouth, groaning with every brush of my fingers, looked to be pouting in her desire.

It wasn’t until I pulled my hands away from Kim that I saw the damp coat of moisture covering my fingertips. I watched it glisten in the light of the lamb amazed by the mere sight of it. It was proof of Kim’s pleasure, proof of my abilities. And I wanted more.

Returning to her heated core, I attacked it with a fevered abandon. Rubbing her through her underwear, I smiled happily watching her sleeping face contort in lust filled bliss. Over time I was able to pick up on how she liked to be touched. I abused this knowledge without regret, and did not stop until her panties were literally damp with her own juices.

Once more I pulled my hand back to admire my trophy. The smell of it was rather pleasant as it filled the room with Kim’s unique scent. It was difficult to describe in terms of comparison. The only thing that would do it justice is, Kim.
Without thinking, my tongue peeked out to catch a falling drop from my finger. It was interesting to say the least, but it feel rather… lacking. After all, what good is a single drop when I can drink directly from the source? The answer, it isn’t.

Whipping my hand on the bed’s comforter, I could feel my resolve crumbling by the second. How fast I had fallen from touching my friends exposed stomach to striping her to all but next to nothing. And now would I even take that away?

The taste of her still swam on my tongue. It would be fair if I did. After all, the whole reason I had taken her pants off in the first place was to repay her for her oral pleasure. Well, if I really wanted to return the favor, shouldn’t I do the same thing?

I know to almost anyone else the logic of my decision was ridiculous at best. But right here at this moment, it made all the sense in the world. And so, closing her legs, I slid my hands beneath her toned cheeks and grasping at the hem of her panties.

Giving it a small tug, I savored what was about to happen like the last present of Hanukah. Slow and steady, I never moved more than an inch at a time watching in total wonderment as more and more of her feminine mound began to become revealed.

The first thing to catch my eyes was the surprising amount of downy red hair sprouting from her pubic region. Not to say she was sporting a nineteen eighties bush or anything, but it was clear it had been a while since her last maintenance. The curly red hairs held the shape of what looked to be what was once a stylish landing strip. While still contained to only just above her split lips, it now it looked like an ordinary patch of red hair. And I loved it.

Fishing off the rest of the underwear, I paused only a second watching it peel off the damp skin of her crotch before completely taking them off and throwing them across the room.

Like with her pants, I took my time spreading her legs, waiting until the last moment to see what treasure lay between. And what a treasure it was. Looking between Kim’s spread open legs, I couldn't help but think I’ll never be able to look her in the face again.

Surrounded by nothing but smooth creamy skin, Kim’s core consisted of two plump outer lips with a line of deep red cut down the middle. At the very top lay what looked to me like a small bud, protected by a hood of flesh. I whimpered once more.

With a foggy head, my whole frame shook as I forced myself between her spread legs. Like this, my skin flushed once more as my hands touched her most sacred of places, massaging her pillowy lips before hooking my thumbs on each side of her teen cleft. Like this I peeled her apart, drinking in the last few secrets her body held.

I know I had justified this by saying it was for Kim’s pleasure, but I couldn’t resist the temptation to finally see every last inch of Kim’s body.

And she did not disappoint. While the tips of her inner lips remained stark red, especially in her arousal, I was fascinated to find that inside was nothing but pink. And looking this deep into my friend, I placed the last few pieces my fingers had been unable to see in the puzzle that was Kim’s sex.

Crawling in closer, I struggled to find a comfortable position so I could follow through with what I planned. Finally, bracing the soft flesh of her thigh over one shoulder I came face to face with her wafting mound, weeping its arousal.
Immediately, I was hit with the full force of Kim’s unique aroma. Being as close to the source as I was, my head swam with the addicting smell of musk and sweat. Against the bed, I could feel my rising staff twitch in anticipation. But right then, my needs took a second place to Kim’s. And so, becoming drunk from the overwhelming musk drowning me in its scent, I breathed against Kim’s core, bringing my lips to her own.

With a nervous tongue, I slowly got my first taste of Kim’s pulsing core. I delved between her burning lips, running my tongue through her delicate petals. The taste was slightly salty combined with the tart flavor of her wetness.

Soon I was chewing her out with fevered abandon, pulling moan after moan out of her quivering body with each swipe of my tongue.

Only moments after I started, Kim began to mewl in her sleep. Like a purring kitten, feather light whimpers of pleasure bled from her parted lips. And hearing these sounds, I was quick to force more from her guttered throat, already becoming addicted to their silver like chime.

It didn't take much probing for me to find her tender opening. The prospect of being inside Kim, in any way left my brain numb with need. And as I wormed my tongue inside of her, I was amazed when her muscles clamped down on me with surprising force. Attacking this new area, I nearly broke my nose as Kim began bucking into my mouth.

Looking up in shock, I gazed up Kim’s Body to see an amazing sight. While my mouth continued to smother the gate of her heated core, Kim’s strained face moved from side to side slowly in a fretful sleep. From my position, I watched as Kim’s breasts heaved up and down fueling her desperate sighs.

This is what I wanted to see. Kim, the girl who could do anything, the idle of perfection, my best friend in all the world, vulnerable. In all my years of knowing her, I could count on a single hand how many times she opened herself to an exposed position. She always had to be in control. She always had to know what was happening. And until right now, I never knew how amazing it was stripping that from her. It was even more arousing than stripping her clothes.

As time went on, Kim only grew more and more fevered. After about fifteen minutes of pleasuring her with my mouth, I could see Kim was close. Not that I had any prior experience to tell me such things, but I couldn't see how her cry could become any more distressed.

Unfortunately, just knowing this didn't seem to be enough. While I had managed to bring her to the edge of her release, no matter what I did I wasn't able to give her that last push. And this frustrated me to no end. If I had to walk away knowing I wasn't able to give Kim her sweet release, I wouldn't ever be able to call myself a man again, Bar Mitzvah or no bar Mitzvah.

Of course, this still left me wondering how I was going to do what I needed. Changing up my technique, my tongue withdrew from her strangling pit, and began to trace her engorged, delicate lips, hoping it would finish what I started.

While my switch did get a different reaction, it wasn't the one I had hoped for. Instead of pushing Kim into an ocean of orgasmic bliss, her voice dropped in volume showing I was doing even worse than before! In a panic, I attacked her with vicious ferocity. I didn't care where my tongue went as long as I made Kim cum.

In my haste, I nearly missed Kim’s reaction completely as I swept my tongue directly over throbbing, blood engorged bud.
Jolting on the bed, Kim’s thighs clamped around my head before settling peacefully back on the bed. I only looked up at her for a second before repeating my new discovery. Taking another lick, I watched fascinated as Kim’s fingers dug deep into the sheets in the bed. She was reacting even stronger than before.

My mouth latched onto the hood of her folds, lashing it against my taste buds and ignoring the bristles of her pubic hair as he tickled my upper lip. Like this, I brought my hand down from her hip, and slid a single finger deep into her twitching oven, marveling at the tight, warm mess I had entered. With any hope, stimulating both of her most sensitive areas will be what it takes to finally finish her off.

If I thought she had been tight on my tongue, it was nothing compared to the pressure crushing my finger trapped inside my best friend. As I attempted to wiggle my strangled digit deep inside Kim’s burning moist depth, my mouth continued to suck and lick her hooded bundle of nerves.

Digging my finger deeper into her folds, I was slightly surprised to find absolutely no barrier to halt my motions. The only other option being that she had had sex, I had to guess that years of cheerleading and gymnastics had simply eroded it away.

Regardless, Kim’s lack of chastity didn't matter to me. And disregarding my stray thoughts, I continued my actions focused solely on her pleasure.

After only a few moments of my duel ministrations, Kim’s breath had increased to marathon runner proportions. My ears twitched as her soft mewls began turning to vibrating moans, erupting from her throat. Her face contorted in what looked to be an expression grimacing in pain. And her skin flushed bright red, even more scarlet than the hair on her head.

When Kim’s orgasm finally did arrive, I found myself caught completely off guard. Thankfully, so did Kim as, as swift as a bullet it shot through her spine, forcing the delicate structure to arch and press her crotch dangerously into my mouth as the combined pressure and juices threatened to down me in the red head’s passion. But as I continued to drink her, lovingly lapping at her juices and attempting to rein in her erratic movements, only one thought passed through my mind.

What a way to go.

Finally, holding on for what seemed like an eternity, Kim’s body erupted in a blinding, pulsing moment of release.

Gripping the sheets, Kim let out a choked yelp as her body seized up in a fit of spasms. My finger became literally snared inside Kim as her inner muscles rippled, drawing me even deeper into her core. I struggled to keep a hold of her as my mouth was flooded with a flavor I had yet to taste. If I could see her face I would have seen her screaming silently as her mouth gaped open, forming a perfect O. It wasn't until her body crashed back onto the bed that I dared unwind myself from between her legs.

Swallowing the last of Kim’s fresh squeezed juice, I watched my friend with wide, incredulous eyes. Her body laid bellow me, panting with her legs spread wide for my viewing pleasure. All around her, her bedspread was stained with a puddle of sweat along with large traces of her own cream.

My body acted without me even knowing it.

Gathering her strewn legs together in my arms, I hosted her ankles over my shoulder displaying her fiery haired slit perfectly for my desires. Before I was even sure what was happening, I reached around Kim’s leg and grabbed my ridged member aiming it directly to pierce the heated core beneath
me. Without a second’s hesitation, I thrust my hips forward, burying the head of my shaft into the soft, warm folds of Kim’s sex.

Leaning over Kim’s body, I was never more grateful for her gymnastics background. With it, I was able to manipulate her legs in any way I chose. Taking her ankles off my shoulders, I gripped her from the inside of her knees, and displayed her wide and daringly.

Once she was positioned to suit my needs, I slowly buried my member deeper inside, moaning as her slick walls engulfed me. While she had been tight on my finger, on my engorged flesh, it felt like she was crushing the life out of me. It was a struggle to gain even the smallest inch inside her womanly depths. Luckily I found her walls still sopping wet from my earlier attention that allowed me properly sheath myself deep inside her tunnel.

Soon I had worked enough of myself inside of her to fully enjoy the sensation of her wrapped around my member. Each time I withdrew from her, her muscles held me in a straggling hold. And each time I pushed back in her wondrous oven, it felt as though I was thrust into a vise of velvet warmth.

Collapsing on top of her, my mouth latched into the crook of her neck as my hand fondled her exposed breast, losing myself in her body completely. With every thrust I gave, the bed springs beneath us groan in protest. Ironically, Kim remained silent. I could only guess her own release hand tired her out to the point of falling even deeper asleep. Oh well.

As much as I wanted to, I knew I had to restrain myself from pounding into Kim with my full strength. I couldn’t risk somehow hurting my friend no matter how much my swollen flesh begged for release. Not to mention the threat of waking the house with the sound of Kim’s bed frame racking against her wall.

Instead, I was forced into a slow, torturous pace that left me memorizing every inch of her dripping, burning canal. In and out, in and out, I sawed into Kim gaining a fine layer of sweat covering my body.

Looking up to her face, I was once again overcome by the beauty of her blank, expressionless face. Seeming to have fallen even deeper into her slumber after her release, now, even my shaft buried as deep as it could go inside her sex forced no visible reaction from the girl. But rather, she continued to dream peacefully, not so much as a twitch interrupting her serine expression.

Every thrust of my hips sent a small shock wave up her body that jiggled her pointed breasts. Humping between her legs, I could feel my end coming near. Just as before, my straining rod pulsed, signaling my approaching release. With a strained breath, I could feel my movements double in speed, my back muscles tense, and my vision began to blur. Gritting my teeth, my hands gripped Kim’s bed sheets as I gave one final push going deeper than ever before.

Hunched over Kim’s body, I gasped for breath in the crook of Kim’s neck, my body shaking as my release erupted from throbbing shaft. While the amount spilled wasn’t anywhere near the amount my first explosion had been, if possible it seemed even stronger. My toes tingled and as lighting raced up and out my body; filling Kim deep inside her core.

Panting with exhaustion, I slipped out from over her body and collapsed on my back next to her.

As my breath began to calm, my eyes turned from the ceiling to take a sideways glance at my sleeping friend. I actually did it. I had sex with her. I had sex with Kim possible.

Picking myself up, I ran a hand through my sweat drenched hair. I tried to search myself for any
sense of remorse, but I couldn't find any. I didn't regret a thing. I was actually feeling pretty good, I realized with a smile.

Of course that could change if Kim wakes up covered in sweat and naked. And with that realization my heart dropped as well as my mood.

Jumping off the bed all my good feelings went away. If I didn't want to be caught, I was going to have to be fast.

Giving Kim a quick once over, I set out to get everything I needed to clean up the scene of the crime. Without thinking, I seized the nearest cloth I could find, accidentally grabbing Kim’s prized pandaroo and proceeded to do my best and mop the seeping fluid clean from her drenched sex. Our combined juices mixed there, a small trickle emptying itself from her crotch and into the bed. If I wasn’t so panicked right then I might have taken a moment to enjoy the sight, but as it was I was for to busy cleaning the rest of her as best as I could before running about the room, collecting her discarded clothing and doing my best to re-clothe her without twisting her limbs past there limit.

Having stripped and clothed Kim, I can say with certainty that it was much more fun to take off the clothes then put them back on. The crotch of her panties was completely saturated with her own juices. Regardless, I knew Kim would raise an eyebrow at waking up in different underwear than what she went to sleep in.

Finished, I looked at the stuffed animal in my hand and jumped, horrified at find what it was I had been using. Especially as I spied long streaks of cum now decorating Kim’s favorite toy. Having moped up its owners lather, the poor thing was saturated to the point of being damp.

Swallowing nervously, I looked around the room pathetically before hastily placing the stuffed animal on Kim’s pillow, dangerously close to her face. Looking back I knew I would kick myself for not thinking of something better, but right then all I wanted to do was gather my clothing and flee the scene of the crime as fast as my legs could take me. But even so, I knew it was useless. Come morning there would be a one way rocket headed to the nearest black hole with my name on it.

Taking what I was sure to be the last look at Kim I would ever get, I couldn’t stop the smile that had latched onto my face even as I closed the door behind me. She really was beautiful.

I didn't stop at Kim’s house that morning on the way to school. Call me a coward, but I wanted to delay it as long as I could. I knew I would be forced to see Kim at school, but at least I bought myself a few more moments of freedom.

Surprisingly, I wasn't confronted By Kim at school ether. In fact, she didn't show up at our first class at all, nor the second or the third. I could only imagine Kim was torturing me, waiting for me to crack from anxiety before finally pouncing and finishing me off. During lunch, I had been strung so high that I nearly jumped to the roof when a hand landed on my shoulder.

Cringing back in shock, Monique eyed me surprised suspicion. “What’s got you so jumpy?” She asked, eyeing me.

Twiddling my thumbs I refused to meet her eyes. “Eh, you know… just um, hmmm…” I trailed off nondescript. Looking around the room like a startled chipmunk, I knew my actions were weirding her out. “You see Kim?” I asked nervously.

Rolling her eyes, Monique shook her head at my odd antics. “She’s at home; she told me she’s not
feeling well.”

My heart seized up in my throat, strangling my breath. Had I really actually hurt her?

“But she wanted me to tell you to meet her at her house after school. Right after school,” she emphasized with a stern look. “I don’t know what you did, but she doesn’t sound happy.” Giving me a ‘sucks to be you’ look, she strode away from my table, leaving me alone to bury my head in my arms.

The rest of the day passed in a haze. A million scenarios must have passed through my head during those last two hours of school, and not one of them ending well. I thought about running, about escaping to the most remote area possible. But I knew it wouldn’t help. Kim was able to track down some of the smartest super villains known to man. What chance did I have?

Hearing the final bell, my fate was sealed.

The feeling of walking to Kim’s house could only be compared to what a prisoner must feel during his last hours before the electric chair. Each of my steps thundered in my ears as my surroundings melted away in a blur. And before I even knew it, I was there.

My hands shook as I stood on the doorstep. Before I could muster up the courage to ring the doorbell, an angry faced red head opened the door for me. “Roooon,” she drawled a scary look in eyes. Before I could even respond, she had me by the wrist, pulling me up the stairs and into her room.

Hanging my head in shame, I was forced to wait while Kim glared down at me; her arms crossed over her chest. “Did you really think I wouldn’t remember?” she asked in disbelief.

If at all possible I shrunk even further into myself attempting, in vain, to disappear from her sight. “Ahh I…” my voice came out in a high pitched squeaked, affected by my stress.

Ignoring my outburst, Kim continued to glare. “Ron, I just can’t believe you.”

Defeated, I said the only thing I could. “I’m sorry Kim.” Hanging my head low, I was hers to depose of.

“To think you would take advantage of the situation like that!” Kim sounded really angry. “Ron, even if I fell asleep, that didn’t mean you were supposed to just leave!” She shouted revealing her true message.

Looking up in shock, I almost didn’t understand what she had said. “Wait…”

“Don’t try and act innocent,” Kim chastised me. “I know you didn’t even look at one page of that text book. I mean, did you even try and wake me up?” Putting her hand on my arm, her eyes turned sad. “Ron I know you don’t like to study, but if you don’t at least try you’re going to end up living in a trash can.”

I stared up at her in disbelief. “That’s why you’re mad at me?” I asked, astonished.

In return, she gave me the most peculiar look. “Well, what else have you done to make me mad?” She chuckled.

Shaking my head, I immediately denied any guilty actions, happy to free of blame. But it did leave some questions. “Monique said you weren’t feeling well. Why weren’t you at school?” I asked, confused.
Grimacing, Kim rubbed the area just below her navel, sending fear crashing through my body. “Have you ever been kicked by Shego?” she asked rhetorically. “Though, it must have been harder than I thought. I was really sore when I woke up this morning.”

With a frozen face, I stared at her, unbelieving of my luck. She attributed her sore pelvises to the kick Shego had given her; she had no idea that it was actually me who had left her sore and aching.

Overjoyed to hear she had come to her own reasoning, I was quick to support her reasoning. “Totally!” I exclaimed. “I mean that looked like it would really hurt.” I toned it down.

Rubbing her tummy, Kim’s grimaced face nodded in agreement. “I usually recover faster than this but… I don’t know. It just feels different. Do you think I should ask Wade if Drakken might have tried anything?” She asked me.

Shaking my head, I was maybe just a bit too enthusiastic as I told the girl no. “Probably just a tender area. I’d just let relax for a bit.” I recommended nervously. I didn't even want to think what would come up if Wade gave her another full body scan.

Nodding her head, Kim’s eyes seemed to glaze over before she fell on the bed next to me. “Tired?” I asked.

“Just some weird dreams,” she mumbled idly. And before I knew what she was doing, my eyes widened as she reached for her precious pandaroo, bringing the cuddlebuddy close to her chest and hugging the toy with love.

Overnight it looked as though our combined juices had dried into the plush material. But even so, I couldn’t help the small start of my heart as my eyes caught the feint but distinct chalky residue still clinging to its fake fur.

Seeing it so close to Kim, and seeing her hold it so close her to face left my cheeks warm as I remembered everything the previous night had done to the material. But forcing myself to look back at my friend, I put the plushy out of my mind and gave her my most innocent smile.

“What about?” I asked interested. Honestly, despite my best wishes I had no idea if she could feel anything I had done in her sleep. Though, if the color of her face was any suggestion I felt confident enough to offer a guess…

Immediately, Kim’s face flushed bright red down to her collarbone. The look on her face clearly told me she hadn’t meant to talk me about them. “Just dreams,” her words stuttered.

Smiling sadistically, I couldn’t believe how much my attitude had changed after learning I was safe. “Aw, come on KP, I tell you about my dreams all the time,” I reminded her.

Giving me a nervous look, Kim rolled her eyes. “This wasn't exactly a: a naco tried to eat me kind of dream Rom.”

I remembered that dream. “Then what kind of dream was it?” I continued to coax it out of her. It would seem I brought some of my teasing home with me last night.

Huffing, Kim puffed up her cheeks glaring at me with a very rosy hue over her face. “I'm not telling you Ron.” She swore. “Get over it.”

“Was it scary?” I asked.

She looked at me confused. “No, why?”
Adopting a thoughtful expression, I pretended to think back to last night. “Well, before I left you were groaning a lot in your sleep,” I mentioned. “And your face was all scrunched up too.”

Seeing her eyes go wide in shock, I had to stifle the laughter attempting to erupt from my throat. Putting the cherry on top I matched her expression, letting out a long drawn, “ohhhhhhhhh.”

Burying her head in her comforting companion, Kim refused to look at me. “Ron, just shut up,” she demanded. “It was embarrassing enough without you making fun of me. I had to run downstairs and do my laundry before anyone could see… evidence.” She spoke with a blush.

My eyes widened as I watched her practically rub her face in a sponge of sex and musk, but even so I forced myself to Laugh. Okay, I had my fun. Maybe I should give her a break. “Hey, at least you finally got that date with Josh.” I offered helpfully.

At this Kim lifted her head and looked at me with fear. This only lasted a few seconds as Kim quickly turned her head away and stared at the floor. “Yea… Josh,” she agreed apprehensively.

Neither of knew what to say after that, so the next moments were filled with uncomfortable silence. Finally, scooting closer to me, Kim looked at me with eyes still reflecting uneasy fear. “We’re always going to be friends… right?” She asked me nervously. “I mean, that’s what you want?”

Shocked and feeling incredibly trapped, my eyes were wide as I was faced with the one question I never thought I would face. Least of all by Kim. Taking a moment to think out my words, a decision I should use much more often, I turned to Kim as serious as I’ve ever been. “I love being friends with you Kim,” I answered honestly. “And I’ll stay your friend as long as you want me to.”

Kim’s expression looked confused at the double meaning behind my words, but before she was allowed to speak, her mother called for her downstairs.

Getting up, she took one last confused look before shaking her head and exiting the room.

Releasing a pent up breath, I stood from the bed with every intention of leaving. The day had been stressful enough. Any more and I don’t think my pore slacker heart would take it.

Bending over to pick up my backpack, a blinking light under Kim’s bed caught my eye. Curious, I reached under it only to pull out a steel gray cylinder flashing with lights down one side and the label: Narcoleptor one point oh, down the other. It must have rolled under the bed in all the excitement after I first shot Kim.

I stared at the device in my hand with mixed feelings swirling inside my heart. If I was smart, I would call Wade and have him pick it up. This thing… it changed me. The way I acted the other night, the things I did, it would be beyond irresponsible for me to try and keep it.

If I was really Kim’s friend, I would show it to her and come clean about everything. True I’d gotten away with it. And that felt great. But when everything is said and done, I can’t ignore the ach of guilt chewing away at my insides.

Sighing, I took one last look at the devise in my hand flinched. This thing had changed me, it made me hurt my friend; and then lie to her. If I kept it, who knows what else I would do. And what made things even worse… part of me actually wanted to find out.

“RON!” Mrs. Possible called for me. “Are you staying for dinner?”

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I pocketed the device before plastering a happy go lucky smile on freckled face. “You know it!” I called down to her. Stumbling down the stairs, I entered the kitchen
to see Kim and Ann Possible smiling at me, completely unaware of what moral dilemma I had faced. “I’d never pass that up.”

Feeling the weight of Drakken’s devise press against my leg, I couldn’t help but marvel one last time at the situation I had managed to get myself into. I had no idea what I was doing. And in the end, I can only hope that one day I can look back and not regret what I had chosen.

What a fun toy this will be…
Monkey Mask

Chapter Summary

Ron finds a new toy, and a new lady.

Chapter Notes

Sup peebles, miss me? here's the next chapter, sorry it took so long to get out there but genius can't be rushed, Ha Ha... but seriously, schools a bitch and i want to thank you all for hanging in there while i worked on this. Took me a little longer than i would have liked but I'm sure you would all prefer if i stopped taking now so you can read. but just a quick WARNING before that. This chapter takes a bit to get to the smutty part but hang in there. i promise, its worth it. Story is just as important as the dirty parts.

Chapter Tag(s): Fingering, Oral, F/m, Trickery, consensual.
Toy(s): Monkey Mask
Girl(s): Ann

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Without even looking, I could feel Kim's emerald green eyes glaring at my face. Usually, this would be enough to cause bullets of sweat to appear on my skin. But at the moment, I was feeling pretty good.

Feeling the vibrations of the airplane's engines rattle against my back, I opened my eyes to look at her, and gave her my best oblivious expression. "What's up KP?"

Rolling her eyes at me, Kim's eyes burned with irritation. "Ron, stop looking so happy. This is a mission. You're not supposed to be glad someone's in trouble." Speaking to me like in her usual excessive tone, it was my turn to roll my eyes.

I knew I shouldn't be happy, but I couldn't help myself! After so many missions popping up in the middle of wrestling matches, naco binges, and video game marathons, it was about time one happened that got me out of one of Barkin's gym class torcher sessions. "Like you're not just as happy as me right now," I challenged with a grin.

Losing all of her annoyed expression, Kim turned sheepish as the corner of her lips twitched in guilty delight. Meeting my eyes, her face flashed into a full grin as she giggled unabashed. "Did you see his face when we got up to leave?" she asked me smiling.

Now this part did make me start to sweat. While I'm sure Kim had only meant to laugh at Barkin's tomato colored face, it had only reminded me how he is going to have a holiday of personally drilling us after school to make up what we missed.

Pressing my back against the wall of the plane, I rested my hands behind my head adamant on not allowing her to ruin my good mood. "Can't hear you KP," I refused, happy to live in my world of
delusion.

After huffing over my relaxed personality, Kim joined me next to my place on the wall and we both fell into comfortable silence. Unfortunately, without anything to sate my easily distracted mind, I found it returning to the same thing that it had been fixated on for the last week. And imaging my best friend nude's body, I couldn't help but cast he sideways glance.

Taking a quick peek at Kim, I still couldn't believe that I had seen every inch of her beautiful red haired body. Whoever said that sex ruins friendships had to have been crazy. Because since that night, I could honestly say that not one thing has changed.

While that might be attributed to the fact that Kim doesn't know we have had sex, I decided to stay focused on the positives.

Remembering that night in greater detail, my mind was instantly directed to the device responsible for the pleasurable evening. Buried deep under my bed in a shoe box wrapped in a pile of dirty clothes, rested the small pen shaped machine responsible for my night with Kim.

Even though I had pocketed the sleep pen after retrieving it from Kim's room, I still had no idea what I was going to do with it. No matter how I tried to rationalize it, I just couldn't force myself to knowingly use it against my friend for a second time. The first time had been the result of a clumsy laser and weak resolve. But to use it again… to actually plan it out made my head spin.

Dropping my head a bit, my anxiety was interrupted by the pilot announcing our arrival. Fetching the parachuting equipment, I threw one to Kim before attempting to wrestle mine into compliance.

You'd think that after so many years of jumping from planes that I would be used to it. But looking at the jungle treetop rushing below me, I could feel my equilibrium shift in a wave of dizzy nausea. Backing up, only the firm shove of Kim's hand was enough to send me out the cabin door.

The air rushing past my ears, the sensation of completely weightlessness, pretty much everything about skydiving made me want to wet my pants. Even now after however many years it's been since me and Kim started missions my hearts still quivered at the face of gravity. Going through the motions of screaming, pulling my chute too soon, whimpering on the long trip down. The only thing that could have made the trip worse was if we were falling into a monkey infested jungle…

Oh wait.

Safely on the ground, my heart stalled hearing the deranged cry of yet another wild monkey. On instinct I cried out, gripping my friend's shoulders for comfort. Grunting with irritation, Kim shrugged me off before giving the forest underbrush another chop of her machete. "Pull it together Ron," Kim ordered, exasperated.

Whining in protest, the sound of monkeys only seemed to get stronger the further in we went. Thankfully, just as I began to feel as though we were in the heart of a simian troop the leaves and greenery gave way to an open clearing, home to what looked to be some ancient temple.

Relived to finally be free of the monkey infested jungle, me and Kim were left no time to rest as a small, portly man dressed in what you'd expect an archeologist would wear came running toward us, a speed surprising for a man of his stature. "Are you Kim Possible!" his excited voice shouted. Reaching us, his lungs huffed with exertion making me worry slightly for his health.

"And Ron Stoppable," I confirmed, hoping against hope that he would be the one person to remember my existence. He wasn't.
Whipping away the sweat on his forehead, the small man panicked eyes begged us for assistance. "Please, you must help me. My team and I were about to make a groundbreaking discovery in the study of this regions ancient civilization when a man surrounded by small hairy ninjas, if you can believe it, forced us from the building and won't allow us to enter! If he compromises anything found in the temple, all of my research will be for nothing!"

Looking at me, Kim didn't even bother to raise an eyebrow before returning to the man. "This temple wouldn't happen to have anything to do with monkeys would it," she asked already knowing the answer.

Looking the surprised, the small man lifted his glasses staring at Kim in shock. "My word, yes, yes it does! This building has been rumored to be the legendary temple of the emulation primate. It's actually quite interesting," he chuckled. "You see, I believe this to be the source of what we have come to know as monkey see, monkey do. Even at such an early age, these people were able to recognize the monkey's ability to mimic and-"

Holding up her hand, Kim held an apologetic expression. "Sorry to be rude, but we need to move if you want us to be any help," she reminded him.

Blinking as though he had completely forgotten the whole point of our presence, the man's frame jolted as his mind caught up with him. "Yes, yes of course! Please do what you can," he begged.

Giving him a reassuring smile, Kim's charisma won out again. "We're on the case," she promised.

After making short work of the two monkey ninjas guarding the entrance, both of us began creeping inside the temple. Feeling the stale dusty air swirl around me, I couldn't help but shiver. All around us were depictions of perfectly symmetrical half-monkey heads. Each one reflecting its partner with a disturbing amount of accuracy. Even in the places time had eroded their features away, it appeared as if had done so in perfect unison. Even their flaws were symmetrical… creepy.

Carefully sneaking along the temple's corridors, it had been over ten minutes and we had yet to encounter another of monkey fist's minions. And while my personal hope being to encounter as few of the little demons as possible, I was still growing concerned. Monkey fist was arguably the most cunning of our enemies, excluding maybe Shego, and I wouldn't put it past him to have a plan.

Suddenly, the thundering noise of an explosion rocked the temple sending dusk to sprinkle over me and Kim. I feared the chance of a cave in as the walls and floor shook dangerously for a building of its age. Miraculously, everything once again stilled leaving both of us unharmed. Looking at each other, both of began to speed through the hallways, heading directly in the direction of the explosion.

Apparently we weren't very far behind as after only a few seconds of speeding through the halls and we were staring at a cloud of dust settling around a gaping hole. Cautiously walking forward, both of us stepped through the cloud of dust only to be amazed at what lay on the other side.

Stepping into the new room we found ourselves in another hallway opening up to what looked to be an oasis of some sort. Lining the circular opening was seven silvery waterfalls each one more magical than the last. Falling in a perfect sheet, only the smell of moisture in the air and the sound of crashing water told me that what I was looking at weren't mirrors. Natural plant life had sprouted all throughout the room entangling vines and leaves and flowers all coming out of the wall and ceiling. And there, in the middle of it all stood Monkey Fist, cackling excitedly as he held a strange object above his head.

"It is mine!" he cheered. "The power is all mine!"
"Monkey fist, stop where you are!" Kim demanded aggressively.

Taking an offensive step forward, we jumped back as a group of monkey ninjas fell from the ceiling. Apparently, this was enough to gain Monty's attention as he tore his eyes away from his prize to gaze gleefully down on us. "You're too late Stoppable. Not even your bumbling luck will be enough to stop me this time! Not as long as I have this!" holding up what looked to be a wooden, tribal looking monkey mask, Monkey Fist was looking rather pleased with himself.

Noticing that he had completely disregarded Kim in his threat, I couldn't help but feel a little spark of pride. "Dude, don't you look enough like a monkey," I mocked him. This had the desired effect as his face flared with anger.

"Joke while you can Stoppable," he threatened. "Joke while you can." Making a big, theatrical show of it, Monkey Fist held a grand smile as he slowly lowered the mask onto his face. Finally placing it on his skin, he shuddered in delight. "I can feel it filling me with its power," he announced excitedly. "I will be unstoppable! Prepare yourselves, your end is here!"

As a general rule, me and Kim had figured a while ago that kicking a villain’s butt before they were able to reach full power was usually the safest way to go about things. And as stepped towards the harry army, this was no exception. "Ron, let's go!" Kim ordered. Charging forward, we met with the wall of monkey ninja's that instantly attacked us with trained fury.

Fighting Monty and his ninjas has always confused me for some reason. Somehow, even though I can hardly stand toe to toe with Drakken, I was always able to find the strength necessary to fight them off. Even now, as I was flipping, kicking and chopping my way through the monkeys I still couldn't explain it. The way they moved just seemed so… predictable. It's like I saw it all a mile away. That being said, I still found myself on the receiving end of more than a few bite marks.

Reaching the other end of the wall of monkeys, I cringed at the stinging of my wounds. Monkeys fight dirty! Like I needed another reason to hate them… Looking behind, I was surprised to see Kim still stuck about half way through the monkey field. I was immediately preparing myself to jump back in to assist my friend when the smell of British monkey man filled my nose. Turning around to look at him, good old Monty seemed to want to talk.

Standing up to my arch foe, I felt a little smug knowing I was the one he hated the most. And taking this into account I figured I better not disappoint him. Adopting a speculative expression, I pretended to observe him for a second. "You know… now that I think about it, you really do look a bit more powerful with that mask."

Grinning behind the mask, I could see my words had made him happy. "Too late to beg for mercy now boy," he sneered.

Nodding my head, I still held the same observing expression. "Mhmm, mhm yea but see, the thing is, I'm also pretty sure I made something like it in grade school."

Growing heated, I could see the rage boiling in his eyes. "You fool! This mask is as old as civilization itself!"

Backing up, I put up my hands to show my compliance. "Hey man, I'm just saying," I explained myself. "If it makes you feel any better, I got an 'A.' well almost an 'A,'" I corrected myself. "B+. I ate some crayons and that brought my grade down…"

My pointless story seemed to finally push him over the edge as he threw himself at me in a blind rage. Returning his monkey style punches and kicks, I found myself battling the exact same battle I
always did when I fought Monkey Fist. Whatever power the mask gave him, it wasn't doing him much good.

Blocking a punch with my arm, I could see the frustration building in his eyes. He could see it just as clearly as I could that his power was the same. Letting out a bellow of rage, his foot chopped me in the kneecap, sending me to my knee. Flipping over my body, he suddenly broke into fast pace run directly for the exit. Stunned, I waited just a second too long before alerting Kim. "KIM!"

Alerted by my shout, Kim's head turned just in time to see Monty sail over her head and escape into the hole. "Just you wait," he glared. "Once I find the secret to unlocking the power of this mask, no one will be able to save you." Trained to follow their master's every motion, all of the ninja monkeys followed after him in a wave of tails and black cloth.

Seeing Kim beginning to run after them, I quickly got up on my bruised leg and dashed to join her. "Right behind you KP."

Seeing Kim run out through the hole, I was just about to join her when the floor began to rumble. Tripping over my own feet, I narrowly missed my head getting crushed as a rainfall of boulders fell from above and plugging up the hole to the hallway.

Scrambling to my feet, I paused for just a moment in disbelief before immediately attempting to pull the rocks out of the way. But to no avail. Looking around the room, I was unable to find anything else that could lead to the outside. And I knew, hanging my head, I was trapped.

"RON! Ron, are you alright?" Kim's voice panicked from behind the wall. I could hear her fist pounding against the hard stone. "Can you hear me? Can you breathe?!"

"KIM!" I answered back. "I'm ok, but I can't get out! Catch Monkey fist before he escapes with the mask!"

Hesitant, Kim waited a few moments before answering. "OK, but don't go anywhere. I'll be back soon with help," she called out. Soon the sound of Kim's soft feet could be heard fleeing away from me. I was alone.

Sighing, I walked back further into the room and waited to be rescued. With my entertainment options being stare at the wall and stare at the floor, I decided to walk around the room a bit and see if I could find a more interesting than a wall.

Being the only exciting thing in the room, it didn't take long for me find myself standing in the middle of the oasis. I had to admit, for a temple made for monkeys, it really was beautiful. Standing on a peninsula of stone, I was surrounded by the runoff of the waterfall on all but one side. Breathing in the fragrantly sweet smell of the water, I was startled by the sight of my own reflection.

Standing just in front of the podium that had held the mask, I was in the perfect position to see all seven of my reflections in the falling water around me. And as I said before, the reflection was uncanny as I could have sworn it was glass. Fascinated, I stared unblinking, watching myself in the water.

The first time I saw it, I had mistaken it for a trick of the light, an illusion. But soon, I was watching wide eyed as my reflection was really moving! Looking around, I saw that all seven of me was moving without me doing a thing. I knew that this should have been enough to send me running as far as the room would allow, but unconsciously, the water had a calming affect that soothed my cowardly instincts. Enough so that, without my even knowing it, a blue hue had enveloped my form in energy.
Watching my reflections with curiosity, I mirrored its movement raising my hand in the air. I can't say if my reflection had been waiting for that, but the moment I matched its pose, it once again shifted to a new position.

Continuing this pattern, I found myself slipping seamlessly from one position to another. When its hand moved, my hand moved. And when its hips shifted, my hips shifted. It came to the point that I wasn't even sure if my reflection was really moving any more. I just moved.

In the back of my mind, I couldn't help but be reminded of my trip to Japan in Yamanouchi. The way I was moving was remarkably similar to the katatas I had been forced to fumble through much to my embarrassment. Except I wasn't fumbling, not this time. This time, I was moving as fluid as the waterfall.

I can't say how long I had remained that way. It could have been an hour, it could have been three days, but I know if not for waterfalls stopping, I would have remained there forever.

Letting my hands fall to sides, I watched nervously as the water stilled to nothing, revealing a rough wall of stone in its place.

Stepping forward I ran my hands over the rough texture of the gravel like wall that had been hidden behind the waterfalls. Without warning, the rough wall where I had touched began to crumble away only to revealing a shiny, flawless mask.

Picking it up, I knew that it must have been the mask Monkey Fist had really come for. Whatever he had picked up was clearly a fake. While the mask still strongly resembled a monkey, I didn't seem to care. I looked at the object in my hand with fascination. The surface held the exact same mirror like properties that the waterfall had held. Looking at its surface, I could clearly see myself staring back at me.

"Man I bet that archeologist will remember my name once I give him this," I spoke excitedly. Looking around, I was once again reminded of my predicament. "If I can get out of here that is."

Sighing, I stumbled backwards as the gravel wall that had been holding the mask began to fall apart even more. Little stone fragments continued to fall away until a small, one-person doorway appeared before me. Looking at it with amazement, I took a minute to think. "If I can win a million dollars that is," I spoke hopefully. Waiting a few moments, I hung head dejected as the magic temple seemed to have run out of magic.

Placing the mask in one of my many pockets, I stepped into the doorway and crossed my fingers.

Opening a heavy stone door, I was met with my first sign of sunlight. Looking up, I saw my escape route had led me to what looked like a side door. Stepping fully out in the open, I was surprised to see Kim arguing quite stubbornly with the man who had called us. Casually walking up to them I was able to make out her words.

"I have to go back in there!" she yelled at the sweating man. "My friend is still trapped!"

Looking like he was about to keel over, the portly archeologist was watching with wide eyes as the teen hero continued to scream at him. "I-I'm sorry Miss. Possible, but you told me that there has been a cave in. That means the entire structure could be compromised. Until I know it's safe, I cannot allow you to enter!"

Once I saw Kim's eyes flash with anger, I knew it was time for me to intervene. "Hey Kim," I casually greeted.
"RON!" Whipping looking at me, her face flooded with relief. Walking over to me, she threw her arms around my neck giving me a good whiff of her hair. "I told you to wait," she admonished giving me a sour look.


Looking at me annoyed, Kim's brow furled in anger. "He got to the jungle before I could catch him," she reported glumly. "And unfortunately, Monkey feet beets human feet in the jungle."

Smiling, I knew this was my moment to shine. "Actually, I think I have something that will perk you riiight-" reaching for my pocket my, my hand froze as a loud crack filled the clearing. Looking around, I spotted a large fissure in the stone right above the hole where I had emerged. And looking at it closer, I could see it was growing.

As more stone began to break, the sound of the temple collapsing rattled my teeth and shook the ground. It wasn't until I saw the top completely cave in that I realize what had just happened. Looking at Kim, her face held the same shocked/panicked expression as mine.

As the hamster wheel in my head began to turn, the mask in my pocket suddenly felt twenty pounds heavier. Whatever I had done in there, even if it was just to escape, had caused the entire temple to crumble. Suddenly, the mask didn't seem as great a present as I had originally thought.

Simultaneously, both me and Kim turned to the archeologist to see his horrified, gaping expression. Feeling a cold sweat break over my forehead, my eyes shifted nervously all along the forest clearing. Leaving sooner was probably better than later.

Coughing into my hand, I gave the least conspicuous smile I could and bid the man good day. "Well, glad we could help," I gave a nervous chuckle. "Let's go Kim!" grabbing my friend's hand I tugged her towards the jungle, suddenly happy to be diving into its thick brush. And while I could tell Kim was very confused over my actions, she followed behind me allowing me to lead her.

It wasn't until we were both safely back in the plane that I allowed myself to relax. Sighing in relief, I looked at Kim to see her angry, trouble face. "I can't believe Monkey Fist destroyed an entire temple," she spoke sounding upset. "I mean, I know there's usually a bit of collateral damage when we fight, but still."

My eyes going wide, I couldn't believe my luck. Kim's tendency to jump to conclusions was really becoming one heck of an asset. "Yea well, we're just gonna have to whoop him extra hard next time we see him," I replied lying through my teeth. It hurt, but not as much as how I would feel if Kim knew what really happened.

Kim nodded her head, still visibly upset about what had happened. Pulling out her kimmunicator, her expression transformed into one of happiness. "Spankin'!" she exclaimed. "We can still make it in time to my parent's anniversary party!"

"Kimmiiiiie," Mrs. Possible drew out upon opening the door. Raising her eyebrow, she drilled Kim with her 'you have some explaining to do' look.

Hanging her head, I watched nervously as Kim tried to explain our late arrival. Looking through the windows, I could see that the party had indeed already started. While it wasn't a ragger, or anything close for that matter, I could hear the rumble of conversation and the sound of soft music drifting through the door way.
"-and then the plane had to fly for half an hour until we could get clearance and-" holding up her hand, Ann Possible silence her daughter, satisfied for her answer.

"Just head upstairs and get yourself cleaned up," she smiled stepping away from the entrance. Sighing, Kim hugged her mom before entering her home and heading for her personal bathroom. "And don't forget to say hello to your father!" she called after her eldest child. Shaking her head she turned her focus to me before smiling warmly. "Hello Ronald," she greeted.

Giving her my best smile, I was happy to see the kind older woman. "Hey Mrs. Dr. P," I spoke addressing her in my usual way. "You look nice tonight." I commented. And she did. Dressed in a synched, strapless sky blue gown that stopped a few inches below her collar bone, Ann's curvy hips were accentuated as the tight waist flared down loosely to her knees. Suffice to say, I'm sure she was turning more than one head tonight.

"Thank you Ron," she smiled politely and welcoming me into her home. Ann Possible had always amazed me in the way she managed to handle herself. Even with Kim as a daughter, and all that came with that, she was always the picture of composure, never failing to be there for her children when they needed her.

Following behind Mrs. P, I scanned the party around me with mild interest. Filled with both Mr. and Mrs. Possible's friends, the room was abuzz with the talk of latest technology and medical achievements. The sound of soft jazz vibrated throughout the rooms, entertaining anyone who wanted to listen. And I had to say, while it wasn't the Oh Boyz, it wasn't too bad.

After a few moments I was also able to pick up on the lack of explosions and childish laughter. Weird. "Where's the twins?" I asked continuing to scan around the room.

Giving a soft chuckle, the red headed mother turned to look at me over her shoulder. "James and I thought it would be in the best interest of the guests and the party if Jim and Tim spent the night at a friend's house." Nodding my head I couldn't help but smile at her dry tone. Mrs. Dr. P loved her children more than life itself, anyone with eyes could see this, but she was also smart enough to recognize their more… eccentric qualities.

As the smell of food caught my attention, my eyes widened at the sight of the spread Mrs. Possible had managed to lie out. Plate to plate, the cloth covered table was filled to the brim with awesome looking food. Scanning every dish on the table, I had to restrain myself from yelling out with joy at the sight of a tray of tacos. And as if he could sense their very presence, a rustling in my pants alerted me to my buddy's consciousness mere seconds before his head burst from his warm nest. Smiling as much as a mole rat can, I watched in agreement as he acquired a miniature bib and tied it around his neck.

Seeing where what had gotten my attention, Mrs. Possible smiled amused at my poorly hidden excitement. "Remember to chew Ron, and please use a plate," she spoke in her motherly way. Brushing some temple dust off of my mission shirt, she smiled kindly before walking off to greet some more newcomers.

Not needing any further coxing, Rufus and I jumped into the feast, savoring every bite to go into my mouth.

Feeling my stomach beginning to bulge, I stepped away from the table with a satisfied smirk. Nothing made you feel as good as a tummy full of a Mrs. P’s home cooked food. Rufus seemed to agree with me. Lying on his back, he stared up at ceiling, a food coma almost completely taking over. Poking him with my finger I attempted to coax him back to the land of the living. "Ruuufus," I cooed. "Come on buddy lets go wait for Kim." Still he remained immobile.
Rolling my eyes I smiled at the little guy knowing better than to force the issue. Once he digested his meal, he would come find me. I’ve been in this situation enough to know that much. Putting him in my pocket right now would only make the little dude sick. And the last thing I needed was another night getting mole rat vomit stains out of my mission clothes. No, better to let him sleep it off.

Watching the people around me, I found myself growing bored as most of their conversations seemed to consist of words I couldn’t even pronounce. This wasn’t much of a surprise as most of these people ether worked in a hospital or a science lab.

Wiping my mouth clean with my sleeve I sighed, wishing Kim would hurry up and come back downstairs.

As I walked over to the couch I sat down, happy to get off my feet. Relaxing, I felt an uncomfortable object digging into my thigh.

After fumbling for a moment or two, I found myself blinking in recognition as the temple mask came into view. Unable to help it, I gave the room a quick scan. If I didn't want Kim to find out what I'd done, I should probably keep this hidden for as long as I can. But, curiosity getting the best of me, I slowly slid it back out and observed it with wondering eyes.

Absentmindedly tapping my fingernail against the reflective surface, I couldn’t help but wonder what I was gonna do with the thing. Usually, even the mention of anything monkey would be enough for me send it on the nearest trip to a trash bin. But for some reason, this felt different. After seeing how Monty had gloated after finding the fake, I couldn't help but wonder what powers the object held. Maybe I should try it on?

Looking at my reflection in the mask, my features crumpled with panic. What if it turned me into monkey?! Sure I've always wanted to grow a beard, but not when it spread all the way to my back! Maybe it really would best for me to toss it out before it gets me into any trouble. And nodding my head I stood up, looking around to spot the nearest trash. It wasn’t until I got to one that I looked down, catching my own reflection in its surface.

On the other hand…

While turning into a monkey was a small possibility, what if it didn’t do that!? What if I got super awesome powers? I'd be able to help Kim even on missions not involving Monkey Fist. I could actually be a help to Kim on missions. She even might be able start seeing me in a more… competent light.

Thinking this over, I asked myself, was the risk worth it? Weighing the odds on both ends, I could feel a naughty smile creeping its way onto my features. And not soon after di I find myself sneaking away, headed for the nearest guest room. With any luck, whatever power I get won’t cause too much damage to the house.

I knew that if I was going to do this, I needed to hurry before Kim came back down stairs. Looking around, I made sure the coast was clear before slipping into the Possible's spare bedroom. I knew this room would be completely empty as it was usually reserved for when Nana Possible dropped by to see her family. And while the room was fairly empty except for a bed and vanity mirror, it suited my needs perfectly.

Swallowing a lump in my throat, I closed the door behind me making sure to listen for the 'click.' Once I was standing in front of the mirror, I fished the magic mask from my pants and observed it with hesitant eyes. No monkey, no monkey, no monkey, no monkey, I chanted a silent prayer. Taking a deep breath, I closed my eyes and set the mask over my face.
Feeling the cool material of the mask against my cheek bones, I was surprised at how well the mask fit on my face. While when I had looked inside the mask previously it had been smooth and featureless, but as it sat on my face it felt as though my face had been used as a mold to make it. Marveling the fascinating artifact, I realized that I had yet to feel any surges of power.

Opening my eyes, I looked through the small eyes holes and stared into my reflection. Raising my arms, I studied them closely before sighing at the lack of monkey transformation. So far so good.

Flexing my muscles, my face fell in disappointed at my lack of extra strength. Jumping up, I fell back to the ground eliminating any possibility of flight. Scratching my head, I was beginning to find the magic mask seriously lacking when it came to magic.

Fireballs, no. Super speed, no. Intangibility, no. one by one each of my hopes were dashed as it was beginning to appear that the mask was really just a mask. Seeing no real use for it, I decided I better toss it out before Kim comes looking for me. Lifting my hands to remove the mask, my heart stalled at the sound of the door knob turning. Swinging open, the person walked in only to look shocked at my presence.

"Ronald?" James Possible asked. Dressing up for the evening, James' peppered hair and brown eyes watched me with confusion. As he continued to stare, he looked very unsure how to respond to the situation in front of him. "Nice of you to… drop by," he finally drew out.

Frozen in surprise, I could only nod my head and stare. Coughing behind the mask, I once again found the manual to my vocal chords. "H-Happy anniversary Mr. Dr. P," I fumbled out. I thought of trying to explain myself, but then I couldn't really think of a way how. So, left with no other options I opted to do what anyone would do in my situation, stand there and look awkward.

Sounding just as awkward, Mr. Possible smiled cautiously before thanking me. "Thank you Ronald, it ah… good to see you."

Cringing internally, I knew my cover was blown. Without a doubt he would tell Kim, and I would be screwed. Sighing, I raised my head accepting my fate. And in doing so, I found myself looking into his eyes for the first time since he entered.

Immediately, my body was assaulted by a wave of vertigo. Looking into his eyes, my focus shifted to my reflection shining inside the dark pool of his retina. As if given super eyes, I could actually see myself reflected back at me. Inside that reflection my eyes zeroed in on my own eyes hidden behind the money mask and back and forth this continues as my vision peered through countless reflections, all leading to the same place.

After what could have only been a second, James body became limp as his body crashed to the floor. Jolted from my strange trance, I stared down at his unconscious form confused. It wasn't until I realized what had just happened that the panic began to set in.

Running my hands through my hair, I had to refrain from bursting from the room, screaming at the top of my lungs. I just knocked out a Possible, for the second time!

Looking down at Mr. P's body, I cautiously pressed my fingers under the hinge of his jaw, just like Mr. Barkin had taught me oh so long ago. Feeling a strong, steady heartbeat my fears drained from my body. He was alive.

…Now what.

Looking around the room, I grabbed Mr. Possible by his shoulders and began to drag him by his
shoulders towards the bed. In the back of my mind I couldn't help but chuckled at how similar this situation seemed to that night just a week ago. Feeling a twinge of sickness run through my being, I shook that thought away. So beyond sick and wrong.

Getting him onto the mattress, I sighed happy to be free of his extra weight. Not to say he's fat or anything, but Ms. Dr. P might want to start watching the Possible family pizza nights.

As I watched Mr. P sleep, I was still feeling a good amount of guilt and worry, while not dead, who knows what the mask had done to the poor guy. And on his anniversary! Scratching the back of my head, my brain lit up as I remember Wade. He could help fix whatever I did! Smiling, I recalled how he had helped me with Kim. He'd even kept his promise and hadn't said a word to her about the laser incident. With any luck, he would be just as loyal this time around as well.

Feeling much better about the situation, my good times fell as quick as they'd come as I realized my luck was gone before I even had a chance to have it. The only way to reach Wade was the kimmunicator, and the only way to get that, would be to tell Kim what I had done. It really is hopeless…

Hanging my head in defeat, I knew what my next action had to be. If Mr. P got seriously hurt because I was too afraid to face Kim, I wouldn't ever be able to forgive myself. I mean, what if the mask turns him into a monkey. Fate worse than death if you ask me. It's too dangerous. I have to tell Kim.

Taking a long drawn out breath of air, I hung my head to the floor and attempted to prepare myself for Kim's reaction. Oh well, she's portably used to me screwing up by now, I remarked bitterly.

Walking to the door, I almost missed my reflection as I passed the mirror. About to turn the knob, I paused, my eyebrows turning up in confusion. Walking backward, I retraced my steps back to the glass and stared into my reflection. Huh… raising my hand, I wiggled my fingers and jumped back in fear, falling on my butt.

Was this real? Was this possible?! Hearing the voice of Mr. P in my head, I quickly remembered the Possible family motto. I guess it can apply to close friends too.

Crawling back towards the mirror, I closed my eyes tight praying that the original image had just been a mirage, a trick of the light. Finally, I peeked over the edge of the desk and looked at myself for the second look.

I think I know what the mask does.

There, in the mirror, looking back at me through black eyes so impossibly different from my own, showed James Timothy Possible looking just as shocked as me. Shuttering at the thought, whatever magic monkey mojo that stupid mask worked from had actually turned me into Kim's father. Why couldn't it have just been heat vision…

While still heavily creeped out by the situation, my curiosity was ultimately won over. Examining my transformation closer, I peered into my reflection looking for the smallest flaw. Being around the Possible family for as long as I have, I've gotten to know them all rather well. And in saying that, I couldn't find a single thing out of place in the transformation. It was perfect. Mildly impressed, I looked down to my hand only to find my mission glove still there.

Looking in the mirror, my clothes, my hair, heck even my smile were all that of Mr. P, but looking back down at my body it was still the same seventeen year old body I'd seen since I was born. Even the temple dust was still there! Cocking my head in confusion, an idea slowly formulated in my head.
What if the mask's powers weren't transformation, but disguise? It would make sense, it being a mask and all, and it would also explain why I was seeing Mr. P in the mirror, but not on my body. The mirror showed what everyone else was going to see. But looking just through my eyes, I was still being affected by the mask powers. It let me see who I really was.

Feeling an extreme rush of pride at figuring out what I believed to be the truth of the mask, I couldn't hold back the look of smug satisfaction that wormed its way onto my face. The Ron-Dog came to play!

Now that I knew what the masks power was, my curiosity was completely sated. Time to stop playing around. As I lifted my hand to remove the mask and revert back to normal Ron, I received a shocking surprise as my finger met not the cool metal surface of the monkey mask, but warm flesh. Not really letting it sink in, my hands began to search my face, hoping to find an edge. There wasn't one.

Lowering my hand back to my side, a cold feeling of panic seeped into my bones. The mask was there, I could still feel it resting on my face, but I couldn't touch it. …I couldn't take it off. I was stuck.

As I let the gravity of the situation truly sink in, my head snapped to attention at the sound of movement rustling in the bed. Seeing Mr. Possible stir, my heart began to swell with happiness. He was ok, I didn't really hurt him! Not seriously anyway. He was waking up! He was waking up. …he was waking up.

He was waking up.

Now that the guilt of hurting him was finally lifted from my shoulders, all that remained was fear of being caught, and one look at me, and Mr. P is definitely going start asking questions. Most likely starting with, why am I looking at myself?

I'm doomed!

Looking around the room, I frantically searched for something to hide in. Unfortunately, not even my cowardly instincts would save me, not this time. As James Possible's head rose from his pillow, I was helpless to watch as his searching eyes scanned the room before finally falling on me. "Huh?" he grunted, squinting.

Once he found me I knew I needed to think fast. If his intellectual response was anything to go by, he still seemed half asleep. Add in the darkness of the room, Mr. P had neglected to illuminate and I had about the same chance as a naco in front of Rufus. Close to zero. But hey, since when has that ever stopped me.

Scrambling for a suitable action I tried to imagine what Kim would do in this situation. The obvious answer being, she isn't stupid enough to get herself in this situation in the first place. That didn't get me very far. Instead, I was left with only one way to handle this. The Ron way. Now if only I knew what that was.

"You're dreaming," I choked out. Forcing as much courage as I could into my voice, I watched Mr. Possible, wide eyed. I had little doubt this could actually work, but, to my amazement, I saw no immediate rejection. Instead, Mr. P cocked his head to the side, clearly confused. And as he squinted even harder, I rushed to try and persuade him back asleep.

"Yea dude, um, a little too much wine. You must have passed out and now you're hallucinating. So just like… lay back down and when you wake up, everything with be cool." Hearing the words fly
from my mouth, I wanted to smack my head into the wall. There was no way this was going to work. He was a rocket scientist for crying out loud. If I thought trying something I'd seen in a cartoon was really going to work, than I'm even more stupid than Bonnie says I… huh?

Hearing my words, or maybe just my tone, Mr. P was descending back to his pillow, preparing for another short nap. Shaking my head, I stared at this in amazement. My plan had been so stupid, that it had actually worked.

Ah booyah! If that wasn't the Ron Stoppable method, I don't know what is!

Stifling another whoop of success, my victory was short lived as I realized Mr. Possible could wake back up any second. I needed to leave. I needed to find a place where I could be alone and figure out how to get this mask off. But where?

Hearing Mr. Possible groan in his sleep, I decided I'll just have to figure that part out later. Sneaking back over to the door, my fingers once again found themselves resting on the door knob. Taking a deep breath, I took one last cautionary glance at Mr. P and opened the door.

Stepping back into the living room, I could see the party was still in full swing. All around the room, doctors and scientist could be seen mulling about making small talk within small clusters. Seeing this, I smiled as I knew I could use this environment as a cover and slip out of the room undetected. "Hey James!"

Never mind…

Giving a brief wave in the voice’s general direction, I hurried away and threw myself into the throng of party goers. I had absolutely no idea where I was going, except for the fact that I knew I needed to get away from Mr. P. If someone caught us both at the same time, it was over. So distance was my best option.

In the back of my mind I couldn't help but think Kim would be proud of me. Minus the whole secrets and her Dad getting knocking out part. I was finally using my head and thinking. Now who's a buffoon?

As I Dodged yet another group of party goers, I took a quick glance behind me to make sure I was still in the clear. So far so good. Walking forwards I neglected to look where I was going. Too soon for me to rectify my mistake, my body crashed into another's sending us both to the ground.

Lying on the floor, I was aware of the sound of chuckles arising from the people close enough to have seen it. Grumbling to myself, I rubbed my sore head idly wondering who it had been I had knocked into. Despite my current state, it had felt like I had hit a wall of feathers. Whoever it had been had to have been light… as… a… bird. Come on, even I'm not that unlucky.

"Dad?"

Hearing Kim's voice my head shot up from the ground immediately proving what I had been fearing. Propped up on her elbows Kim laid sprawled on the floor a pained expression on her face. Looking at my face, she seemed to relax a bit, happy to see that she had been right. "Dad, are you ok?"

Unable to answer I remained where I was frozen on the floor. Why did she keep calling me dad? Taking a moment to let my brain catch up with the rest of me, realization hit me like a freight train. She thinks I’m her dad! Taking a moment to let that sink in, I couldn't help but feel slightly amazed. Sure it had managed to fool some people in a crowd, but to think the mask was actually able to fool Kim Possible… no wonder Monty wanted it so bad.
"Dad?" Kim's voice awoke me. Looking at her, she now held a slightly worried expression on her face. I better act fast.

"Uh, Ay-Okay… Kimmie cub," I smiled anxiously. Calling Kim by her father's pet name sent a chill up my spine. Fortunately it seemed to help me retain my true identity. Seeing her worried expression morphed into relief, I watched as Kim dragged herself to her feet revealing what she had decided to where for the night. Unable to look away, my eyes grew, unconsciously taking in every detail they could.

Much like her mother, she had decided to dress up for the adult themed party. Putting her hair up, Kim now stood in a knee length, long sleeved black gown. Around her neck a single silver necklace could be seen glinting in the rooms light. And to top it off, a light dusting of make-up had been expertly applied to enhance her teenage features. Seeing the glow around her body, I knew without even asking that Kim was happy for the opportunity to dress up. Having such a tough and active image, Kim always that her image was too masculine and so she jumped at the chance to be more feminine. Not believing this insecurity at all, I still always enjoyed the chance to see her shine. Just like now.

Scrambling to my feet, I stood in front of her making sure to keep my eyes from wandering. I knew it wouldn't do anyone any good at all if Kim saw her father checking her out. Can you say ewwwww!? Regardless, I wanted her to know at least a little of how amazing she looked. "You look amazing Kim," I answered honestly. Seeing her eyes shine, I began to feel that this night might not be so bad after all.

"Thanks Dad," she smiled, only slightly flushing at the compliment. Continuing to look at me, I watched as Kim's pleasant expression fell from her face, a new and urgent one taking its place. "Dad could you do me a huge favor," she asked sounding worried.

As my sidekick instincts took over, the need to help my friend was immediate. Without even thinking, the words flew from my mouth. "What's the sitch KP?" it wasn't until the words were actually from my mouth that I realized my error. And by then it was too late.

Hearing my response, Kim's eyebrows furled in confusion obviously suspicious. Thankfully as Kim shook her head, whatever it was that she need proved to be more important. "Someone spilled wine on mom and she's upstairs in my bathroom getting cleaned up. She sent me down to grab another dress for her to wear but I was hoping you could bring it up to her?" she asked looking hopeful.

Holding out her hand, I looked down to see a lime green dress dangling in her grip. How had I missed that? "I know you're busy and it's your anniversary but I really need to find Ron, I haven't seen him since I came down and I'm getting worried. You haven't seen him have you?"

Staring at my friend with wide frightened eyes, a grasp of pure ice seemed have taken a hold of my heart. What should I say?! "ah, y-you know what?" I asked taking a sudden interest in the wall, or pretty much anywhere but Kim. "I think I just saw him head into the… bathroom, yes that's right, bathroom!" Looking at my friend's wide eyes, I cursed how my body fidgeted under pressure. Looking down, I spotted the lime green dress and nearly jumped at the opportunity. Snatching it up, I smiled at Kim and began to gently usher towards the nearest bathroom. "So how about I take this upstairs to Mrs- I mean your mother, and you wait here for Ron."

Taking constant peeks over her shoulder, Kim offered a weak protest before finally accepting my suggestion. Still looking slightly wierded-out, Kim stepped out of my reach and started to walk on her own. "Ok… thanks I guess… you sure you're feeling ok?" she asked one last time. Nodding my head, she seemed apprehensive but waved good-bye and walked away to find her friend. It wasn't until she was gone that I realized what I had done.
Looking down at the dress in my hands, I felt the need to slap myself in the face. I'd been so busy trying to get rid of Kim that I agreed to go see Mrs. P instead. There's no way she won't be able to see I'm not her husband, she's his wife! Talk about trading one problem for an even bigger one. Taking one last look at the dress, I couldn't help but try and muster up a bit of good old Ron shine.

Maybe Mrs. P won't tell Kim. She's pretty understanding. Hey, she might even help me get the mask off! She's a doctor, a brain surgeon even; she must know tons of stuff!

Having deluded myself enough for one evening, I held the dress, careful to keep it from dragging on the floor, and began to walk towards Kim's room. Time to face the music.

Poking my head up the floor entrance of Kim's bedroom, I sighed at the comfort that came with the familiar setting. No matter how bad things got, Kim's room has always been somewhat of a safe haven in my life. This and my tree fort were some of the few places that I knew I didn't need to be afraid. Not any super villains, not school, not other kids, not even my parents. A true coward's paradise.

Looking over to Kim's bathroom, I shook my head dispelling the pleasant memories. Now wasn't the right time. I needed to get this dress to Mrs. Dr. P and, with any luck, get away without Kim knowing what happened tonight. Let luck be my lady tonight…

Walking into Kim's room, I slowly stepped towards the bathroom, listening for any signs of motion. The sound of a running faucet, and soft footfalls resonated from behind, revealing the person behind. With no other options available, I knocked.

"Kim?" Mrs. P called for her daughter. "Is that you?"

Shifting awkwardly from foot to foot, an anxious expression stood stark across my face. "Um… not exactly," I called out in response. Waiting for a verbal response, I jumped in surprise as the door opened. Poking her head out of the bathroom, Kim's mother looked at me, a confused look on her face. Taking only a moment, her face blossomed into a curious, but happy expression.

"James, what are you doing up here?" she asked. "Is everything okay down stairs?"

Nodding my head, I absentmindedly took note that my identity had yet to be exposed. "Kim asked me to run this up to you," I responded, nervously bringing the lime colored dress into view. "She needed to ah, go look for Ron." Looking down at the floor, I hid my shame.

Taking a peek at Mrs. P I could see her roll her eyes at her teenage daughter. "That girl," she sighed. Despite herself, I noticed a small smile. Huh, weird.

"So um, are you ok?" I asked genuinely concerned. "Kim told me what happened." while her version had sounded innocent enough I couldn't help but double check. Mrs. P meant a lot to me, and I'd feel better if it came from her.

Giving a tired look, Mrs. P disposition turned dry as she was no doubt recollecting what happened. "Dr. Julius is a brilliant surgeon and a trusted colleague," she started out. "But give the man a glass of wine and he fumbles more than first year surgical intern." Letting out a silent huff, her pleasant expression returned. "But I'm fine. It was sweat of you to ask." She grinned. Turning a bit red, I offered her a shy smile.

Shifting her body behind the door, Mrs. P's face held an uncomfortable tick. Giving a tiered huff, her eyes turned back to mine. "Well, while you're here, would you like to come inside? My back's going to be killing me if I stay like this any longer," she commented referring to her position behind the
door. Dipping her head back into the bathroom, Mrs. P opened the door.

Not really thinking, I nodded my head. "Um yea, sur-" And just like that I was frozen. Greeting me, Mrs. P had remained almost completely hidden behind the door. Being the dimwit that I am, I had completely disregarded this, not even giving it as much as a thought. All I had been thinking about was making sure my identity remain hidden. All that mattered was that I stay inconspicuous. It wasn't until this moment that I realized what I was missing in this picture. You know… sometimes being a buffoon… can really be a hamper on your life.

No longer wary of whom it was behind the door, Mrs. P opened the door wide wearing a bright and happy smile. Unfortunately for me… that was about all she was wearing.

Black, white and red, these were the colors that I found revealed to me on the other side of the door. Standing out stark against the cool paleness of her ginger skin, Mrs. P now stood solely in a pair of black, lacy, and, most importantly, sheer underwear that left my heart leaping like I was in one of Mr. Barkin's gym classes. All I could see was her, standing there, completely unabashed and smiling, not caring in the slightest about her current state of dress.

Eyes going wide, I could hardly comprehend what it was I was seeing. Mrs. P, Dr. Possible, Kim Possible's mother, nearly naked and standing in front of me. And then, just like that, time seemed to flow again, and with it, clarity.

Tearing my eyes away from the heart stopping sight, I could feel my breathing had elevated to dangerously high heights. Screaming at me, the voice in my head was crying for me to get out of here, to run to Kim's nearest window and hope the landing wouldn't be too painful. And then, yelling even louder, my heart was singing, serenading me to move my eyes back to the beautiful view I had been treated to.

After opening the door, Mrs. P smiled before turning around and heading for the sink. Doing this, she had inadvertently exposed her swinging hips and backside, bringing a guttered shutter to escape from my mouth. Forcing my eyes to one of Kim's purple walls, my mind rushed with the images of what I'd just seen. "Wow, um y-you know what? Maybe I should be running back downstairs," my voice cracked and stuttered. "Can't leave the guests waiting right?" I let out a forced laugh. I'd seen more than I ever should have this night. If Kim ever found out, I can't even begin to think what she would do to me. "I'll just um, leave the dress on Kim's bed."

Turning back around to look at me, Mrs. P's voice turned pained. "Really?" she asked disappointed. "But I was really hoping we could spend a little time together. This party was a fun idea and all, but if feels like we've barely had five minutes alone today."

Feeling a spark of guilt, I dared my eyes to slowly return to her face. Keeping my view under strict discipline, my spark grew into an actual flame. Watching me, her eyes had grown wide and pitiful. "Can't the guests wait for a few minutes?" she asked, a childlike tone saturating words like honey.

"Well, ah…” not able to look away, I could feel my resistance wavering. The longer I stayed the more of a chance that I could be discovered. And then I looked back into her eyes. Then again… As long as I kept my eyes in check, I guess it couldn't hurt too much if I stayed a few minutes… right? Giving in completely, I gave my friend's mother a defeated smile, praying that this wouldn't come to bit me in the rear. "Sure… Hon, I'd like that."

Hearing what she thought to be her husband's words, in a second her pitiable expression morphed into one of triumph. Looking at this I could only chuckle shaking my head in disbelief. I have just been played. I'd been on the receiving end of Kim's puppy dog pout enough to know when it happens. Unfortunately, just not until after it's happened.
Thinking back on it, I couldn't help but realize how similar the elder Possible's expression had been. Same wide and innocent eyes, same imploring tone, same tilt of the head, they even jutted out there bottom lip the same to. Puppy dog pout Ann Possible version. I shuttered at its power.

Energized by her victory, Mrs. P held no qualms showing me just how pleased she was. Humming to herself a jovial tone, her eyes watched my every step into the medium sized bathroom. Finally settling down near the edge of the sink's counter, her smug aura faded away until leaving only the pleasure she felt having her husband close. Seeing this, I couldn't help but return her warm expression.

"So are you enjoying the party?" she asked, looking back into the mirror to fiddle with her appearance.

Nodding my head, I kept to my plan and stayed focused on the white tiles under my feet. "Yea, it's um, great," I cursed my awkward speech. As wonderful as the party seemed, I had no idea if Mr. P really was enjoying himself. "But… I think next year it would be better if it was just us." Knowing it was rather presumptuous of me, seeing Mrs. P smile made it worth the risk. Hey, I knock the guy out with an ancient vessel of magic monkey power; the least I could do was earn him some brownie points with the Missus.

"I'd like that too," Mrs. P sighed. "Between work and the children it seems like we barely get enough time together at all anymore. It's almost… surreal how fast everything's gone." In the middle of rearranging her earrings, I peeked out of the corner of my eye to see a small, sad smile on her face. "Feel old yet?"

Feeling surprisingly bold, my lips formed a tight, nervous smile back. "Not a day over seventeen." As both of us began to chuckle, I returned my eyes back to the floor knowing both of our laughter was for two different understandings.

As our chuckles drifted away, the room was filled with a content silence disturbed only by the sound of Mrs. P shuffling about. Finding myself relaxing into it, a strange feeling stirred in the pit of my stomach. I wasn't comfortable, but I wasn't in an all-out panic either. If I had to name it, I guess I would call it… antsy. The only question was, for what?

"Well," Mrs. P suddenly sighed. "I don't think this is going to come out anytime soon." Looking to her hand, I was able to recognize the sky blue dress she had greeted me and Kim in. looking even closer, my eyes twitched at the sight of a rather large blotch of red staining its front. "I hope it's not ruined," she continued. "This was one of my favorite dress's…"

"If it's still wet you can just scrub it out with a little milk," my answer was automatic. "But if it's sunk in you'll need to run it through a cycle of baking soda, kitty litter, and some vodka." To busy tracing the spaces in between the tiles below me, it took me longer than I would have like before I realized my slip up. Of course upon that moment, my eyes leapt up to Mrs. P wide with panic.

Looking at Kim's mother, I was staggered at what I found. Instead of the suspicion and anger, I found myself looking at an extremely surprised, but bemused smile. Staring at me with a raised eye brow, her eyes shined with amusement. "Been watching the home making channel in your spare time?" she smirked. Feeling a flush come to my cheeks, she stared at me only to chuckle at my embarrassment. "I might just try that," she commented, a wry smile on her lips.

Watching her return to fiddling with her stained cloth, I could still feel the warm fluid burning underneath my checks. As embarrassing as it was, I have watched the home making channel once or twice. Not that I'll ever admit that of course. Cooking, cleaning, all the stuff that isn't generally man material, I actually have a pretty good aptitude for. Not that I really had much of a choice not to learn
Looking at Mrs. P, I smiled as she quietly hummed during her work. She looked so happy. Just for no reason other than my being here. If that's not love… I don't know what is.

Fiddling around with that idea, I couldn't help but imagine if me and Kim could ever be this way. I could almost see it. Me and her, happy, celebrating our twentieth anniversary. Feeling a warm sensation creep into my stomach I turned my focus back on the woman in front of me. Would Kim grow to look like her mother as well? Looking at Mrs. P now, I knew there was more than a strong possibility. They could be sisters.

Feeling a new kind of warmth, my eyes continued to observe the woman. She was… beautiful, but I'd known that long before this night. Even when I was just a Kid I had been able to see it. As a little boy whenever I would come to the Possible's home, I would bring Mrs. P a flower. She would take it from me, smile and then would always put it in Kim's hair. And then afterwards, she would pat my head affectionately, thanking me for my gift. "Aren't you just the sweetest…"

Of course as time passed I was forced to stop this ritual. I can't remember exactly when it had happened, but I remember that Kim was the one who first made me aware of it. "It's just… weird that's all," she had told me one day in our early childhood. "I mean she's my mom. Why are you giving her flowers all the time?"

As I remembered my response, I couldn't help but let out an amused breath. "Because every time I give her a flower, she smiles," I'd revealed. "And I really like it when your mom smiles!" After that Kim didn't bother me anymore about giving her mother flowers but every time she would still give me this look… Eventually I did stop. I was smart enough to know that what is ok as a little boy can be seen completely differently as a young man. Instead, I decided to focus on the younger of the two possible women.

Sighing, I took advantage of her distracting activity and looked back at Kim's mother to admire her soft features. She was still beautiful, maybe even more so if I can remember correctly. At the age of thirty nine her pale, ginger skin remained flawlessly smooth, only just beginning to show signs of her increasing age. And her hair, still bright red, held no signs of silvering at any point in the near future. No, just like all red haired possible women, Mrs. P only seemed to be improving with age. Just like a fine wine…

Standing where I was, I was fortunate enough to have almost full view of her features. Right away I was drawn in by her eyes, turned down and focused on her work. I'd always been struck by their hue, shining in a perfect crystalline blue. When she smiled they seemed to literally shine. Yet another motivation for flowers.

Slowly my eyes drifted lower on her face, all the way down to her lips. Painted for the evening's festivities, they cried out with their deep red coloring, automatically catching the attention of anyone she would greet. Right away I found myself unable to look away. If I was smart, I would remember how slippery a slope this was. Unfortunately, I found my consideration for such things… failing. At the moment, my world was being consumed in a haze of red lips.

Turned upwards in a soft smile, Mrs. P's lips revealed to the world the soft hearted soul that lay beneath. Seeing them I couldn't help but smile back. I loved how they looked. So… soft, I couldn't help but wonder what they felt like. Seeing her lips part, I watched, captivated as the tip of her tongue peeked out to wetting her lips. I was pulled in even further.

Drifting even lower, I looked on as my gaze traveled over her chin and down to her neck. The slender appendage was as white as cream, slightly flushed from the glass of wine she had consumed
throughout the nights celebrations. Swallowing back an exuberant sigh I found my eyes wandering, searching for how far the pink tint would go.

Following the alcohol induced blush downward, I had enough mind to know that I needed to stop. And fighting my eyes motion, I found myself at war with my own body. I wanted to look. As much as I might not have wanted to admit it, Kim's mother had always been a secret fantasy of mine. A boyhood fantasy that I found impossible to resist…

It was wrong, but knowing what she was wearing and that I only had to lower my eyes to see it left the faint sensation of needles running up and down my spine. And this… worried me. Somehow, as bad as I knew this feeling to be, as dangerous, I couldn't deny the pleasure I knew I would find waiting for me if only I were to look a little lower. This was a feeling very new to me; it was a feeling of guilt, pleasure, pain. A feeling I haven't felt since that night with Kim. It was a dangerous excitement, a building curiosity that had oh so easily overwhelmed me. And it was a part of me.

Confused by this discovery, I couldn't help realize the truth of it. From where ever it came, this emotion didn't feel at all alien. It was a part of me just as much as my nacho eating, Kim loving, never be normal attitude was. The only difference, it felt powerful, Maybe even more so than my love for Kim. And that… was horrifying. Easily the scariest thing I have ever encountered. And it wanted me to… what?

Letting that question hang in the air around me, my mind raced with what I would do next. As I bit my lip to stifle my groan, I knew what was killing me the most, the curiosity. While I might have gotten a small peek when she had first opened the door, chivalry and fear had robbed me of any real look. All I had received was a peek at what demanded to be explored. If I was able to have a proper look, surely that would be the end of it. Kim was an exception. I loved her, so of course I would want to do what I did. But with Mrs. P, I'll just look, and then excuse myself back to the party. Then, I'll get this mask off, find Kim, and then enjoy the rest of the celebration. As long as it's just looking… it should be fine. As long as it's just looking, I'll be able to stop. I won't let what happened with Kim happen again. Ill… keep… control.

As the last of my reservations fell away, I could almost feel a weight drop from my shoulders at the release. I wasn't doing anything wrong. I just want a quick look. Who's that going to hurt? Furthering my assurances, the warmth in my belly bloomed as it spread throughout my body, particularly to one area. Checking one last time to see if Mrs. Possible was looking I lowered my gaze and grinned. Hunched over the sink, Mrs. P's chest could not have been better displayed if she tried. Free to gaze to my heart's content, I could only think one word, beautiful. As it was still hidden in the encasement of her bra, I couldn't help but think it had managed to enhance their allure. The special bra clung to her chest, perfectly fitted to her size. Black in color, flower like patterns sprang from the bottom of the cup entangling upwards. Stopping at about halfway, the rest of the material was made exclusively of sheer, see through cloth. Examining this feature closer, my heart jumped in my chest. Right there, just peeking through the blossoming flowers, her nipple peeked through revealing its deep, natural color. Transfixed, Kim could have come bursting through that door, and I wouldn't have even flinched.

In the back of my over stimulated brain I wondered what had caused her to where such an extravagant garment under her dress. And then remembering that it was her anniversary, I couldn't help but feel the drain on my brain flow wasn't helping me much in terms of intellect.

But still, Mr. P was one lucky guy to have snagged a woman like this. To think how he was able to touch her, to spend every night with her if he wanted, I couldn't help but feel a spark of jealousy. Backing up, I shook my head releasing me from those thoughts. Calm down Ron, look but no touch.
Returning my focus to Mrs. P all thoughts of her husband drifted away. Instead, I allowed my consciousness to drift to the back of my brain. Who needs to think properly anyway…

As my eyes continued to explore her body, I could feel my heartbeat roaring in my ribcage. All of her was beautiful, unbelievably, inexcusably beautiful. And I got to see her. I smiled. Without even becoming aware of it, my breathing had increasing throughout my pleasure filled exploration. No longer at a calm and cool tempo, my breaths came in long deep draughts, feeding oxygen into my starved blood stream. And even so, I ignored these changes. All that mattered was my eyes, and her body. At this moment, she was the center of my universe.

Taking in the sight of her toned, creamy stomach, my eyes shined with approval. Having three children had done nothing to stop this woman in terms of fitness. Almost as fit as her daughter; this area around her belly button remained as flat as ever, only revealing the slightest of softness as well as a few stretch marks marring each side of her hips.

Built much like her daughter, Mrs. P had a very slim, petit type of body. Her proportions were modest, but far from unappealing. While lacking the almost impossible athletic build her daughter had acquired, Mrs. P’s appeal came from an entirely different place, motherhood.

Looking at her hip’s I could only stare in response. Originally having narrow waistline, the natural process of child bearing had gifted Mrs. P with a mouthwatering curvature. Her hips flared out on each side in an almost impossible figure. And while she might have found this effect negative, especially when it came to what these curves meant for her rear, I found it to be unbelievably attractive. Imaging what it would be like have them in my hands, to feel there soft skin I couldn't repress a shudder. As the image of her panty clad backside flashed through my mind, the warmth in my pants increased.

With an eager tingle, I couldn't wait to see what else Kim's mother had for me to see. Matching its black flowery counterpart, Ann's underwear stayed true to the pattern I’d seen above. This time seeming to creep out from the crotch of the flimsy piece, flowers once again adorned the panties; crawling and blooming halfway up Ann's pubic area. Held up by a crown of even more flowers the top was a solid color of black becoming sheer as you trailed your eyes down. In the middle of this see through area spanning over the most of her front, I was forced to swallow back a pant of breath at what lay beneath.

Deep red in color, Ann's tastefully trimmed pubic hair shined through the flimsy sheer material. Appearing only a shade darker than the color on her head, I was able to personally identify the naturalness of her hair color. Not that this was ever doubted. Staring at it, I couldn't deny my pleasure at its presence. Call it what you want but I just couldn't contain myself when I laid eyes of the natural red colored patch of hair between a woman's legs. Just looking at it made my blood boil with arousal. And this was no exception.

Chuckling at that thought, my awareness of my surroundings began to slowly trickle back. As this happened, my brain was able to pick up on one thing in particular, silence. Thinking this through, I couldn't help but find this to be worrying. Unfortunately, as my mind was still coming back from its haze, I hadn't the thought or capability to really understand why. I just wasn't able to understand. Not that Mrs. P had in fact stopped working on her dress. Not the fact that she had stopped humming. Not even that her oh so beautiful eyes had turned in my direction. No, by the time all of this would make its way to my brain it would be far too late.

"Enjoying yourself?" Kim's mother smirked.

Jumping like I'd been shot, I looked at Mrs. P and blanched at her expression. How long has she been watching?! Finding my throat to have taken on the qualities of a desert, I scrambled from an
"Um..." managing to gargle out a stuttering nonsense, my face was burning with shame. Kim's mother had caught me checking her out. Even if she did think I was her husband, it was still the most embarrassing moment of my life. And that's saying a lot!

Seeing my frazzled state only seemed to amuse Mrs. Possible even more. Letting out a soft chuckle, I took solace that at least she wasn't mad. Instead, her expression looked... proud? "You weren't kidding about feeling seventeen were you," she gave a wry smile.

"Um..." repeating my eloquent statement, I looked at her confused. As if understanding my misunderstanding, Mrs. P's half-lidded eyes trailed down my body. Mimicking her action, I followed her gaze hoping to understand. And oh boy did I...

Letting out a groan of embarrassment, I almost couldn't believe my eyes. If I thought I was embarrassed before it was nothing compared to this.

During my examination of Kim's mother, it looked as though my body had reacted without my knowledge. Standing firm in my pants, I was now looking at a particularly humiliating erection, straining against the confines of my pants. And Kim's mother was looking directly at it.

Seeing my attempt to cover myself, the red headed woman's eyes danced with humor. Well at least someone's enjoying this! "Oh don't be embarrassed." She teased. Looking back to my crotch the same pleased smile curled her deep red lips. "Honestly I find it actually... flattering." She purred. Hearing this tone of voice, I froze, unable to move.

Huh?

Shooting directly to her face, I looked at her in disbelief. Huh?! Looking at me, Mrs. Possible's eyes appeared hazy, almost glazed over. As her lids were drawn half closed, I couldn't deny the sultry, alluring appeal they had adopted. Swallowing the lump in my throat, I could almost feel them pulling me in. "ha, r-really?" I stuttered out.

Nodding her head, her smile grew even bigger. "Mhmm," she hummed with approval. As she began to walk closer, I could feel my body go into battle mode. With every step another warning bell erupted in my head. And yet, with each moment I should have used to run from the room, I found myself using them to stare, enraptured at her wonderful curves creeping ever closer.

The sway of her hips took my breath away. As they swung from side, I could feel my member twitch with approval despite the unnerving situation. Coming within arm's reach, Mrs. P smiled devilishly, a strange, never before seen fire burning in her eyes. Gazing into them, I could feel my heart stop in my chest.

"You know," she grinned. "You still haven't answered my question," she teased, clearly enjoying my embarrassment. Lifting her hands, I was suddenly made aware of her fingertips as they brushed into my chest. "Were you enjoying yourself?" locking her seductive, glazed over eyes onto mine, I was almost afraid to answer. Thankfully, the head in my pants deemed it necessary to take control.

Looking into her eyes, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. In all my years of knowing her, not ever, not even in my wildest dreams have I imagined Mrs. P of being like... this! This wasn't the kind hearted women I knew. This wasn't the mother of three. This... this was a wife. A wife that at this moment believes me to be her husband. And until this moment, I don't I ever really understood just how scary that can be, or exciting.

"Well ah," I gave a breathy chuckle. Feeling her eyes on me I began to sweat. As best as I could I tried to think of some way that would let me out of this situation, literally any way, but the only thing
that came to mind was how amazing she had looked. And now, seeing her like this, I couldn't deny it. "More than I can say," I admitted, my checks burning with embarrassment. Matching her gaze I think I surprised both of us by the boldness of my answer.

Taking a step back, Mrs. P had to look away as her cheeks turned pink. As she looked back up I could still see the fire in her eyes. It was cooled, not nearly as fierce as it had been but it was still very much there. "When I picked this up, I thought you might like it... but not this much," she admitted bashfully. Still looking incredibly pleased with my attention, I watched as she once again cast her gaze away from me. Taking on a look of anxiety, Kim's mother took her bottom lip between her teeth, clearly going through a mental debate. For whatever it was that she had been thinking, her decision did not take long.

"You know," she murmured, a shy excitement in her eyes. Walking back to me she once again placed her hands on my chest, rubbing the exposed skin of my collar bone. "If you want, maybe I could... help you with that..." she offered demurely. Accentuating her words, I could feel her press her body close to mine. "It is partially my fault after all."

Partially?!?

Pressing her body into mine, shivered at the sensation of her jutting chest intentionally pressed firmly against my own. After spending so much time looking at them, to feel them so fully stole my breath. Two wonderful, soft mounds of pliable flesh, and they only seemed to be being pressed even harder against me as time went on. Even through my shirt, the softness of her bust was undeniable as it drove me wild. And as her trimmed fingers continued to play with the sensitive tissue of my throat area, I found the ability of rational thought flying out of my brain.

"Don't you ah, think that could wait until tonight?" I found the strength to ask. Unfortunately that was where my control failed. Another side effect of our close proximity happened to send a jolt of electricity up my spine as my ridged member became pressed against the soft undertow of her stomach. Grapping her hips I meant to push her away and release myself of the pressure, but instead found myself pulling her closer, grinding my core into her soft flesh. Man she felt good...

Smiling at my action, Mrs. P stayed right where she was, enjoying this moment with her husband immensely. "Are you sure you want to wait until tonight?" she dared. Sliding her arms around my neck, I found myself suddenly in an extremely close proximity to her face. "Because I can think of something you might enjoy a lot more than the party." Speaking her breath washed over my face. Feeling slightly dizzy from the affect, I could only stare in response.

Digging my member deeper into her stomach, my breath seemed to leave me in a rush. As I tried to control my raging breath, I stared into her eager eyes, becoming weaker by the second. Slowly drifting downwards, I found myself locked on her lips, almost fainting at the distance between us. "L-Like what?" I heard myself ask.

Watching her deep red lips curl into a seductive smirk, my hardness twitched against her skin. And seeing her smile even bigger, I knew she had felt it. "Well..." she drew out. "How about we do something we haven't done in a while."

"Something we haven't done in a while?" I repeated. Slightly concerned by what that could mean, my train of thought was suddenly jerked in another direction. Smiling at what she believed to be my attempt at playing dumb, Mrs. P nodded her head, eyes glowing with sexual allure. In her eyes she was simply playing a fun game with her husband. One where she had obtained the part of the playful seductress and me, the ignorant husband. Too bad I wasn't acting!

"Since... college?" she offered a clue. As if remembering whatever there carnal act she had been
seeking of, a light seemed to sparkle in her eyes. And equally dazzling, her answering smile brought a new wave of fluttering to my chest cavity. "Something I used to do when we first started dating?"

Having no idea what that could be, I tried to keep my ignorance hidden, smiling back at her I gave a breathy laugh as if recalling what she had been speaking of. "Oh, ah ha that," I emphases the word. Racking my brain as to what it could be, a million different things came to mind. Being as inexperienced as I was, I honestly had no clue what it could mean. Besides Kim, my experience with women was absolutely zero. Besides the basics of the basics, my knowledge was extremely limited to only what I had been able to pick up that night. Despite all this, with what images I could think up I found the images to be very arousing.

Despite her daring attitude, Mrs. P still had enough modesty to look bashful. "Mhmm," she agreed. Giving me a nervous smile, her hand slipped from my neck and slowly began to slip over my chest and onto the side of my waist. "It is our anniversary after all," she rationalized. "We should be allowed to have some fun, right?"

"Well, ah. I…" stumbling with my words, all I could focus on was her descending hand. Creeping ever so closer, my engorged flesh pulsed in my pants, almost as if it were aware of what was coming. "ah…," letting out a choked grunt, my mind raced, thinking of what I should do. As her small, delicate hand crept past the waist of my cargo pants, my eyes widened in panic. "Wai-" but too late. Piercing the nonexistent space between our bodies, Kim's mother succeeded in locating the engorged flesh in my pants. Shuttering at the sensation, my mind went blank. "Right," I gasped involuntarily pressing myself into her hand. It wasn't until I saw her dazzling smile that I realized just what I had done.

Looking at Kim's mother, my heart hammered in my chest. Looking into her eyes I knew there was no chance that she hadn't heard me. As I'd grunted my agreement out of the heat of the moment, I knew I only had myself to blame. And now looking at Mrs. P, searching her face for any sign of movement, I found myself waiting in suspense as to what her next move will be. Thinking on this, a sudden flash of nervousness spiked in the back of my mind. If my answer had been unintentional, than why was I so… pleased? Fearing what that answer could be, I pushed the thought from my mind, and prepared myself for whatever was next.

"Well this should be fun," Mrs. P winked at me. Looking only slightly nervous, her entire frame was alight with excitement. Even going so far as to giggle, she then pressed her lips into mine; killing any and all rational brain cells I had left.

In the moments her lips were on mine, my mind was a blanket of pure and empty nothingness. All I could do was feel the soft texture of her lips against mine, stealing my breath. Moving my hand to her cheek I held it there, savoring the warm, creamy sensation of her cheek. In what air I could breathe, I was surrounded by the aroma of her being. Strawberries and mint, as well as a sparse sprinkling of whatever perfume she had chosen for this night. Taking a silent drag of this heavenly mixture, I found myself pulling her closer to deepen the second kiss of my entire life.

Kissing Mrs. P was a lot different than kissing her daughter. While the biggest difference being that she could actually kiss me back, I was also able to pick up on a few other things. The taste for instance; while I didn't have my tongue in her mouth at this moment, I could still taste her breath filling my mouth. And while there were a few different tastes inter mingled within, the most noticeable was easily identified at the taste of wine. Getting another fresh breath, I decided I like the taste of wine.

Another difference I found that I quite enjoyed was her lips. While not much difference between the mother and child, I couldn't deny how much fuller her lips seemed in comparison. Taking her bottom
lip between my own, I verified my suspicion. Yep, definitely.

The last difference I could feel was most notably identified as technique. While Kim hadn't exactly been given a fair shake on this portion, the difference in experience was palpable. Even just kissing her as I am, I know Mrs. P is a very good kisser. As her lips moved against my own, I felt like a clumsy fish in comparison. Have virtually zero experience in kissing, I was only able to respond as best as my instincts would allow. Which wasn't much. Thankfully, by whatever magic luck that allowed me to make it this far without being caught, Mrs. P continued to kiss me.

Feeling her lips move from my own, my first reaction was disappointment at the loss of the warmth of her lips. My next was a stifled groan. Leaving my lips, Mrs. P's kiss continued as it went to trail the line of my jaw and then even further on to my neck. The feeling of her tongue and lips pulling at my flesh was indescribable. And as they continued to move on my body, a trail of cooled saliva tingled it its memory. Feeling her use her teeth to nip at the point of my pulse, I was helpless to release yet another groan from my throat.

Still having a firm hold on her hips, I held them tight as Mrs. P's lips found the hollow of my collar bone. Idly in the back of my mind, I couldn't help but wonder just how low this kiss was going to go. Wait…

Snapping my eyes open, I looked down at Mrs. P just as she was kissing the middle of my chest. No longer meeting skin, she had transitioned her wet, licking kisses to small, intimate pecks on my shirt. Even still, with eyes closed she seemed perfectly content to peck away, each time trailing a little lower on my body.

Feeling one of her pecks fall just above my bellybutton a small urge of panic rushed through my body. She wasn't going to… was she? Yet another peck was all I needed for an answer. She was.

Grabbing the counter behind me, I was grateful for its existence for without it I would have surely fallen flat on my butt. Lower and lower, I watched with wide eyes as she continued to go lower. This was really happening, I realized. Kim's mother was about to... wow. It almost seemed surreal. But here it was… happening. At that moment a feather could have knocked me over.

As the cool surface of my pants button met her lips, Mrs. P opened her eyes only to see me watching her every move. Flushing a dark red, she paused only for a second before smiling up at me and giving me a wink. Daring. Then looking back down, she stared at my buckle in silence. Both of us did.

Biting her bottom lip as she tended to do, it took her a moment as she worked up her nerves. Looking slightly nervous, she pulled her hands from my hips and slowly trailed them down to the button. And then, with the coordination only a surgeon was capable of, she snapped my pants open forcing a deep sigh from both of us.

As my knuckles remained white gripped against the counter, I watched all of this in disbelief. Inside my mind I was crying, struggling to force my body to move, yelling at myself to speak up before it was too late. But as her other hand moved to release the tension of my zipper, all I could do was stand there. Watching her. And as the tightness of my zipper became slack, my fate became sealed.

Once my member was finally freed from the confines of my pants, I couldn't hold back my sigh of relief. After being in such a state for so long, it felt good to stretch my legs so to speak. Hearing my sigh of pleasure, Kim's mother looked up in amusement. Appearing to have something she wanted to say, she instead returned her attention back to crotch and observed the tented surface of my boxers with interest. With bated breath, I watched her, waiting.
Returning her hands to my waist, I felt her fingers dig under the elastic of my underwear. As my
breath began to escalate, I knew this was the moment of truth. Unable to watch, I quickly turned my
head away, as if that could protect me from the embarrassment. It didn't.

You never forget the feeling of having a girl pull down your pants for the first time. This is
something I just learned. As Kim's mother attempted to strip me from the waist down, she did it all at
once, pants, underwear and all. Feeling the cotton fibers scrape down the sides of my legs as well as
another, much more sensitive area, I began to almost gasp for breath. As I became reduced to only a
few small inches to hide my modesty, I grip gripped the counter behind me to the point my bones
began to creak. Finally, feeling the last of the cloth slipped down my crotch, my ridged member
sprang free, out into open air.

The moments that followed were met with an unbreakable silence. Unable to even speak, I could feel
her eyes on my member. Knowing this, my cheeks flamed with embarrassment. Mask or no mask,
this was still the first time a women has ever gotten to see Ron Jr. and seeing the ridged state it was in
only added to my discomfort. Finally, as the warmth of her hand on my member came crashing
through my senses, I looked down at her, speechless.

Now completely settled on the floor, Kim's mother kneeled in front of me, positioning her face mere
inches from my swollen staff. Lightly wrapped around it, her fingers were able to encase half of what
it held in the softness of her grasp. And as her hand pumped ever so slowly; her eyes remained
locked on the throbbing male organ, not so much as blinking in their trance.

As I watched her small, dainty appendage work up and down the length of my member, pleasure
raced through my veins. Her hand was soft, and cool against my burning staff. With each pass of her
hand, she would brush her thumb underneath the head of my organ sending a jolt of electricity up my
spine. Letting out a shuttering breath I pressed the entirety of my weight on the counter behind me,
no longer trusting my legs. Closing my eyes, I leaned back allowing myself to focus entirely on what
the mother of my best friend was making me feel. Amazing.

Letting out her own nervous breath, Mrs. P licked her lips before shooting a glance up to my face. At
once she blushed at my blissful expression. After being married to a grown man for nineteen years,
seeing her husband react to her touch like a teenage boy was a real confidence boost. Allowing a
small prideful smile to appear on her lips, she returned her gaze back on my staff, eager to not
disappoint. "Let's hope I'm not too rusty," she hummed anxiously. And with that, it began.

My first and only warning to what was to come, was a warm wave of breathe breaking over the flesh
of my pole. Shuttering in anticipation, my torture was very short lived. Before my goose bumps
could even reach my neck, the sensation of her soft warm lips pressed against the tip of my staff. Just
as she had done with my neck, Kim's mother began to slowly work pursed lips down my flesh, only
to return to her place at the tip in a similar fashion. Doing this three more times, my hips jerked at the
introduction of her tongue.

Feeling the small pink organ, my eyes were open immediately, snapping down to watch the red head
in stunned silence. As my mouth gaped in awe, I watched her, fascinated as she worked. Pointing
my staff up to the ceiling, Mrs. P angled her neck and trailed a long line of saliva along its underside.
Then, reaching the top, she pressed the flat side of her tongue hard into the tip. Repeating this
technique, her taste buds scrapped against the soft, iron like appendage, moving and position my rod
in all directions to completely cover it in her spit.

As my member throbbed with arousal, I found that watching her as she did this was almost as
exciting as the experience itself. Keeping her eyes closed throughout the exchange, Kim's mother
appeared focused, hard at work to adequate accomplish her job. And then as I saw her small, warm
tongue lash out from within the confines of her painted red lips and drag against my skin, my hips gyrated eager for more. But keeping a firm hand locked on my hips, the red headed woman kept me from squirming out of her grip. I was completely at her mercy.

Having completely saturated my firmness in her saliva, Mrs. P smiled against my tip before startling me by opening her eyes. Still having contact with my throbbing staff, her blue eyes looked up at me twinkling with excitement. As I watched this, I came to the startling conclusion that she was enjoying this as much as I was. Watching me squirm and sigh, feeling me twitch inside her hand, Kim's mother was enjoying every second.

Thinking on this I figured it wasn't too crazy. Remembering how excited I had become watching Kim cry and flush that night, it actually made perfect sense. Seeing the person you care about more than anyone in the world cry out in pleasure and knowing that you were the one to do it... was an incredible feeling. And that is how I knew, as Mrs. P looked at me, a gleam of delight in her eye that I was in for some trouble.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Mrs. P's lips opened against the tip of my staff, allowing it slide inside. And slowly, ever so slowly, she pushed her head forward engulfing my length inch by torturous inch. All while keeping her eyes open, and locked on my face.

Seeing her bright red lips begin to wrap around the start of my staff, I doubted anything after would ever be able to excite me as much. But then as the sensation of the slick, warmth of the inside of her lips, I was amazed to see how wrong I was. Applying only the slightest of suction, her hand was the only to stop me from spring full force into her mouth. But even still, as more and more of myself became engulfed in the warm cavern of her mouth, I found the slow pace she had set for the action agonizing beyond belief. Worse than even naco withdrawals.

When I had been with Kim, I had been allowed my pleasure right away, instant gratification. But now with her mother, I began to wonder if I would ever get have my release. Surlly she couldn't be that cruel. Right? Thankfully my question was answered just that second.

Holding the entirety of my sensitive head in her lips, her jaw opened wide, stretching for the girth that was to come. Slow, much slower than I would have liked, her head began to descend, swallowing my length.

As I watched myself disappear behind her lips all I could do was watch the face of my best friend's mother, gasping in amazement. Sinking into her mouth, I could feel her tongue, pressed into the underside of my shaft and guiding me deeper. With a slow, drawn out breath my body quaked with pleasure. Finally, as the red headed doctor reached five inches, I found the throbbing tip of my staff firmly pressed against the back of her throat.

Letting out a strange sort of gaging sound, Mrs. P was forced to retreat her progress, sucking harshly on the engorged organ as she left. As the cooled air met my now wet skin, I craved the warmth her mouth had given me. I craved it like a man lost in the dessert craved water. I just needed it, I needed her.

Then, as I Mrs. P retreated all the way back to only my tip, she pulled her tongue back, running the tiny pink tip of her organ roughly into my slit. It was only when she was treated to the tell-tale throbbing of my arousal that she descended, taking my length all at once to the back of her mouth. After a few unsure duplications of this process, Mrs. P found a comfortable rhythm and began to speed up. It was not long before I was left gasping, struggling to contain my release as her red painted lips swallowed and spit out my length in a mesmerizing display.

As what seemed like the millionth shutter left my body, I looked down at the mop of red hair
bobbing in my lap and was amazed to find a stray thought popping inside my head, distracting me from the heavenly sensations exuding from my swollen member. Keeping my eyes locked on her dipping expression, I realized throughout this entire altercation, I haven't even once been able to say her real name. While usually too embarrassed to be so formal, as I watched her head move back and forth on my male anatomy I found myself thinking that it might be ok. In fact, as I thought about it even more, a strange new feeling bloomed in my chest.

Not Mrs. P, and not Kim's mother, but Ann. A woman all of her own.

Feeling this strange emotion in my chest intensify, my focus retuned to the woman bellow me. My breath heaving in my chest, I did it without even thinking and said it. "Ann." It came out in desperate sigh. My body burned with pleasure. My blood was racing through my veins. "Ann." I repeated, not so much as flinching at the unfamiliar use. To me it felt right. It felt amazing. On my lips it told her of her effect on me, of how amazing she was. In my huffing, heaving breath, it was a sigh of pleasure. "Ann."

As her name began to fall from my lips, I could feel Ann’s enthusiasm multiply in effort. Hearing her husband cry her name, her happiness soured with pride. She was gladdened to know she was capable of making him so happy. As a woman and a wife, nothing was more satisfying than hear her lover cry her name. And as her name fell once more into her ears, the ends of her lips curled, smiling around the girth of her husband. Oh she would give him something to cry about alright.

The moment Ann stopped her motions I mentally cried out in protest. While still in her beautiful lips, her action had stopped completely. And then to make matters even worse, the base of my staff was let go by her hand, forcing it into the cool, almost frigid in comparison open air. About to voice my protests, my complaint was halted by the sight of her shifting in her position.

Throughout the time of her pleasuring me, Ann had been sitting comfortably, resting her rear on the back of her heels. But now, as her free hand shifted to grasp the other side of my hips, she shifted her weight to kneel forward completely on the hard bone of her knees. Using this knew leverage to her advantage, Ann's blue orbs opened once more to view her husband, a dangerous glint shining in each eyes.

Like the force of a doomsday machine explosion, I was slammed by whole new wave of pleasure. Using her new position to her advantage, the red headed woman was able to force more of her staff inside, with all the speed of before. Taking me almost down to the base, the back of her throat slammed into me relentlessly, sending shockwave after shockwave pleasure up my quivering spine. All the while her tongue continued to saw against the underside my core, almost rubbing the sensitive flesh raw against the rough texture of the back of her taste buds.

As her fingers dug into the flesh of my hips, holding me still and pulling into her mouth with each bob, I could feel my vision beginning to blur. Unable to control my actions I threw my head back and gasped in a long lung full of air. Right away I knew whatever illusion I had of control had fallen like a pair of pants. If she continued this relentless attack, I knew I wouldn't be able to hold off on my release. And I think she knew it to. I'd fought against odds so great I knew I should be dead in a jungle somewhere. But this was a battle I was fated to lose. It was only a matter of when.

As my arousal continued to scale, I looked down at Ann's dizzily bobbing head and clenched my fists at the sight. Without even realizing that it was moving, my hand released its iron grip from the counter, and had begun to slowly reach out in front of me. Finally, as it came into my field of vision, I watched only half conscious as it reached out and landed on the top of Ann's head. Slipping my fingers into her fiery tresses, I sighed as the silken texture worked its way up to my mind. Digging even deeper, I leaned my head back, gasping.
The presence of my hand on her head was paid absolutely no mind as Ann's mouth busily massaged the length of my staff. While buried deep in her hair, I made absolutely no motion to guide, or otherwise force her in anything she did. Instead, I simply held onto her, holding on for dear life. As the last of my endurance began to wither away into nothing, I wanted to hold her, to feel her there as well as enjoy what she was doing. And as I felt my arousal build to its breaking point, my teeth clenched, holding back a gale-force of breath frozen in my lungs. Reaching my end, a low, shushed moan vibrated out my nose.

At the sound of my release, Ann halted her bobbing immediately, freezing midpoint on my pulsing core. Feeling a slight pressure oh my hand, my hold on her head held it in place without even thinking as I continued to empty myself into her mouth. Thrusting as much as her iron tight grip would allow, I rubbed myself against her still caressing tongue hoping to saver every last sensation my mind could hold. Finally, as my frantic, desperate motions began to calm, I released the last of my essence, dripping from my still twitching member and into her mouth.

The following moments Ann and I remained in our positions, basking in the pleasure. Holding me in her mouth, the loving wife stayed wrapped around my staff, sucking the left few drops from my softening member. After finding nothing left for her to do, she released me, sliding her lips over the skin one last time.

In a flash she was on her feet, her hand locked over her lips, and walking to the sink she had been washing her dress in. Startled by her abrupt movement, I watched with wide, interested eyes as she proceeded to pull the dress out of the way and spit into the sink, removing my essence from her mouth. A little impressed by the amount that went down the drain, it quickly turned to guilt as I watched her fill a glass with mouthwash and rinse whatever lasting taste from her mouth. After a few moments of swishing the liquid around in her mouth, Ann eagerly bent over the sink released the green mixture into the basin.

Feeling not sure what a guy usually said in this type of situation I fumbled a bit, nervous. "Sorry…" at the sound of my apology, Ann's blue eyes snapped to my still breathless frame and gave wry smile.

"A little warning would have been nice," she commented giving me a droll stare. But suddenly, as if unable to help herself, a small smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. Wincing, she rubbed her throat, swallowing with a pained expression. "I forgot how much that could hurt," she grimaced. "But…," she continued. "I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," she admitted. And like that a giggle erupted from her chest.

Hearing her laugh, I slumped against the counter hopeful that I had just been forgiven. To say I was drained was to say I kind of liked Mexican food. Feeling my knee's still shaking under me, it was quite accurate to say Ann had sucked the strength right out of me. With my pants still around my ankles, I found myself too tired to even pull them up. Instead, I turned to my friend's mother, and looked to see how she was fairing.

Flushed from face to shoulders, I had a suspicion wine wasn't the only reason behind her tinted skin. Not this time. As I watched her, she appeared to be taking a moment to catch her breath, supporting her weight with her hands over the sink. Eyes closed, her chest heaved with deep breaths. And looking even closer, I could see the furious beating of her heart in her rib cage jiggling the cleavage of her breasts. Seeing all of this, I never figured how much work that particular activity was of the woman's side.

Well, live and learn.

Watching her take long even breaths, my mind couldn't help but recall all that had just happened to
me. It had been good, better than good in fact, incredible! So incredible that I had half a mind to ask her to do it again. But that's what scares me. Even knowing what I did was wrong; I still couldn't feel any regret. Instead, I could feel my blood beginning to race once again. I want to feel more with Ann, with this beautiful red headed woman. I wanted to touch her and claim her and I didn't know how to react to these emotions. Not one bit.

You'd think after having such an amazing release I would have been able to calm down, if even a little. But on the contrary, it only seemed to have excited me even further.

Feeling my member beginning to twitch back to life, I turned my eyes on her body and shamelessly stared. Before so nervous, after what had happened I felt a little bit less embarrassed. And while still feeling a spark of unease, the emotion was easily dwarfed by the rising arousal her body inspired. Releasing a slow even breath, my face remained a blank slate.

What... what was happening to me...

"Well," Ann sighed. "I guess we should hurry back to the party, hmm?" Eyes twinkling, Ann's composure had improved considerably. No longer out of breath, the only sign I could see to mark our encounter was the red warmth still swimming under the surface of her skin. Sauntering over to me, I remained slumped against the counter, watching her every move.

Giving a small chuckle at my lazed position, the red head had no idea what was going through my mind. All she could see was an extremely pleased husband that was too satisfied to move. "Come on," she urged. "Get those pants up and let me get dressed. We can't be gone to long from the party now can we?" she said coyly.

Not moving an inch, I was frozen, stuck staring at her through wide, and mesmerized eyes. Rolling her eyes at what she believed to be my attempt at being silly, Ann stepped even closer placing her hands on my upper arms. "James," she chuckled. Pulling me up, her touch was able to lift me to my feet. "We have all night tonight," she gave me a seductive look. Pressing herself into my arms, her face became mere inches from my own. "Can't you hold on till then?" the teasing edge in her tone echoed throughout my mind.

All night, my mind fantasized?

 Barely listening to her words, my attention rested solely on the hypnotizing pale skin, flushed red with warmth. My mind was beginning to fall. Rational thought was a long lost luxury. Replacing these things, pleasure and carelessness raced through my veins like a poison

She chuckled at my empty expression. Not waiting for my response, she backed away from me, removing her hands from my arms. Turning back to the sink, she began to walk forward. The moment the warmth of her hand left my arms my body moved. Lashing out before I was even aware what I was doing, my hand latched onto her hip, pulling her back into my arms.

It was only once I could feel her pressed against me that I my mind was able to recognize what I'd done. Like a cold sheet of snow, I was filled with a sense of dread. But even still, I couldn't help but notice even through the fear and shock, my arms only seemed to hold her tighter.

Wrapped around her midsection, one of my arms held her. Grasping her hand in my other, my sudden grip on her surprised both of us. Not exerting even the slightest bit of force, I simply rested my limbs on her own, ready to release her at a seconds notice. While impulsiveness as well as a bit of insanity had clearly been the fuel for the shocking action, if she told me to let go I knew I would be able to.
"J-James?" Ann's voice squeaked in shock. Not sure what I was doing, a nervous flutter had disrupted her usually calm disposition. She had never seen James act so strangely before. Relaxing the muscles that had become tense by the sudden action, her head slowly turned to look at her husband's face over her shoulder. "James..." she repeated. "Is... everything alright?" she asked cautiously.

Hearing her call the name of her real husband I was once again reminded of the wrongness of the situation. This woman, this wonderful, caring woman that I've known for practically my entire life had mistaken me for her husband, and I had taken advantage of it just like I had with Kim. But even still, all I could think about was how good it felt to feel her in my arms. All I could see was her beautiful red hair, so similar to that of her daughters.

In my hands like she was, she was so... warm, so soft. It was all I could do to remain focused. Leaning in close, I inhaled her bacular aroma. Strawberries and mint, wafted around me like a cloud. Taking a small drag of its fragrance, the words flew from my mouth before I could even think. "Can... I touch you?"

The second I realized what I had said I could feel my face flushing bright red with embarrassment. Letting out a startled squeak, I nearly jumped away from Kim's mother, praying that she would forget what I had said. It was only when the sound of Ann snorting in laughter met my ears that I calmed down enough to actually look at her.

Turning her head to look at me, a look of incredulity was plastered across her features. Eyes wide, her lips were pulled up in disbelief. "James!" she exclaimed letting out a small fit of giggles. Calming down, she suddenly relaxed in my arms and pressed her back into my chest. "You scared me for a second."

Feeling her weight rest against my sternum I could only stare at her in silence. "ah..."

"But really," she continued. "You've been acting so strange tonight..." Taking a long pause my heart froze as I saw Ann begin to doubt me. Is there where I meet my end?

Letting out a long sigh, Ann hummed to herself letting her amusement shown. "I guess I should be happy to know that there's still a spark in our marriage. Honestly, how many wives can say their husbands are still asking to touch them twenty years after they've been married?" Giving a soft shake of her head, she smiled before turning her head to look at me. "I love you too," she whispered. Twisting only a few inches from my grasp, Ann moved just enough to bend her neck and press her lips against mine. "Mmm, just try and keep it above the waist, stud." She spoke in a teasing tone right before she flashed me a brilliant smirk. "Don't want to make too much of a mess."

Setting back into my arms, my eyes stared into Ann's hair, wide with surprise. For a moment, I wasn't sure that I'd actually heard her correctly. Then, looking over her shoulder, my eyes locked onto the pale shelf of skin her breasts had formed and glazed over in response.

With permission fully given, my body hummed with excitement. Before I was even aware of it my hand had begun to rise from its place on her hip. The skin of her stomach slipping under my fingertips. Admiring the smooth cream quality, my brain remained locked on the prize of my attention, locked behind a thin layer cloth. As the outline of her rib cage brushed past my hand, Ann pressed her back deeper into my chest. Following my natural instincts, I squeezed the fingers of her hand lovingly.

The moment my fingers touched cloth, my heart leapt in my chest. Tracing the bottom edge of the bra's cup, I took my time slowly encroached my fingers higher onto the wonderful mound, savoring the moment. As my fingers hovered over the jutting flesh, I forced myself to wait from diving in
completely. If my experience with Ann had taught me anything, it was that the longer you waited, the better it would be. And so, as I positioned my hand so that I merely had to move my hand an inch to cup it, I swallowed excitedly. Holding my breath, my eyes watched intently as my hand fully cupped the softness of her bust, holding her flesh in hands.

As Ann felt my hand on her chest, her fingers squeezed mine tightly. Turning her head, she closed her eyes and pressed her temple against my angled forehead nuzzling it softly. Unsure how to reciprocate the affectionate move, I swallowed nervously before pressing my lips into the corner of her mouth. Feeling the softness give way to my lips, I sighed and smiled.

Keeping my lips connected to her angled face, my attention returned the warm weight resting in the palm of my hand. I gave the confined breast a small squeeze, sending a shiver down my spine. A softness only know to woman twinkled inside the nerve endings of my fingertips. Repeating my motion, I added more force to my clutch pressing my palm into the pert flesh.

Kissing Ann in the different areas of her face, my hand continued its manipulation massaging her flesh with all that a single hand could manage. As I looked down at her breathing chest, my eyes remained focused on my hand watching it play with her soft flesh. Grouping her, my hand squished the plumpness into herself kneading it around on her chest. Pulling back, I would then let it sit in my hand, enjoying the object for what it was.

Loving the warmth and weight, I couldn't help but find the material of the bra a hindrance. While looking at it had been a treat that will remain locked in my memories for years to come, when it came to actual touching, it fell just short of adequate. In my hand, soft, lacy material was surpassed by only the plump, warmth it held back. And although it proved to be pleasant by any other occasion, I knew it could never hold a candle to what was underneath.

Teased relentlessly, the sheer middle of the bra that had called to me so vivaciously now provoked me even further in its making. Being the thinnest and most insignificant part of the alluring lingerie, it also allowed the most of the sensations of her breast through to my hand. Aching for the feel of the natural flesh I found my fingers were beginning to concentrate on this area the most, forgetting what was really there.

"James," Ann breathed hotly. Turning her head away from mine, her neck craned backwards allowing her to rest the back of her skull on my shoulder. In my hand her finger pulled at mine in a tight grip. Letting out a soft groan, she turned her head, pressing her face into my hair. "James," she sighed once more.

Mere centimeters away, her sigh of her husband's name came rushing out of her lips and right into my ear. Enjoying the flush of electricity the action forced up and down my spine, I found my attention preoccupied by the pointed nub straining up and into my fingertips.

Creating two small bumps in the otherwise flawless material of her bra; Ann's nipples now stood firm and at attention. Through the sheer fabric that I'd first seen them, my vision eyed them aroused. Without even thinking, my already massaging fingers zeroed in on them pulling a deep and restless whimper right into my ear. At the sound of Ann's distressed sigh, I found my mind immediately going to her daughter.

Looking at her erect nipples, my mind flashed to my night with Kim. More specifically what had happened when I had been playing with her own nubs. Right away it had been made extremely clear of my best friend's sensitivity in that area. It was because of this I had been allowed a great amount of enjoyment watching and listening to her as I manipulated them. Hearing her muted sighs of pleasure as well as seeing her body flush with arousal, all of it had been an amazing sight. And now, as I stood fondling my friends mother, I couldn't help but wonder if Ann to might be the same.
In my mind I found myself wondering what kind of noises Ann would make. Would she mewl like her daughter? Or perhaps groan? Would she attempt to muffle her sounds? Would her entire body flush that deep alluring color? Grouping the red headed doctor, more and more questions filled my head. Each one daring me to get them answered.

Unfortunately, as Ann had quite specifically told me not to get too carried away, I had no idea what it was that I was limited to. Was I allowed to remove her bra? I wasn't really sure. And while the threat of getting my had slapped away might sound insignificant to any other guy, to me and having it happen during my first real encounter with a woman made me nervous as heck. Not to mention I was already worried about doing something stupid. Shaking my head I tried to turn my attention something else to distract me.

In a flash my eyes zeroed in on the exposed flesh of her long creamy neck. My eyes took a moment, appraising its beauty. And then, soon after, I replaced them with my lips. Trailing my way along her neck, I gave a jump of surprise as Ann's free hand was now firmly logged deep into my hair. Feeling her press my face harder, I was more than happy to oblige.

As Ann's taste filling my mouth, I gave out an exuberant sigh. She tasted as good as she smelled, this I was happy to have learned. Having worked up a bit sweat from our actions, the salty mineral added taste to her skin like gourmet food. Thankfully I knew enough to not do anything would leave a trace. I don't even want to imagine what would happen if Mr. P caught sight of a misplaced hicky that he didn't remember leaving. Instead, I satisfied mine, and Ann's desires happily licking and nibbling all along the length of her neck.

Feeling my ears tickled by another of Ann's soft sighs, my eyes opened to a very thrilling surprise. As a product of my lips latching onto her neck, Ann's hand was deep in my hair guiding them to where she wanted them to go. In doing so her arm was now raised away from her body, leaving the area of her chest completely unguarded. As much as I wanted to ignore it, it was too good to pass up. Feeling my hand tingle, I was eager to jump at the chance.

My lips continued to move on her neck, hopeful that it might be able to distract her from the change in my hands positioning. Taking advantage of the unintentional opportunity, I slowly began to slide my hand down from her jutting mounds and back down to her rib cage. From there, it was no challenge at all to slip past the offending garment and claim my prize.

My breathing rushed in my lungs as the soft, unobstructed sensation of her breast slid along my fingers. Starting from the tips of my fingers and ending at the base of my palm, my hand slipped between the black lacy garment and the plump warmth of Ann's breast.

The moment my finger touched the enflamed peek of Ann's breast Ann's breathy hitch filled my ear. Latching onto the engorged nipple, my fingers pinched at it, burning with excitement. Like she had been burned, Ann's breath rushed into her lungs sucked between her teeth. Contrary to her unexpected reaction I found her thrusting her chest harder into my palm, eagerly seeking a repeat.

Well… who am I to deny that?

Continuing to pull and squeeze at the red headed woman's peeks, I found myself more grateful than ever before for the night I had spent with Kim. Throughout that night I had been lucky enough to be allowed a completely shameless, and stress free zone to explore and examine the female body like no one has before. Having completely zero experience before hand, for a guy like me it was an invaluable experience.

As I had watched Kim's reaction I looked on with rapid fascination of what it was that made Kim moan in pleasure. I had experimented what the correct way was to properly handle her body. I had
completely immersed myself in everything that was Kim. Watching her writhe in slumbering pleasure had been the most thrilling thing I'd ever experience. And it was because of this, that I was able to feel confident as I handled her mother's body, just like I had her own. And while still slightly clumsy in my actions, as Ann's soft, warm breaths crashed against the side of my face, my chest warmed with pride.

The more I played with the red headed doctor's rose tipped nubs the deeper breathes she would draw from the air around us. Circling her areola with my finger tip, I smiled into her pale neck, excitement roaring as her voice mewled softly into my ear. While not completely the same as her daughter, Ann seemed to respond very positively to my stimulation.

One thing I was becoming aware of as I continued to handle Ann's breath stealing figure, she did not respond as to the same things that I had learned from Kim. While Kim seemed to have preferred softer, gentler attention, Ann seemed to respond to some more aggressive techniques. Not so rough that anything was turning purple but still, harder than what I had originally learned to do. Feeling like issuing a small experiment, my rubbing finger stilled their motions and squeezed the eraser sized nub in a firm, tight hold.

As her hand left my fingers, I jumped only slightly as it repositioned itself reaching back and digging into the soft, naked flesh of my backside. Sending a surprisingly pleasurable jolt up my back, I let out a long breathy sigh and placed my now free hand on her other breast lifting the bra off complete, I began my duel assault.

Now teasing both peeks at the same time, it was becoming apparent just how worked up Ann was becoming from my touch. Letting out a shuttering breath every couple of seconds, Ann's face was now nuzzling against my own, tracing my ear with her nose. In her hands, she instinctively guided me on how best to please her.

Still wrapped in my hair, her right appendage kept me trapped onto her neck making sure my teeth and tongue continued to work. As well as her left, clawing my rear and burrowing deeper into its flesh each time my own fingers did something she liked. Oddly enjoying this treatment, my real surprise came out of nowhere.

Resting against my back, Ann's chest arched into my hands; filling them with her soft, springy mounds. As a result, the small of her back was now bent in the most alluring of ways. As her lower body remained free from direction, a moan of excitement rushed from my lungs as the globs of her rear pressed into my now reawakened member and grinded against it.

Lodged up against my stomach, my eyes snapped open at the sensation of grinding against me made it to my brain. It felt amazing. As my pants and underwear remained on the floor, the only thing separating me from her real flesh was the silky material of her panties. Acting of pure instinct, my hips thrust forward seeking out the wonderful feeling. And as she was already pressed firmly against my rod, my thrust did little more than press myself even harder against the red headed mother.

Her breathe now left her in a soft, continuous panting that was broken only by the occasional faint whimper. As the grip on my rear increased, I could tell she had enjoyed it as well. I knew I was. Matching her breathing, I continued to press myself against her, pinching my fingers over her rose tinted peeks with added strength every time the softness of her lower cheeks ground themselves back.

Feeling my blood race throughout my veins, I knew Ann was becoming just as worked up as I had become. By this point the taste of her skin had completely disappeared, only to be replaced with a good layer of my own saliva. And as I slid my lips over her pulse point, I could feel her heart hammering in the major artery. Letting the intensity of it rest on my lips, Ann's fist quickly pulled my
hair to a new location on her neck, demanding its attention. As the sound of a lengthy gasp filled the air, I knew my job was being handled.

As time went on the passion of the moments only seemed to increase in the medium sized bathroom. Letting out the occasional gasp the room was filled with the sounds of our pleasure.

Having spent quite a bit of time fondling her breasts, my attention naturally was beginning to wonder to what else I could touch. And as my now throbbing member continued to hump at the silken lingerie, it was no small wonder that I would begin to imagine what laid beneath. Letting out a small whine, my frustration was becoming quite the hindrance.

Before allowing my access to her body, Ann had quite explicitly told me that anything below the waist was off limits. The only reason I could fathom in my adrenalin laced brain was that the red headed mother hadn't wanted things to escalate out of control. But now, as her breathing and heart raced against my body, it would be clear to everyone that things had escalated far beyond what she had originally intended.

A loving present and a moment of sultry affection had been the only thing on her mind when she had initiated the amazing oral pleasure. And then allowing her husband a quick squeeze of her body was supposed to last only a few minutes before they returned to the party, innocent as a couple of teenagers. But seeing her eyes sewn in pleasure and feeling her rear pressed into my front, I knew she had fallen to the lustful pleasure. In fact… I doubt she would even notice if I chose to… venture down a bit. I could just slide my hand down and…

As I continued to muse over what I could do to accomplish my goal, my hand, as if by instinct slipped down from Ann's engorged breast and crept down to the soft padding of her stomach. In and out her diaphragm heaved with each of her deep and labored breaths. Her entire body was flushed with warmth, burning my hands with its heat. Ticking at my skin, I passed my thumb over the concave dome of her belly button before moving on. She was amazing. She felt so alive! She seemed to be ready to burst with energy, I watched. Finally, as my hand began to descend to the edge of her black silken panties, I watched my appendage's progress, my blood bubbling in my skull.

"James!" Ann gasped, breaking my tense state of mind. Shuttering in my ear, her eyes snapped open, darkened by her state of arousal. "James," she repeated an almost pleading tone in her voice. "Wait, we… we can't- oh!" interrupting her brief bout of protest, a short exclamation of pleasure had rocketed up her spine. "Not… Not in Kimmie's bathroom," she forced out in a single short gasping breath. Screwing her eyes shut, she pressed her face into my neck, breathing harshly against my skin.

Hearing her protest, I found myself giving them not so much as a second thought. Had she said them without thrusting her chest into my hand, or without grinding her soft rear into my staff, I might have given them more of a mind. But as it stood, I knew she wanted this just as much as I did. And as her hands remained in their respective places, any and all credence of her plea was destroyed. Instead, I pressed my lips to her favorite spot on her neck, and slipped down the last few inches.

Sliding my hand south on Ann's body, my fingers easily slid under the elastic of her flower embroidered panties. Met with a couple of inches of smooth skin, my hand jumped at the sensation of her red, trimmed pubic hair tickling at the tips of my fingers. The air inside of her underwear was hot; a burning, humid heat that immediately gave my digits a thin layer of sweat. Running my finger through the densely furred patch of red, Ann's own liquid was added to that sweat. Be it sweat, or something else, I savored its soft fluffy texture. Allowing my fingers to pass through it one last time, I pressed my body as close to Ann as I could, relish the soft whimper that was released from her lips.

As the tip of my middle finger dipped onto the plunging slope her pubic area that fell between her legs, I felt my heart still in my chest. Stopping all other attention I had been giving to the separate
areas of her body, my mind stopped, focusing to the point of a trance on my one moving hand.

If I had thought Ann had been excited before with my hands, in her underwear the red headed woman was gripping me tighter than ever before. So much in fact that I could say without a doubt if not for a surgeon's needs to clip and trim their fingernails, I knew my rear would be the proud owner of four identical gashes all lined up in a row. The closer my hand crept to her core the deeper red her skin would flush. Taking in deep, heaving breaths, the moment my finger met the slickness of her center, a deep whimper shuttered from her body.

Fitting two of my fingers between the red head's legs, my middle and ring finger now rested quite comfortably on top of Ann's red burning sex. The slick moister that had awaited me was a welcome surprise. Dripping between my fingers, a copious amount of her arousal had already saturated her underwear, leaving my digits to marinate in the warm, humidity of her panties.

Like a furnace, Ann's core pored off heat. Slipping my fingers along the gash, her engorged inner lips brushed against my fingertips, forcing a muffled whimper to echo into my ear. Sinking into the heated petals, a little bit of pressure was all I needed to wedge a finger between her lower lips.

I found the skin nestled between her petals was soft and slick with her own juices. Biting her lips, her expression was that of pure anticipation, waiting for me to continue. As much as she had protested, even if only for a moment, I could feel her body, aching for me to fulfill her body's desires. Looking at her face a thin layer of sweat had formed on her brow. On her skin, warm blood coursed just under its surface in burning liquid heat. Fortunately for her, patience was never my string suit.

Sawing my fingers through the warm wetness of her slit, Ann's body seemed to lose all of its remaining strength, forcing the entirety of its weight into my chest. More than happy to compensate for the shift in weight, I simply held her, feeling the gift of her body and savoring the moment I never thought I would see.

In and out I ground my fingers firm against the slick hardness of her pelvic bone. Ann's strangled whimpers echoed against the pale color of the bathroom. Listening to the noise sounds like beautiful music. I closed my eyes and shut out anything that wasn't Ann. All I wanted to feel was Ann, all I wanted to hear was Ann, all I wanted to taste Ann, and as the tips of my fingers trailed in and over the inner grooves of her flower, the world could be ending and I would still be oblivious. This was all that mattered.

As the length of my fingers continued to work through Ann's petals, I took careful mind to find exactly what she liked. Fumbling around, I took great pleasure experimenting. It did not take long for me to learn what each of her noises meant.

Every time a whimper would slip through her lips, I knew that she was enjoying whatever it was that I had tried. Whenever I saw her bit her bottom lip, I knew to stay exactly where I was. And at any point should she groan I knew to immediately return back to what I had just changed. Being a fickle and tricky system, it took me a little while to completely understand the many signals Ann's body sent out. But every time the sound of her pleasure reached my ears, my heart pounded with excitement. To see her happy, to see her pleased, to know that I was competent, nothing made me feel so good.

Positioned behind Ann as I was, a great amount of access to her body had been allowed to me in a comfortable and relaxing manor. No unnecessary bending or awkwardness required. Unfortunately, as I tried in vain to force my hand deeper into her loving folds, this moment proved to be the end of that ease.

Stretching my arm to its limit, I found my arm length to fail me right when I needed it most. No
matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't reach. As fun and exciting as it felt to massage her innermost folds deep between her legs, I ached to sink my finger inside her wonderful, beautiful body. But, no matter how much I attempted to shift my positioning, the tips of my fingers fell just short of her damp honey pot. And unless I was willing to risk snapping my wrist, it didn't seem like I would reach my goal anytime soon.

Actually considering this as an option for a moment, Ann's movement jarred me from my ridiculous contemplation. Peering over her blushing shoulder, my eyes opened to see what Ann was doing.

Sliding an inch down from where she had been resting, Ann groaned into my ear before spreading her legs and bending her pelvis away from my body. Annoyed, my first reaction to her strange shifting was due to the loss of her warmth pressed against my rod. However, this negative emotion did not last long.

Even with my member forced into the cool air of the bathroom, it took me only a moment to realize the purpose of her shift. Now making me the only thing keeping her from falling, Ann's legs rested spread at an obscene angle, pointing in opposite ends of the bathroom. And with her newly positioned bottom, the entrance to her womanhood was now within perfect position for my fingers to reach. Slowly, I slid my damp fingers through her cleft making the moment last before, finally, her warm, caressing oven became wrapped around my fingers, squeezing them in a firm hold.

No longer able to properly attend to her neck a small part of me was thankful for the reprieve as my mouth and tongue had become slightly tiered after such a long use. Not even seeming to notice, Ann was preoccupied, enjoying a different part of my body.

Eyes squeezed close tightly in an expression of what seemed to be pain, Ann's open and gasping lips were the only thing to calm my anxious fears. I've only done this once before. Then again that was true with everything I'd done tonight, but still… what I was handling was a very sensitive, and delicate peace of beauty. And while I believed I knew enough not to do anything that would actually hurt her, I still felt it necessary to start slow.

Plunging a single finger down into her depths, I marveled at the heat rising from inside. All along her insides, I could feel her walls twitching along the length of my finger. Rubbing my finger along the softness of her core, Ann took a short gasp, humping slightly into my hand. Too busy, to notice, my attention was focused solely on just what it was that I was feeling.

Her core wasn't as tight as I had felt in Kim, but I'm pretty sure that that was to be expected after what she had done. To try and fantasize that a mother of three would be as tight as her virgin teenage daughter would be ridiculous. Even I'm not that stupid.

No, where Kim had been like a vise that had gripped my finger to the point that at one time I didn't believe I would get it back. Ann on the other hand, I could feel the inside of her walls they softly rippled around it, massaging it with a gentle caress. Only able to imagine this sensation on a different part of my anatomy, my member throbbed with urgency. Satisfied that she was in no danger, I slipped a second finger inside and slowly began to pump them in and out of her dripping oven.

Watching my fingers disappear between her legs, I slowly trailed my eyes up her body and stopped at her face. Still shut, Ann's eyelids no longer seemed to be clamped in extreme force. Instead, her expression had changed, becoming almost frightened. Eyebrows drawn upward, a small crease of skin had formed in the middle of her forehead. And while closed, occasionally I would catch the long lashes of her eyelids fluttering only to become still once more. Loving all of this, I knew the thing I enjoyed most was her red lips, parted and sucking in deep, long droughts of air.

While I did miss the warm presence of her rear grinding against my member, I remained as ridged as
ever. Instead of my member, Ann was grinding herself into my hand, moving herself as much as her position allowed. Encouraged by this action, I pressed my two fingers deep into her core.

Falling from my hair, Ann's nimble fingers trailed down my scalp before resting on the back of my neck. Lost in her own world of pleasure, I watched amazed as Ann unconsciously was responding just as I had under her own care and began to massage the thick flesh of my neck.

In the arms of the one you love, receiving pleasure from them, you can't help but want to feel them with your hands. To hold them and kiss them and allow that love to grow even more. I had experienced this first hand just a bit ago. Lost in the pleasure of her mouth, as my release began to draw near, my hand instinctively sought out Ann; aching to touch her with my hands. Even if it had only been my hand, running through the locks of red hair on her head it had been enough. Allowing that realization to sink in, I knew I had to face the truth.

I loved Ann.

Not as a friend, not as a flimsy attraction to an older woman, and certainly not as a second mother, but as a woman. I loved her like I loved Kim, unconditionally and irrefutably. I loved her smile. I loved her laugh. I loved her kindness. Everything about this woman drew me to her like a moth to a flame and it wasn't until this very moment, that I realized just how amazing it could feel to burn. Disregarding the wrongness, forgetting about Kim, and completely deleting the existence of Mr. P, I focused only on the woman in my arms. Just her and me.

As my fingers continued to drive in and out of her core, saturating them in her liquid, Ann's own release seemed to rushing through her blood. Feeling the impending fireworks, the ginger woman desperately sought to somehow anchor herself in the whirlwind of pleasure racing her system. It felt like you could be blown away. It felt like if you didn't hold on, you could just explode right then and there. It was because I knew this that as my eyes bored into her beautiful face, my hands slowed until finally, they stopped.

Letting out a frustrated whine Ann's hips wiggled desperate to regain the friction of my fingers in her core. Unfortunately for her, my hand remained still. "James!" she groaned, breasts heaving in breath. Giving the erratic mound's peak a fresh pinch, a small smile formed on my lips.

As her eyes snapped open they immediately found my face. "Don't… stop," she whimpered, pleading me to finish her off. Still humping my hand, I knew she had been only seconds away from her release. "James…"

Feeling my heart pound in my chest, I couldn't believe the way I was acting. But, I couldn't help it. After so many years of repressing myself, I wanted all of what Ann had to offer. All of it.

Reluctantly pulling my hand out from her now saturated underwear, I repositioned both my hands and pulled her to her feet by her arms. Stumbling a bit from the sudden need to use her legs, Ann turned to face me, confusion clear on her face. "James?" she asked. "Why… why did you stop?"

At the sound of her question my heart hammered in my chest at a speed that made me worry for my ribs. "A-Ann," I spoke nervously. Leaning forward I bent down and kissed her on the lips. Not overpowering, not even opening my mouth, it was just a soft kiss showing her my affection.

Savoring her full warm lips, I tried to hold back my panic at what I was trying to say. I didn't really know how a guy was supposed to go about this. I felt she deserved more than a simple 'you wanna?' but I knew I didn't hold the romantic capacity to think of something actually special. How did guys usually go about this?
"Ann," I repeated, thankfully without stuttering. Swallowing nervously, my straining staff accidentally brushed against her dangling hand causing her to look down out of instinct. Looking back up at me, a light of understanding flashed in her eyes.

Unable to hide my embarrassment, I applauded myself for not shying away from her this time. "James," she whimpered seeming almost pained in her expression. "We've gone too far as it is," she reminded me. "We can't… have sex, not right now, not in our daughter's bathroom." Holding an aghast expression, she shook her head and turned her eyes on the wall. Chewing on her bottom lip, I could see her at battle with her arousal, fighting it to retain her rational thought. Unfortunately for her, I could see the itching, burning pleasure still radiating from the space between her legs. I had stopped just at the point she needed me most, and she was desperate for her relief.

Sliding my hand up from her arm, I followed the natural curve of her slim body all the way up to her neck. Cupping the beautiful surface in my palm, I pushed her face up and forced her to look at me. Not saying anything, I just gazed on her features. As selfish as this was, I knew she would say yes. When your blood is pounding and your breath is heaving, rational thought seemed become meaningless. And right now, Ann was a ball of pent up, unsatisfied sexual energy demanding to be released.

In the moments that followed, Ann's conviction seemed to melt away. While still looking nervous, she was giving in to her body's desires. "Oh, James," she sighed, her tone laced with a twinge of sadness. Nuzzling her cheek into my hand, she closed her eyes. Lasting only a moment, the blue orbs resurfaced, acceptance gleaming inside. "What am I going to do with you…"

Walking forward a few steps, Ann's expression reminded me of someone who had just lost in some kind of sport. Disappointed in herself but still reeling with excitement.

Biting her lip she appeared to still be very nervous about the situation. Regardless, offering me a subdued smile, she turned her head over her shoulder and winked. "Guess I won't be needing these…” Removing her hands from my body, Ann's panties slipped over the swell of her round hips and hit the floor. And seeing my entranced expression, Ann couldn't help but let out a giggle. Blushing only slightly at her amusement, I knew by now Ann's teasing gestures were something to enjoy. While embarrassed of my inexperienced response, I held no shame in admiring the woman I loved. She was beautiful, every inch of her. All it did was strengthen my need. Seeing the generous globs in the open air stirred my excitement to new levels. And as much as I wanted to spend the time to properly appreciate the swelling flesh, both of us were too far gone to wait anymore.

Ann backed up to the bathroom's counter, pressing the swell of her rear into its edge. With a soft hop, she pulled herself onto its cool surface allowing her legs to swing free from the ground. Running her fingers lightly along the glossy texture of the counter top, another look of anxiety flashed along her face, as if she were worried if it was sturdy enough. Passing whatever test she seemed to have administered, she returned her beautiful blue eyes back to my face, and smiled. Eyes wide, I watched all of this unfold and felt my heart catching at the sight of her red dyed lips curled upwards. It wasn't a suggestive smile; if anything it seemed more anxious than anything. Regardless, past all that anxiety I could see the excitement roaring from within. From the dark gloss in her eyes, to the deep rise and fall of her chest, all of it showed to me the aroused, needy woman locked within. Touching her knee with the tip of my finger, I smile back.

Standing at the edge of her legs, my hands rested on each of bend knees, frozen in silence. Too nervous to be the first one to move we both were at an impasse. In her breast I could still see her skin jiggle at the pounding force of her heart beat. And in my own, my heart pounded just as fierce. I knew one of us was going to have to break the tension. If not, we were going to be for the next hour
just standing here. With a gulp I realized that in this situation I was the man. Regardless of age or experience, I was the man and it was my responsibility to step up.

Feeling my hands shake with nervousness, I applied the smallest of pressure, pushing the two knees apart. Locked tight, the last of Ann's reluctance seemed to drain away as slowly but surely, a small amount of space opened between her legs. Encouraged by this headway, I found the strength and pressed even harder opening her legs. Not stopping until her knees met the lines of my shoulders, once I finally finished spreading her I had to stop myself from blacking out.

In my ears blood pounded behind my skull almost defining me with its thundering volume. The air in my lungs seemed dry and empty, no matter how much I pulled in; I just seemed to need more than my lungs could hold. No matter what I did it felt like I was about to explode. Then, as I trailed my eyes down from her mesmerizing blue orbs and followed the path of her body, at the sight of her core my breath stopped. And with it, everything else.

Bared to the world in the bright lighting of Kim's bathroom, Ann's red furred core glimmered in the wet heat of her own arousal. All inside of her thigh and up through the soft downy material of her lower hair, Ann's juice seemed to gleam. Staring deep into it, the shiny dark red hair called to me. Looking much denser than that her daughter's, Ann's red patch of fur had been neatly trimmed and styled; most like just for the day's occasion. Kept short to the skin, the red hairs rested in a modest patch just above the beginning of her blood flush petals.

Shuttering in excitement, at the sight of her lower lips nothing in the world could have stopped from looking down. Nestled in between her thighs, Ann's core was rosy a deep red covering it in its entirety. All along the middle, her inner lips could be seen flushed with arousal. And while not as neat as I had seen with Kim, and hanging out a bit, it did nothing to subtract from its beauty. In terms of color, I was interested to find that while darker than her daughter, the tips of Ann's inner lips retained the same red coloring that I had gotten to see on her daughter. Genetic maybe?

"James," Ann sighed fretfully.

Looking up to her face, I was amused to see a new kind of blush reddening across her face. Having watched me inspect her center so intently I remember how that had felt when she had been the one doing it. Showing her that she had absolutely nothing to be embarrassed about, I gave her a goofy grin and enjoyed the way her face seemed to flush even more.

With a deep breath, I dared my feet to walk and step between Ann's spread legs. Feeling the warm, creamy texture of Ann's thighs slide across my hips, the red headed mother was forced to spread her limps even further allowing me access to her body. Leaning against the wall, Ann leaned back placing her body in the best possible angle for this situation.

As I slowly ran my hands up and down her legs, I could feel my nervous beginning to fall from my body. And looking into Ann's eyes, I could see the same thing happening inside her. Standing between her legs with my ridged member mere inches away from her core, everything just felt right. I wasn't worrying about later, or about Kim, it just felt like I belonged here. And seeing the way Ann leaning back, a soft smile on her face as she watched me, I knew she felt the same way.

Grabbing my member with a firm hold I pressed myself against her core and shivered at the sensation of her hard pubic bone pressed up against the tip. Adjusting my member down through her folds, my eyes remained locked on Ann's not even blinking. Finally, as I was forced to bend my knee's to reach the proper angle, the end of my member fell into the bottom most area of her crease. Letting my body shiver with excitement, I began to slowly slide inside.

As the head of my member successfully popped inside Ann's warm caver I moved my hand and
placed it on the top of her thigh. No more than an inch inside and I was already beginning to feel my limit. Grasping at her thighs, I wrestled for control.

In a slow creeping gesture I slowly began to slide deeper. During my night with Kim it had happened so fast, too fast. I hadn't been able to enjoy this part at all. To out of my mind I had just plunged inside. Right now I wanted to feel Ann's core in all its wonder. I wanted to savor it, inch by precious inch.

Halfway through my concentration was broken by the sound of Ann's breathy moan filling the room. Opening my eyes, I smiled at the sight of her. Head back resting against the wall, her features were magnificent. Gripping my forearms, her hold was tight. And with her eyes closed and her brow furled, I could see she was focusing on the slow intrusion of my member just as much as I was. Pressing another bit of myself forward, her eyes clenched before relaxing once more. Repeating my action, I did not stop this time and focused on her face. And just like before her eye lids clenched, but this time they did not release. And upon seeing her take her bottom lip between her teeth, my member throbbed with pleasure.

Returning my focus down to what I was going I couldn't stop think how amazing she felt. Without the strangling grip Kim had enforced upon me, Ann's sexual muscles were able to almost wrap me in a warm, wet caress. Taking a mental note, I couldn't deny just how… strong they felt in comparison.

As a woman who I can only assume has had a fair amount of sex with her husband over the years, her inner muscles were much more developed than that of her daughter. Due to their regular use they were able to move and be controlled much better than any teenage girl could achieve. Sending a jolt of pleasure up my spine, her walls tightened around my member to an incredible degree. And not a second after this delightful experience occurred did Ann's lips open to yet another beautiful moan. Too focused on the sound and sensations of Ann, as my pelvis found its place against Ann's I nearly jumped in surprise.

Both of us let out a long withheld breath. Opening her eyes, Ann stared at me with an expression of love and happiness. It was not very hard for me to return it.

As we were staring into each other's eyes, I wasn't prepared for it when she suddenly began to move. Buried deep within the confines of Ann's cavern, I and Ann were just enjoying the moment. Suddenly, as Ann's eyes closed, she surprised me by moving her hand from my forearms, and shifted them to the area behind my neck. Then, as I watched her curiously, she used her new found leverage pulling my face down to hers.

More out of romance than crazed lust, I savored Ann's lips smiling into them. Settling into the Kiss, my body just seemed to naturally respond.

Sliding out of her channel, her muscles stayed firm, urging me to stay as deep as my length would allow. Then, pushing my hips forward her body graciously accepted me; once more sending maelstrom of pleasure to race up my pelvis. Letting out a soft sigh Ann's arms held me even tighter, urging me to continue. Happy to oblige, I began to find my rhythm, plunging in and out of her depths.

As the pace of my hips began to pick up speed, the fervor of our kiss increased with it. While it may have started out soft and tender, the sensations of our link inevitably forced more lustful, passionate emotions to the surface. Now with an open mouth, I was grinning happily as Ann's tongue dove into my mouth.

Tasting Ann only made the sensations bellow my waist all the better. She was amazing. And due to my lack of any real experience, I was more than happy to allow her take control of this activity. Even
still, I made sure to pay attention and memorize all the different things she did so that I might improve on my flaw. Man, if only I could learn this fast at school.

As my hips began to pump at a faster pace, it did not take me long to pick up on Ann's technique. Pushing at her tongue I was able to battle the small pink appendage back into its owner's mouth. I took this victory with pride. Licking it tenderly, Ann's throaty moan vibrated inside my mouth.

As time passed on the speed of my hips continued to increase, never stopping for a break. She felt too amazing, even just the thought of stopping seemed insane. To stop this feeling, to pull out of her beautiful warmth, to do this would be more evil than any villain Kim had fought. Even if it meant only a second more of this pleasure, I would do anything.

With an irritating note, I was being made aware of the inevitable shifting our position had undergone. The harder my hips met Ann's the farther back her rear was being pushed back onto the counter. With a primal annoyance I could feel how much this hampered my progress to getting my pleasure.

Shifting my hands from her splayed thighs, I worked them up higher landing behind her tailbone. Then, with a surprising burst of strength, I pulled her rear back towards the edge, earning a small squeak of surprise to burst from Ann. Angling her head she smiled into my lips, excited by my forcefulness.

With my hands now securely locked under Ann's rear, it was nice to be able to control the situation without letting out on the force of my hips. With Kim I had been forced to go so slowly, so carefully because I'd been afraid of hurting her. And while I wasn't exactly trying to hump her through the wall, I was enjoying the sensations of her walls slipping up and down my staff in a fast, hard manner. I enjoyed it a lot. Picking up my speed, I shuttered in delight.

Between the two of us, Ann was the first one to break our kiss since we had started our pleasurable activity. Between my quick, speedy thrust and my hands openly fondling the flesh of her backside, her ponding heart forced her lips from mine so that she could gasp in her much needed air. Clenching her eyes shut, her breathing continued to pant, whimpering every few seconds in pleasure.

Like two steel cables, Ann's arms pulled my face hard against her sternum, allowing her to bury her face into my hair and gasped, muffling her voice as she whispered her husband's name. In my new position I could help but smile, letting out a small gasping chuckle. More than happy with the placement of my face, I found myself suddenly smack dab in the middle of her breasts. Pressing my head deeper into the mounds, my member throbbed approvingly.

I could honestly say that I loved Ann's breasts almost as much as her rear. While still called small by most, it was because of their size that they remained in such a beautiful state. Unlike most woman her age, Ann's breast still hung high on her chest, beautiful as ever.

Much to my delight I was able to confirm that they were larger than Kim's. While not much it was still evident. As well as their size, another trait seemed to stand out from that of her daughter. Kim's nipples had been pale, almost blending into her skin tone. And with breast being on the small side, the sensitive peak had spread to cover a good amount of the soft mound in a large diameter. In comparison, Ann's nipples were actually rather small. And each with darkish pink coloring.

In the back of my mind I realized I should probably stop comparing the two. But the fact that I've been in such a position with both the mother, and the daughter was enough to make my head spin! Kim's was just so petit and fit; an amazing body didn't even begin to cover it. And Ann… Ann was beautiful in an entirely different kind of way. She was so soft and warm, and the way her core seemed to drip with arousal was one of the most arousing things I've ever seen. Seeing both of them,
I couldn't pick which one I like more. They were both just perfect.

Sliding my hand out from under Ann's rear and up her thigh, I knew she was nearing her release. And I wasn't far behind. Down below us I could actually hear how wet she was with arousal. Working her up so excessively before with my hand turned out to be a strategic bonus. Without it as a head start, I couldn't be sure I would be able to last long enough to completely fulfill her needs. Even now, I could feel myself becoming undone. Only through sheer willpower was I able to hold back and stop myself.

"James," she panted, gasping for breath against my hair. Down below her pelvis was moving in a frenzy, humping back at my member as much as her position could allow her. I loved hearing her sex laced voice. After hearing her kind loving tone all of my life, it was an incredible thrill to hear her moaning and whimpering. Letting out a particularly long groan her finger clamped onto my neck, digging into it with her non-existent fingernails. So close… so close…

Without any type of warning, the sound of a fist raking against the bathroom's door echoed into our ears. "Mom?" Kim's voice called from the other side. "Mom are you still in there?"

Having frozen in place, both me and Ann stared at each other with wide, frightened eyes; still panting from our exhausting activated. Down below my grip on Ann's rear tightened. In the shock of Kim appearing unannounced, Ann's inner muscles and clamped around my member in a stifling grasp. Unable to stop myself, I pushed forward pushing my member through the unbearable tightness.

Letting out a load squeak of surprise Ann's eyes turned to mine, a fire of anger burning inside the blue orbs. "J-Just fine Kimmie," Ann called back, trying desperately to keep the breathlessness from showing in her tone. "It's taking me a little longer to get the stain out than I thought."

After a small pause, Kim answered back. "Didn't dad bring you the other dress?" she questioned sounding slightly guilty.

Turning her eyes back to mine, I could see the wry emotions swirling from within. "oh he brought it to me all right," she commented dryly. Seeing that gaze, my mind couldn't be deterred from the tight grip her channel had forced around me. Back and forth I kept jumping from Kim to her mother, frozen in indecision. On one hand, Kim was right outside that door. On the other… she felt so good. Gripping her rear even tighter, I slowly pulled my member out, right before sliding it right back in.

Gasping in a breath of shock, Ann's face became lodged in the crook of my neck. "Oh… well that's good. I was worried he might have forgotten. You know how dad can be," she chuckled amused.


Pausing slightly, Kim seemed to understand something strange was going on. "Mom? Is everything okay in there? You sound a little… strange," she finished apprehensively. Pausing again the door knob began to rattle.

Looking up Ann's eyes bored into mine, pleading me to stop. "F-FINE," Ann quickly answered. "I'm fine. I just… had a bit too much wine. And don't come in, I just got out of the shower. That wine got so… sticky." Finishing the last word Ann's face returned my neck muffling a long and deep whimper she had been forced to repress. "I- I had to wash up a bit." She was so close, we both were. Just a little bit more…

"Oh," the door knob stilled. "Well… okay." Anyone could tell from the tone of her voice she was
doubting the explanation but thanking any god that would listen she dropped it. "Um, Ron hasn't... I mean you haven't seen him have you? He hasn't come up here looking for me?"

"No!" Ann gasped. In my neck I couldn't see her face, but I knew she must be in pain. Behind me, her legs had become wrapped around me, pushing against my rear to go deeper. Surprised by the sudden action, I was more than happy to concede.

"Really? I mean... if you say so. I guess I'll just, um... go." She sounded hesitant.

"Okay," Ann panted. "Ill... be... down... soon!" and with that, Ann reached her limit. Sinking into my neck, Ann latched on, biting my flesh to hold back the explosive sound of her release. And feeling the sweet sting of her teeth as well as the vibrating sensation of her throat groaning into my neck, I could feel myself come undone.

"Kay," Kim called out. And then she left.

Not hearing the farewell even slightly, at that moment, anything outside of this room ceased to exist. Crushing my member with newfound strength, in her release Ann's channel rippled all around my member, clenching and relaxing faster than I could comprehend.

In and out of this wonderful environment, I pushed my member, expelling my essence as deep inside of the red headed woman as my length could manage. Again and again I could feel the white fluid leave my body and into Ann's. And again and again, Ann's body accepted it, moaning into my throat with each explosive spurt.

Holding each other as close as we could, we stayed in each other's arms, allowing our partner to completely ride out the length of their climax. Finally, as her teeth pulled out of my skin and her limbs grew slack, I rested my forehead against her should and just smiled.

Staying like this I wanted to enjoy this moment for as long as I could. Hearing her rapid breathing, feeling her racing heart beat, smelling the fragrant sweat rising from her body, and most of all, enjoying the soft sensation of her fingers as the lazily twirled through my hair. Unfortunately, as the saying goes, nothing can last forever.

"James," Ann's dazed, blissful voice called out. Not answering, I buried my face deeper into her neck, hoping she would let whatever it is drop it, and let me stay. "James... we need to get up," she requested. The sound of disappointment in her voice made me smile. I could tell, if not for her responsible personality she would have stayed like this just as long me. Regretfully, I obeyed.

Rising just enough to look into her eyes, I enjoyed the blissed out, dizzy expression plastered across her face. And hearing her giggle, I had to guess my face didn't look all that different. "I'm mad at you, you know," she raised a tired eye brow. Fortunately for me, there was absolutely zero real emotion behind the statement. "How could you, with Kimmie right outside the door." She shook her head. "I didn't know you could be so bad." Despite herself I could see the excited gleam in here eye. Curling her lip into a smile, she kissed me.

Letting out a sigh, Ann pulled back resting her head against the wall behind her. "I guess we should hurry and get dressed." Looking as unhappy at the idea as I did, I put my lips against hers hopping to distract her. Giggleing like a teenager she shook her head, removing her lips from mine. "James!" she laughed. "I'm serious, we need to go! Kim said it herself; we've been gone way to long. It will be a miracle if we can get down stairs without facing a million knowing smiles." Simply moving my lips to her neck, I knew the real James would keep any suspicions from arising. Letting out a soft whimper, Ann pulled her arms between us and softly attempted to push me off. Getting the message,
I unwillingly shifted back onto my feet, and pulled my now soft member out from her channel.

Getting up from her awkward position, Ann cracked her back before looking around us, inspecting the damage. "It might be best if you head down first," she spoke sheepishly, almost sounding embarrassed. Looking around, I understood why. On the counter and the floor below, a good amount of her liquid arousal, as well as a bit of mine had formed into almost a puddle at my feet. Now why did I like that so much? "I'll need to clean this up so Kim doesn't get scarred for life." hearing the sarcastic dry humor in her tone, I couldn't help but laugh.

Feeling a little guilty, I felt bad making her do the entire cleanup. "Um, you sure? I mean I can help…"

Smiling at my offer, she shook her head. "No, there might still be a chance that someone downstairs isn't aware what we're doing and if we go back separately maybe the more ignorant people won't be able to figure it out." She explained. Then, blushing, she placed her hand over the skin of her lower belly. "Besides, I ah, have a few other things I need to clean up." realizing what she must be talking about, I could only blush and nod my head.

Getting my cloths back on and flattening my hair back down, I looked at Ann and gave her a small smile. "Okay… um, see you in a bit," I offered. Heading towards the door, Ann's hand was suddenly wrapped around mine pulling back to face her.

"Forgetting something?" she raised an eyebrow. Not seeing any kind of response she rolled her eyes smiling. "I Love you," she grinned still feeling the rush from her release. Pulling me close she gave me a soft peck on the lips and then pushed me towards the door. "Oh!" she suddenly called out. "And whatever's gotten into you, I'm expecting more it tonight." Looking positively feral, she smirked at my dumbfounded expression and pushed me completely out the door.

As the door closed behind me, I stood just there for a moment, smiling. Catching it the corner of my eye, I walked over to Kim's vanity mirror on shaking legs. In the mirror I stared into the eyes of Mr. P and searched myself for any kind of remorse. Be it the after sex haze of pleasure, or just my own flawed existence, but I was happy to see that there was none to be found. In my heart, I was happy. As happy as I had been after my night with Kim. I felt good. I felt in love. Boo-yea!

It was then, as I happily grinned into the reflection of Mr. P, that I remembered.

The mask. I was still stuck…

Letting that realization wash over me I simply stood where I was, an empty, twitching expression on my face. Just like that my happiness had been ripped away from me. Should I just leave? Kim's window was only a few feet away and then I could escape to my house. If I was caught now…

Then, as if an invading mind had taken control, I was suddenly back at the temple, surrounded by waterfalls. In my mind, I watched myself as I had moved with my reflections, shifting from position to position. And then, to my surprise, I watched fascinated as light blue glow began to flow around my body.

In a flash I was back in Kim's room, a dumb look of amazement stuck on my face. What had happened? Why had I seen that? Could the mask have done it? Thinking that last thought, I looked into the mirror with wonder. The last thing I had seen was my body as it had become engulfed in that blue energy.

I knew what that was of course. Appearing whenever I needed to do the impossible, saving my sorry butt more times than I like to remember, especially whenever Monkey Fist is involved… magic.
monkey power...

Ever since I'd been blasted by those monkey statues two long years ago, strange and unexplainable thing had been happening to me… I guess this is just another one. But now I was faced with the question; what about it?

The mask showed me turning blue, but so what? Could it have been showing me the key to removing it? And if so, how was I supposed to activate it? I've never been able to control it. It just… happens. Whenever monkey magic was involved it tended to leave me with a headache, and today was no exception.

Scratching my head I tried to remember how it felt to use the monkey powers. It usually happened in such crazy, dangerous times that I'm never able to actually pay attention. But this last time… maybe if I can remember it, I can learn to control it!

Recalling my time in the temple I tried to remember every little detail that my mind had recorded. The smells of the water, the sight of myself in the waterfalls, even the sensation of my sweat in the humid climate. Pulling it all to the front of my mind, I concentrated harder than I did in my entire life. And you know what? It doesn't feel as good as teachers say it does. Not even close.

Fighting through the jumble of memories, one in particular stood out more than the rest. The way I had felt moving to the mirror and the emotion in my heart. Letting my thoughts fall from my mind, I had just become a machine. Somehow, against everything I'd been told throughout my life, I had been able to clear my mind and find focus. I put my mind on my movement and nothing else.

Could it be that emptiness, that void of thought that was the key? Was it that I'd actually been thinking too much that I had hampered my ability to tap into its power? It… made sense. A lot of sense if I really thought about it. Running for my life, escaping from elaborate traps, or even just plain trying to stay alive, in the most extreme conditions you just stop thinking and focus on living. Even if it's only for one more second.

Me just being my hyperactive self, my mind is constantly jumping from thought to thought. In my head not even a moment's peace could be found. My natural Ron-ness forced me stay always alert and ready to run. It just how I survived.

Taking a deep breath I tried to remember how sensei had explained meditating, and began to empty my mind. Accomplishing my goal for a moment, I felt a spark of excitement thinking that I had done it. Unfortunately, I was quick to realize that thinking this had, in effect, proved that I was still thinking.

Shaking my head, I stared into the mirror focusing as hard as I could to empty my mind. This too proved to fail me as in my head all that happened was the constant questioning of if I was doing it.

My shoulders slumped, my eyes turned sad. I had no idea what I was doing.

Thinking back to my time in japan, I recalled the serine, relaxed expressions on everyone's face as they meditated, oblivious to the world. As I rubbed my chin on this, a slow creeping idea popped into my head. What if I was trying to hard? Maybe it couldn't be forced. I just had to… let it happen.

Nodding my head this just seemed… right. It felt good. And settling down on Kim's floor, I immediate set out to try it.

Pulling in a deep lungful of air, I sat with my legs crossed and stared into my reflection, emptying my mind. As each thought appeared in my head I retreated further and further back into my mind. This
wasn't something that could be rushed. I just needed to relax, and let it happen. I just needed to not think.

It was an amazing thing to realize just how much went on in your head. Trying to empty myself of thought I found a million things side tracking me all at once. Thoughts of Ann and Kim and Rufus and even myself seemed to pull me all in different directions, none of them being where I needed to go. I worried about Kim returning, I wondered about how Ann felt at that moment, no matter what I did, I just couldn't stop thinking. And then, I opened my eyes.

Staring into the reflection of the mirror, I found this easier than just closing my eyes. Whenever a thought popped into my head, I would imagine myself casting it into the mirror and then it would be gone. One by one I continued this method, until, literally, my mind was completely empty of anymore thought. For whatever reason, it just seemed to work.

Staring unfocused into the mirror, I felt the rush of air expand and contract inside my lungs sending life through my body. In and out, my ears listened to my breaths until it was all I could hear. And then, it just happened. Somehow, in all the craziness this night had become, I was able to create my own little bubble away from it all, and find a sliver of peace.

As I just sat and enjoyed this amazing sensation of tranquility, a strange feeling bloomed in the middle of my chest. I didn't allow myself to be distracted. Instead, I allowed this sensation to grow, expanding around my body as it did. To compare it to anything, I would say it felt like water. A cool soothing sensation that had opened from my sternum and pored over. Feeling a catch in my breath, my eyes snapped back into focus, watching myself in amazement.

Letting out a choke of laughter, I stared at myself in amazement. Bringing my hand to my face I watched the light blue energy flutter around my skin in disbelief. I'd done it! I actually did it! I was able to activate the power all on my own. Wow…

Letting that sink in, I became aware of just how… good I felt. Getting on my feet, I tensed and relaxed my muscles trying to get used to the exhilarating power. I felt good. Really good! All my muscles felt different, stronger, but at the same time lighter, like I didn't weigh anything at all. But, even more than anything else, I felt like I could actually control my limbs without fumbling. Amazing.

Smiling to myself I could only imagine this had to be what Kim felt like every day. Man, I was little jealous.

As I continued to admire my new found power, without warning I began to notice the blue glow fading from my skin. In a panic I scrambled to try and keep it from leaving. I'd been so caught up marveling at the power, I'd completely forgotten to remove the mask! In a flash I turned my eyes back to my hand and smiled as I saw it still held a glow. With a nervous gulp I raised the illuminated appendage to my face and prayed that I was right. And then, as the cool sensation of metal was pressed into my finger tip, my eyes lit up with joy.

Faster than I could even move, I gripped the surface of the mask and pulled with all my strength. No explosion, no lights, not even a small pop, removing the mask was as easy as… well removing a mask. It just came off. Huh…

As I looked down at the mystic item in my hand, I couldn't remove the shocked expression from my face. With a small chuckle I looked up into the mirror and nearly jumped with joy at seeing my same old reflection. I can honestly say that at that moment I had never been so happy to see that pale skinned, freckled face staring back at me in the mirror. The Ron-man was back! I missed you, you handsome devil!
Sighing happily, I looked down at my hands just in time to see the blue light fade into nothingness. Shrugging my shoulders, I wasn't to upset. That powers inside me. And if I practice a little maybe I can even learn to pull it out even faster!

As I grinned like an idiot at my reflection, my mind snapped back to Kim. She was probably still looking for me. She was a little O.C.D. when it came to stuff like this. She'd go out of her mind before she stopped looking. Just another one of her things that makes up everything that is Kim.

Shaking my head, a smile appeared on my face. Better go and find her.

Preparing to leave the room, the mask in my hand caught my attention. Silently, my smile turned to a frown. This thing was… dangerous. Before I thought that it that just made me look like other people, but now, after everything that happened… it seems like this mask actually makes people see me as that person. Kim, Ann, even James himself, all of them never even questioned that I could be someone else. No matter how strange I was acting. It just seemed too impossible to place all of that on luck. Not to mention the thing seemed to have a mind of its own. If not for… whatever that vision had been, there was a very good possibility that I would still be stuck. And, on top of everything else, it was monkey magic. If Monty ever caught wind that I had this, who knows how many people would be put in danger.

Feeling my frown deepen, my negativity was distracted by a sound banging on the other side of Kim's bathroom. Without even realizing it, my frown had transformed into a soft smile. Then again…

Not able to stay upset, I shook my head smiling and placed the mask back into my pocket. What can I say? Love makes you do crazy things…

Smiling to myself, I headed down the stairs, completely oblivious of the reflection of myself still standing in the mirror. Giving a look around the room, the apparition gave a single sigh, smiling without a care in the world. And just as soon as it had appeared, it was gone.

Hopping down Kim's stairs, I looked around the party and was happy to see everyone still enjoying the party and even more so, ignoring me. Ah, feels good. Looking even closer, my frame jumped a bit at the sight of Mr. P talking amongst his friends, a large smile on his face. Examining the adult man, I sighed a breath of relief, happy to see him up and moving again. And the fact that he didn't seem to remember anything didn't hurt my good mood either. Giving the man a wave, Mr. P saw me and gave me a small nod before returning to his friends.

Already feeling better about my situation, I walked around the Possible house keeping my eye out for Kim's signature red hair. After about five minutes of looking, my ears twitched as her voice could be heard coming from the corner of the kitchen. Walking towards it, I couldn't help but overhear.

"Wade I'm telling you he wasn't there," she growled into the kimmunicator. "It didn't work, all that was up there was my mom. Now can you please check again!?!"

Not really understanding what she was talking about, I suddenly felt a little guilty hearing how distressed she had become. Coughing into my hand, I made my presence known. "Hey KP," I waved. Whirling around with a shocked expression on her face, Kim blinked almost like she couldn't believe I was there. After a few moments of silence, she looked back down to the device in her hand. "I'll talk to you later Wade," her voice growled. No sooner did she shut off the devise was she in my face, a look of anger clearly on hers.

"And just where have you been?" she demanded. Looking into her fiery green eyes, I shrunk back in
fear. "I've been looking for you for an hour!"

Mildly surprised by this revelation, I stared at her in shock. Had I really been gone for a whole hour? "Ah, well…" withering under her intense gaze, my eyes turned apologetic and I tried my best to smile. "Sorry?" it was lame but I couldn't exactly tell her that I was up stairs having sex with her mother. No, I don't see that going over so well.

Faltering in her anger, Kim's burning gaze lessened as she stared at me in concern. "Well… I guess as long as you're ok… you are ok right?" switching to worry, Kim looked me over as if searching for wounds.

"Come on KP, I just… went for a little walk. Rufus needed to ride out his food coma and sitting around a room full of scientist wasn't exactly my idea of a fun time, you know?" I shrugged. Turning regretful, my eyebrows drew up in apology. "But I didn't mean to make you worry."

Speaking of my little buddy, as a little pink rodent pocked his head out of a pocket in Kim's dress he smiled at me, chattering excitedly. With a big leap, he sailed through the air, scurrying up my shoulder to hug the side of my face. Scratching the skin of the back of his head, I returned his affection. "Buddy!" he squeaked.

"I found him stand on the food table looking for you," Kim explained, a soft smile replacing her scowl.

Looking at my friend, I grinned at her, showing her my appreciation. "Thanks KP. I didn't mean to be gone so long. I mean it." at least that part was the truth.

Smiling at my apology, I could see Kim had forgiven me. "Ron," she sighed. Lifting her arms, I was allotted the pleasant surprise of receiving one of Kim's hugs. Wrapping my arms around her waist, I squeezed her affectionately, silently enjoying her warm body. Honestly, this reaction was a little surprising for me. I can't imagine why Kim had been so worked up. I mean sure, she tends to worry about me a lot, but tonight she seemed genuinely freaked. Giving her another squeeze, I hoped to reassure her of any lingering fears.

Having been so relaxed and calm in my arms, when Kim's body became stiff as a bored I knew something was wrong. "Kim?" I asked. Enjoying what I thought to be a nice, friendly hug, my danger warnings began to go off in my head. "Is everything ok?"

Slowly removing her arms from my body, I watched in confusion as Kim's head came into view, revealing her shocked, disbelieving eyes. Not even bothering to answer me, her eyes remained locked on my neck.

"Ron…" even to my ears I knew that in that tone of voice something was seriously wrong. It was calm. Way, way too calm. It was actually making me sweat a bit. Touching her fingers to the side of my neck, I winced as they met with a sensitive area sending a pain through my brain. "Ron, what is this?"

Confused I raised my hand to inspect what it was that was making her act so weird. Grazing my fingertips where I had felt Kim's, the color drained from my face. Under my fingers I could feel the bite mark Ann's teeth had left on my flesh when she had climaxed. Unmistakable, I knew Kim had seen it. And she knew what it was.

Rubbing my throat nervously, my eyes shifted about the room looking anywhere but Kim. "Um, wow, I guess those monkeys really fight dirty, huh?" Even with my desperate grasp for an
explanation, I could feel the cold steel of Kim's gaze beginning to close over my heart. Letting out a nervous chuckle, Kim's expression only turned darker.

Before I could stop her, Kim lashed out with her hand, scrapping the pads of her fingers into the tender flesh. Rubbing the area, I watched warily as Kim examined her fingers bringing them close to her face. "Strange," Kim muttered a sarcastic tone in her voice. "I don't remember any of the monkeys wearing lipstick!" Thrusting her fingers in my face, my heart dropped at the sight of Ann's lipstick clear as day on her fingers.

Looking from the lipstick back to Kim's face, my heart dropped to my feet. "Ah..." choking on my own air, a cold sweat broke across the surface of my skin. "You see..." No matter how much I stalled, nothing came to mind. In response, Kim shoved her fingers even closer to my face, her eyes widening with angry accusation. "Um..."

Like an animal cornered by a hungry predator, every molecule in my body was screaming at me to run, to run and never look back. Kim looked pissed, not mad, but pissed. In the back of my mind, I couldn't help but wonder why it was she was getting so upset. It's not like she could know that it was her mother's lipstick. Unfortunately, as I looked into her fury driven scowl, I had the feeling she wasn't in the mood for me to ask.

In my head, I knew I was faced with a decision. Stay here and try to explain to Kim a feasible lie and pray she accepts it, or... run. You know what... that actually sounds pretty good right now.

Feigning as though I had heard someone call my name, I broke eye contact with Kim, already making me feel better. "What's that?" I called out. Shocked out of her anger, Kim's glaring eyes skewed up in confusion at my sudden action. "H-Hold on what?" I repeated, still pretending. Looking at Kim, I shook my head as if I didn't know what was going on either. "Oh, okay. One second I'll be right there!"

Shrugging my shoulders at Kim, I took note of her confusion and jumped at the chance to escape. "S-Sorry KP, you heard him. I gotta go." Confusing her even more, Kim looked at me like I had gone crazy. "But ah, as much as I'd love to continue this, how about we just forget it ever happened." Swallowing the lump in my throat, I gave a nervous laugh right before I scurried away from the angered red head as fast as my legs would carry. Call me a coward if you want, but at least I'm alive to be called one.

I didn't even make it out of the room before Kim realized what I'd done. "RON!" enraged at me for giving her the slip, I could hear her chasing after me, hot on my heels. If not for the groups of people blocking her view, I knew I would have been a goner. "RON!" Okay, maybe I'm still a goner. Hearing Kim fire off my name as she chased me around the house, I looked around the living room, desperate for a place to hide. Catching sight of a closet, I didn't even think as I threw myself into it, slamming the door close behind me. As the sound of Kim drew nearer, I opened the door a crack to see her searching for me, enraged. With a jump I watched her stalk over to the front door only to find it opened by another guest. At the sight of the dangerous smirk appearing on her face, I nearly fainted. "You can run but you can't hide Stoppable," she called after me. And with that she threw the door open, chasing into the night after a best friend she would never find.

Crawling out of the closet, I breathed a sigh of relief. Hopefully once she had time to cool down, Kim would be less mad... hopefully. Not feeling very good about my chances, a cold feeling of dread filled my chest. Man...

As I allowed my heartbeat to calm down, a flash of red hair caught in the corner of my eye. Flinching out of pure instinct, as I peeked through cracked eye lids, my heart began to pound for a
completely different reason. Down from the stairs, Ann descended back into the party, a lime green dress wrapped around her body. Looking as fresh and rejuvenated as ever, my smile grew at the glow she seemed to carry with her.

Shuffling my feet, I stared at the grown woman, a sudden bashfulness eating away at my mind. Back to being Ron Stoppable, the reality of what we had done was finally setting in. The kisses, the touches, the… intimacy, all of it hit me like a brick wall leaving me to crumble.

Biting the inside of my cheek, I watched her walk over to the food table and fill a plate with what was left of the bountiful spread. I wanted to say something, anything really. But no matter what I thought, all of it all seemed so… insignificant. As my gaze turned toward the ground, a flash went off in my head giving me an idea.

Nervous as ever, I looked around the room, searching for what I needed. Finding the table where all the presents were being held, I grabbed a bundle of flowers, snapping off one of its many roses and placed the rest back on the table. I looked at the red flower and smiled.

Appearing behind Ann, I hesitantly tapped her shoulder, feeling my heart race in my chest. "Ron?" looking over her shoulder, she turned to me and gave me a bright, warm smile. "Oh Ron, I'm glad you're still here. Kim's been looking for you," she informed me, her tone as motherly as ever.

I nodded, ducking my head into my shoulders. "Y-Yea, um she found me," I replied, fear still echoing in my voice.

Not seeming to have heard it, Ann nodded her head, glad. "Well that's good; she seemed very worried about you." Falling into a moment of silence, her head cocked to the side. "I'm sorry, did you need anything?" she asked.

Feeling my palms moisten with sweat, it was my turn to nod my head as I shyly peeking at the older woman. "Yea, I… wanted to give you your anniversary present." Putting on a goofy smile, I grinned happily.

Looking actually surprised, Ann's eyes were wide. "Oh Ron, you didn't have to get us anything," she swore. Putting her hand on my shoulder, I swallowed nervously.

"Actually… it's just for you," seeing the look of confusion her face, I took a deep breath before revealing what it was that I had hidden behind my back. Pulling out the rose, I had swiped; I put on big happy smile, grinning like the fool I was. "Thanks for having me over Mrs. Dr. P."

In a flash, Ann's surprised expression morphed into one of nostalgia. "Ron…" she sighed wistfully. Reciting my younger self, I had used the exact same words I had used whenever I would present Kim's mother with a flower as a little boy. And just like that, I was seven years old again.

Seeing her lips curl into a smile, as well as her eyes twinkle with delight that I had strived to see, the same happy, air like emotion bloomed in my chest just like it did all those years ago. Taking a breath of deep air, I embraced this feeling whole heartedly, finally able to identify it for what it was.

Looking a little teary-eyed, Ann stroked the petals of the flower lovingly. "Doesn't this bring back memories," she sighed dreamily, looking as though she herself was back in time. Flashing up to me, her eyes twinkled with delight. "Aren't you the sweetest…" reciting her part of the exchange the red headed woman was unable to hold back a small laugh of mirth. “Maybe we should find Kimmie and it will be exactly like old times," she mused.

Snatching the flower from her fingers, Ann jumped a bit, surprised by my actions. Shifting on my
feet, I decided to make my move before I lost my nerve.

Before Ann could react, I aimed the butt of the flower stem and stuck it into her hair. "Actually," I gulped. Looking into her wide, surprised eyes, the sight of the rose nestled in the crown of her hair was the only thing that gave me the courage to continue. "I... kind of always thought it would look better on you." Seeing her surprised face grow red, I smiled nervously as her hand rose to touch the flower, checking to see if I had actually just done it.

Seeing a look of amazement flash across her features, I gave her another smile. “Happy anniversary... Ann.” At my use of her first name, she looked at me in surprise.

“Thank you... Ron.” Giving me a confused smile, I ducked my head understanding that this was the time to go.

Making sure, I gave her one last smile before walking off into the party. Unable to help myself, halfway across the room I looked back to see her blue orbs trained on my retreating form, a thoughtful expression etched into her features. And on her head, a single finger rested against the flowers fragrant petals nestled in her hair. Ducking my head down once more, I didn't have to look back to know her eyes would remain on my back as long as her vision would allow her.

Falling onto the couch surrounded by scientist and doctors, I rested my head against the backrest, a soft smile on my face. Sitting here, I will wait for Kim and then just hope against hope that she isn't upset. At this point it was the only thing I could do. It was just like me to fall in love with two different red heads. All the danger of regular girls as well as their own special brand. I tell you, only I could be that stupid.

Lifting my head from the couch I looked across the room to see Ann standing beside her husband, leaning on his arm as happy as can be. Enjoying her jubilant expression, my eyes drifted higher, widening slightly as I spotted a red rose still tucked neatly in the crown of her hair. Feeling myself smile, I couldn't contain the happiness swelling in my chest.

Shifting my eyes down to my pants, I could faintly see the outline of the monkey mask pressing through my pants. Taking a second to acknowledge it, I leaned back into the couch, preparing myself for Kim's inevitable wrath. Twice the danger... but triple the reward.

What another fun toy I had found.

Chapter End Notes

There we go, a nice little ending to wrap things up. i can only guess if your still here after the first chapter that you enjoy reading my work, so i can only say thank you. the next chapter should be up soon enough. i'm going to refrain from setting an exact date because i know i will only disappoint us both. so with that cheerful note...
Till next time, this has been hero.
Inviso-belt

Chapter Summary

Ron finds a new toy, and a new lady.

Chapter Notes

Okay, here's chapter three. A bit longer than the last but at least twice as much smut so all you better enjoy. i want to say a quick thank you everyone up to this point that's been kind enough to show their support by leaving me a review or kudos. it really makes me want to work hard when i see you all talking about what you've enjoyed or even just asking for more. i hope this chapter doesn't disappoint, please enjoy.

Chapter Tag(s): Non-consensual, m/f+f, Sleep sex, Fingering, Slight anal, Voyeurism, Male masturbation, Female masturbation, Cunnilingus, Oral, Cream-pie, Body facial.
Toy(s): Inviso-belt, Sleep pen.
Girl(s): Monique, Kim.

Looking down at my lunch tray, I hang my head in depression, a whimpering sigh huffing out from my nose. Four days. Four long, grueling days. That is how long it has been since Kim talked to me. Poking my now cold burger with a fry, I pushed the tray away. For once my appetite was the farthest thing from my mind.

As I turned my attention across the bustling cafeteria filled with squawking teenagers, my eyes zeroed in on a single patch of red hair. Sitting with her back to me, Kim's resolve to ignore me seemed to be in full strength today. With a start I looked to see Monique staring at me next to Kim from across the room, a confused expression clear on her face. Seeing her whisper something to Kim I quickly turned my eyes down, hoping that the dark skinned friend hadn’t exposed my peeking. I didn't dare look up to check.

That night at the party when Kim had returned, the look in her eyes had been beyond anger. It was just… scary. Sparing me only the smallest of glances, she had opened her mouth prepared to say something, and then she just stopped. Instead, she simply pulled her back straight, and continued to walk, stomping up the stairs to her room. At the moment I had thought myself lucky to have been spared her fury, but know I realize how much worse silence can be. Man I'd kill to have her yell at me right now. As long as I could just hear her voice…

The moment she had found her mother’s lipstick on my neck, I knew things would be different for us. It was just impossible for it not to be. Of course she didn't know that it was her mother’s. I wouldn’t be alive if she had been able to figure that much out. To Kim, I had just been out doing… something with a girl.

Part of me couldn’t help but question why she was so angry. Thinking about it even now, I was still left clueless. Kim herself has dated tons of guys over the years I’ve known her. Well okay, maybe
not tons but still. The few that she has dated, I was nothing but supportive. Only barely glaring at them and ignoring them when they dared to show their faces. And now the one time she thinks I might have found a girl she gets all mad? Where was the justice in that? Shaking my head I could only conclude that girls were crazy. It was about the only thing that made sense anymore.

Hearing a squeak on the table, I looked down to see my little buddy gesturing to the forgotten food, asking for permission to eat it. “Sorry Rufus,” I apologized to the little guy. Seeing his starving face, I knew he must be desperate for his meal. “Go ahead.” Gurgling out what I heard as a thank you, he dived into my paper bowl of fries and tore into them with impressive gusto.

I got a bit of amusement watching the pink rodent tear into the school food. It reminded me that no matter what in life, he would always be a constant. If I could ever trust anyone, it was him. “You wanna catch some Bueno Nacho after school?” I asked the gorging rodent. I don’t know why, but for some reason I suddenly felt like treating the little dude.

Poking his head out of the potato cavern, he nodded his head, patting his stomach excitedly. “Cheese!” Giving my friend a big smile, I nodded my head in agreement.

Picking up the tray from the table, I rose from my seat; daring myself to take a peek at Kim’s table. To my brief surprise, it was already empty. As I looked around the cafeteria, I was able to spot her just as she escaped out the room.

I gripped my tray tight in my hands. The first day I had seen her ignoring me, I had respectively backed off, figuring she just needed a little time to herself. But now, three days later, I found myself wondering how much this space would grow to be. At this moment, I had a choice. Leave things as they are and just hope Kim stops being mad at me, or chase after her and confront the problem before it can grow out of hand.

As much as I missed my best friend, it did not take me long to make up my mind.

As my feet marched across the cheap plaster of the school hallways, my eyes scanned the crowd searching for Kim’s mane of ginger hair. A few minutes of this and I smiled as I was able to spot her placing her last class’ books into her locker. After double checking, I was relieved to see Monique had left her friend’s side. Something about girls in a group just made them even scarier.

Time to make my move.

Sneaking as much as I could, my feet moved slowly towards the volatile red head as if I were approaching a bear. One foot out of place and I return with a missing arm. Thankfully, as I neared the last few feet separating us, Kim remained occupied shuffling the contents of her locker. After double checking, I was relieved to see Monique had left her friend’s side. Something about girls in a group just made them even scarier.

As my feet marched across the cheap plaster of the school hallways, my eyes scanned the crowd searching for Kim’s mane of ginger hair. A few minutes of this and I smiled as I was able to spot her placing her last class’ books into her locker. After double checking, I was relieved to see Monique had left her friend’s side. Something about girls in a group just made them even scarier.

Time to make my move.

Sneaking as much as I could, my feet moved slowly towards the volatile red head as if I were approaching a bear. One foot out of place and I return with a missing arm. Thankfully, as I neared the last few feet separating us, Kim remained occupied shuffling the contents of her locker.

“Hey KP,” I called out nervously. I tried to make my greeting as calm as possible, hoping against hope that if I just down played whatever it was that was making her angry she might let it go. Unfortunately, as I her busy hands froze in place, I was made aware that it would not be that easy. “How’s… it going?”

As the last words of my question died in my mouth, Kim’s head turned to stare daggers into my skull. Letting out disgruntled grunt, she returned to her locker and continued her shuffling, ignoring me completely.

Feeling my shoulders drop with disappointment, I searched my brain desperate for an answer to this problem. “KP, come on,” I whined. “What do I have to do to make it up to you?” at my question I stepped back a bit at the sight of her shoulders and arms go tense. “I- I mean could you at least tell me what you’re mad about…” muttering these words, I didn't actually mean for her to hear them. But
as her angry face whipped back around into view, I knew she had.

Silently she stared at me as if examining ever last inch of my face. A few minutes of this and she moved down to my body before quickly returning up. “What’s her name Ron.” she commanded in her ordering tone. Turning her body to completely face me, I was now under her full attention. “Who is she?” Too startled to respond, I was left to stare at her with wide eyes, suddenly wondering if silence hadn’t been so bad after all.

“What?”

Rolling her eyes, she dropped her bag on the floor before placing her hands on her hips. “I want to know who you were with that night,” she continued to glare. “Don’t think I haven’t been trying to find out, oh no. but what do you know it, no one else seems to know either. So you better give me some answers this second.” Crossing her arms over her chest, she raised an eye brow waiting for my response. Now if only I had one…

Stalling for second to think, I continued to stare at her, not a single explanation anywhere insight. She was expecting the truth, but I couldn’t exactly tell her that while she had been searching for me I had been having sex with her mother. Things just wouldn’t end well. Especially for me. But on the other hand, it wasn’t like I could just tell her a random name and hope that it will be enough to placate her. Knowing Kim she would bully Wade into doing a full background check. And that was if I was lucky. If it really came down to it, Kim could even end up confront this pore girl who had absolutely nothing to do with this. Besides… I was tired of lying to my friend. In the past month it feels like I’ve lied to her more than our entire friendship.

By the look of Kim’s patient glare, I knew she would stand there all day if she had to. I had to say something. Anything. Clearing my throat, I could feel a bead of sweat break across my forehead. “I…” The air in the room felt suffocating. “I…”

“I… can’t tell you.” As unfortunate as it is, this was literally all I could say to her. If I didn't want to lie, or to involve anyone else in this catastrophe than this was all I could say. And looking at Kim, I could tell right away how happy she was about it.

Trapped in an expression of confusion, Kim’s eyes had flashed to the floor, blinking as if she hadn’t completely heard what I had said. Slowly, I watched as her eyes crept back to my face. In them, her building temper could be seen flashing. Like fire just waiting to be released. Seeing her open her mouth I flinched back in preparation.

‘Beep Beep be Beep’

“Hey Kim, and… Ron.” Appearing on the monitor in Kim’s locker, Wade looked at us with a growing sense of caution. “Is… everything ok guys?”

Interrupted before her anger could be released, Kim was left unsatisfied as she was forced to address our technologically gifted friend. “Just peachy,” she responded sardonically. Shaking her head, Kim took a deep breath to calm herself before looking back at the boy on the screen. “What’s the sitch wade?”

Still looking a little nervous, Wade kept one watchful eye on the two of us as he typed on his computer. “We got a hit on the site,” he announced. “Jack Hench is asking for your help.” Hitting a specific key Jack’s image popped up on the screen.

Recognizing the man, I couldn’t help but shake my head at the memories of our last mission dealing with this guy. As much fun as it had been to have all those muscles, I knew that I was better off
without them. With all that bulk it had felt like I was trapped inside my own body. I’d been so slow, so stiff; everything I tried to do turned out horrible. Turns out there is such a thing as too much strength. And realizing this, I like to think I’ve matured a bit.

“What does he want with me?” Kim asked, surprised by the reappearance of our old foe.

Checking some stuff on his side of the screen, Wade’s fingers flew across his key board at a speed that to this day amazed me. Heck, I was still typing with two fingers…

“Doesn’t say much…” Wade admitted looking doubtful. “All is says is that he wants to you come to HenchCo headquarters so you can meet up,” pausing for a second he took a second look at the message. “Should I tell him no?” he asked after a second of thought. “There’s always the chance it could be a trap.”

Giving it a second of thought, Kim nodded her head. “Set it up Wade,” she requested. “If they need our help then we should do it.” finishing her sentence, I had to strain my ears to hear her as she spoke quietly under her breath. “I need to let off some steam anyways.”

Following her command, Wade stroked his fingers over his key board for only a moment before a deep pinging sound resonated through the speakers. “Done,” he responded proudly. “A ride should be there to pick you up in front of your school in fifteen minutes.”

“What, no privet jet?” Kim smirked.

Smiling at the joke, Wade shook his head. “Naw, not this time, sorry. You’ll just have to settle for a helicopter.”

Giving the young boy a smile for his efforts, Kim’s face softened for the first time since I had approached her. “You rock Wade,” she complimented. In response, the dark skinned techno wizard retuned her smile before cutting the connection and rendering the computer screen black.

Standing behind her back, I had to watch in awkward silence as Kim dumped her school bag into her locker, and replaced it with her mission clothes. As she grabbed everything she need, I my heart thumped in my chest as she began to just walk away. She… she wasn’t going to do the mission without me was she?

“Kim!?”

Calling out to her, the red head girl turned to look at me, confused at the panicked tone in my voice. Then, like an actually bulb had lit overhead, her expression registered that she knew what I must be thinking. “Ron…” her tone and expression turned sad. Seeing this, my panic returned with full force at the thought that she might send me away. “Ron,” she repeated, “no matter how… upset I am I’d never do a mission without my partner.” Looking up in surprise, my eyes locked on my friend and I smiled gratefully. Turning her eyes away, it was my turn to stare in confusion as her pale skin seemed to flush for a second. “Just… get ready and meet me in front of the school.” She ordered. And before I could even get a word out she was gone, chasing down the hall.

Shrugging my shoulders, I chose to ignore her strange quirk. I was just happy that she was talking to me again. Even if it was a small step, I felt a bit better than I had in days. As long as our friendship remained, I’d put up with any kind of craziness I had too. Even it was Kim’s. Thinking for a moment, a looked down at my feet and smiled.

Especially if it was Kim’s.
“Thanks again for the ride!” Kim called out over the roar of the helicopters spinning blades. Jumping onto the ground next to me she continued to smile up at the middle aged pilot.

“Are you kidding me?” he laughed heartily. “After you warned the base about that bomb, it was the least I could do,” he reassured her.

Rolling her eyes, Kim made the motions to seem bashful of the compliment. “Aw, it’s no big,” she smiled. “We were just on our way through.” And then waving him goodbye, me and Kim watched the pilot take off, leaving us at HenchCo’s front door.

Keeping my eyes on Kim, I watched the prideful, proud expression on her face beam with pleasure. Switching to the ground, I shuffled my feet awkwardly waiting for her to make the first step to the business’s building. On the entire way here, Kim hadn't uttered a single word to me. The entire time she had remained unmoving, just staring out the window opposite from me.

Thinking that we might have made up a little, it was a mighty blow to my joy.

“Come on Ron, let’s get this over with,” Kim directed. Staring disdainfully at the large building, I knew she didn’t like this any more than I did. Working with Jack Hench left you with this… dirt, the kind of dirt that didn’t come off no matter how much you scrubbed. Personally, I feel like the guys does more damage than any one villain could. With all the tech and support he offers, who knows how many super villains this guy helps inspire. But even still, Kim believed that if someone needs help, you help them. Simple as that. And if Kim says that this is what we do, then I’ll follow her. That’s what sidekicks do.

Entering the building through its clear sliding doors, both of us briskly walked through the building’s lobby and went straight to the elevators. Once the digital screen lit up, alerting us to our arrival, we stepped out and entered the same purple waiting room that we had seen all those years ago.

“Oh, you must be Kim Possible,” a feminine tone spoke out. Looking in the direction of the voice, I was surprised to see a different secretary than the one we had encountered our first time around. Instead of the androgynous blond haired man that had originally been station behind the desk, a young, attractive woman with long brunet hair welcomed us. From what I could see behind the desk she wore a rather tight fitted business suit designed to… highlight her rather impressive cleavage.

“Mr. Hench will be right with you,” she informed us.

Staring at her for a moment, I couldn’t help but smile back at her welcoming demeanor. Attractiveness aside she had a very warm feel about her perfect for this line of work. Looking in my direction, the secretary surprised me by acknowledging my existence, even offering me a smile back.

As the feeling of Kim’s sharp elbow became jabbed into my side, I jumped in surprise. Looking at Kim in confusion, I was met with a stern glare. Confused beyond reason, my eyes pleaded with my friend for an explanation for attack. But instead she merely stared back at the secretary, a cold edge in her eyes. “Thanks.”

Without warning, I found myself suddenly being dragged away from the desk and towards the sitting area. In a panic I looked around for any possible explanation as to what could have caused my friends sour mood. Unfortunately, all I was able to catch was the amused secretary, trying in vain to conceal her smile.

As I was thrown into one of the chairs I looked to my side in fear as Kim plopped down beside me,
irritation clear on her face. “Ah… KP?” Seeing her angry face flash in my direction I quickly shut up and ducked away from any possible harm. What was going on?!?

Sitting with my eyes firmly locked on the ground, me and Kim waited like this for the next five minutes in total silence. Under her breath I could hear her grumbling under her breathe unintelligible, angry words. Only able to pick up a few words, the only things that made sense were the words: Stupid, Secretary and boys. Too afraid to even move wrong I remained silent, oblivious as to what this string of words could mean. Suffering in this silence, I nearly jumped to the roof as the secretary spoke.

“Ms. Possible and… Mr. Stoppable, Jack is ready to see you know.” Lifting my head to see the person who had actually remembered my name, the smile on my lips died as I spotted Kim’s eyes watching my every move. Quickly I turned my face back down and sighed, resining myself to a simple thumbs up towards the kind woman.

“Let’s go Ron,” Kim’s voice quickly ushered me out the door. It wasn't until we had safely exited the room that lifted my head and sighed in relief.

Walking through the long hallways of HenchCo I could not stop staring at the back of Kim’s head. As her legs continued to take long, easy strides, it seemed no matter how much I hurried she remained three steps ahead of me.

Was my presence just making her even angrier? Had I screwed up our friendship forever? Would we never be able to go back to how things were? I feared the answers. Finally, as the end of the corridor came into view, I forced myself to push my thoughts to the back of my mind and focus on the mission. She can hate me as much as she wants, but protecting Kim will always come first.

“Kim, I can’t thank you enough for coming,” Jack Hench greeted us as we entered his office. Sitting behind his large desk, his cheesy grin and expensive suit were as false as ever on the criminal man. Regardless, as he motioned for us to sit down we accepted his offer and waited for him to continue.

“Okay Jack, what is this about,” Kim’s curt reply came out. As she eyed the man in front of us, her eyes were obviously suspicious.

Seeing this for himself, the man had enough grace turn his attention else ware, as well as adjust his tie. “Well… how should I put this…”

“Has Drakken stolen some more of your… product,” Kim offered snidely. Seeing Jack’s irritation at the question, I was already smiling.

“No Ms. Possible as a matter of fact he has not,” he responded with a disapproving glare. Giving the teenage girl a hesitant look, his proud demeanor crumbled. “But… he might very soon.” Plopping himself into his chair, he showed just how exhausted he really was. “The molecular muscle enhancer wasn't actually the last thing he has stolen,” he admitted gravely. “Every now and then whenever the cheap jerk hasn’t been able to come up with another of his failed inventions, he sends… Shego in too steal one of mine.” He growled at the green villain’s name.

Raising her eyebrow, Kim’s suspicion remained on her face. “So why don’t you just up the security? Not like you don’t have the money,” she reminded the man.

Throwing his hands up, the older man gave out a hardy, exasperated laugh. “Don’t you think we’ve tried?” he asked. Pushing one of the millions of buttons installed into his desk, me and Kim looked up as a picture of Shego appeared on the screen, locked in mid theft. “Again and again, no matter what kind of security I have set up that woman somehow manages to get in and then escape with my
latest invention!” pressing another button, the picture changed and began a slide show of her many thefts. “I hire more henchman, she blasts through them! I buy a better security system, she sneaks past it! I build a better weapon to keep her out; she steals it, along with whatever else she was sent here for! I can’t stop her!” he yelled out. Watching the many pictures of her achievements slide past, I couldn’t help but be impressed. Say what you want about the woman, but she has skills.

“So…” Kim drew out, pausing for clarification. “You just want me to stop Shego?” looking at the distraught man in confusion, it was like she couldn’t believe it.

Jack nodded his head in confirmation. “Please Ms. Possible, help me. You’re the only one I’ve ever seen that was actually able to stop Shego. As you can imagine having my property stolen every month gives my company a very bad image. If people see that we can’t even protect our own goods, why would they think our product is any better at it? Please, you’re my last hope. And hey, I’m even prepared to pay you this time around. Huh, how does that sound?” going full on salesman, Jack grinned at us as if his offer was too much to give up. Unfortunately for him, the desperation in his eyes was still clear to anyone that could pay attention.

“How do you even know Shego is going to show anytime soon,” Kim asked, stalling for time to think. “It’s not like we can just sit here forever, waiting for her to come. We do have to get back to school at some point.”

This is where Jack’s expression turned especially grim. “Every time before Shego shows up, Drakken has the courtesy to login to our company shopping website and browse my merchandise. And then, as if all of that wasn't insulting enough, he actually fills his shopping cart with all the items he sends Shego out to steal.” Looking a bit red in face, I could restrain the bubble of laughter that escaped from my throat.

I’d like to think Drakken was clever enough to get this far under Jack’s skin, but in reality it seems more likely that he’s really just that stupid. If it weren’t for Shego, he wouldn’t even be close to a threat.

Turning to me, Kim’s expression looked hesitant as she silently asked for my opinion on the situation. Shrugging my shoulders, I figured why not, the dude looked like he could use some help.

“Oh, we’ll help,” Kim announced to the man. “But no money, we don’t do this for profit. We just want to help.”

Looking slightly put off by this information, Jack straightened his tie giving us both a suspicious glance. “Not very lucrative, but I guess charity has its… charms.” Uttering his last word, Jack’s features turned amused.

Ignoring the man’s quip, Kim stood up. “So what is Shego coming here for?” she asked. “You said you know what Drakken is interested in right?”

Nodding his head, Jack began to press multiple buttons, each one changing another thing in the room. Without warning I fell to floor landing on my but as the chair literally fell out from under me. At the same time as this happened, the room grew dim. On the screen that Jack had used to show us Shego’s thievery, a new image appeared in its place.

“May I present to you HenchCo’s latest and greatest invention to date, the ‘Inviso-belt’!” Presenting the image like a true salesmen, Kim and I stared at the picture on the screen with confusion.

“inviso… belt?” I tested the word in my mouth. On the screen showed the image of a large, but slim blue belt. Not really sure what the big deal was, my eyes zeroed in on the buckle that appeared to
be… a button. Just a big button.

Latest and greatest my butt.

“So… what’s it do?” Kim asked. Hearing her unimpressed tone, I could only nod my head in agreement.

Deflating a bit at our expressions, Jack visibly shrank in enthusiasm. But a salesmen through and through, he continued with the presentation. “With this nifty little gadget, the wearer is able to complete disappear. By casting a veil of light bending particles, it literally allows you to disappear right into thin air. And, to top it all off, it’s stylish to boot! Perfect for anyone old… to young.”

“Um… I think I’ll pass,” Kim declined at the mention of his last words.

Looking around the room I didn't see anything else popping out. “So all we have to do is protect the belt then?” I asked. “She isn’t coming for anything else?”

Looking insulted by my naive question, Jack shook his head sadly. “That’s all?” he parroted in an affronted tone. “My dear boy this handy little devise is worth more than I can even say. Just think of the possibilities. Being completely invisible you could do anything, be anywhere. If Shego actually gets her hand on this devise—“

“She’d be able to steal anything,” Kim finished for him. Seeing her features harden in seriousness, I figured the joking in the room was over. Too bad, I had a few more.

Seeing Kim’s new take on the situation, Jack’s eye brows rose in exasperation. “Exactly Ms. Possible, I’m glad you’re beginning to understand just how serious this is.” Pressing another button on his desk the room returned to how it was when we had entered. Just a normal office.

“Okay, you have my attention. What time do think Shego is going to come?” Kim asked.

Casting a tiered eye down to his watch, Jack seemed to be mulling it over in his head. “Well… if I had to say, I would think she should be here in abo—” before he could finish his sentence, a loud alarm began to scream its siren into the room. And, as if automatic, the screen we had been staring at for so long flashed back on, showing a live stream of Shego, sneaking through one of the buildings air vents. As a blast of green plasma exploded against the camera we had been watching her through, I shivered at the sight of her. “Now,” Jack finished with a glare.

Glaring at the screen his eyes showed nothing but pure rage. Which is why when he turned to face us, the sight of his sudden, and creepily joyous smile on his face completely freaked me out. “Well Miss Possible,” he grinned. “You have a job to do. I best not keep you from it any longer.” Without the slightest bit of warning, as Jack pressed yet another button on his desk, Kim and I found ourselves falling through the floor and sliding down two tube like structures. Looking up at the reseeding light of Jack’s office, I was able to make out the faint silhouette his frame as he stared down at us. “Try not to damage these passage ways!” he called after us. “They’re still in the beta stage of production!” And with that, we were gone.

I can’t really say how long me and Kim were falling in those tubes. But I can say it was long enough that I was able stop my screaming and look at my watch for reference. By the end of it, I was just left wondering if it was ever going to end.

It did.

Taking me by complete surprise, I was emptied from the darkness of the tube and into a brightly lit large room. As I laid there on the ground, moaning in pain, the sound of Kim’s entrance made me
open my eyes. Seeing her fall from the ceiling, I couldn’t help but glare at the way she was able to land perfectly on her feet. How the heck does she do that?!

“Ron?” Kim’s worried tone returned as she looked at me. Seeing that I wasn’t getting up she began to walking closer. “Everything okay?”

Seeing her start to walk over to me, I did a quick check of all my bones before forcing my body to stand. “All good KP,” I reassured her, forcing a goofy smile on my face to cover my pain. Besides a sore backside and a rattled jaw, most of the pain from the fall was centered on my ankles. Unfortunately, I’d just have to wait until after the mission to properly check for real damage.

Seeing myself stand, Kim smiled relieved. Then, as if remembering her attitude towards me, she broke our eye contact and looked around the room. “Well, at least we know we’re close,” she spoke in a dry tone.

Putting the pain in the back of my mind, I mimicked her scan and looked to see what she had meant. All around us, henchmen and scorch marks littered the plain grey walls and floor of the hallway we had landed in. As we followed the clear trail it made, my eyes landed on a door that at one point looked to have been a heavily locked safe of some sort. But now, as its middle glowed cherry red from being melted off its hinges, it had been reduced to little more than a heavy welcoming mat.

“Come on Ron, let’s hurry before she can escape,” Kim urged. Not bothering to wait for confirmation, she sped off, jogging through the hole in the door. Used to this order of management, I ignored the pain in my ankle and did my best to hobble after her. Taking a bit of time to do it, I applauded myself as I was final able to pull myself through the heated metal ring.

Stepping through, I was met with a spacious, almost empty room. Except for a few barrels placed here and there, it seemed as if it held absolutely no purpose at all. Up and around the ceiling, my eyes widened at the sight of lasers mounted all around its circumference. And even more surprising, was the fact that each of these weapons had been blasted to pieces.

It didn’t take me long to figure out how.

As I looked around the room, I could feel my heart drop at the sight of Shego. With Kim standing only a few paced away from the green skinned woman, I watched the two women, my anxiety rising with each passing second. This was the part of battle I think I hated least, the banter. As much as Shego loves to boast about being of the highest quality villain, she’s still just as eager to gloat. Especially when it came to Kim. But as long as they were talking, they weren’t fighting. And that meant Kim couldn’t get hurt.

Too far away to hear their words, I nearly jumped in surprise as the first plasma blast was hurled from the villainess’s fingers.

Out of natural instinct I quickly dove behind one of the barrels and watched from behind. With no real objective given to me, this was about all I could do. I wasn’t a fighter, or really even a rescuer. I did what I could, and hoped that it would be enough. That was my role. And watching Kim as she battled with Shego, flipping and dodging plasma laced claws, I found myself grateful for this fact. Especially as Shego’s expression came into view.

As I saw all of this, I couldn’t hold back the shiver of fear that ran up my spine. The scariest thing about Shego wasn’t the green fire, or the temper, or even the ruthless violence. What really, truly scared me when it came to the green skinned woman was that she seemed to genuinely enjoy it. Even know, after she had literally clawed her way through the bodies of hired henchmen, she only seemed to crave more. The destruction, the chaos, it just made her stronger. How in the world are
you supposed to win against that?

Hearing Kim’s cry of pain, my musing were drawn to closed as my eyes locked onto her still form, strewn across the floor. In an instant, I turned to Shego, disbelief etched on my features. Shego… won?

Standing over Kim’s body, the green skinned woman’s face curled in a dissatisfied frown. Even though she’d defeated Kim she looked… disappointed?

Unable to move my limbs I was stuck, paralyzed in place. What was going to happen next, I wondered. Wasn’t she just going to leave with the belt? Wasn’t that what she came for? If so, then why isn’t she taking her chance and leaving? Not able to answer that, a cold realization froze my bones. Shego wasn't actually going to… finish it, was she?!

Standing to my feet, I rose above the barrel and broke the paralysis that had locked my body. I was scared. Even more scared than I usually am on missions. Shego was just that scary. In any other instance I would be running for my life if I was alone with her lie this. But if I could help, even if that just meant getting punched long enough for Kim to wake up and run away… I’d do it. I’d do it and smile.

Startled by my movement, Shego turned to me, and then rolled her eyes in exasperation. Then, as if I weren’t even worth her time, she turned back to Kim’s unconscious body and continued to stare, fire dancing in her eyes.

“STOP!” my voice called out. As confident as I had wanted it to sound, I flinched at its level desperation. Ignoring it, I walked out from behind my hiding place and began to head towards my friend. “Don’t… touch her.”

With each step I could feel my knee’s shaking from under me. But even still, all I could do was just focus on the next step. And once that landed, the next one after that. And continuing like this, I continued to force my body forward until finally, I stood in front of the dangerous woman.

Extinguishing her hands, Shego let out a tired sigh. “Look sidekick, you really want to start this?” she asked, not even bothering to look up at me to say it. At the sound of my silence, her eyes flicked up to mine. I can’t say for sure what my expression had been at that moment. In all honesty, I was just too scared to remember. But whatever it was must have been enough for Shego’s attention. For as she stepped away from Kim, the same light in her eye that she had had fighting Kim returned, flickering like an all-consuming fire. “Your funeral, buffoon.”

Seeing those green flames begin to creep closer, I closed my eyes and tried in vain to focus. Going into battle like I was, I had to at least have a small plan. And as I tried to summon forth my monkey powers, I was beginning to realize just how small it was.

In the four days that Kim had been ignoring me, I’d done a lot more than just twiddle my fingers, waiting by the phone for her call. Oh no. that night of the party, I had accomplished something other than ruining a friendship. Removing the mask from my head had forced me to realize my true power, and, most importantly, how to use it. Thanks to my ‘training’ I learned enough that if given enough time, I can summon enough to at least help my friend. And, thanks to Shego’s love for intimidation, as she took her time getting to me I was able to pull it out and feel its power.

Not a second to soon, I managed to duck just as Shego’s hand went sailing over the space where my head used to be. And then, just as fast, I rolled to my left and dodged her flaming fist yet again. Looking up at her surprised face, I smirked in response. I may not be strong, and I may not be smart, but no one runs as well as Ron Stoppable!
Proving my point, as Shego’s angered growl tore out from her throat, I used my monkey infused reflexes and dashed out of the way. Slipping past my ear, I could feel the heat of her flames as they passed over my body. But even still, no matter what she threw at me I continued to dodge.

As I continued to jump about the room, between the close calls of Shego’s claws on my face, I was able to notice something very interesting. The more I seemed to dodge the pale skinned woman, the more furious, and just down right crazy her attacks became. Obviously my ability to dodge her attacks was not what she had in mind for this fight. With each pass of her claw, Shego’s attack doubled in speed, but tripled in obviousness. At this point I could literally see them coming from a mile away. I think the fact that she wasn’t able to finish me in one hit like usual was making her reckless. And that means nothing but good for the Ron man!

Actually feeling rather confident in my abilities, I think I amazed both of us as a smile broke across the surface of my face. Honestly, this being the first fight that I’ve actually seemed to stand a chance in, I was having… FUN! It felt amazing to fight like this. No wonder Kim did it so much.

“Would. You. Stop. DODGING!” Shego roared. Sending a blast of green fire directly for my face, I could practically see her becoming undone.

As I ducked under her attack, an idea came to mind. The farther I pushed her, the easier it would be to dodge her. If I just kept pushing she might just exhaust herself before I even have a chance of getting hit! Smiling, at my new plan, I turned my happy expression towards Shego and watched as her temper grew. “What’s wrong Shego? Can’t hit a buffoon?” my answer was another fire ball. “Man, how you ever beat Kim is way beyond me. I mean if you can’t even handle a sidekick… what does that make you!?"

Never in a million years did I think I would actually find myself mocking Shego of all people. But as the adrenaline pumped through my system, and my blood rushed behind my ears, my powers only seemed to get stronger! The less I thought, the more clear I could draw upon the well of power within my body. And as I watched her flames increase in temperature, I knew my plan was working. Now I just needed to last long enough to see it through.

As the time increased, I could see my plan was working. Even from where I was standing, I could see Shego was about to drop. Why didn't she just leave with the belt? Well, because this had become more than just a normal job. If she couldn’t even defeat me, she wouldn't be able to even show her face in the villain community. It would humiliate her. It would humiliate her…

For a reason I can’t explain as that thought crossed my mind, an entirely different emotion began to course through my body. I’m my head; I remember her standing over Kim, that irritating expression on her face. And suddenly, just protecting Kim didn't feel enough anymore. I wanted to win! I wanted Shego to know that if she messes with Kim, she’s going to have to deal with me! I wanted... I wanted her to pay.

Feeling this dark emotion seep into my body, I stared at Shego and shifted my stance. Not very far away, Shego stood facing me, a look of utter confusion etched on her features. Too tired to yell out anymore threats, she was too busy huffing air to say anything. Seeing this, I couldn’t stop the grin on my face as I saw my opportunity.

As I jumped into the battle, Shego was the one doing the dodging as my fist sailed past her face. Throwing my fists in a pattern I didn't even recognize, my body seemed to be moving all on its own, as if it already knew the right way to attack. Allowing this feeling to completely take over, it felt my power double in strength.

As my fist sailed past her face, Shego’s eyes were wide with amazement at the level of combat I was
able to show her. I knew without even hearing it that she had expected me be little more than an annoyance. But I was used to that. After all, that’s all anyone ever expected from me. But with this new power I could use that against them. I can use that low expectation and shove it in their face. With this power, I can show everyone!

The moment Shego’s eyes flickered to my face, I was amazed to see an actual look of fear in her eyes. For a reason I can’t explain, this made me smile.

Taking full advantage of this situation, I threw my fists from a low angle and caught her right on the chin. And while it might not have held quite as much power as I would have liked, it seemed enough for her as she went stumbling back, falling on her butt.

As I stood above her gasping for breath, I couldn’t remove the smile from my lips no matter how much I tried. Seeing her on the floor, as well as the shocked and fearful expression on her face… it felt good. It felt amazing. And so, unable to help myself, as I grinned down at the women on the floor the word just flew through my lips. “Booyah.”

Seeing her start to stand, I quickly shifted back into my attacking stance, readying myself for anything that might come. Unfortunately, that proved to be a lie as her next move astounded me.

Picking herself off the floor, Shego’s wary expression remained locked on mine. Still holding a look of fear in her eyes, she watched my every move, even going as far as to flinch as I moved. Finally, as she was able to pull herself back on her feet, she… smiled. A soft, almost tender smile that mixed strangely with her fearful expression.

And then she ran.

Faster than I cared to try and catch up, the green skinned woman was back out the melted door and just kept running.

For a moment I just stood there, allowing what had just happened fully set in. I’d done it… I protected Kim using my own power. In a second as the adrenalin left me and the power dissolved into nothing I was on my butt, gasping for breath. The sweat from my forehead burned my eyes, and my ribs actually ached from the force of my heart beat as it crashed against them. But even still, no matter how much pain I was in… I can’t think of a time I’ve been happier.

Lying on the ground my basking was interrupted at the sensation of tiny paws pushing against my face. Squinting past the stinging salty liquid in my eyes, I spotted my friend Rufus urging me to give me him my attention. As he chattered and squeaked excitedly, I followed his gestures with my eyes to see him pointing at Kim.

Groaning I pulled myself into the seated position. My entire body hurt. Everything I did seemed to send little sparks of pain rocketing up my spine. Regardless, as Barkin would say, I soldiered through the pain and got to my feet. And feeling Rufus pull on my pants leg, I shuffled forward and towards my other best friend.

Kim seemed to already be waking up as I managed to get over to her. Seeing this I was immediately relieved. Like a deep sleep she woke up groggy and confused. But giving her a moment, her eyes snapped open, only for her to shoot up and look around the room in a panic. “Ron!?” as her eyes fell on me I could see the confusion in her face. “What happened?” she asked. “Did Shego escape with the belt?”

Opening my mouth to answer her, I was cut to the chase as Jack, followed by two burly looking body guards entered the room. “I think I can answer that for you Ms. Possible,” he announced.
Walking toward us, the shady business man could not look have looked any happier if he tried. This is why as his hand came to smack me on the back, I nearly fell over in shock. “It would appear I was asking the wrong hero for assistance in this matter,” he announced, speaking like a proud father. Turning to give me his full attention he gave me his biggest grin. “I tell ya kid, if I hadn’t seen it myself I wouldn’t have believed it. But you were something else.” Giving my back another congratulatory slap he laughed before walking over to the back of the room.

Looking like she had just woken up to another dimension, Kim’s eye lids fluttered open and closed as she tried to make sense of what was happening. “W- Wait,” she challenged. “Are you saying Ron… fought Shego?” Given her astonished tone, it was clear she had trouble even speaking the words, much less believing them. I tried not to let it hurt too much.

Fiddling around with a key pad on the wall, Jack nodded his head, still happy as a clam. “That he did Ms. Possible. That he did. Of course, it’s that fact that he won that was the most surprising.” Finishing his sentence, a small circle detached itself from the wall releasing a futuristic drawer from the wall. “But if you don’t believe me, see for yourself.”

As Kim spotted the blue, techno enhanced belt resting in his hands, she was literally struck dumb. As I watched her open and close her mouth, a small part of me couldn’t help but hope that this would impress her in some way. But instead of the thank you as I was expecting, I was left wanting as instead the red haired girl continued to stare at me in silence.

“Kim ah, probably just loosened her up for me,” I mumbled sheepishly. Not used to this sort of treatment it was just my natural response to give the credit to Kim.

“Now now, don’t be so humble,” Jack smiled. Handing the belt to one of his guards he turned his attention back to me. “It’s not often you get to see Shego of all people sent running with her tail between her legs. You should be proud of how well you fought. I for one didn't think you had it in you!” letting out a long and joyful laugh he just shook his head in amazement. “Well, I called you out for a job and the jobs been done, I shouldn’t keep you two from your… schooling any longer.”

Understanding his not so subtle cue, I nodded my head. Reaching down to help Kim up, she offered her hand and I used it to pull her to her feet. “I’ll be ok,” she reassured me, still sounding a bit dazed. As she spotted my doubtful, worried face she rolled her eyes before giving my shoulder a small push. “Come on Ron, it’ll take more than Shego to take me down.” Seeing her start to walk away I had to restrain myself from shaking my head. If only she knew just how close it had been.

As I watched her walk away, I couldn’t help but feel a spark of worry grow in my belly. Was this it? Now that the mission was over were we just going to go back to not speaking? I didn't want that.

Running after my friend I called out her name, and watched as she turned around to face me. “Ron, what is it? I have to hurry and call wade for a ride,” she reminded me.

Nodding my head I scratched the back of my neck nervously. “yea , I was just thinking… I mean me and Rufus were thinking about catching some Bueno Nacho after school. You um, think you might want to come with?” Having offered the olive branch, all I could do was wait and see what Kim would do.

Looking surprised by my offer, a look of anxiety flashed across her face. This wasn't a good sign. “Oh…” she mumbled.

As her eyes flashed around the room, the outcome of this endeavor seemed to only become darker by the second. In the back of my mind, I couldn’t help but notice that she did seem hesitant about turning me down. That was a good sign, right? Right? “I… I can’t,” she finally answered, seeming to
deflation with its announcement. Seeing the disappointment on my face, she seemed to jump with her explanation. “It’s just, I promised Monique that I would hang out at her house tonight and… and…”

Waiting for her to finish her explanation I stared at her nervous expression, desperate for a real reason as to why she didn’t seem to want me around anymore. “I just can’t,” she finished disappointedly. “I’m sorry Ron, we can do it some other time, okay?” not bothering to hear my response she quickly hurried away and fished out the Kimmunicator to contact our ride.

Standing in place I stared after my friend, and felt my empty chest echo with disappointment. For a second, just a measly second I had actually thought she had been ready to tell me what was going on with her. But nope, guess I’m just not as good of a friend as I thought I was.

With a sigh of frustration, I couldn’t help but curse my situation. If I could just find out what Kim was really angry about, I could find out what I need to do to make it up to her! Unfortunately, that didn’t seem to be happening anytime soon.

Thinking through the ways that I might be able to acquire this information, my mind instantly went to Monique. Girls talked to each other about tons of stuff! I’m almost positive Kim will talk about it to her. Shaking my head, I disregarded this thought with disappointment. While girls did talk to each other, they sure as heck didn’t do it around guys. Least of all guys that they would be talking about.

Crossing my arms over my chest, I stared at the smooth tile at my feet with sadness. If I could just find a way to listen into their conversation without them knowing, I could easily find out what Kim was hiding. But how the heck did you spy on a world hero?!

Allowing that question to sink in, I spent the next few moments taking an embarrassingly long time until, finally, I realized it. oh.

Looking at the blue belt in the body guard’s hands, a million conflicting emotions assaulted me all at once. Could I really do that to Kim? Could I really spy on her? Then, realizing that it could be our friendship that hung in the balance, I knew my answer.

Walking back over to Jack Hench and his two guards, I could feel a nervous sweat break across my forehead.

Speaking on his cell phone, Jack’s good mood seemed to be in full swing as he continued to laugh and smile bright as the sun. To get that belt from him, my plan was shaky at best. But hey, who would I be if I actually thought what I did through. “Um yea, h- hello? Mr. Hench sir?”

At the sound of my voice, he raised his eye brow interested. In a quick manner he bid the other end of the call good bye and then turned to give me his full attention. “Well, if it isn’t the man of the hour,” he greeted me. “And just what can I do for you?” seeming to honestly mean it, I couldn’t help but find this comforting.

Staying true to my nervous habit, I found my hand scratching at the back of my neck. “y-you said something about… payment. Upstairs in your office,” I clarified.

Seeming genuinely surprised by this topic, the man’s eye brows raised at attention. “Yes, but if I remember correctly, your young female friend rejected that offer. You just wanted to help if I recall.” He reminded me. Hearing the two muscles bound goons behind him chuckle, my cheeks warmed with embarrassment.

“Yea Kim said that… but I didn’t.” patting myself on the back for my words, I dared my eyes to meet Jack’s cold grey ones.
Nearly causing me to jump out of my skin, Jack’s sudden burst of laughter sent my heart into a fit of erratic pounding. “Oh kid, you’re really are something else, I gotta say!” taking a moment to calm down, I watched as he reached into his pocket and pulled out a checkbook. “Tell you what kid, you name it and it’s yours. Watching you send Shego packing was worth all the money in the world.” Clicking a pen, he pressed it to the paper and waited for my response.

Feeling my heart pound inside my ears, I looked at the checkbook in his hand and had to shake myself from taking his offer. Kim was more important. “A-Anything?” I asked, making sure that he was clear in his words.

“You’d be surprised what this kind of business can bring in. you just name it Kid.” He reassured me.

Starring into his cheesy grin, I nodded in understanding. Lifting my hand, I pointed to my prize “Then I want that.” As the three adult men followed my finger; they seemed to be stumped as they realized what it was I was asking for. “I… want the belt.”

Waiting for someone to respond, as one of the man’s bodyguard stepped forward I nearly jumped out of my skin. “Wait,” Jack halted the giant man. Holding out his hand, he seemed to be studying me, examining my every feature. Finally, as his hand fell back to his side, he made another motion for his other guard.

As the belt landed in my surprised hands, I looked up at the man in front of me in shock. “If I am anything, it’s a business man,” Jack spoke proudly. “And what kind of business man would I be, if I couldn’t recognize a future asset when it comes knocking on his door.” Reaching into his other pocket, he quickly pulled out a card. Handing it to me, I spotted his own personal cell number. “Take the belt if you want, it was the reputation that really mattered. But I also want you to keep that card. If this whole… charity thing gets old, give me a call. I could use a man like you.” Not bothering to wait for my response, both him and his goons quickly left the room.

You know, I was getting a little tired of that.

With a sigh I looked down at the card and crushed it in my hands. Instead, I stared at my new item and grimaced. As much as I didn’t like it, this was the key to saving me and Kim’s friendship. And I intended to use it.

The ride back home was just as bad as the first trip. Sitting in utter silence, the tense atmosphere of the helicopter even seemed to bring down the pilots cheery mood. And with the weight of the belt resting hidden in my pockets, I wasn’t exactly inclined to start any kind of conversation. This left the both of us in a hopeless, dreadful space that only seemed to have gotten worse by the second. This is why, as the aerial vehicle finally reached home, I didn’t even bother trying to make up with Kim.

With a plan on my mind, I waved my friend good bye and just ran, I ran and ran and continued to run until I was at home.

Huffing and puffing breath in the middle of my room I shook my exhaustion off and tried to focus on what I needed to grab. Out from under my bed, I threw dirty and soiled garments left and right, clawing my way to the center of its mess. Finally, as I spotted a worn and beat up old shoe box, I sighed in relief.

As soon as I lifted the top I could feel my emotion stir with confliction. In its contents rested two
seemingly innocent objects, a pen, flashing and blinking with strange and mesmerizing lights, and a mask, equally mesmerizing but not nearly as inconspicuous. With these objects I have been able to do very dangerous, but also very pleasurable acts of indulgence.

Staring down at the two objects so carefully hidden, a strange pressure built in my heart. In all honesty, I wasn't sure how I was supposed to feel about seeing them. Besides their initial use, the only times I had seen them was when I had shut them away in the dark abyss that is my room. But going through with this mission, if anything went wrong I’m going to need all the help I can get. And while I can’t say what I would need them for, I would rather have them and not need it, than need it and not have them. Thankfully my mission pants had very deep pockets.

Pocketing the two items in my pockets, I retrieved the technologically enhanced belt and stared it before setting it around my waist. Unfortunately, I had no idea where Monique lived so that left me with a small window of opportunity to run back to Kim’s and follow her before she left. As I stared at the button on the belts buckle, I prayed it wouldn’t give me as much trouble as the other two did.

Drawing in a deep breath of air, I pressed the button and listened to a soft, but resonating click.

Looking at my body, I couldn’t resist the impressed smile that appeared on my face. I won’t ever be able to say why but for some reason, no matter what age, whenever men get a hold of a new toy, be it car or some other object, they can’t help but grin. And adjusting the belt around my waist, I was just as foolish. Oh well, Kim did say I should get a belt.

Looking down at my body I wouldn’t have been able to tell you that anything at all had changed, but when as I looked in the mirror the invisibility was quite obviously in affect.

It looked like as long as you were under the veil of light bending particles, you were able to see everything as clear as day. This was good for me to learn. If I’d accidently gotten too close to Kim, I don’t think I would have been able to talk my way out of that one.

Reaching into my pocket, I pulled out the still sleeping form of my best little buddy. As much as I wanted to bring him along, I felt that as little exposure as possible was the best course of action. Not that I didn’t trust him, I would just rather that I didn’t have to put him in the position of keeping my secrets. That just wouldn’t be fair to the little guy.

Taking a moment to give his head I little scratch, I walked over to his little sleeping area and tucked him in. One glance at the clock and I knew I needed to move. Patting Rufus one last time on the head, I moved out of my room and began to dash back to Kim’s house. With any hope, I’ll be able to catch her before she left.

As my feet slowed to a halt, I stared at the home of my friend and sighed. Luckily the trip between our homes was short and well-rehearsed. Honestly, I’m willing to bet I could make the trek blind folded at this point. But pushing those thoughts aside, I looked up at my friend’s window and tried to spot my any activity that would signify my friend’s presence.

There wasn't any.

Staring up at the low setting sun, hanging on the horizon of the upscale neighborhood I feared I might have been too late. Thankfully, as the Possible’s door swung open my fears were laid to rest.

Stepping out into the cool afternoon air, Kim stood dressed in a simple long sleeved blouse and blue jeans. On her head, a she had put her hair up into an easily manageable ponytail. And over her shoulder she looked to be holding a small overnight bag that she carried with ease. Adjusting the strap higher onto her neck, she gave a glance back into her home and waved goodbye before closing
the door and walking away.

Jumping at the suddenness of her appearance, it took me a moment to remember that I had already activated the belts cloaking power. As I took a moment to feel my heart start beating again, when I looked up I had to jump into action as she had already worked a distance between us.

As my footsteps fell in line with Kim’s I found myself following into the rhythm of her movement almost automatically. In the breeze her restrained hair fluttered about in a willowy pattern. Her stride was calm and relaxed. A fact that calmed my paranoia that she knew of my presence. Occasionally, she would throw her head back, alerted by a broken twig or mistakenly crushed leaf, and peer through my invisible form as if searching for an unknown target. But thankfully, Kim was quick to disregard this paranoia and continue on her journey, disregarding it with a small shrug of her shoulders.

I wasn't happy about having to follow Kim like I was. I didn't feel good about it in anyway. On the contrary, it was actually a very stressful experience. Every step, every breath, all of it just seemed to make me even more on edge. Even blinking brought its own anxiety. But I will say, while it was a very stressful experience, it was that very fear that drove me to improve on my stealth. Each step I would try and make it softer, each breath, quieter. And by the time Kim finally stopped at Monique’s house, she had stopped looking back altogether.

Knocking on the door of a seemingly large, two stories, yellow painted home, Kim waited quietly as its occupants could welcome her inside. I stood behind her, as close as I could manage without actually casting her under the belt’s veil. When that door opened, I would have a very short time dive inside.

On the other side of the door, a female voice shouted to us that she was coming.

Opening the door, an older woman whom I could only guess was Monique’s mother smiled kindly at Kim and welcomed her inside. In a quick maneuver, I was able to slip under her arm just as the door was about to close.

“Kim!” She greeted loudly. Standing in a stylish evening gown, the older dark skinned women drew the red head into arms. “It’s so good to see you again. You really don’t visit enough.” Pulling back, she once again smiled at the young teen.

Appearing to be used to this treatment, Kim smiled at the older woman with amusement. “Sorry about that Mrs. Williams. I’ll be sure to try and come by a little more often.” As Kim stepped out of the woman’s hold she took a moment to look at her dress and smiled. “Going out?” she asked knowingly.

Looking quite proud of herself, the now dubbed ‘Mrs. Williams’ nodded her head and grinned. “Mhmm, I got me a hot date tonight,” she laughed. “I’ve looking forward to this all week.” Taking a look at her watch, her eyebrows shot up with surprise. “Oh, and I better get moving if I don’t want to miss it!”

In a rush to get the rest of her things in order, the dressed up woman spoke in a hurry. “Monique isn’t in right now, but she should be back any minute. She just when out for a little run.” Slipping her purse over her shoulder, she nearly barreled right into me as she made for the door. “Just make yourself at home. You remember where Mon’s room is, right? Oh, she’s just going to be so happy you dropped by.” Giving one last wave with her hand she opened the door and hurried out the door.

And then we were alone.
As soon as the older women left the room, I watched with curiosity as Kim seemed to deflate in on herself. Gone was the charismatic, chipper redhead that I’ve known. Now with a look of depression, she gave a tired huff and began to shuffle off deeper into the home.

Stalking from behind, I trailed her up the stairs and into a room painted in a dark purple. On the walls various posters of bands and people stood proud. As well as her many knickknacks that littered the dresser, it was clear that this was Monique’s room. Staring around me I, nodded my head. What little I actually knew about her seemed to fit.

As Kim laid herself on Monique’s queen sized mattress, she stared up at the ceiling, a sad and empty look in eyes. I couldn’t help but flinch back at this sight. What could it be that’s made Kim become so sad? What have I missed in our days apart? I shook my head in wonder. Fortunately, as the sound of the front door opened, Kim’s sadness seemed to snap away. Sitting up, she waited patiently for her friend to come to her bedroom.

Looking around, I realized that standing in the middle of the room might not be such a bright idea. It would be easy for someone to step to close and expose me. If I didn’t want to be caught I’ll need to find a place that’s out of the way.

Casting my eyes around the room, I grinned at the sight of an open door, cracked just enough for me swoop inside. Due to its darkness I couldn’t really see its purpose, but knowing Monique it was most likely some kind of walk in closet. In a flash I was inside and peered out to the rest of the room. Finally… finally I’ll be able to find out how to apologize to Kim. And then everything will be ok.

As Monique opened the door to her room, she jumped a bit upon spotting her friend but was quick to calm. “Hey girl, sorry you had to wait but I thought the mission would have taken longer.

As she strolled into the room, she walked into my field of vision. Standing by the edge of her bed, Monique was dressed in… what you’d expect a jogger to be dressed in. Draped across around her torso, she wore an exceedingly loose red top that had been stretched enough that her shoulder peaked out from its neck hole. Underneath the baggy garment my eyes caught the sight of a black sports bra strap.

Surprised to see the usually so fashion forward teen dressed in such a sloppy way, my attention became especially dray as I looked lower. Snug against her lower cheeks, my eyes widened at the tight jogging shorts pulled tight against her skin. Feeling embarrassed, I tried not to stare.

“It’s cool,” Kim brushed her off. “I’m just… I think I’m ready to talk know.” Losing a bit of her fake casualness, the depressed Kim I had seen before seemed to bleed back in.

As if she’d been slapped, Monique fell onto the bed giving her friend a wide eyes look of exasperation. “It’s about time!” she exclaimed. “Honestly the way you’ve been moping, I didn’t think you were ever going to talk.”

Casting a dispirited look downwards, Kim’s façade crumbled to the full brunt of her distress. “Was I really that obvious?” she sighed.

Giving the girl in front of her a small chuckle, Monique scooted closer to Kim before placing a comforting hand on her shoulder. “Beyond obvious,” she commented pointedly. “To me at least,” She finished.

At the last comment Kim looked up at her best female friend and smiled in appreciation for her attentiveness. Returning the kind gaze, Monique’s eyebrows rose in curiosity. “So, you gonna tell me what’s been makin’ you look like your favorite cuddle buddy got shredded?”
Sitting in silence, I watched at attention as Kim looked away from her friend, a look of anxiety on her face. I didn't think it would come so fast but this was the moment I have been waiting for. My excitement was building.

As Kim rang her hands into the red comforter of Monique’s bed, her eyes seemed to look everywhere but at her friend. Seeing this, Monique bent her head until Kim was forced to look at her face. “I’m guessing it has somthin’ do with Ron?” she ventured helpfully. In a flash of emotion, Kim’s gaze snapped up to Monique’s in a panicked gaze. Monique simply rolled her eyes in exhaustion. “Okay, what did naco boy do this time,” she sighed.

“I… I think Ron might actually have a… girlfriend,” Kim responded mystified. I’d be lying if I said the astounded expression on both of the females faces didn't hurt. Monique I could kind of understand, this being the first time she heard it after all. But Kim, even as she spoke the words she seemed to be struggling to believe it.

“Hold up,” the dark skinned women ordered. “Who?!” Unable to suppress her gossiping instincts, Monique suddenly appeared ravenous for more information. It was actually kind of amusing.

“I don’t know!” Kim exclaimed in frustration. Abandoning her bashful domineer, Kim was up and open as ever. With her best friend so close, I could see the river of repressed feelings and emotions she had been forced to hide threatening to spill over. Which was exactly what I needed. “I’ve been thinking, and thinking, but no matter how much I try I just can’t see who it could be.” taking on a look of anger her eyes flashed dangerously. “And it feels like if I don’t find out who she is, I’m going to lose my mind.”

“Could be Tara,” the dark skinned teen offered. “You know how badly she used to be crushing on him.”

“No, I ah, already thought of that.” Kim admitted sheepishly. “When I went to ask her, I was still pretty… upset. I almost made her cry,” she hung her head with regret. “Besides, you know how religious her parents are. She’s way too scared of them to actually have go all the way. They’d pretty much kill her.”

Monique nodded her head in understanding.

Still looking slightly shell shocked by the new information, in a flash Monique’s expression turned speculative. “Wait a minute, how do you even know he has one?” waiting for this new information she sat patiently.

As more anger returning to her eyes, I suddenly felt like I was back at the anniversary party facing an enraged red head. “Because I saw proof on his stupid skinny neck,” she responded, her unapproving emotions clear in her voice.

Crossing her arms over her chest, her mad expression turned sad. “At my parent’s party last week, after we got back from our mission, I had to go upstairs for a shower, and when I came back, he was just… gone! I spent like an hour looking for him, but he just wasn't there! And then when he did show back up, he had a bite mark on his neck with lipstick!”

As Kim finished her story, her cheeks puffed out with indignation. Despite the look of frustration in her eyes, I couldn’t help but think she looked adorable.

In response to Kim’s story Monique simply looked… stumped. Then, letting out a small chuckle, the corners of her lips curled into an impressed smile. “Dang,” she laughed. “Didn’t think the dude had it in him.” Letting out another laugh she shook her head in amazement.
Giving her friend a cautious look, Kim’s back rose in suspicion. “What do you mean?”

Once she saw Kim’s new disposition, Monique smile froze on her face. “I- I’m just saying,” she gave a nervous laugh. “You know. It’s just I don’t think anyone really expected Ron to be the first in your friendship to… you know…’’ she trailed off suggestively.

Taking on a look of real anger, Kim’s eyes were burning. “No! To what?!”

Now Monique was really fidgeting. “Well, I mean if the guy was sporting a bite mark, that usually means somethin’ more than just a little necking, like… sex,” she clarified cautiously. “I could be wrong though!” she hurriedly reassured.

Flicking my eyes back to Kim, I waited anxiously to see what her reaction would be.

Looking like someone just strangled her puppy I was beginning to feel guilty for my confused friend. “Ron wouldn’t, I mean he would have told me if…” finally as if she couldn’t deny it any longer, she seemed to fall into herself, a deep look of pain clear on her face.

“Look Kim, I- I’m sorry I even mentioned it,” Monique apologized. “But I mean hey, you should be happy for him. He’s your friend isn’t he? If he’s found a girl than that’s a good thing.” Continuing with her up beat pep talk, Monique chuckled as she threw out the last part of her message. “I mean your acting like you’re jealous or something.”

At the sight of Kim’s shoulders becoming rigid, both me and Monique froze in place. “Kim” Monique called out to her. “You… you’re not really jealous are you?” her tone sounded almost appalled. However, at the moment all I was too busy to even care.

In the invisible silence of my corner, I looked at Kim with awe. She was… jealous? It was almost too good to be true! However as I stared at her blushing cheeks and anxious eyes it only seemed to strengthen the possibility. With an excited choke of joy I had to press my hands over my mouth just to keep myself from revealing myself. And what a shame that would be. Right now, I’d be willing to pay any amount in the word if it meant I could stay and listen.

 Thankfully, I wasn't going anywhere.

With her face bright red, Kim pecked out from under hidden face. “Maybe?” she offered in an unsure tone. “I mean… kinda.” Throwing her head down in defeat Kim finally admitted it to her friend.

Seeming to go dizzy for a second, Monique steadied herself on the bed while at the same time placing a hand on her head. “W-wait,” rushed. “Since when have you had a thing for Ron?!” she questioned in disbelief.

This question only seemed to embarrass the poor girl even further as she was forced to actually turn away and face the wall. “I- I don’t know,” she mumbled. Taking a deep breath, her face became as bright as a tomato, “I guess… since the dream I had…”

At this Monique’s eye brows rose high on her head in curiosity. “Dream?” she questioned. Crawling on the bed she once again forced her red headed friend to face her. “And just what happened in this dream?” she continued deviously

Hiding her face in her hands, Kim groaned, obviously embarrassed for even mentioning the dream. But too late. “Oh God, nothing, nothing!” she insisted. Then shifting her eyes to her lap her expression crumpled in indecision. “Okay, maybe a little happened,” she relented. Then as if the wall that had been holding her up crumbled, Kim fell against Monique seeking out her gender
counterpart’s comfort. “God it’s just been so weird!” insisted. “I mean… this is Ron for crying out loud. How am I supposed to react to having a… that kind of Dream about my best friend?”

Patting the redhead’s back Monique smiled down at the distraught girl. “Kim, just because you had one dream about your friend doesn’t have to mean you’re falling in love with the guy,” she consoled much to my displeasure. “Dreams like that can happen to anyone.” Then pausing, I looked at her as her eyes shifted away from her friend. “Anyone,” she repeated in an odd tone.

As Kim heard this, she nodded her head in understanding but remained distraught. Peeking through her fingers, her eyes remained anxious. “What if… what it’s been more than one dream?” she asked hesitantly.

In response Monique’s hand stilled on her friends back a she stared at her with wide, disbelieving eyes. “Just how many dreams have you been having?” she questioned indignantly.

At the tone of her friend’s voice, Kim’s cheeks once again flared with color. “I- I don’t know… a few,’’ she admitted shyly. From where I was sitting I could spot her fingers anxiously pulling and stretching the fabric to distract herself. “After the first dream they just seemed to keep coming. I thought they might go away if I just waited a bit but after the incident at the party I just… I don’t know. I guess I just can’t help but wonder if this is my hearts way of telling me that I want… more.”

As the word more flew past her lips, Kim’s expression became almost wistful in my eyes. And I could honestly say, that at that moment, I could die a happy man.

Monique on the other hand, wasn’t quite as emotional as Kim at the moment. “Now wait just one second girl,” the dark skinned women interrupted, her voice quick in tone. “Are you actually saying you want to start somthin’ with Ron?” On her face I couldn’t really explain the emotion I was seeing. It just seemed… scared?

Oblivious to her friend’s state, Kim’s face was still turned away. Shrugging her shoulders, Kim’s voice sounded panicked and unsure. “I- I don’t know, Maybe? I mean it’s not like this is the first time I’ve thought about this, I mean who hasn’t?” Sighing Kim shook her head in exhaustion. In a flash her head turned towards her friend, a pleading look of desperation on her face. “Monique,” she started out. “Do you think friends are capable of becoming more? Without it blowing up in their faces?”

Surprised by the suddenness of the question, Monique’s face pulled away from her friend with a look of anxiety. “I…” she started. Letting out a sigh her eyes drifted away from the pale redhead, strangely right in my direction. As I was able to spot the thoughtful, glossy eyed gleam in her eyes I knew I was still safe. But still, seeing her expression it looked pained as she answered. “I do,” she finally admitted, clenching her eyes closed. With a blink I looked at the dark skinned teen’s odd behavior and tilted my head in confusion. Unfortunately I wasn't able to ponder this for long as Kim suddenly chose to throw herself onto to the bed, releasing a long groan into the muffling fibers of Monique’s pillow.

Raising an eye brow at our dramatic friend, Monique leaned in close to Kim and placed her hand back on her back. “Now what’s wrong?” she asked sounding exhausted. But from where I could see, it was clear she wasn't minding it in the least.

Turning her head enough that her mouth was clear from the blanket, Kim stared up at her friend with a pained expression. “Even if I wanted to do anything, Ron probably thinks I'm insane,” she complained. “The one chance I had to talk to him in days and I blew it. God, you should have seen how fast he ran away from me once we got back from the mission.”
Letting out a small laugh, Monique shook her head in disbelief. “Ah Kim, I don’t think you have anything to worry about,” she snidely remarked.

Lifting her head, Kim’s face was strewn in confusion. “What do you mean?”

Shaking her head Monique stared down at Kim as if she was the most oblivious person she had ever met. “Girl that boys got it worse for you than Rufus on cheese,” She laughed.

Kim stared at her friend in shock, her mouth literally gaping in surprise. “What?! No way, not Ron,” she insisted. “He would have… I mean by now he surly would have…” Falling silent Kim stared off into space as she allowed herself to digest this new information.

Picking up the silence, Monique seemed to be highly amused by her friend’s response. “You know any other guy that would do the things he does for you?” she asked, an eyebrow rose in curiosity.

Not answering Kim merely shook her head negative. Then, as if her emotions had finally settled, the confident Kim I had grown to love seemed to bloom up from the train wreck I had been forced to watch over. “Then it shouldn’t be too hard to for me to win him back,” she smirked, gears already turning in head.

At this Monique’s other eye brow rose to meats into counterpart. “Girl what are you planning?” she asked, an undertone of caution permeating her words.

Picking herself off the bed, Kim smiled her confident smile and allowed her eye to gleam with danger. “If beating some other girl is the only thing I have to do to get Ron back then this should be easy,” she commented deviously. “I mean its Ron, no one knows him better than me. Not even Ron.”

“Kim, you sure you want to go down this road?” Monique asked a scared tone back in her voice. “Remember that Ron and this chick have already done it. If you start dating him, he’s probably gonna want more than a kiss on the cheek.”

Taken back by Monique’s words, I stared at her in confusion. The way she was talking, it was almost like she didn’t want Kim to date me. Looking down at my lap, I couldn’t help but feel hurt by this. While it’s true we aren’t really that close, I still always thought of Monique as somewhat of a friend. And now hearing her talk me down, I felt a little betrayed.

Giving an air of bashfulness, Kim’s eyes stared down into her lap as she hugged her pillow close to her chest. “Well,” she breathed. “It’s not like I can be virgin forever, right?” she asked turning a shrugging glance at her friend. “Besides… its Ron… I can’t think of anyone I could ever trust more.” speaking this, Kim’s cheeks were swirling with color. But despite her embarrassment, my heart leapt at the small, tender smile that had curled into her lips. “If these feeling are real, I don’t want to wake up in thirty years regretting my decisions because I was too afraid to try and fight for Ron.”

With a look of confliction her face, I watched Monique with critical attention. Fortunately, as she gave her friend a saddened, defeated smile she appeared to have run out of things to challenge. Thank God. “I guess if you’re sure,” she sighed, her smile not quite reaching her eyes.

Not quite able to notice her friend’s strange mood, Kim smiled and nodded her head. “There’s just… something. But I have no idea where it’s suddenly come from. I don’t know. I guess part of me is still a little hesitant you know?” looking down Kim’s brow furled in deep thought. “Starting something with Ron would be… big. Way big,” she insisted. “I think I still might have to think about it a little more.”
Letting a silence fill the room, as Kim’s admission fell from her lips both young girls fell quiet. Thankfully, this hush was short lived as Monique’s brisk tone shattered its existence. “Whoo,” she sighed unexpectedly. “Well I don’t know about you, but I think I’m going to need a quick shower before we talk about this anymore. That jog left me a little ripe,” she laughed. Standing up from the bed, her past oddness was gone, replaced by the Monique I have come used to. “You okay if we take a little break?” she asked.

Nodding her head, Kim waved off her friend without so much as a blink. “It’s cool,” she reassured. “I think I need some time anyway.”

“Just gotta grab a towel real quick, be right back,” she announced wiggling her fingers as she stepped back out into the hall.

Retreating into the back of my mind I couldn’t believe the conversation I had just gotten to hear. Kim, thee Kim Possible and my best friend might actually have feelings for me. It was more than I ever thought I could hope for.

As my mind drifted to how this came to be, I couldn’t help but smile. Who would have thought what I did that night would yield this kind of response? She’d told me that she had had a dream, but I had no idea that it was about me! And she even admitted that she’d had more than one dream about me. Man, talk about an ego boost. Coming here I had been imaging the absolute worst outcomes. But know that I know…

Before I could continue that thought my head snapped up as Monique reentered the room, a large blue towel draped over her arm. Frozen, I watched as she acknowledged Kim one last time before stepping towards my direction.

In rush I forced my feet backwards, stepping away from the door frame. Reaching the back off the room, I watched with wide eyes as at just that moment Monique stepped in to the room, closing the door behind her. And as the lights flicked on and I had the chance to identify what room I had been hiding in, I found my heart stopping in my chest.

Staring at Kim’s friend I pressed my back against the back wall, slowly sinking to the floor. Oh man, I really did it this time. Thankfully, instead of stripping right then and there, Monique stepped over to the sink, messing with the different bottle surrounding it.

Trying to keep my breathing quite, I looked at the door in front of me and knew leaving wasn’t going to be that easy. Even if Monique somehow didn’t notice the only door in the room opening and closing, Kim surly would. And knowing this I found myself faced with the very… stimulating decision of to look away, or watch.

In all perfect honesty I’ve never really looked Monique close enough to ever really think about her than more as just Kim’s friend. Not that she was ordinary or anything, I just didn’t have a reason to. Except for now that is

Still dressed in her work out clothes, Monique’s fashionista personality wasn’t being used to its fullest. But even still, it was easy to identify the positive qualities hidden.

Immediately the past glimpse of her rear in her jogging pants I had caught came to the front of my mind. And it would be a blatant lie if I said I wasn’t interested in catching an unobscured sight of it, free from the restraints of clothing. But still, did that give me the right to invade her privacy?

While looking inside myself for the tiny voice of my conscious, instead I found the voice of Monique, talking the girl of my dreams out of asking me out. At the time it had annoyed me, scared
me even. Thankfully Kim hadn’t seemed to pay the other girl any mind. But even so, I couldn’t help but feel… cheated in some way. Like, maybe she owed me? And in the grand scheme of things, what was one little peak in the bath, I mean really.

Even unbeknownst to me, it seemed I had acquired a slowly consuming curiosity at she had hidden under those clothes. And as that curiosity grew and my empathy towards the teen shrank, I could already feel myself settling into my little corner comfortably, excitement racing through me at the show to come.

Still at the sink, I looked with surprise to find her face drawn down into a depressed scowl. Such a change surprised me as only a moment ago she had been smiling and laughing seemingly as care free as can be. Remembering her strange behavior before entering the room, I found my interest even more peaked, hopeful that I might find out what was the cause.

Standing still for a few moments, Monique remained where she stood, eyes closed in deep concentration. As her lungs released a long breathy sigh, her eyes opened to a dull and frightened expression. In a slow and sluggish movement she raised her eyes from the porcelain of her sink and stared in silence at her own reflection.

Without looking down her hands twisted open the faucet’s handles; forcing water to spill into the basin. Diving down she splashed a large hand full directly into her face.

“Woooo,” she let out a long exasperated sigh. Shaking her head water droplets flew in all directions. “Ok girl, you can do this.” Staring at her reflection, it was clear the motivational words were meant for herself. “This might be your last chance, so just… say it.” As left over water drops trailed down her face, I watched with confused fascination as instead of finding courage, her words only seemed to make her anxiety even worse.

“You just gotta… gotta,” as if she realized how feeble her words of encouragement really were, the dark skinned teen’s face flashed with a pained expression, forcing herself to tear away from the mirror and get away from her reflection.

Still frozen by the porcelain seat, I watched Monique walk around in a small circle, a look of wavering determination etched into her features. “It’s not that hard,” she whispered to herself, just loud enough that I could hear it. “You’ve practiced this a million times already. You just need to tell her.”

Stopping with an abrupt halt, I nearly jumped at the suddenness of her sporadic and unpredictable behavior. What in the world could be so big that it was enough to shake Monique up to this extent? She’s usually pretty level headed. But as I thought this, it would be clear to any one that at this moment Monique was anything but.

Walking a back to her place at the sink her arms seemed to hold her body upright as she strained them against the basins rim.

“You. Can. Do. This,” she swore pointedly at herself. And this time, she seemed to actually believe it. Giving herself a nod of confirmation her features relaxed before returning back to normal, even going as far as to allow a small smile to curl into her face. Then, before I could even begin to think about what her strange actions could mean, Monique reached down to her waist and pulled her shirt off in a single swift motion, flinging it to a corner of her room.

Seeing to have worked through whatever it was that had kept her upon entering, Monique now moved with a quick determination; proof of some sort of priority she felt need to attend to. First her shirt, Monique quickly followed with her shoes kicking them to the corner. Then, without so much
as a second thought, her hands were under the elastic of her sports bra, pulling the restraining garment free from her chest.

Caught in the material, the global mounds lifted with the garment only to fall out and wobble as they settled back on her chest. Then, throwing the discarded cloth to her cloths pile, Monique’s chest was complete exposed.

The teen gave a small sigh of relief feeling the constricting garment come loose. Before continuing, she took the time to reach up and rub the dark, reddish indentations the straps had left in her skin.

With her eyes closed in relaxation, her hands rubbed up and down her shoulders and neck. Slow and slowly, my eyes watched as the relaxing motion transformed into something different.

Opening her eyes, a look of what looked to be insecurity flashed across the young woman’s features as she took a moment to stare at herself in the mirror. As Monique stared at her reflections, my eyes watched with interest as her attention was turned lower to her exposed breasts. Slowly, her hands lowered from her shoulder, slipping over her chest and covering the swollen globes.

With wide eyes, I stared unabashed as the dark skinned teen seemed to take a moment and inspect her womanly curves. As Monique lifted her chest in her hands, her brow furled in frustration as she turned her body, observing it from multiple angles. Unsure what the reason was, I found my interest in the matter failing with each inch of skin that I was allowed to view.

With a disgruntled sigh, Monique let her proportions fall naturally back on to her chest. Shaking her head she opened her eyes and gave her reflection a wry smile. “Come on girl don’t go loosin’ your nerve now…” giving her head another shake, she turned away from the mirror and slipped her fingers into the waist band of her shorts. Without a care in the world, Monique tugged down the elastic material and yanked them free down the length of her legs.

Letting out a muffled choke, my eyes widened as I observed her lack of underclothes. Whether she had removed them with her pants, or if they were never there to begin with, Monique’s panties were nowhere within sight as she stood before me, naked as the day she was born.

“Oh yea,” she smirked into the mirror, “you don’t got nothing to worry about.” Ruffling her hair, she looked at her naked appearance and seemed proud of what she saw. And who could blame her…

As she walked in my direction I couldn’t help but watch her as the generous proportion of her chest jiggled and swayed with each footstep. She had a great body. A body any guy would kill to see. Her dark, authentic African skin tone, her wide swinging hips, and her large robust chest. She seemed to be the definition of voluptuous. And as I cast my gaze even lower, my eyebrows rose in surprise.

In the few steps it took her to walk over to the shower, a nervous flutter squirmed in my gut as I spotted the completely bare, clean shaven expanse of her pelvic region.

Staring at the new feature I couldn’t help but look as I’d never seen this style on a girl before. It was… interesting. Where I was becoming used to seeing a bush of red hair, instead I found a plain of dark skin empty of any form of decoration. Taking a moment to enjoy the unobscured view of her sex, it wasn’t until Monique was at the precipice of my veal that I noticed how close she had gotten.

As I felt my heart leap in my chest, a muffled gasp escaped my throat just as Monique turned to the shower. Letting my pulse calm, I couldn’t believe how close I’d come to letting myself be found. If I didn’t want to be caught, I had to be a lot more careful.

As the sound of water falling appeared behind me, I looked up from my lap and turned.
Monique’s shower was one you’d find pretty much in any rural, recently built house. Not too shabby but nothing extravagant either. Built into the floor the bottom of the hygienic tool was a medium basin, usable if a person wanted the option of a bath. Up against a wall, a clear curtain shielded the room from bouncing water.

Switching my eyes back to Monique, she was sitting on the edge of the basin holding her hand into the falling water testing its temperature. Unable to fully fit on the rim, I looked as her plump rear pressed against the cool porcelain and expanded out to accommodate her weight.

Seeming calm and relaxed, Monique was comfortably naked the only way a person was when they were sure that they were alone. It left no mistake she was completely, and utterly oblivious to my presence. Strangely, this inspired a surge of excitement to run through body. For whatever twisted reason that was behind it, the fact she wasn’t aware I was watching her gave me perverse thrill.

As I allowed myself to linger on the pleasurable tingling running up and down my spine, I looked up just in time to see Monique stand. Still facing away from me, Monique’s backside was perfectly presented to my leering, intrusive gaze. As I stared into the curvature of her backside, I felt my blood rush with approval.

Without so much as a seconds warning, Monique bent over sending me heart leaping from my chest for the second time that day.

Grabbing her discarded clothing from the ground, Monique had inadvertently and unknowingly exposed herself to me in the most devious of ways. There, peeking out from under her rear, Monique’s dark skinned sex was clear as day. With plump outer lips smushed between her thighs, the dark line of her inner core was made even more prominent as it was practically shoved in my face. Unabashed, I stared into her sex with unbreakable focus, entranced by the new and exotic sight.

Then, feeling as though only a moment had passed, Monique stood up straight retracting the sight of her core back to the safety of her legs.

Hearing the sound of the metal rings of the shower curtain being shoved aside, I couldn’t help but wonder what Monique would think if she knew what I had just seen. It seemed… interesting. Would she be embarrassed? Would she be mad? Would she even be able to speak? Or could it even be some strange combination of the three? As I imagined this in my head, the accompaniment of another warm tingle at the base of my spine was almost enough to make me deactivate my belt and expose myself. Thankfully, before I was able to make the biggest mistake of my life, my lust addled brain realized the possibility of an even better show.

Breaking me from my internalization, the sound of water splashing against the floor sounded as Monique pushed her head under its spray and smiled.

As the warm water fell around her body, Monique turned her face up into the water, a relaxed and happy expression on her face. No doubt the cool sensation of dried sweat falling down her body must have felt very refreshing. And as the water saturated her body, it began to shine, sparkling in the florescent light bulbs illuminating the room.

The shiny gleam of the water as it fell down her dark skin was an alluring sight. I enjoyed the sight of the water droplets as they fell from the tips of her breasts in a constant stream of runoff water. Starting at her head, I followed a droplet of water as I fell from her neck, down the side of her breast finally wrapping itself around her waist as it clung to the round flesh of her rear. I couldn’t help but feel envy.

Oblivious to my rising excitement, the dark skinned teen seemed perfectly calm resting in the
showers warm and comforting temperature. For the first time since entering the bathroom, she seemed truly at peace. With her arms lazily draped at her sides, we were both content to take a moment and enjoy ourselves.

Reaching for a bottle of white liquid soap, Monique was the first of us to break the refreshing calm of the room as she began to lazily squeeze its contents into her cupped hand and then began to administer it to her skin.

Starting with her arm, with her eyes closed in silent bliss Monique hands slowly scrubbed the appendage with care, slowly lathering the gel into a frothy foam. Scooping this foam with her other hand, Monique transitioned the bubbly cleaning agent to her other arm, scrubbing shoulder downwards.

As I peeped through the clear plastic of the curtain my mouth became dry as I watched the sultry suds slip down her slick slippery body. Through the roar of the falling water I listened as a soft, content sigh drifted past her lips.

Finished with her arms, I watched with rapt attention as her hands began to creep towards her chest. As the first appendage landed on her flat, toned stomach, it scrubbed in small circles, expanding farther up her chest with each rotation. And reaching her rib cage, the young teen’s hands were quick and efficient as they scrubbed the undersides of her pert breasts, before moving upward and to clean the up and in between the twin mounds.

As Monique was fast at work cleaning the area of her chest, I watched as the slippery friction of the water and soap combination caused her generously proportioned bust to slip in and out from under her hands, bouncing with each pass of her hands. Far too quick for my taste, I was forced to suppress my disappointment as she appeared to have finished with her chest and began to push the suds down on her body and onto her legs.

As the humid air of the heated water began continued to fill the room, I paused in my perversion as pleasant aroma slowly but surely began to fill the room. Unable to identify it right away, I continued to breath in the soft fragrance. Finally, as Monique refilled her palm with another helping of soap, my brain seemed to snap with realization as I recognized the sent to be that of roses.

Accompanied by the warm scent of flowers drifting into my brain, I turned back to Monique just in time to see her hands slipping up the small of her back and down the swell of her round backside. And by whatever gods watching over my actions, Monique turned her body perfectly for me to see her. Sometimes you just can’t beat luck, I tell ya.

Moving onto her legs, Monique propped her foot onto the wall side rim of the tub and bent over to scrub the long, luscious appendage. My eyes were wide as they observed her chest dangling in open air. In her position the full weight of her bust forced the fleshy, dark brown tipped domes away from her body and to dangle tantalizingly off her chest, nipples pointed to the floor. After slipping a bit on the slick surface of the wet and soapy tub, the teen stumbled a bit, forcing her pendant breasts to shake. Righting herself, the teen gave a shaky chuckle before switching to her other leg.

Turning her face up into the waters spray, Monique was a sight to behold. As the water fell down her form, the sudsy rose scented soap clung to her tight body as it was carried by the water. Contrasted by her dark completion, the pure white suds appeared even more entranced all the way down the tips of her dainty feet. Finally as her all the soap was washed from her body she stepped out the water and pulled her hair behind her head.

Surrounded by the rosy smell of Monique’s body wash, I rested my back against the wall and breathed in a deep sigh. This was torture, I realized. Seeing her like this. Watching the spongy flesh
of her chest and backside shake and sway with each action. It was enough to drive a guy insane. I wanted to touch her. I wanted to touch her so much it hurt. Unfortunately, as invisible as the belt made me, none of that mattered if I was to actually try and touch her. No, no matter how much my hands were itching to touch I had to resign myself to only watch… only watch.

Still standing in the warm humidity of the shower, I turned back to Monique as she seemed to running her hands up and down her body, a look of concern on her face. Starting with her legs she checked both before moving to her the undersides of her arms. Seeming satisfied, she then moved on to her face and then finally froze as her finger tips traced the empty plain of her pubic area.

Taking a moment to linger, Monique’s expression changed to that of worry as her hands peered around the veil of the shower curtain and reached for a basket placed on the edge of the counter. After listening to the sound of her shuffling about, I watched curiously as her hands pulled back a razor and a small can feminine shaving gel.

With careful consideration, Monique placed the sharp tool beside her and emptied a small amount of the can’s gel onto two of her out stretched fingers. Shoving a portion of the shower’s curtain out of the way, Monique gingerly stepped one foot out of the tub and squatted down, straddling the thick rim of the tub. Having safely landed without falling, I watched in disbelief as the dark skinned teen leaned back against the wall and spread her legs wide open.

Nestled between two luscious and thickly framed thighs, at the very center Monique’s dark skinned sex glinted with wetness in the rooms lighting. With two very prominent outer lips, her inner curtains were completely concealed from sight leaving only a deep cleft in between her mound.

Swallowing back a whimper of arousal, my eyes flashed to her gel covered hand as it moved closer and closer to her sex.

Staring at the empty plain of her pubic area, Monique’s hand moved in small circles covering the expanse in a fine layer of creamy foam. After her lower tummy was completely covered, I watched fascinated as her hands moved lower to in between her legs and onto her center.

With small, delicate movements Monique used two fingers to spread a generous amount of the foam equally between the lips of her softness. Finished, Monique pulled her hand away and rinsed it in the shower’s spray before reaching up and retrieving her bladed tool.

As Monique began cutting away at the hair of her sex, I stared from my spot, a look of fascination clear on my features. Yet again my decision to stay behind has awarded me a rare sight, never thought to be seen before.

It was interesting. Even in all my years of knowing Kim, I’ve never once seen her shave anything on her body. Not that I really wanted to, but still, it was exciting to be able to see something no one else did. Shaving, especially for girls, was kind of a private activity; most of the time it seems like they don’t even want people to know that they did it. And yet here I was with a front row seat observing a girl shave easily the most hidden, and treasured area of her body.

Flashing up to her face, I grinned at her even if she couldn’t see me. Her expression was so hard, so focused. It was as if missing even a single strand would be the end of the world. It was weird… In fact, as I thought about it everything about her seemed weird today. And while I’m not saying I know her well enough to really judge her behavior, I at least like to think I can recognize when a person is being extraordinarily strange. And Monique defiantly seemed to fit into this category. But… what it could it be? Unsure, I turned to Monique for answers.

With the razor precariously angles against the plump flesh of her mound, as Monique pulled the tool
up she seemed to have finished the last of her hair removal. “There we go,” she mumbled to herself, a satisfied grin on her face.

Rubbing her hands into the soft skin of her pubic area, I watched as Monique seemed to double check for anything missed. Slowly, her finger tips racked against her skin, searching for what I knew wouldn’t be there. But as it were, she seemed anxious in her search as if she needed it to be perfectly bald. Were all girls like this?

“Hmm,” Monique suddenly hummed. Looking at her, it seemed like her hand was lingering more and more between her legs as it stroked up and down; seemingly no longer interested in searching for stubble.

Letting out a small sigh from her lips, Monique leaned her head back against the wall and seemed to lose herself in her small, lazy strokes up and down the petals of her core. Finally, as her finger centered on the tip of her lower lips she seemed to jump as if electrocuted and looked around the room in alarm.

“Come on girl, calm down. Save that energy for later, for when you might need it.” Talking to herself, Monique shook her head as if hoping to free herself from her lustful thoughts. Unfortunately, as her hand crept back down the expanse of her stomach and between her legs, her resolve proved weaker than she had planned.

Scrunching up her eye brows in anxiety, Monique seemed to torture herself as she fought the urge to touch herself. Unsuccessfully I might add.

From my position I watched oblivious to what could have caused her to become so worked up, but was grateful nonetheless.

Casting a glance at the door, I knew she was thinking about Kim, debating whether she could get away with it without alerting her friend. And as Monique looked down at her hand; still lazily stroking the sensitive skin of her flesh a look on indecision crossed her features. She wanted to, I could see it in her eyes, but would she? I held my breath in hope.

“Maybe… maybe just to calm my nerves,” she muttered under her breath. And taking biting her bottom lip in tension, I watched with amazement as her lazy strokes increased into heavy and long passes, sliding up and down, pressing into her mound. “Just for a little bit,” she sighed.

Casting another glance at the door, Monique surprised me as she pulled herself up from the rim of the tub only to settle into back into it.

Placing her back against the backside of the tub, the young teen slipped down the sleek surface until the back of her head rested perfectly over the space where the tubs rim met the wall. Then, reaching high above her, she revealed a long spongy loofa that she then stuffed behind her head acting as a sort of pillow.

I couldn’t help but notice how routine this move seemed.

In the perfect position, I watched as, like the gates to paradise, Monique opened her legs yet again, hooking her calf over the rim of the tub. With an expression that could only be described as pure anticipation, Monique hands began to move slowly and sensuously across her body. From her neck and over her breasts, the dark skinned teen seemed set on enjoying herself as she lovingly caressed her own body under the warm spray of the shower. Finally, as she slipped a single hand past her belly button, Monique’s lungs gasped in a single short breath as the tips of her fingers met the outer flesh of her core.
As Monique’s finger began to slip up and down, in between the lips of her sex, I could feel my body creeping closer to the side of the tube, staring in utter disbelief. Due to the warm temperature swirling in my cheeks, I knew without even looking that my face was heavy with embarrassment. But even still, I couldn’t deny the small but growing smile on my face as the excitement of the room continued to grow. She was beautiful before but looking at her like was crazy.

As another small gasp left her lips, I felt a small bead a sweat fell from forehead. In the warm humidity of the room, my heart was pounding against my rib cage like a jack hammer. My lungs seemed to be losing oxygen no matter how much a tried to breath into them. It felt like I was on fire. I wanted- no, needed to touch her. Like an all-consuming tidal wave my mind was awash with lust. She looked so… soft.

Shaking my head I knew that it was impossible. But that didn’t stop my fingers from twitching at my sides.

In my pants, I winced at the sudden sharp pain of my member pressing against my pants. The show before me had forced my arousal into this state. And faced with this new obstacle I could only see my stress increasing.

As time continued to grow Monique’s small delicate movements began to speed up, slowly increasing her pace as her finger in and out from the crevice of her sex. With her head back, her eyes remained closed, locked in whatever fantasy her mind had concocted. Every now and then I listened as a small, content sigh would slip past her grinning lips. And as her free hand slipped up to her chest, I watched as she took a dark nipple between her fingers, biting her lip as she pinched and rolled the nub between her fingers.

As I stared down at the dripping woman, I was entranced gazing at her wet body glistening in the falling spray. Without even realizing, my idle hands pressed into my ridged member, rubbing it through the material of my pants. It wasn’t until a surge of pleasure shot up my spine that realized what I had done.

Taking my hands away, I stood for a moment frozen in thought. While it was true that at this moment I wasn’t able to touch her, that didn’t mean I couldn’t find my release another way. As this thought passed my mind I couldn’t help but feel a sense of negativity. While it wasn’t like I could say I’d never taken matters into my own hands, so to speak, it was something I generally tried to avoid if I could help it. But as Monique’s hands were fast at work slipping up and down her own sleek sex I couldn’t help but feel reassured. Besides, why should she get to have all the fun?

With quick urgency I pulled my zipper open and freed my member from the stifling confines of my pants. As the stiff flesh sprang free, I couldn’t hold back my sigh of relief. Then, returning my attention back to Monique, I gently gripped the throbbing member and watched her hands and body writhe as I began to gently stroke it.

Getting truly worked up, Monique’s hands were like pistons as they slicked up and down her glimmering sex. With each pass of her hands I could hear her wetness as it sucked against her fingers. Up and down her breast rose and fell with gasping breath as the young teen fought to maintain her body’s oxygen.

Focusing on her entirety, I watched as her features crumpled with pleasure; the tips of her fingers pulling out from between her lips only to begin circling the top of her crease and attack the small bundle of nerves. Holding her breath, the teen seemed utterly entranced in this one single act. She held this position, bucking and writhing against her digits in a desperate need for friction. Unfortunately, as her body called for air she was forced to release her breath, falling boneless back into the tube and gasping for air.
As Monique caught her breath, lazily running her fingers up and down her crease my own hand pumped with urgency. With each pass of my hand a jolt of pleasure raced up my spine and directly to my brain. This brings me already very close to the edge. After spending so much time being forced to simply watch as a beautiful young women practically danced in front of me naked, I was nearing my end long before my hand had touched myself. But to preserve this pleasure, I relented and forced myself to go slow. This was a time I wanted to savor.

As Monique’s stamina began to slowly build back up, I watched with eager anticipation as her lazy strokes once again began to build with urgency. With each pass of her hands, her features continued to crinkle, grimacing in the undeniable pleasure that only oneself knew how to deliver. Proof of this pleasure was Monique’s voice as she whimpered and mewed in delight.

Like a beautiful orchestra of lust, I listened as all her noises began to intermix; swirling in a magical array of lust and need. The wet sound of her hand slipping and sliding on her sex, her tone of voice as it cried in pleasure, her breathy gasps begging for the oxygen necessary to carry her to her eventual release, everything and more resonated around me, diluted by the constant roar of the showers spray as it rained upon her body giving it an alluring luster.

As her cries of pleasure resonated around me, a certain voice in them peaked my interest. Hidden deep within her breathy moan I couldn’t help but think I’d heard a word. With insatiable curiosity I couldn’t help it as leaned closer to hear what she was saying. Her voice carried this word again and again, chanting it as if it were a prayer. It was desperate, seeking, as if it were the only key to her oh-so needed release.

“Kim!”

Like I’d just been slapped I stared down at the writhing woman and simply stood in utter disbelief. Checking my ears, I knew without a doubt I’d just heard Monique call out the name of our best friend. Our very female best friend. Even now as I watched her, her panting breath repeated the red heads name over and over revealing her part as the star of the dark skinned teen’s fantasy.

Monique was in love with Kim…

Slowly but surely the strange moments of the night began to piece together. The way she had tried to talk Kim out of getting together with me, her nervous attitude when she had entered the bathroom, the careful borderline obsessive attitude she had enforced in her cleaning… and especially the sudden bout of arousal. Monique was in love with Kim, and she was going to come out of the closet and reveal her affection tonight.

Looking at Monique I never would have guessed she was into girls. Then again, I guess that’s not really something you can just tell by looking. But still, sitting with her at lunch she and Kim just love to talk about all the ‘hotties’ and other guy related topics. Could that have all just been a front? Come to think of it, as much as she’s talked about boys I don’t think I’ve ever actually seen her with a boyfriend.

“Kim, Kim, Kim, Kimmnnn,” panting our friends name, Monique’s moans of pleasure broke me free from my thoughts and brought me back to the present. When it came down to it, it didn’t matter what her sexual preference was. Right now and right here Monique was buck naked and dripping wet not even three feet away. And gripping my member with a firm hold, I knew had other priorities to deal with.

Abandoning her wobbling breasts, Monique’s free hand had joined her other between her legs forming a double assault. While her right hand busied itself by staying focused on the top of her slit, her left was pumping dexterously in and out of her cavern in deep speedy thrusts. As her hips
squirmed and humped helplessly into her own grip, her full breasts had become squished between her arms forcing the soft skin together and highlighting there size. At this point her breathing came in hushed gasps, no longer enough to even be able to continue to chant her imaginary lover’s name.

In kind, my own hand was moving with a strong urgency as the both of our ends seemed to be nearing. Deep inside my body I could feel my juices stirring, racing to escape my body and enter the world. And my brain was more than happy to accommodate as it forced my motor skills to enter overdrive, set on reaching my peak. Finally, as Monique’s body began to spasm in the bottom of the tub I let my own release explode from my body.

Twitching on the bottom of the tub, Monique’s orgasm seemed to force every muscle in her body to seize in a convulsion of taught muscle. In her sopping cavern two fingers stayed buried knuckle deep in her warmth. Her dark brown nipples, two shades darker than the rest of her skin tone remained tightly puckered, harder than diamonds as her pleasure raced throughout her body. And her face was a mask of frozen ecstasy, gaping in breathless pleasure.

Magically, miraculously, the dark skinned teen was able to remain in complete silence thought out her whole ordeal, not so much as a breath allowed to slip past her lips. And it was because of this unbreakable, unwavering focus that my own release was able slip completely unnoticed.

Pumping my enclosed fist against my staff my release flew from my body like an explosion. Leading up to this moment my thoughts on my release didn’t account for the actual substance of the climax or where in would land. Therefor as I stood watching over Monique as she finished herself off, my eyes went wide with surprise as my essence flew from my body only to land directly on the tip of her right breast. In a surge a pleasure a second jet of white soon followed the first landing on her belly button and lower belly.

As much as I wanted to divert the spray of my essence, I couldn’t deny my bodies pleasure as I expelled myself over the young woman’s body. It was amazing. To see myself, my essence fly from my body and land on her quivering body. The contrast between my milky goo and her dark African skin only made the experience that much better. And so, diluted by the red cloud of pleasure of my release I was unable to stop myself as I aimed the head of my member and fired a third blast of myself towards her.

With each blast less and less power and substance was able to fly from the tip of my staff. But this being my first release in three days of nothing but stress, it wasn’t until the sixth load that if found my high coming to an end.

As my breathing came in long tired gasps, I knew if not for the sound of the shower’s spray my position would have been exposed. But even more than that, I knew I had much worse evidence of my presence. All over Monique my white residue coated her body. My first and third volley had landed almost exclusively on her breasts, leaving a particularly large dose of myself. On her stomach three different explosions had left multiple lines of white to streak against the tight plane. And worst yet, my last and weakest release had managed to fly all the way to her cheek leaving very small but very noticeable beads of sticky white goo.

Backing away from the tub my eyes were wide with fear. Without the distraction of a climax the repercussions of my actions were very real in the front of my mind. I didn’t know what to do, the damage was done, that was it…

As Monique’s twitching quivering body came to an end, I watched in terror as her eyes slowly opened to a soft, content expression. For a moment she just seemed to lie there in the showers spray and revel in the afterglow of a great orgasm. Finally, the moment I had been dreading, the young teen cast her chocolate brown eyes down and looked at the quivering mass of her body.
Closing my eyes I braced myself for the eventual burst of outrage and confusion. But… it never came.

Cautiously opening my eyes, I turned back to Monique and stared in amazed confusion at what I saw. Instead of the confused fury I had been expecting, Monique’s expression was of upmost peace, not a care in the world. Looking down at her body, a flash of understanding appearing in my head.

Still under the spray of the shower head, the worst of my mess had been carried away in the water while she had been recuperating. While not all of it was gone, it was enough to disguise the evidence from what it was.

As Monique once again opened her eyes, they appeared a bit more in focus than last time. And so, nervously curious as to how she would understand the new white substance on her body, I watched on.

As her eyes focused on my white goo that had landed on her breasts, a look of troubled confusion flashed across her features. But then, as if she were too tired to think about it, she visibly shrugged her shoulders, disregarding it completely. She then proceeded to remove her hand from between her legs and rub the offending substance directly into her skin.

My eyes going wide I watched her scrubbing hand in disbelief. Where ever the goo had landed, Monique, mistaking it for her soap, rubbed it into her skin without so much as a second thought. With her head still resting against the back of the tube she rubbed myself into her skin, her eyes unfocused and blissful.

Starting with her breasts she rubbed and squeezed the goo across them, no doubt enjoying the after effects of her orgasms on her peaks more than the actual cleaning. Then, having finished with her twin mounds she moved on to her stomach and thoughtlessly applied the cream to that area as well.

As I watched her do this, I couldn’t deny the perverse twinge of arousal already causing my staff to stir back to life. Seeing her rub my cream into her skin like some sort rich soap was indescribable. I was once again forced to contemplate what she would think if she knew what she was doing…

After the cream on her stomach was finished, Monique allowed her arm to lazily flop down to her side as she simply sat in the spray of the shower head. After a few minutes of this her eyes sprang open clear and lucid. Letting out a long sigh, she cast her gaze to the door and appeared anxious.

“Come on girl, you can’t keep putting it off,” she muttered to herself, her eyes remaining locked on the door.

Standing up and exiting the tub she immediately reached for her towel and began to dry herself off. Watching her body move and sway as she did this was enjoyable, but unfortunately I had other, more pressing matters to deal with at that moment.

Zipping up my fly my mind was racing with tonight events. Unconsciously, my hand rubbed the belt of metal around my waist. Coming here, my only goal had been to use this belt for good, and learn what I could do to mend Kim and mine’s friendship. But how could it have turned in such a direction…?

The way I’d caved in, how easy it had been to listen to that dark voice in the back of my mind, it was a little scary. But it was thanks to that voice that I was able to see, and experience something incredible. But now that I have listened to it, I can’t help but feel I’ve been listening to it all along. With Kim and Ann, both times I had been compelled, hypnotized almost without even realizing it was happening. I took full advantage of the situation. And what’s even worse, where I should feel remorse, where I should feel guilt, where I should feel… anything… there was just this satisfaction.
Like a purring animal sated after a large meal.

And I think I was starting to like it…

Turning my attention back to Monique, I looked just in time to see her finish drying out her hair, returning it to the frizzy strands I’ve come used to seeing. As she let the soiled garment fall to her feet, the teen suddenly began to look around the room, a worried look clear on her face. “Don’t tell me I forgot to grab…” Muttering to herself once again Monique seemed distraught as she looked around the room, desperately searching for something.

Casting a glance at her towel, Monique seemed to blush even underneath her dark complexion.

With a huff of distress, Monique grabbed her towel from the floor and gingerly wrapped it securely around her bust and under her arms. With a look of hesitation she stared at the door, before finally unlocking it and twisting the nob.

“Hey, Kim?” Monique’s voice called out for her friend. “Listen, I kinda’ forgot to grab a change of clothes. Could you grab me something from my closet?” finishing her request both of us waited in silence for our redheaded companion to respond. Strangely, she never did. “Kim?” Monique called out once more. Receiving no answer yet again, she bit her lip in worry before slowly pushing the door open.

Following close behind I looked over Monique’s shoulder and felt myself smile. Still on the bed, Kim seemed to have fallen asleep waiting for her friend to return.

Curling up around a pillow, her red main of hair spilled around her adorably cute sleeping face. Next to me, Monique seemed to find the image just as appealing as she stood frozen in place, a large and sappy smile gracing her lips. “Oh Kim,” she sighed longingly.

Carefully, Monique made her way over to the sleeping redhead, silent as to avoid waking her. Reaching the bed side, she gingerly lowered herself onto the mattress, sitting herself inches away from the slumbering Kim. On her face Monique stared down at Kim with an expression of pure and unadulterated adoration.

From the bathroom I watched the pair as Monique daringly lifted her hand and brushed a stray lock of hair free from Kim’s face. “Hey Kim,” she whispered sadly. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to keep you waiting so long.” Continuing to sleep, Kim remained unaware of her friend’s words or the touch of her hand as she continued to brush them against the soft skin of her cheek.

Learning what I had about Monique, I couldn’t but feel a form of kinship with the love struck teen. After all, who knows better than me what’s it’s like to love Kim and at the same time know that you’ll never get that chance to be with her. And it’s in that way, that I feel for her. But at the same time, for this first time in my life it looks there could actually be a chance for me and Kim to get together… and I can’t let Monique ruin that.

As much as I want to let her have her chance, out of fellow ship if nothing else, it was too much of a risk. Kim’s already a little unhinged with everything that’s happened. Her best female friend revealing harbored lesbian feelings for her could completely mess with Kim’s head. Or even worse… she might even say yes. If I didn’t interrupt, I knew Kim would wake up soon and then Monique would ruin everything.

I knew what I had to do.

Reaching into my left pocket, I wrapped my fingers around the cylindrical devise and pulled it free.
As I stared down at it, I couldn’t help but feel my nerves shake. I’d never shot anyone with a laser before. Intentionally anyways. For whatever reason holding the sleep pen in my hands felt like holding a real weapon. Even though I knew I couldn’t really hurt her.

As I took aim, I could feel my heart pounding in my chest. My palms were already starting to dampen with sweat. It was a simple shot, couldn’t even be more than twelve feet away, and yet as I held the pen at eye level I could feel my vision blur with anxiety. Closing my eyes, I braced myself against the small kickback and clicked the button, a flash of purple shining past my eyelids before going dark.

Faster than I could blink the beam was across the room, landing a direct hit straight into Monique’s chest. then, after becoming enveloped in an purple aura, Monique’s loving expression became empty and hollow right before finally collapsing unconscious safely onto the bed.

Releasing a breath I didn't even know I was holding my hands continued to shake uncontrollably as I marveled at what I had just done. With a quick glance to my left I gave a sigh of relief as Kim remained asleep even through the small tremors Monique's fall had created on the bed.

Daring myself to step closer, I neared the bed and stared at Monique’s sleeping face. Completely out cold, she hadn’t even seen it coming. She had no idea I was even there. In every sense of the word she had been completely blindsided.

Turning my head away from the sleeping girl my conscious continued to remain silent. I’d done this for Kim. I’ve done everything for Kim. It seemed my entire life revolved around her. So this, this was nothing. If Monique hadn’t stalled for so long, maybe she would have gotten her chance. But she did, and for once Ron Stoppable was the winner.

Glancing at Kim, my heart still pounded at the thought of us, finally being together. It wasn't a sure thing, I gravely noted. She was still unsure after all, but I can only hope that given time she’ll chose me the same way I’ve always chosen her.

Looking around the room, I gave a loud sigh of exhaustion hoping to shake the sudden weight from shoulders. On my face I pasted a wide smile and forced a bit of the good old Ron-shine back into my spirit. Without much to do, all that was really left was for me to leave. Nodding my head, I brushed myself off and began to head for the door.

As I near the room’s door way, I stopped, frozen in my tracks. As much as I tried to fight it, I couldn’t help this… nagging, sinking feeling the pit of my stomach. Leaving things like they are just seemed to be too much. Kim liking me, it was like every birthday, Hanukah and every other holiday rolled into one. Just leaving it as it is and crossing my fingers was ridiculous. If I could just… persuade her or help her see me as a boyfriend in some way, anything that might help my chances. But… how?

Then, as I stood frozen in the room’s archway a small, idea conglomerated in the back of my mind. She… she’d said her dreams; her dreams of me and her were the reason she even started to see me as… more. So, what if I just… helped her dream…?

Deep in my pocket I gripped the Narcolepter in a tight, white knuckled hold.

It was devious, manipulative, and maybe even a little bit wicked, but what did I have to lose? If it didn't work, at least I still got to have one last night with Kim. And if it did work… then I’d get to spend the rest of my life making her as happy as I could possibly manage.

Pulling out the sleep pen, I found myself once again taking aim but this time at my best friend.
Amazingly, as I stared down the imaginary sights, I found the nervousness and anxiety from before virtually erased. I was calm. I was eager. I was excited.

I pushed the trigger.

Just as before, like a bolt of lightning, the tip of the devise opened to expel a quick blast of purple energy aimed perfectly at my already sleeping friend. As sound a sleeper as she was before, with this not even an earthquake would wake her up.

Walking over to the two sleep educated women, I watched as my heart continued to do back flips all around the inside of my chest cavity. Just as the first time this had happened, a nervous excitement unlike any other in world rushed through my system. Every nerve in my system was hyper alert. Every smell, every sensation, every sound, all of it rushed through my head faster than I could comprehend.

As I stood at the foot of the bed I gave my unconscious friend and nervous, but excited smile. The small blast from my pen had done virtually nothing to change her. It was almost as if it never even happened. As she rested on her side, her chest rose and fell in a deep soothing tempo. Taking a moment to enjoy this sound, my hands slowly rose from my sides.

Rolling her onto her back, I stared at her clothing knowing it wouldn’t be there for much longer. Dressed in her blue pastel blouse, my hands were already itching to pop each of those buttons one by one. Her jeans on the other hand, I knew were going to be a bit more trouble. They looked to be tightly warn, molded along her curves. Tantalizing in any other situation, at the moment I could only see myself trying to wrestle them off her.

Taking my hand from her shoulder, I slowly traced along her neckline raising it all the way up to her cheek. Stopping there, I nervously palmed the smooth surface and lovingly rubbed my thumb gently across her features. As I stared into her sleeping face, my heart pounded with emotion. Looking at her closed eyes, her long delicate eye lashes fanned down across her cheeks. With the gentle intake of air her warm, pink lips remained parted ever so slightly. As well as her skin, looking flushed, bled color into her usually pale flesh. She was beautiful. Taking my hand to caress her face, my fingers brushed against her skin from the top of her hair to the tip of her chin.

And then I kissed her.

Taking her lips as my own for the second time in my life, I leaned over the bed careful to balance myself and gently pressed my lips deeply against her own. They were as soft as I remembered, perfectly molding against my own. In my mouth I could still feel her breath invading and spreading across my taste buds.

Tilting my head I moved to a more comfortable position slowly moving my lips against hers as I remembered doing with her mother all those days ago. It was different of course, as Kim was unable to return my affection. But all the same her lips tasted no less sweet. As passionate as her mother had kissed me, this was a tenderer kiss, a slower kiss. One that only grew in emotion as time continued to go on. I had eight hours before the effects of the lasers wore off. And I intended to use each and every second to the fullest of my abilities.

Placing my hand underneath the crock of her neck I lifted her into the kiss, pushing my tongue out from my lips and taking my first real taste of her beautiful lips. As this happened, my other hand rose from my side and traced the smooth texture of her blouse. And as my eager finger tips grazed the up the path of her rib cage, my anticipation reached its end as I pushed my tongue deep into the cavern of her unsuspecting mouth.
My heart thundered in my chest as the taste of her entered my brain. With my tongue, I slowly brushed the appendage against Kim’s, licking and tasting her as I continued to move against her lips.

At this point I was now fully on the bed, loosely straddling Kim but careful not to crush her. Her mouth was warm and wet against the intruding member of my tongue. She tasted of nothing other than herself as her saliva mixed with my own. Occasionally Kim would release a grunt or a sigh, her features tensing for the briefest of seconds. But for the most part she remained still, sleeping soundly as I continued to invade her lips.

My breath was quick as it rushed in and out of my lungs. Down below, Kim’s lips were parted wide, wet with our mixed saliva. On her cheeks deep red swirled beneath surface. And her breath, before so calm and soothing now matched my own as it panted for oxygen.

As I whipped the left over saliva free from my mouth, I repeated the action on Kim carefully drawing the bad of my thumb across her lips. Looking between our bodies, I wiggled my fingers as I spotted them still frozen on the underside of her ribcage.

Moving my hands I enjoyed the soft warmth of her body as I caressed it through the material of her blouse. With an eager smile, my hands were quick as they hounded in on her small, but perky breasts.

Sliding up from her rib cage, I sighed in happiness as the spongy flesh fell underneath my grouping hands. My finger drew in their unique warmth like sponges. They were so soft, even through two different barriers of clothing I could feel their wonderment. I couldn’t wait to feel the real thing.

As I took a moment to satisfy my own joyful excitement, I took my time pleasing myself with Kim’s chest continuing to pull and play with her through her shirt and bra. Finally, after a few moments of this I found my attention being focused on the small cream colored button enclosed at the top of her collar.

Cast a quick nervous glance to Kim’s face, I watched her sleeping and smiled. A small crinkle had formed in the center of her brow most likely due to her breasts over sensitivity. Soon that same would be crumples whimpering and moaning as I gave her pleasure, only for her to wake up none the wiser. My member twitched with excitement.

Moving my hands to the button, my eyes watch unwilling to miss even a single moment.

With one button now free from its hold Kim’s collar flapped open revealing the angle of her delicate collar bone. Taking this new skin in, I wanted to savor each and every inch of her body, just as she deserved. Kim’s body was like a work of art to me. Anything less would be a crime.

Next I moved on to the second button, and without any problems managed to pop it open. I did this again and again moving downwards and releasing each button until all were finally released and free.

With nervous hands my eyes were wide, eager to see the view that I would soon behold. Pinched the opposing fabrics of her blouse between my fingers, my breath halted in my throat as pushed them aside. And finally, as I placed the material on top of her arms I was forced to lean back and appreciate what I had so tenderly unwrapped.

Aside from a small A-cub bra hugging the swell of her chest, Kim’s torso now stared back at me completely pare. Her smooth, almost pure white skin swirled beneath me tantalizing and seductive without even being aware. In the middle of her stomach I stared down at her cute bellybutton, the only feature on her otherwise perfectly flat and toned stomach.
I couldn’t help myself as I traced around the sensitive indentation enjoying its soft flesh. From there I expanded my fingers placing all of them on her skin to feel as much of her as I could. As my fingers ran up and down her skin, I looked up at her sleeping face to see a small smile curling at the corners of her pert red lips. Was she dreaming of me already? Not willing to disregard this possibility, I smiled as my pulled my face into her stomach.

I worked my lips against her toned flesh, my mouth watering with her taste. Starting on her lower stomach my lips met the band of her jeans pulled taught around her hips. From there I moved slowly upwards, pressing my lips against the hard surface of her well-toned abs. As this progress continued I eventually found my lips centered over the indentation I had so lovingly caressed and couldn’t help myself as the tip of my tongue darted out and tasted the small bulb of her outie bellybutton.

Pressing the fullness of my face into her stomach, I couldn’t help myself as I caressed its surface, lovingly rubbing my face into its warmth and reveling in its soft, firm texture.

She was amazing.

I took my time as I tasted her skin, enjoying it as much as I pleased. I couldn’t help but notice she had showed in my absence, tasting the flowery soap against her skin. In my head it swirled, consuming me in its aroma. My brain recognized that this was the smell of Kim. And as my lungs pulled its heated sweetness into my system, I found myself becoming light headed.

Lifting my head from skin my lips were once again wet with my own saliva. In a quick flash of arousal I swallowed my access spit and stared down at her exposed underwear. It was simple, just a blue fabric bra with no flashy designs or alluring patterns. Regardless, it still forced my member to throb readily in my pants.

Fit snuggly against her mounds, Kim’s choice of a small sized cup worked to my advantage as the soft material strained in its duty to hold her flesh in place. Hidden underneath a small nub broke across the surface immediately alerting me to its location.

Recalling how much fun I had had with those nubs that night oh-so-long ago I couldn’t help the burst of pleasure that raced through my veins.

Putting the pads of my thumbs over the two nubs, the rest of my fingers curled around the petit frame of her rib cage. Gently, I pressed the two appendages against the bumps, feeling it as they sank into her breasts pliable tissue. It was like this that I worked her sensitive peaks, rolling my thumps in small circles and waiting for the affect to take place.

It appeared I didn't have to wait long. In no time the softness of her nipples soon flushed and became small hard pebbles scrapping against the underside of my thumbs. Seeing this, I couldn’t help but marvel at how hard they became, yet at the same time remained amazingly soft.

Moving my fingers up from her sides I pinched the pert tips in a gentle hold and looked up to her face as I rolled them ever so gently between my fingers.

Kim’s face appeared troubled as it scrunched in dream laden emotion. It was clear at this point that even in her sleep she could feel everything that my hands did to her.

I wondered what we could be doing in her head. Was she imagining us on a beach; happily loving each other on a bed of warm soft sand? Or could it be we were on a bed, much like the one we were on now? In any case I could only hope that it made her happy.

Smiling at her expressions, my heart leapt at the sudden need to kiss her. So leaning down, I kept my
hands on her chest; tweaking and rolling her taut nipples and pressed my lips against her own.

Once again feeling the warm embrace of Kim’s lips, I savored the sensation of her moans and sighs and my fingers worked against her chest. Licking her lips a wave of warm breath cascaded from her nose and broke against the surface of my mouth. As the sensation of this reached my brain I couldn’t help myself as a moan of my own vibrated from my mouth and into hers,

As my lips remained molded to Kim’s I decided it was time to take it to the next level. With a dexterity that usually eludes me, I slipped my hands from her chest only to ply them underneath the surface of her bra and immediately reached my finger to her diamond peaks. Both of us seemed to appreciate the new level of contact. Almost immediately I could feel Kim’s back arch off the bed, pressing herself into my hands. Lasting only a moment, her body relaxed back onto the couch. I couldn’t wipe the grin off my face even if I wanted.

Breaking the kiss, I stared down at her now exposed chest and groaned at the sheer allure of the image set before me. With her eyes straining shut, Kim’s body was alight with fire as warm blood continued to flood beneath the surface of her skin. This gave it a warm coloring, blooming just beneath the surface. With her lungs, Kim continued to pull in deep draughts of oxygen releasing her supply in small but audible squeaks and moans attuned to the actions of my fingers.

Overcome I pressed my face between the swell of her chest and forced myself to breathed in the scent of her skin. In my eyes she’s always been beautiful. But now as her skin flushed with her own arousal and lips glisten with the mixture of our saliva and her face continues to contort in obvious pleasure, I can honestly say that she’s more beautiful than ever before.

I loved seeing her like this. It was just so… exciting. The faster her breath, the louder her cries, all of it just made the entire experience even better. I wanted to see more. I wanted to see her pushed even more. Just like that first night, I want to see her pushed to the edge. Again… and again… and again.

Breaking away from her skin, I pulled my hands away from her breast and stared at them unabashed. A million thoughts were running through my head, a million possibilities all better than the last. My member throbbed in my pants, aching for satisfaction. Unfortunately for it, the need to please Kim was far greater than anything my own release could call for.

As I stared at Kim my mind was at a standstill as to how I wanted to proceed. With her shirt open and bra pushed above her chest, the next phase of the night was clearly to get her free from those pants, but as I continued to stare a flash of movement caught my eye.

Turning over to look at this distraction, my mind came to halt as I recognized Monique, still bent over the edge of the bed and fast asleep. Feeling a little silly, I realized that I had completely forgotten about her.

Taking a moment to observe the sleep black teen, I fought a losing battle trying to ignore her evocative position. Dressed in only a towel, the material clung tight to her body accentuating her curvaceous body. Her upper body was perfectly laid out, face down on the mattress with her arms at her sides. This left her lower body bent over the edge of the mattress, her knees on the ground and her naked rear defenselessly exposed to the open air.

Without even realizing I had moved my hands were quick as the pulled at the edge of her towel, tearing it from her body. And as it finally came lose, my eyes were wide at the now complete naked female before me.

Staring at her naked dark colored skin, I found my eyes irrevocably locked on her exposed rear, tantalizing hanging in open air. In this position her full hips seemed to expand outward making her
already large and full rear even more prominent. In the shower I’d spent more than a good amount of
my time staring at it, but like this my member pressed against the sharp metal of my pants, stabbing
me with small jolts of pain.

As I remained leaned over Kim, I couldn’t help but imagine what Kim would look like stuck in such
a position.

By the increased pressure in my pants, it was clear that the idea appealed to me very much. Knowing
Kim for as long as I have, I’ve spent more than my fair share casting the occasional guilt ridden
glance at her backside. And it was because of this I that I could say it was easily one of her best
traits. While her chest might be small, Kim’s constant exercise and adventurous life style had
sculpted her rear to perfection. Her trim narrow waist that expanded to her budding teenage hips was
a dream. Following the slop of the small of her back her rear swelled out amazingly shaping a
beautiful curvy backside. One of Ann’s favorite pet names for her daughter growing up had been
bubble butt, a term Kim hated with a passion now that she was older. But looking at it know, I
couldn’t think of a more appropriate term.

From crawling behind her in ventilation shafts to watching her skirt sway and bob in her
cheerleading uniform, Kim’s backside was a constant in my fantasies for as long as I’ve been
through puberty. And so picturing having Kim’s naked rear bent over and in the air like Monique,
my heart pounded in my chest.

Turning back to Kim she remained sleeping oblivious to my devious thoughts. The reason I was
here, the reason I was doing this was all so Kim’s body could work up the sensations and imagery
necessary to solidify her growing feelings for me. But who’s to say I can’t enjoy myself in the
process?

Getting off the bed my mind was awhirl with scenarios for how I wanted to do this.

Putting my hands on the button of Kim’s jeans, I struggled a bit with the strained material but
managed to pop it open. Her zipper was much easier to handle. One quick motion and the metal teeth
broke open revealing the covered flat plane of Kim’s pubic area. Underneath her pants Kim had
chosen to where what looked to be a pair of dark purple underwear.

Grabbing Kim by the shoulders, I could feel my heart pounding as I gently shifter her body, laying
her face down on the bed. In this position it was easy for me to get the proper leverage and slip her
pants over the curve of her bottom.

As I dug my fingers under the waist of her pants, my muscles strained as I pulled at them, wiggling
and jerking them to the best of my ability. After a bit of this my heart jumped at the sight of her panty
clad rear as the material of her pants slowly began to slide down her body. And with one final tug I
gave a sigh of relief as the constricting garment came free, slipping down the smooth paleness of her
thighs only to become lodged at her knees.

Stepping back, I looked at Kim and found this to be good enough. Going even further, I couldn’t
help but feel it was slightly alluring in its own way. Besides, only a few inches higher and the thin
material of her underwear was the only thing left to cover her sex. And that was where I really
needed to focus.

Grabbing Kim by her legs once more, I intentionally pulled her light body over to the edge of the
mattress and aligned her rear to be perfectly bent over its corner. As this was completed, I couldn’t
help but appreciate the beauty of their positing as I watched both Monique’s and Kim’s backsides
presented side by side, pointed in my direction only inches apart from each other.
Unable to stop myself, hands reached out in front of me and palmed each of their rears, caressing them in a gentle hold.

I’d meant to focus on Kim but with Monique lying right there it was impossible for me to just ignore her. Technically at this moment I had not one, but two different women completely helpless and under my control.

Groping each of their cheeks, I compared Monique’s bare bottom to Kim’s covered one and found both to be more than adequate. In my left hand Kim’s muscled, toned rear was firm in my hand but at the same time mouth wateringly soft. Even now her cheeks remained full and round, perfectly curved in a tight round bottom. And then in my right, Monique’s softer, dark skinned cheeks sprang at my touch. Due to Monique’s self-imposed workouts her backside was firm; though nowhere near Kim’s level. In reality the young teens appeal came from the large size of her backside, yet still retaining a trim, curvaceous appearance. And to think that I had complete access to both of these women… my heart was pounding.

As I reluctantly withdrew my hand from supple softness that was Monique, I was returned my focus back to Kim, adamant on finishing what I started.

Bent over the way she was, Kim’s crotch was completely exposed, forfeiting any and all protection the safety of her legs would usually provide.

Getting on my knees, I lowered myself as to put my face directly behind her rear. With my hands I placed my free hand on Kim’s opposing cheek joining it next to its brother. Truly, in all my years of fantasizing how it would feel to caress her gentle curves, none of them did Kim justice, not one bit.

Bringing my face even closer to her rear, I pressed my hands into her cheeks, gently spreading them apart as I placed my thumb at the center of her core’s crevasse. In this position I looked as Kim’s puffy outer lips peeked out from the thin strip of purple cloth. With her center spread apart and defenseless, a shutter of arousal raced up my spine as my opposable digit pressed itself into her softness, dancing at the gate of her cavern.

Her sex was warm against pads of my fingers. Due to my earlier motions, her sex was up and alive. While only barely, I was able to notice her body’s natural wetness building in the depths of her womanhood leaving a small pea sized splotch at the center of her underwear.

Just the mere presence of her arousal wasn’t nearly enough. In my mind, I recalled the last time I had been with her, how wet her sex had become under my attention and I wanted that again. This warmth, this wetness, I knew that it was only the beginning. I wouldn’t stop until her core was burning, dripping with her own arousal.

Without further ado, I braced myself as I slipped my fingers up the purple panties and carefully began to drag them down. Thankfully, this proved to be much easier than her pants had been.

Slowly, I forced myself to enjoy the moment as Kim’s last obstacle was torn from her body. Inch by inch, I watched as the purple material slipped down, giving way to the pale, flawlessness cheeks of Kim’s rear. Down the middle her crack split between her cheeks, merging into the buffy outer lips of her vagina. And finally, my hands drew her underwear completely down her hips falling to the bunched material of her jeans.

My nostrils flared at the unobscured scent of her mound as it now stood naked, inches from my nose. Just as before, all around her mound red fur clung to her puffy lips. With my finger, I traced this hair smiling to myself at its soft downy texture. I’m happy that she has still neglected to touch up this particular area. Seeing her bush so full, so red, it was amazing. While most guys might be turned off
by such a sight, it made my member throb that much harder.

Gingerly, I reached out with my other hand and hooked my thumbs between the meaty mounds of her outer lips and spread them, staring deeply into her core unabashed. At this moment everything that was Kim was revealed to my hungry eyes. From the small bundle of nerves, hiding shyly under her deep red hood, to small, almost undistinguishable dimple where she peed. And finally, located at the very bottom of her crease, the opening of her deep, tight cavern stared back at me, beckoning me to plunge my member into its hold and revel in its slick tight warmth.

Sorry to disappoint but priorities came before pleasure. Before Ron Jr. is even getting close to springing free, I wanted Kim dripping and burning with need. If my plan was going to work she needed to feel amazing, and I wanted to enjoy every step of the way.

I loved it when was able to see Kim’s body burn under my touch. Whether she was aware of it or not, it is easily the most beautiful thing on this planet. And so, while I knew planning myself deep inside her would feel amazing, it paled in comparison to seeing her body twist and writhe under my hands and tongue.

Keeping her lips firmly plied apart, I marveled at the smell of her. I loved the smell of Kim’s arousal. Ever since I had managed to fill Kim’s bedroom with it I’ve been thinking of it constantly, hoping for another opportunity to experience it splendor once more.

As my tongue delved out from my lips it struck the hard, pink surface of her inner core and drew a slow lick all the way up to the opening of her cavern. In response, Kim’s rear seemed to tense, seizing up in a clenched hold before relaxing. Repeating my move I felt it as Kim’s body continued to react, clenching and tensing a part of her body with each swipe. And on my tongue I was rewarded for my efforts with a few drops of her honey dribbling out at the end of each swipe.

Up above I listened as Kim voice began to slowly trickle out, whimpering with every taste. Spreading her lips even further, I pressed my face deep into her core digging my taste buds fast into her weeping crotch.

Letting out a pained groan, Kim’s rest appeared fretful as her shoulders became ridged, arching at my touch. Down below her legs, still captured in the bundle of her own clothing, wiggled shifting on her knees again and again as her unconscious body fought to continue its pleasure. But it didn't have to worry. I was going to push it to its very end.

As Kim’s faint groans and moans began to increase in frequency, the amount of her honey increased with it, saturating my cheeks and dripping down the pale expanse of her thighs. For me this was all too good as I was more than happy to swallow all she was willing to give me. From her body I gorged myself on her liquid, drinking from it like it was the Holy Grail.

Breaking away, I took a much need breath and wiped my face free of Kim’s juice. On her sex my fingers remained, pinning her flower wide open and allowing myself to watch as the rim of her cavern looked to convulse, winking at me as it tried in vain to pull the source of its pleasure back inside. Seeing this, my rode forced itself against my zipper.

Removing my finger from her blushing sex, I pressed my finger into her opening, feeling her inner walls as they pulled my digit deep into her core. In a fit of resistance, I slowly pulled my finger out enjoying the friction as it scraped against the smooth texture of her channel.

Repeating this, I sawed my finger in and out of her hole feeling her inner muscles as they seemed to try and strangle it in its warmth. After feel her begin to loosen a bit, I savored the moment before adding a second finger to delve into her snatch. With these two I serviced Kim, piercing her heavenly
folds over and over again.

With my hands no longer occupied showcasing Kim’s most private of places, my other hands was now free as it slipped higher in her cleft, silently looking for that bundle of nerves I knew would give Kim her final push. Unsuccessful in its location, I was about to give up until Kim let out a loud breath of air, right before grinding her butt into open air instinctively searching for my devious fingers.

Using my free hand, I forced the brunt of my fingers through her enclosed legs, placing the palm of my hand directly over the furry expanse of her pubic reign. With this my thumb was in perfect position as it gently sawed in and out of the top of the wedge between her legs.

Like a fire cracker set to go off, Kim’s entire body looked to seize at my touch, her bottom rhythmically wiggling with each pass of my finger. In her hole, my hand dedicatedly continued to work her inner channel feeling her muscles as they began to clench and churn around my fingers. Desperately they wrapped themselves around the firm objects lodged within their confines.

Of her body that I could see, blood continued to swirl beneath the surface, making her body beam a deep bright red. All across its surface a fine sheen of sweat had accumulated, glimmering in the soft light of Monique's room. Kim was close. Both her body and her voice told me this. Just a little more and I knew I would be able to give Kim that last push she needed, that she craved.

Getting in close, my nose burned with the smell of her arousal as it literally saturated the room with its strong perfume. She might be a little embarrassed when she woke up, but right now I knew what she needed.

Pulling my now dripping fingers free from the ensnaring hold of Kim’s channel the sound of her disgruntled whimper only lasted but a second as my lips once again found home pressed into her heavenly folds. Immediately my mouth was flooded with her copious fluid. A few inches lower, my working thumb was accompanied a second finger as it zeroed in on her delicate bud, clasping it in a gentle hold between the two appendages. And finally, giving it one solid tug Kim’s world exploded.

Seizing in a tight spasm of pleasure and delight, Kim’s form became a mass of taught, twitching muscle as she attempted to ride out her long awaited orgasm. Down below I could see her knees as they struggled against the binding material of her jeans. Unlike Monique, Kim’s orgasm was not held in silence as her gasping breath drew in deep lungful after lungful only to be released in a long, fretful fits of whimpers and sighs.

Allowing Kim to fully enjoy the length of her release my tongue remained busy, lovingly caressing her folds in long, slow licks. This lasted the whole time until finally Kim’s fire hot release cooled.

As the last of the quakes shook Kim’s body, I broke away letting out a long satisfied sigh. Up on the bed, Kim’s back rose and fell with the rhythm of her panting breath. Standing up, I placed a hand on her backside and felt her hips continue to twitch in the aftershocks of her release.

Moving my hand, I crawled over on top of the bed and stared down lovingly at her sleeping form. I sighed as brought my hand to her face, still slick with her own honey, and brushed aside the strands of red hair that hung in her face.

Before then I never thought it possible to see a person who was asleep look so tiered.

I wondered what was happening beneath that peaceful? What were they seeing? Was I in her dreams? Placing a gentle kiss upon her brow I sighed. As much as I would love to keep watching her sleep, the titanium hard staff in my pants was beginning to physically hurt in its need for release. Besides, if
all goes according to plan, then next time Kim will be able to enjoy this moment with me.

I smiled at the thought.

Getting off the bed, I stood behind Kim and frowned. I needed to make a small adjustment to her positioning.

Looking around the room, I watched for anything that I could use. Catching sight of Monique's many, many pillows I grinned happily.

In a quick order I pulled Kim up onto the bed far enough that her legs stood straight off the edge. Then reaching for one of Monique’s pillows, I lifted Kim’s bird like form and stuffed the sleeping aids directly under her pelvis. I repeated this act two more times. And as the last pillow fell into place I let Kim’s body fall back down and felt my crotch throb at the sigh.

Face down on the bed Kim’s body had been manipulated perfectly to suit my current needs. With three pillows stuffed under her belly, the red head’s hips were forced high off the bed, dangling her rear into the air as the rest of her laid flat on the bed. This forced her back to arch to the extreme, the small of her back bending and curving upward placing her rear at the peak. Falling down the other end of this hill, her thighs remained bound together, resting on the sides of the pillows.

With carful, nervous hands I reached out placing the pals of my hand directly on her cheek and pulling myself onto the bed. Reaching down my hands were quick as they threw the inviso-belt to the side, my pants following in a matter of seconds. And as my member sprang free, I couldn’t hold back my long, audible sigh of relief to finally be free.

Placing my free hand on her hip, I steadied myself as I leaned forward, pushing my member to swallow those last few inches of space.

As the head of my member met with the soft, spongy flesh of Kim’s outer lips a shiver of delight raced up my spine. Encouraged by this pleasure, once the head of my staff was fully lodged in her opening, I moved my hand to the other side of her hip and pushed myself to enter her warm womanhood.

Inch by inch, my eyes remained closed as I focused my entire being on the sensation of her tightness. It was even better than I remembered. I could feel her muscles as they were pushed aside, forced to make way for my intruding member. All around me they twitched, still sensitive from her earlier release in a dazzling display of delight. Gritting my teeth, my breath left me in a gasp as I forced myself to push through.

In my hands, I grasped at her trim waist and used it as a handle. Holding her still, my member plunged into her deep depths. And as the front of my stomach met the cushiony flesh of her backside I trembled with pleasure.

I was so much… deeper than before. In this position I could feel my member reaching even her farthest of places. In fact, as I pressed myself against her backside, my eyes flashed open I surprise as the end of her channel kissed the very tip of my quivering staff.

I wanted to take a moment to rest, to give Kim’s body a chance to adjust to my throbbing member, but as her molted core radiated heat through my member I found my hips moving all on their own.

I began to pull myself from her center. Reaching only about half way, I gasped as my hips surged forward, once again sheathing myself in her body. As I did this a hailstorm of electricity raced up my spine, urging me to repeat this again and again.
Despite having already cum once today, due to my early activates and the beautiful girl beneath me I could feel my essence boiling in my body, ready to fire at a moment notice. The throbbing of my member begged me to let it have its release. It urged me as I plunged myself in a painstakingly slow pace in and out of Kim’s core.

Up above, Kim looked to have stirred from her post orgasm bliss as she once again began responding to my straining rod. Like a small kitten, her parted lips mewled in soft pleasure. With each thrust of my hips her face crumpled, feeling it in her core only to relax and wait for my next deposit. At her sides her arms rested, face up and useless as her finger looked to be moving, desperate to grasp something to cement her swirling passion.

Pressing the tip of my nob hard against the end of her channel, I listened and jumped as a look of discomfort flashed across her features. Repeating this, Kim’s subtle pained expression once again flashed across her face.

As my hips continued to move back and forth sawing member through her core, I cast my gaze downward and looked where we connection. It was an amazing sight. Watching the shaft of my member push and pull, disappearing over and over again into the warm wetness of her core. Leaning back I stared even more, entranced as her opening swallowed me.

With every push, the swollen lips of her sex seemed to follow my member converging around my girth and collapsing into itself. With every pull, the rim of her opening clung to my shaft, creating an airtight seal that pulled a wrinkle of her bright pink walls out with me only to be repeated, over and over.

Repositioning my hands on her curves, my hand pulled apart Kim’s pale taut backside only for me to choke at the sight of her small, dark rosebud staring right back at me. I could feel a wave of heat flushing my face. Casting a nervous glance towards Kim’s sleeping face I gave a hard swallow before sliding my other hand from her hip and fully spreading Kim’s cheeks apart, my curiosity once again getting the better of me.

Displayed widely, the crevice of Kim’s backside was plied open allowing me to stare unabashed at her back hole. Observing it for a moment, it looked as though only a thin membrane of flesh was responsible for separating the two passageways. The area around the crinkled cavity was dark, just a few shades in difference from the rest of her pale skin. Feeling a bit baring, as my breath froze in my chest I took my finger and pressed it against her button.

Surprisingly, it wasn’t dirty. Pulling my finger back it was easy to see that this part of her body was just as clean as the rest of her, no doubt due to her shower before arriving.

Placing my finger back on it, I carefully pressed into it only to watch in amazement as the tight ring of muscle gave way, swallowing my finger in a tight hold. Immediately I yanked my finger free, staring at it in startled amazement and then blushing as I realized what I’d done.

It was a strange feeling, realizing that I’d just had my finger inside my best friends butt. In perfect honesty, I’d never given this area all that much thought, other than its intended purposes anyway. It never even crossed my mind that it could be used for… other possibilities. But now, as I stared shyly into my friends spread cheeks I found myself wondering.

Picking up my pace, I forced member to piston in and out of her depths at a new speed, excited by my new find. Gingerly I pressed my index finger back at her back opening and once again pressed forward. At the presence of my finger Kim’s button seemed to wink, opening at the intrusion only to close around it. Ignoring this, I dared myself as I forced my finger deeper, intruding into even this of all places.
As I forced my finger into the dry recesses of Kim’s butt, a curious sensation flashed to my brain as the motion of my staff could be felt thrusting through the thin pad of skin separating the two channels. After feeling this for a moment, I pulled my finger free, watching as the dark hole clenched close, returning to its original size.

What would Kim say if I she knew how wholly I had trespassed on her sleeping body? What would she think if she was able to see the positions I have put her in, and the secret areas of her body that I have exposed? I wanted to take it even further, I wanted to experience even what that hole could do for me. Unfortunately, I’m almost positive that if I attempted such a thing Kim would most definitely feel it in the morning. Feeling a tinge of disappointment, the sudden surge of pleasure around my staff brought me back to reality.

I was buried six inched deep in the most beautiful girl in the world. What did I have to complain about?

My passing tryst with Kim’s rear had pushed my arousal even further. My thrust increased in urgency as my resolve to hold back decreased with every passing second. I wanted my release, and I think it was about time I got it.

Letting Kim’s cheeks fall back to their natural place, I groaned as my hands latched back onto her hips, holding her in place as my thrusts thundered against her body. With each slap of skin that echoed throughout the room, Kim’s curvaceous bottom rippled upon impact each and every time. Between my legs I could feel my sack tightening, preparing to release its contents deep into my slumbering friend.

Slapping my crotch against Kim’s, my thrusts were now hard and fast, completely forgetting my past caution for Kim’s safety. I’d held back for so long, savored it for so long, right now I needed to reach my end. And as my fists grabbed at Kim’s waist, clutching it in an almost painful hold, I took full advantage of the empty house and bellowed in ecstasy, allowing myself to fully let go for the very first time.

As the first surge of my essence left my body, my hips slammed into Kim’s rear, holding her there by her captured waist. Not moving an inch, I ground my pelvis hard against her rear, savoring the sensations of her walls as my member continued to release itself deep into her body. Glob after glob of my burning seed flew my tip collecting into a puddle at the very end of her cavern. It wasn't until my very last spurt that I pulled my length free, watching the rim of her vagina as it clung to my shaft, milking the very last drops free from my core.

Freeing my member from her burning core I sighed, catching my breath as kneeled over her unconscious body feeling the heat from our bodies mix, swirling in the space between us. All throughout my body waves of pleasure continued to rock my frame. God she was beautiful.

Forcing myself back onto my knees, I stared down at her core and watched as her now gaping channel began to spill my milky essence, spitting it back into the open world.

Down her cleft, I watched as it slowly slipped down into her fiery red pubic hair. After this, it traveled down her thighs before finally meeting its end, becoming absorbed in the material of her purple panties. From between her tight pinched lips, my juice spilled through. Feeling my cheeks redden; I couldn’t help but be aroused by the sight. I could only imagine how much of it was still trapped deep within.

As I took a moment to catch my breath, I turned away from the arousing scene in front of me and found my eyes caught, locked on the nude from of Monique. Even with the evidence of my release still cooling on Kim’s crotch I found myself suddenly absorbed, fascinated by stunning vision of
beauty before me.

I hadn’t intended for her to be involved in the night’s festivities or even really remembered she was alive until a few seconds ago. But as I stared at her sleeping face, I couldn’t help but wonder how she would feel as soft as Kim did.

In my mind’s eye, I recalled her stunning curves and found myself pondering how it would feel to caress them in my hands.

Biting my lower lip, my face became anxious as I turned to look back at Kim. Still asleep, Kim’s face had crumpled, furled in mid delight. Having finished before Kim was ready; she was stuck, frozen mid release and helpless to do anything about it.

No doubt Kim’s imagination has running full force to explain her body’s stimulation; in reality my job was done. But just because Kim was taken care of doesn’t mean I can’t have some fun with Monique as well right? Besides, I just want to touch her a little, feel what I’d gotten to see in the bathroom. As long as I didn’t do anything to… invasive everything would be fine…

Feeling a naughty smile curl at the edges of my lips, my mind was still reeling with the amazing orgasm just a few moments ago. It filled my head with a lusty red cloud and urging me to take this opportunity. But as much as I wanted to blame my endorphin riddled hormones, as my hand moved from Kim’s hips and reached for Monique, I knew this was my decision.

Awkwardly shuffling on the bed, I moved over to Monique, gripping her by the shoulders and flipping her back to the mattress. Monique now laid face up on the bed, her rear just over the edge of the bed.

Monique’s sleep remained as peaceful as ever, not stirring even in the slightest. With hungry eyes I took in her robust chest and watched as her spongy mounds as they rose and fell with her gentle breathing. Due to their large size, with Monique on her back and no support to hold them, the lose flesh naturally fell to her sides resting on the curve of her ribcage. At the very center of these mounds, two dark, medium sized nipples pointed opposite directions.

Starting just below the swell of her breasts, my patience wasn’t as generous this time around as I quickly pushed them higher, cupping the naked flesh in my hands and kneading them with care.

I couldn’t deny the sense of satisfaction I obtained after being forced to simply sit and watch.

Seeing them in the shower as the bobbed and wobbled I’d imagined there softness. But now, as I held them, I knew I hadn’t even come close.

Gathering Monique’s mounds to the center of her chest, her skin was like putty in my hands. Compared to Kim’s and even Ann’s, Monique’s bust was far larger. They filled my hand perfectly, a sensation I’d known before. I was as gentle as possible as her plump flesh was forced through the gaps of my fingers. I could only marvel at their full and heady weight. I enjoyed Kim’s small and perky breasts very much. But at this moment, I was beginning to feel a growing attraction for Monique’s larger set as well.

Like two plump marshmallows, the softness of her dark mounds swallowed my fingers, warming them with her gentle heat. With a childlike excitement, I watched in amazement as I pinched the tip of her nipple, pulling towards the ceiling before releasing it and watching as the bountiful shape wobbled back into position. Repeating this a few more times my smile never left my face.

As my large hands continued to manipulate the soft mounds of Monique’s chest it didn’t take long for
her soft, dark tips to pucker, hardening under my playful enjoyment. Seeing this happen, my spine tingled pleasurably as I bent down, lowering my lips to her soft, supple flesh.

Wrapping my lips around her nipple, as my tongue teased out from my lips for a taste. I was sure to occupy its twin; rubbing it with my free hand, pulling and rolling the taut pebble with care. I was nervous, but also so very excited that it drowned out much else. In my mouth, her puckered flesh was warm against my tongue. Applying a bit of suction, I was delightfully surprised as its soft flesh drew into my mouth pulling a good portion of breast along with it.

With Monique's nipple firmly lodged in my suckling lips, the reality of the situation was finally beginning to truly dawn on me. It was almost hard to believe how this night had turned out. To think, I’d find myself in this position with naught one, but two beautiful women. And at the same time. I should feel bad, I should think about how Monique would feel is she knew what I was doing. But as the warm marshmallowly softness of her breast gently caressed my tongue, I found my mind fading away into lust filled bliss.

Without even being aware, a breathy moan slipped through my nose.

Releasing the dark nub with an audible ‘pop’, my lips tingled with the touch of her soft flesh. Straddling over her stomach, my hands remained busy, gently manipulating her delicate breast and savoring their heavy weight. Kim’s hard, firm body was wonderful and I wouldn’t ask her to change for anything, but I couldn’t deny the fun I was having with Monique’s softer frame as well.

Looking up at Monique's face, my pleasure was halted for a moment as I released her expression remained virtually unchanged. It seemed, despite their generous size that Monique’s breast weren’t very sensitive, if at all. A bit disappointed by this, a frown marred my features before morphing into a look of indifference. I had hoped to spend a little more time enjoying her large assists, but if she wasn't enjoying it than all that was left was to move on. If I was going to impose on her body like this, the least I could do was make sure she got a little pleasure out of it.

Taking a step back, I pondered what I wanted to do next. This kind of freedom, this kind of power, you couldn’t help but feel a rush. Smiling to myself, the image of her shaving flashed to the front of my mind. The picture of her bared sex, displayed wide for my eyes remained burned into my mind. Despite myself, I couldn’t help but want a closer look, curious as to how the exotic young woman might differ from what I have come to know.

Immediately I found myself off the bed, nervously kneeling on the floor inches away from her resting legs. Struggling to contain myself, with a slow gesture I reached out with my hand, carefully touching the tip of my finger against her knee cap. The way she was positioned left her pelvis just at the edge of the bed and her legs bent, resting on the floor. Using this to my advantage, with a nervous twinge I braced myself as I put my other hand on her second knee. And with a final breath I pushed them apart, opening her legs.

As the shields of her thighs parted to my eyes, I watched on bated breath as the puffy exterior of Monique's core bloomed into full sight. With my hands on her knee’s I traced them along her thighs as moved closer, invading the area between her legs and pressing myself into her space. It wasn’t until my shoulders were pressed against them that I stopped, marveling at the beauty set before me.

Being so close to her body I could smell her rose scented soap wafting off her warm skin. Taking a small drag of this aromatic small, I smiled before turning my full attention to the dark crease of skin right in front of me.

My fingers twitched nervously as I forced to move towards her center, it was almost too hard to believe what I was doing. In the moments that followed, I thought back to all the conversations, the
memories I had shared with this young woman and tried to imagine this piece of her hidden between her legs through it all. The very thought shot an arch of pleasure through my brain. As I savored the moment, the panicle of this pleasure peeked as the tips of my fingers brushed against the plump outer dome of her delicate womanhood.

Just as remembered the naked plain of Monique’s dark skinned pelvis remained flawless. Testing the supple flesh, I pushed my digits against the spongy surface, prodding her naked sex with the tips of my fingers. Much to my amazement, I watched as my finger pushed, sinking into the skin before reaching the hard shell of her pubic bone. Wanting to go even further, I joined my first hand with my second, pushing the intruding appendages into her cleft and watched as pulled it apart exposing her most private of places to my hungry eyes.

What lay inside surprised me. Dark at the outer lips, the coloring of her core changed the closer you traveled to its center, becoming a light-ish pink. Seeing this, I watched transfixed at the sight of her soft pink core. It was interesting to see how, despite Monique’s darker completion, on the inside she was just as soft and light as Kim. Taking my thumb, I nervously traced the light coloring and sighed at the sensation. She really was beautiful.

As I poked and prodded the newly discovered insides of Monique, I was happy to find despite her lack of response, her cavern appeared slick with her own arousal. Feeling a jump in pride I was quickly reminded of her self-exploration in the tub. No doubt even in her sleep, her passageway remained slick with the left over arousal of her release.

With the blunt end of my thumb, I found myself pushing against her opening, watching as it popped into her waiting cavern. Sawing the appendage in and out a few times I pulled it free and stared at it as it glistened in the lamp light.

Casting a glance in Kim’s direction I could still taste her sweet nectar on my tongue. I had to admit, I was a bit curious as to what another women would taste like, or even if it would be different at all. With the tip of my tongue peeking out from my lips, I brought my thumb to my lips and flicked it against the shimmering surface.

Staring back into Monique's sex, I had to admit that the taste was defiantly different from Kim’s. But even if it was different, I couldn’t call it bad...

Feeling my cheeks warm with my blood, I swallowed nervously before finally giving into my curiosity.

As I braced my hands on her fleshy thighs I hooked my thumbs between her plump outer lips and peeled them apart to reveal her pink inner coloring. Facing this, I swallow nervously before lowering my face to the apex of her legs and tasted the direct source of her sex. At the sound of her sharp breathe, I smiled.

Right away I dove my tongue to the pink opening of her passage way, tasting the direct source of her arousal and all its moisture. Monique seemed to enjoy this a soft grunt emanated from her sleep.

Dragging my tongue against her opening, her unique taste was drawn becoming slathered against my taste buds. Her taste was much heavier than Kim’s, drowning my taste buds until it was all I could taste. Whereas Kim was like a tangy fruit, Monique was like a powerful spice filled with a strong musky taste that overrides everything else. It was safe to say that I preferred Kim’s but then again, given the offer I wouldn’t be likely to turn down Monique either.

Aside from the occasional grunt in her sleep, Monique remained silent seeming completely unaware as my tongue wormed itself in and out of her tight snatch. As I pushed the appendage inside, I could
feel her womanly muscles clenched around it, saturation it in her wetness and taste.

It seemed Monique was akin to her inner lips. Small and virtually hidden from the world, the dark colored flaps of skin seemed to evoke the most reaction as I slipped my tongue between them. With each pass of my tongue, a new splash of taste spurted onto my taste buds and filling my head with her taste. This encouraged me to continue until her dark colored sex was literally dripping with her own arousal.

Breaking free from between Monique's leg I whipped my mouth on my sleeve and watched the dark skin glisten in its own honey. As I did this my eyes flashed to her face for a moment before returning to her shinning sex. I knew where this was going; even before I started I had to admit that I knew. I just didn't want to.

Staring at her sex my blood urged me to fill her void, forcing my member into her heavenly depths and revel in its soft heat. Unfortunately even after sating my thirst in her heavy musk, my member failed to rise to its full strength, become frozen at half-mast.

In the course of only a few hours I'd expelled myself twice already. This left me very little left to summon upon in my time of need. Despite this fact, as I stared into Monique's core, imaging how it would look to see my pale staff stuffed into her black African sex, I couldn't help but suffer straining as I willed my member to harden. Given a reprieve I knew that I could easily come back reinvigorated and alive with new energy.

Unfortunately, I was impatient to get the pleasure I oh-so desired. And so with that in mind I forced myself to stand and began to reposition the dark skinned young woman to better suit my needs.

As I finished manipulating her form I stepped back and couldn't help but smile at the familiarity of it all. With her body perfectly aligned to the edge of the bed, Monique’s slumbering face continued to sleep unperturbed as it rested so close to the edge of the bed. With the help of Monique’s mouth I would be hard and ready in no time.

At this point I could still hear the small voice in my head to think about what I was doing, to stop and understand just how badly my actions had turned. Unfortunately, as I caressed the young teen’s smooth, chocolate skin, I found myself pushing that voice even further away from my mind. And, as I pried her jaw open, seeing her soft tongue laying wet and warm in her mouth, it disappeared completely.

With my pants and underwear still lying across the room from my time with Kim, nothing stood in the way as I angled the head of my staff into Monique's waiting mouth.

As the first warm and gentle breath broke across my member, a shiver of delight arched up my spine. With baited breath I watched in fascination as my tip brushed against her open lips, continued unperturbed as it resumed sinking deeper into her mouth. For a moment my spine shivered, a warm tingle racing up my back at the sensation of her tongue pressing against my head. Finally, as the length of my shaft disappeared completely into her mouth, I took a moment to enjoy the picture of Monique and her lips and they became wrapped around the pale texture of my penis.

Beginning to hump Monique’s face, I shivered in delight as I grounded the head of my member hard against her tongue, savoring the experience as the appendage became sandwiched between the soft pink muscle and the slick surface of the roof of her mouth. This ultimately forced me to push myself even deeper, eventually finding myself at the entrance to her throat.

Just as my world exploded in a world of pleasure, my enjoyment was cut short by the sound of Monique choking on my swelling flesh. Pulling back in surprise, I immediately missed the tight grip
of her throat I had accidentally stumbled upon. So slow I couldn’t even tell if I was really moving, I pushed myself back into place, paying close attention to her chest as to monitor her breathing.

I knew I was being rougher than I usually was, but seeing Monique like this pushed my arousal to the limits. I knew no matter what that from now on whenever I looked at Monique’s face, I would stare at her lips, dark and full, and picture them as they were now wrapped around the base of my core. I moaned at the thought.

As I found my member fully lodged in the teen throat, I looked to her face only to feel my eyes widen in surprise. Instead of choking like she usually did, her sleeping form had adapted, forcing her to breath from her nose. Without the fear of her choking to death, I allowed myself to enjoy the moment and savored the tight slippery texture of her throat against the head of my staff. In reality I knew I was most likely no further than an inch past her tousles but still, to me it felt amazing.

As I began to push my member in and out, I moaned at the feeling of her tongue, soft and sweet as it cradled the underside of my staff. After a few moments of this, I looked down that dark skinned teen in surprise as I could feel her tongue slowly rubbing itself against me in her sleep.

With a shock of understanding, I felt a smile curl at the edges of my lips as I realized she must taste Kim. With no interruption between my session with Kim and now, my sex must still be saturated in the teen’s erotic sap. Knowing this, I put my hand on her head and petted her as she tasted the mixture of me and Kim’s coupling.

With the tight hold of her throat, as well as the velvety feel of her tongue as it licked at my pole, my member now stood fully erect and ready to pierce the sleeping girl under me.

I was reluctant to free myself from her the warmth of her mouth, but I knew it wouldn’t be long before I was in another, even warmer than this.

Pulling my member free, past her row of teeth, Monique’s lips remained wrapped around my shaft; stretched as they were pulled with my member until finally popping free. And finally, as I stroked the softness of her cheek once more I grabbed her shoulders moving her into her next position.

I already knew exactly how I wanted to do this. Before I started with Kim and they had been aligned side by side, rear by rear, bent over and completely exposed, it was one of the most amazing sights I’d ever scene. The contrast between Kim’s ginger pale complexions, to Monique’s deep African decent was mesmerizing. So with this in mind, I silently thanked Monique for keeping so many pillows in her room and I stacked them under her hips, pushing her voluptuous rear high into the air. Once this was done I once again stepped back and felt my stomach flop nervously.

Now in the exact same position I had placed Kim in, Monique’s large pillow like rear hung in the air inches away from Kim’s. Seeing them both together like this made my already stiff member harden even more. Looking at Kim I the flow a semen from her crotch had ebbed, leaving a deep wet stain in the purple martial of her underwear. Then turning back to Monique’s I knew it wouldn’t be long until hers looked very much the same.

Walking back to Monique I placed my large hands onto her rear grouping it generously as the soft, malleable skin seemed to absorb my fingers.

Getting to business my heart was pounding erratically as I gripped my member, directing it to Monique’s’ waiting hole. As the tip of my member brushed against the thick folds of her outer lips my breath froze in my throat at the warm sensation. But pushing through, I forced myself to continue.
As the lips of her core engulfed the head of my member I listened as Monique’s soft breathing hitched, stalling for only a moment. Seeing this I smiled, just waiting to see the types of sounds she was going to make in my presence.

Monique was as wet as I needed. I took a moment and swept the head of my member up and down her crevice stimulating her sensitive inner lips. As I did this, her liquid arousal became slathered over my rod lubing it up perfectly for its next job. After I found both of us equally prepared I took breath and jerked my hips forward forcing the tip of my head to enter Monique’s warm, heated channel.

As I found myself inside the second vagina of the day, I released my staff and quickly transitioned them on Monique’s hips to stabling my quivering form. She was so tight, and yet softer than anything I’d ever felt. It was being smothered by cotton candy. Entering another inch my hips seized in pleasure.

This being the third woman I’ve been lucky enough to enter, I couldn’t help but enjoy how each of them differed in some kind of way. Ann’s had hugged me, almost massaging my staff the way her muscled rippled and moved, pulling me deep only the way a woman of experience could know how to do. Kim on the other hand was firm, almost strong in her ability to clamp down on my staff. The way it feels when her juices get slick and her burning hot core crushed my staff was almost mind blowing in its allure. I loved that her body help me so tight, almost as if it didn’t want me to leave. And now Monique, in her soft channel, I found myself enjoying a whole new sensation. The way her pink innards hugged me, sent shivers up my spine. Even with just a few inches inside I was already desperate to bury the fullness of my length as deep as nature would allow.

Proving my point, as I attempted press myself even deeper, I gave a grunt of irritation as I found my progress being blocked. With only the thought of her warm passage on my mind, I pressed the tip of my member hard against the mysterious barrier, unthinking. It wasn’t until the sound of Monique’s pained gasp that I was able to look up.

Breaking through, the strange obstacle seemed to just dissipate, dissolving under the weight of my hips. One moment it was there and then next, the head of my staff seemed to just push through, just as normal as any other time.

As I sat there enjoying the warm envelopment of Monique’s silky crevice, I took a moment to look up and see what had caused her to make such a strange noise.

Turned to the side, Monique’s dark features were crumpled in a deep and disturbed grimace. Her eye lips looked clamped shut as if enduring some kind of pain and her eyebrows furled in discomfort. Finally as I looked down at our link the sight of ruby red liquid, seeping through the seal of our union that I realized what had just occurred.

For a moment I just sat where I was, half buried in the young teen’s snatch and watching in numb, morbid curiosity as a few more drops of blood leaking onto my shaft. It was… almost surreal.

In my head I understood that technically, this was not my first taking a girls virginity, but to see the evidence, the blood from her torn membrane, it just made the act seem so much more… real.

In my stillness, the sensation of her heartbeat reverberating off her inner walls and onto my shaft left me hypnotized in its strong steady rhythm. At one point I even took note at how our hearts seemed to beet at the same time.

Smiling at this fact, I gave a sigh and trialed my hand up from the young teen’s curves, leaning forward to caress her slumbering face.
In reality this didn’t really change much. I still wanted to finish, I still wanted to find my release. What’s done was done. And while I knew I should be freaking out right now… I was oddly calm. I felt… honored? I guess. The fact that I was her first, whether she knew it or not made my heart swell with pride. I couldn’t give her virgin back. All I could do was treasure the memory.

Waiting a moment, I stilled my intruding member; waiting for Monique’s body to acclimate to my girth. After a minute or so of this, I looked to her face and was glad to see her relaxed, no longer twisted in a pained grimace. Her eyebrows were still dawn together, a small crinkle forming between them, but I figured the worst of her pain had passed.

Slowly, gently, I pressed my hips forward, urging my member deeper into the freshly deflowered depths of Monique’s treasure. Sliding forward, her passage remained slick with various fluids. Finally, as the front of my pelvis met the softness of her voluptuous thighs, my goal had been accomplished.

Groaning in bliss, my member throbbed in the tempered heat of her soft, tight innards. Beginning at a slow, gently pace, I kept my hands firmly attached to her backside, pulling back and savoring the wet friction of her inner walls. And then, as half of my member was pulled free, I surged my hips forward, burying myself to the hilt in one quick motion.

Hearing a soft grunt from Monique I was too absorbed in the heavenly sensations of her crotch to pay any attention. Once again I pulled my staff back only to pierce her folds again and again. Getting into the motion, my pace began to speed up, increasing in intensity and tripling the bone quivering pleasure. It wasn’t long until sound of my flesh slapping against hers resonated throughout the room.

Getting a firm grip on her curvy hips, my breath came and left, panting the overheated exhaustion of the activity. In front of me soft grunts and disgruntled moans could be heard, slipping free from Monique’s furled expression. This only served to further my enjoyment as I sought to increase the delicious noise.

As I shifted my hands to the young teen’s rear, the memory of what I had done with Kim flashed before my eyes. And before I was even aware they were moving I looked down to see Monique's voluptuous cheeks prominently displayed, and exposing her dark winking button.

Only a few centimeters bellow this spectacle I turned to see the pale complexion of my staff as it disappeared and reappeared in and out of her moistening cavern. Pushing in the chubby outer lips of her quim indented swallowing the log of meat whole in its delicious depths. And then retrieving, just as with Kim a small wrinkly of her inner color came with me, clinging to my staff for dear life.

All along my shaft I watched as saw the watered down reminisce of her virginity painting it a light pink. This continued no matter how many times I bathed it in the deep reassess of her wetness.

After sating my enjoyment watching the contrast of my staff fill her dark box, I once again turned and stared into the wrinkled indentation of her back hole. With my finger I reached between us slathering it in the run off of her juice. Once it was properly lubricated I pressed the digit gently between the spread cheeks and watched as the hole consumed it.

Lubricated by her own honey, my finger slipped inside much easier than with Kim allowing me to push it all the way to my knuckle. Letting it rest for a moment, I stared in fascination as the tiny hole managed to swallow the whole thing almost effortlessly.

Giving my finger a small wiggle, I tested the walls of her back passage and found them to be flawlessly smooth. Wiggling even more my finger moved in and out of the wrinkled hole feeling her insides with great curiosity. I imagined what it would be like, how it would feel to have this kind of
sensation sliding up and down, hugging my shaft in vise like no other. This of course sent my member to throb, flexing in the tight warmth of Monique’s womanly muscles.

Yanking my finger free I looked at it curiously. There wasn’t any dirt, luckily, but I could detect a certain sour odor. Whipping it clean on the bed spread bellow, I released her cheeks and turned my full attention back to the slippery velvet of her original hole.

By this point Monique’s vocal lust came with every sweep of my straining muscle. It seemed as though her sighs and groans were even louder than my own. In her core I could feel her juices growing, spilling out around my shaft. Her muscles clenched at me, pulling me deeper, urging me to go faster. All of this told me how close she was.

And I wasn’t far behind.

As the sensitive tip of my member rushed in and out of her heated box I could feel my release building at the base of my shaft. To be completely honest, I wasn’t even sure if I had anything left to give. But the human body really is an amazing machine, as it managed to scrap up what little I had left.

In my hands, as I felt her muscles clamp down, I griped her hips in a tight hold shoving myself roughly into her core. The sound of Monique’s long held back cry of pleasure filed the room. It was then I felt my member explode. Again and again globs of milky fluid drained from my sack, filling the young dark skinned girl’s belly. And in return her muscled spasmed all around, rippling in the most delicious of ways as her sweet honey like nectar poured around the intrusion of my staff, dripping down my thighs.

As wonderful as my third release of the day was, it was also very short lived. Managing only three small spurts my load was meager in comparison to the two left in its wake. But as my orgasm ended, I was still able to enjoy watching Monique as her quim rippled and massaged the softening, oversensitive nerve endings of my penis.

In the moments that followed I was useless, unable to do anything but breathe as I rested against the soft, quaking form of Kim’s friend. And it was here I stayed until, finally, I was able to gather the strength and pull myself free.

As I stumbled back, falling on the floor as I did so I stared up at Monique’s crotch and watched as not a single drop dripped free. All of the load that I was able to manage stayed put, buried deep in her belly.

Turning to Kim her crotch looked much the same. As time passed the milky fluid from my loins had dissolved, becoming nothing more than a clear, wet liquid indistinguishable from her own. In this regard I sighed a sigh of release as I fell backwards, exhaustion taking over. Unfortunately, as much as I would love to fall under the gentle cloak of sleep I knew I had a few chores to do before I could allow that to happen.

Forcing myself onto my feet, I stared at the two women before me and gave a tiered sigh. Unlike before, as I set about removing the pillows from beneath their hips, I wasn’t panicked. This allowed me to almost lazily take my time, cleaning what needed to be cleaned and putting the room back in order.

Walking out from Monique’s bathroom I cared a damp wash cloth and began to gently scrub away the blood left behind on the dark skin of her vagina and thighs. Once this was completed, I hurried over to her dresser placed in the corner of the room and thoughtlessly grabbed the first two pajama items I could see. With these in hand I set about dressing Monique, a task that took far longer than I
had hoped.

With one woman dealt with I turned my attention to Kim and sighed.

Pulling up her underwear I enjoyed the notion of leaving her uncleaned, resting in the puddle of our mixed pleasure. When she woke up, she’d see the mess and think it was solely hers. With this in mind, I turned a guilty eye at her sleeping face gave her a regretful smile. I didn't regret what I’d done, but did wish I hadn’t had to do it. Or, at least in this context anyway. But pushing these emotions aside I made quick work of her underpants before stubbornly redressing her pants back onto her body. With this, most if not all evidence of my presence had been erased, and my job completed.

Walking over to my pants, I tiredly shoved my legs through the holes and quickly buttoned them up. With the pants on, I grabbed the belt and slipped around my waist before buckling it closed. With no further question, I activated the cloaking devise and settled myself on the floor, hidden in the far corner. I knew it was dangerous of me to stay at the scene of the crime but I barely had the strength to turn a door knob, let alone see myself home. It had been a long… tiring day and right now I just need some sleep.

As my consciousness began to slowly trickle back, I became aware of a soft moaning emanating from across the room. Forgetting where I was, I just grimaced and kept my eyes closed hoping that whatever it was would leave my room. It wasn’t until the sound of a soft gasp broke throughout the room that the memories of the night before came rushing back like a tidal wave. And with that, I was up in a heartbeat.

Looking across the room, I looked to see Kim up right in her bed, panting like she’d just run a marathon. As I looked at her face, she appeared shocked, her eyes wide as her parted lips gapped in her gasping breath. Under her skin, warm blood pool illuminating it in a deep blush. Seeing all of this she looked to have just woken from a very startling dream.

As a look of anxiety flashed across her features, she looked down to her lap and seemed to squirm in her seat. Then, much to my surprise, her face crumpled in worry as she popped her pants button free and reached within. After a moment of this she retrieved her fingers only to look at them in shock as her own arousal glistened around them.

Staring at her own juice Kim looked amazed as she seemed to study it almost in disbelief. Then, seeing her face beam bright red, I had to contain my laugh of amusement as she turned redder than the hair on her head.

With Kim studying her own nectar, and me studying Kim, both of us jumped in surprise as a guttered groan emanated from Monique as she began to stir, waking from her sleep. Quicker than I’d ever seen her move, Kim whipped her fingers on the bed spread and seemed desperate as she re-buttoned her pants. Thankfully she was able to get herself situated in time to turn to Monique, a bright and embarrassed smile failingly masking her nervous anxiety.

“what…?” rising from her slumber Monique looked incredibly confused as she sat up looking around the room and then at herself as she studied the pajamas I had picked out for her.

“I think we fell asleep,” Kim offered bashfully, announcing her presence.
Jerking her head in Kim’s direction, Monique’s eyes were wide as her brain struggled to finish waking up. For a moment she seemed to blush, fiddling with her clothing and completely forgetting that she wasn’t the one that had put them on. “F-fell asleep?” she stuttered. Trying in vain to sly compose her appearance.

Nodding her head, her eyes turned apologetic. “I’m sorry,” she grimaced. “You were willing to help me and talk me though my problems and yet I was the one who ended up falling asleep on you. I hope you’re not too upset.”

Looking even more confused, Monique looked at Kim like she had no idea what was going on. “Um… it’s cool, girl. Don’t sweat it.” Even though her reply sounded unsure, even to my ears, Kim smiled at her friend and looked relieved.

Still looking completely lost, me and Kim looked at Monique in surprise as a look of discomfort flashed across her features before her hand rose to cradle her throat.

“You ok Mon?” Kim asked seeing her friend.

Nodding her head, the dark skinned teen nodded, grimacing as she smacked her lips seeming to have a strange taste in her mouth. “yea, just…” she answered unsure. “I think I might be getting a sore throat or somthin’. Feels like I tried to swallow a golf ball.” Speaking the last part more to herself, her brain seemed to finally kick back on as her eyes became wide with recollection.

Looking at Kim I could see the anxiety, the fear she had been showing in the bathroom come back full force. “K-Kim!” she seemed to shout, earning an odd look from our red headed friend.

“Yea?” she asked cautiously.

Aware of her overzealous outburst, Monique looked to shrink back a bit but continued to stare at our friend with intensity. “I- I mean, about Ron…” Beginning to stumbling over her words, Monique’s inane ramblings came to an end as Kim’s face seemed to burn red at the mere mention of my name. Seeing this, the dark skinned young woman shrank back even further.

“Um… about that.” Interrupting her friend, Kim turned her attention downward, shifting away from her friend as her cheek began to burn anew. “I think I’ve… I mean I think that’s been resolved,” she spoke staring nervously at her friend.

Seeming shocked to her core, a panicked look crossed Monique’s face before she attempted to hide it with a poorly fashioned smile. “What- what do you mean,” she asked tried not to sound too invested. “You… finished thinking?”

Becoming extremely bashful Kim couldn’t even look at her friend. “Something like that,” she murmured. Unconsciously Kim seemed wiggle in her drenched undies.

Sitting in silence both young women seemed frozen, unsure what to say next, Kim because of her unbearable embarrassment, and Monique at the utter and complete devastation of it all. Finally the wet texture of her underwear seemed to become too much as Kim frowned, clearly uncomfortable.

“Well,” she sighed, trying not give herself away, “I think it’s about time for me to head home.”

Looking surprised, Monique stared at her friend as she began to stand and frowned. “B-But hey, I thought we could hang out a little, maybe hit up Club Banana?” Attempting to sound calm, I could see the desperation clear in her face.

Finding her bag, Kim shot her friend an apologetic smile and tried not to let it show how much she
was squirming. “Sorry, but ah, I really need to get home and take a shower.” Giving herself a small sniff, I could tell by the look on her face that she could smell herself even through her clothing. “Um, yea. And definitely get out of these cloths.” She mumbled, her face blushing anew with fresh emotion. “Besides, I really need to see if I can get a hold of Ron,” she smiled. “I gotta a lot of time to make up for if I’m gonna steal him back.” And with that she smiled, bashful.

Hearing Kim, Monique seemed to lose the last bit of resistance she had left. “O-okay Kim… I’m glad you’re feeling better.” And seeming to genuinely mean it she smiled at her friend, a sad mournful smile.

Seeming completely oblivious to her friend’s emotions Kim simply smiled in return and hefted the shoulder strap over her shoulder. “Monique?” she spoke, before walking to her friend. “thank you for listening to me, even if we didn't get to really talk things out that much, it felt good to finally talk to someone about what I was going through. I think it might have even been the reason I was able to find my answer.” She admitted embarrassed. “I don’t know what I’d do without you. I’m really glad you’re my friend.”

Like the final nail in her coffin, Monique was helpless to do anything but stare. Finally as she forced yet another pained smile onto her face she reached up and pulled Kim into a tight hug. “You won’t ever have to,” she whispered, voicing the pain in her heart. “And… I’m glad you're my friend too.”

I could tell Kim was surprised by her friend’s sudden expression of affection, but cautiously, I watched as she smiled at her friend returning her hug while at the same hoping she couldn’t smell the stale scent of sex clinging to her body.

As Kim walked towards the door, she gave her friend one last look and smiled anxiously. “Well… wish me luck. Hopefully Ron’s in a forgiving mood.”

At This Monique made a show of it as she dramatically rolled her eyes. “Girl, don’t even worry about it,” she smiled, sounding much more like I was used to hearing her. And with that we watched as the redhead left the room leaving us in silence. “He’d be crazy not to,” I hear Monique finish, a forlorn look on her face as she gazed at the space Kim used to be.

Still silent in the corner of the room, I watched as the young girl aloud herself to fall back onto the bed only seize up, releasing low his of pain.

Rising from the bed Monique’s expression was twisted in pain as her right hand fell over the space just below her naval. As I saw this my heart leapt in my chest, worry flooding my system. “What the heck,” I heard Monique whisper, obviously feeling the full brunt of her deflowering. “God, why is it hurting like this…?” Looking truly confused she shook her head.

Falling back onto the bed she curled into herself staring listlessly into the distance. This gave my spine a chill as by chance she happened to be staring directly in my direction. I tried not to let it affect me.

Silence filled the room, cold and stifling. As I stared into Monique’s listless eyes, I rested my back against the wall and stared at her, dead center and unflinching in her eyes. She was sad, but I knew she would get over it. She had to. I was still bubbling with excitement as it seemed my plan had worked. It was unfortunate Monique had to lose but both of us couldn’t have won. And I know given the chance she would have done the exact same as me.

…well mostly.

Taking this account, as I watched her, cradling her internal wounds my heart felt nothing but
satisfaction. We both played the game, I just happened to win. Granted it might have been a little unnecessary to incorporate Monique in my nightly fun but she just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Not to mention how she tried to steal Kim from me.

Still, I hope she wasn’t in too much pain.

Looking down to my belt I caressed the metallic buckle with care for without it, I knew there wouldn’t be a chance in the world that things would have turned out as well as they did. A few hours ago id bee afraid id lost Kim forever, and right now Kim was hurrying home to call me and mend our broken friendship, and maybe even turn it into something more.

If those weren’t results, I don’t know what is.

Casting my gaze once more to Monique the memories of our shower joined my happy thoughts of Kim filling my soul with joy

What I fun toy I had found.

Chapter End Notes

And so we end with Ron falling ever deeper down the rabbit hole. Will he be able to come to his senses and understand the depth of his actions, or will the allure of Kim and his own lust be to much to fight? leave a review/kudos/bookmark to find out.

till next time, this has been Hero.
Go-Phone

Hey people. Here is chapter 4. Thanks to everyone who's been supporting the story up to now. A slight WARNING in this chapter for the people who have been enjoying the story up to this point, the first half of the chapter is a bit different from normal and may not be to some peoples liking. I just as that you read through or even just skip to the second lemon.

Chapter tags: Consensual, fingering/handjob, slight FemDom, oral, anal, and blackmail.

Girl(s): Kim/Shego

Toy: the Go-Phone.

Look for the line break (-------------------Lemon------------------) to skip ahead.

Where… am I?

Looking around, my face curled in confusion. The first thing I noticed was that it was dark, an empty avoid that stretched in all directions.  Scratching my head, I couldn’t remember at all how I could have gotten here. My mind was just… blank.

Taking a few steps forward, I continued to study my surroundings, looking for any clue that could tell me what was happening.

“Stoppable…” a voice called from beyond. Snapping my head around, my eyes were wide as I searched for where it could have come from. It seemed… familiar. But other than this ingrained emotion I had no other way of identifying what the voice could want.

Deep in my heart, I could felt the telltale signs of cowardice creeping upon me, telling me to run. Except this time, it seemed I had nowhere to flee to.

“Stoppable,” it called out once more, this time much more clear. And with it came a light shining far off in the distance, piercing the darkness around me. At the sight of it, I found myself drawn in it’s direction. Like a planet orbiting a star. It was calming, relaxing almost.

Without even realizing I had begun to walk towards it.

With each step I could feel my heart pick up in pace, my breathing becoming almost labored in the effort. And it was with this effort that I was able to detect a faint odor, wafting in the air around me.

Closing my eyes, my heart clenched as I drew the scent into my lungs. It filled my head and my heart, lifting them higher than even the light had managed to bring out in me. Unfortunately, as wonderful as the scent was, for the life of me, I couldn’t pin down just what it was…

“Stoppable,” the voiced interrupted, breaking my concentration and forcing me to lose the wonderful smell.
Turning an annoyed glare in the light's direction, I found the calming effect gone. Suddenly, all I wanted was for the light to go as far from my person as was possible for stealing the scent away from me.

Without warning, I gasped as the space around me seemed to shift, rushing around me in a dizzying display of speed. Right before then I never though emptiness could even be noticeable. But that fact was proven wrong as I was shown first hand just how fast it could move.

Looking up, I was surprised to see the light disappearing back into the darkness just as quick as it had come. Frozen for a moment, I paused before realizing that I was the thing that was moving.

“Stoppable!” The voice called out for the last time, panic bleeding from his tone. And dare I say, fear. But it was no use. Even now it was less than a whisper, barely audible in my swift retreat.

In the last few moments before the ball of light disappeared completely, I stared at it, watching as it grew smaller and smaller. But then, just as the last bit of it seemed to disappear, I gasped as the darkness became illuminated, burning my eyes in a blinding display of bright white light.

Gasping for breath, my eyes were wide with panic as I found myself back in my room and my heart pounding in my ribcage. It took me a moment to recall where I am. But once I did, I couldn’t hold back my sigh of relief.

Through the window warm rays of sunlight were just beginning to pour in from the rising sun, casting a warm orange hue onto everything they touched. Even in the irritation of waking I could not deny the peaceful atmosphere. With a weary gaze I looked at my bedside clock and marveled at the sight of an extra half hour before I usually awoke.

In the back of my head, I tried to remember the last time I had woken up earlier than I needed to. This proved to only confuse me even further, for as long as I can remember this had never happened.

What was that? I wondered, disturbed. Tracing my hand through my hair, I grimaced at the slick sweat clinging to the blond tresses. I put this in the back of my mind, however, as I tried to make sense of the strangeness I had awoken from.

Thinking back, I tried to remember what it was I had just seen. Usually, my dreams consisted of images of cheese, Kim or when I was really lucky, both. It was one of the reasons sleeping was one of my favorite activities. But this… I can’t remember ever dreaming anything like that.

The memory of the cold, almost sterile environment of the void like place gave me chills. I couldn’t shake the sensation of flying as I raced through the empty space. Part of me couldn’t help but laugh at myself for my overreaction to a simple dream. Which, in all honesty, was most likely just the product of too much salsa before bed. But then another part, a stronger, more prominent part worried it had meant something more.

“Euuuu, Ron, euuuu,” a garbled voice appeared, drawing my attention to a light pressure pushing against my side.

Looking down, I spot my pet and best friend Rufus peering up at me, concern clear in his beady black eyes. Unable to help myself, I smiled, touched by his concern.

“Don’t worry little guy, just a bad dream,” I tried to reassure him, and myself. Lifting him to eye level, I gave the little dude a broader smile, trying to inspire confidence in my words. But even then he continued to stare at me looking no less worried.
With a heavy sigh, I placed him back on the bed, giving extra care to rub his head in a gentle but affectionate pet. This seemed to mollify him if only a bit as he stretched, rubbing back into my fingers and chattering in happiness. I found a small bubble of laughter lifting in my chest, erasing whatever lingering negative clouds the dream might have left hovering over my head.

Looking back at the clock I scratched my head, unsure what to do with the sudden amount of extra time I had on my hands. Going back to sleep wasn’t an option. As much as I tried to tell myself that it was just a dream, I sure as heck didn’t want to risk the chance of falling back into it. Once was enough.

“Euuuw,” Rufus cooed, once again drawing my attention. Giving it to him, I couldn’t help but roll my eyes at the sight of him rubbing his pudgy tummy looking as pitiful as ever. “Cheeeeese,” he groaned out, whimpering in obvious hunger. Cocking an eyebrow I smiled at my idea.

“Since we have a little extra time on our hands, why don’t I whip up an omelet?” I asked, already knowing his reaction.

“Cheese!?” he brightened considerably, almost pleading in his tone. In response I nodded my head, laughing in agreement.

“Extra cheese,” I corrected with pleasure. This sent my little friend in near hysterics as he began to jump up and down, pulling at my loose shirt in a futile attempt to usher me from bed.

Throwing my covers off of me, I gave a sigh as I rose to my feet. Cracking my back, I relished in the delicious sensations the act sent crashing through my body. This pleasure ended, however, as I raised my arms, exposing the rancid scent clinging to the area of my pits after a long night of sweat.

“Ugh.”

“Rufus, I think cheese will have to wait a bit,” I spoke with caution, trying my best not to take another whiff of my own smell. Casting a glance at Rufus he was still quite animated, clearly pleased with how this day was already turning up. This joy was of course squashed the moment he registered my words.

“Uh!” he grunted in obvious outrage, stomping his tiny foot as he glared up at me. This brought yet another smile to my face as I reached down, scooping him and began walking towards the bathroom.

“Relax,” I admonished. “Hygiene first, then the cheese.” While he still seemed put out, this still calmed him enough to stop shooting me the stink eye.

Walking across the room, I reached the door leading to my bathroom, only to feel the hair on the back of my neck stand on end. Without warning I suddenly had the overwhelming urge to look behind me. Without a second thought I gave into this urge, whipping my head around and curling my brow in confusion as I found not a single thing out of the ordinary. Frozen like this for a moment, I took one last glance around the room before turning back towards the bathroom.

And that’s when it hit.

Like a knockout blow my eyes snapped shut as I drew in a lung full of air, drowning in the faint scent of what I could barely detect as some kind of flower. Taking a second breath, my heart leapt in my chest as I realized this be the exact same smell as the one I had experienced in my dream.

Confusion marring my features I once again wracked my brain trying to remember what it was that was connected to this smell. But once again, my mind remained a haze, offering little more than the faint impression of snow drifting along the recess of my mind.
“Uh, uh, okay?” Rufus asked, chattering out the word in concern.

Turning my attention to him I quirked an eyebrow in speculation. “Can you… ah, do you…?” Unsure how to ask him what I wanted, I took a deep breath and banished the smell from my mind. And much to my surprise, I found that the actual smell had already dissipated, disappearing back from where it had come. “Never mind,” I said, shaking my head. And with that I pushed the smell to the back of my mind and entered my bathroom.

Once inside, both me and Rufus went about our normal morning routines. Side by side we brushed our teeth in quick succession before relieving ourselves and stripping for the shower. A two man team, we worked like a well-oiled machine.

With my clothes in the hamper I put myself under the warm spray of the shower and sighed in relaxation. Next to me, on a small shelf usually reserved for soaps and shampoos, Rufus mirrored my actions, reveling in the relaxing spray of the shower.

Unable to help it, as I lather my hands with soap and began to scrub my body my mind instinctively began to wander to a scene oh, so familiar.

Just a few days ago, she had been just like this, completely unaware that I had been watching her the entire time. Like a DVD on a screen the image of her soaped up, lathering her body in complete obliviousness, was still sharp in my mind. This brought forth an unstoppable reaction as my member began to rise to life. But Rufus being the only one in the room, I had no fear of offending him as he had seen me in all the worst of my growing adolescence.

It had been an extreme invasion of her privacy, and I knew if she ever found out about it, among other things, she would no doubt beat the snot out of me. But even still, as I recalled her dark skin glittering in the lamplight, I felt all my guilt wash away. Right down into the drain with the rest of the dirt.

Opening my eyes, I took a moment to scan the bathroom. I knew the chance of an intruder was slim, but the having done what I did; I couldn’t help but feel a spark of paranoia. It was time I put all that behind me now. I’d had my fun, as bad as it may be. Now it was time to focus on Kim. No more messing around in things I shouldn’t.

With a shake of my head, I spilled the last of the soap from my hair and turned the nozzle closed. “Cheese time buddy,” I announced with a grin. The small rodent had no argument to voice as he shook his body dry before jumping into my hand and catching a ride as I strolled back into my room.

Getting dressed was no real hassle as I donned my usually baggy jersey and even baggier pants. Fashion has never been too much of a worry of mine. Or at least, not enough of one to push me out of my comfortable preferences. And so, with that out of the way, I grabbed my school bag from the corner of my room and left through the door.

With all the finesse of a rhinoceros, I walked down the hallway outside my door before stomping down the stairs to get to the kitchen. This is where I glanced at the clock only to find that I still had twenty minutes before I would need to leave for school.

Seeing this I couldn’t help but shake my head in wonderment. Usually, I was lucky if I could scarf down a cold bowl of cereal before being forced to flee out the door. Maybe waking up a little earlier is worth it. But then, giving it only a second thought, a wide grin broke across my face.

Letting Rufus up on the counter I turned to the kitchen's fridge only to stop for a moment as my eyes caught sight of a yellow sticky not placed on the handle.
Ron, your father and sighed up for a weeklong hiking expedition in the Rocky Mountains. Isn’t that exciting! Anyway, we should be back next Tuesday so you’ll have to make due with the money on the kitchen table. Careful not to spend it all on junk!

Mom

Finishing the note I roll my eyes. For as long as I’ve been able to feed myself Mom and Dad seemed to almost always be off on some crazy cruise or adventure, sometimes weeks at a time. In all honestly, I’m more surprised to see them home than away nowadays.

Casting a glance over my shoulder I did indeed spot a small envelope, no doubt holding just enough money to keep me from starving on the kitchen table.

From an early age, it wasn’t hard for me to realize my parents hadn’t exactly been ready to have children. Not that they were bad parents exactly, just… absent. When they got married, they had their entire futures planned. It’s just bad luck that I wasn’t part of it.

Crushing the note in my hand, I threw it behind me trying to ignore the black pit in my stomach. It didn’t do any good to feel bitter. The only option I had is to put it past me.

And with that in mind, I forced my smile back onto my face and opened the fridge to retrieve the necessary ingredients to make two badical, Ron Stoppable style omelets!

As I began to rummage around in the fridge my hands froze as the same sensation as earlier energized the hair on the back of my neck, urging me to turn around. And once again, I remained helpless as I gave into this urge, pulling my head out of the fridge to glare at the view around me.

Imagine my surprise when I found absolutely nothing.

Taking extra care to look for any kind of sign, my brow furled in confusion as I could have sworn I’d felt someone… watching me. That sent a cold shiver right up my spine.

Opening my mouth, I was just about to call out to my intruder when my nose caught the faint but noticeable trace of flowers in the air, which was beginning to feel very familiar. This only confused me even further as there was nothing in my home that I knew of that could produce such a scent.

With a small frown of concern I held my hand to my head and swallowed nervously. Phantom scents were a sign of a brain tumor, weren’t they? I wondered with paranoia.

Hearing a bout of grunts and chattering, I turned my gaze back to my friend as he stared at me, a pleading and hungry glint in his eyes. This was only accentuated by the miniature bib, knife, and fork he carried, showing he was ready for even the hardiest of breakfasts.

“Well, okay,” I relented. “Sorry buddy, just a little distracted this morning.” And with that I retrieved what I needed from the fridge and set out to make our meal.

With all the time in the world, I was finally in my element as I set the burners, cracked the eggs, and set about adding the spices I knew would bring out the best flavor in the meats and cheeses. Cooking was my thing, my one skill I could always be proud of. Nothing made me happier than seeing people I love enjoying my food. Even if that person is a naked mole rat. Which is why, as the food was finished, I took a moment to just sit back and enjoy the joy filled expression on my best friend's face as he began to chow down.

With ten minutes still available, I took my time eating, devouring my food just a bit faster than a
normal person and savoring each bite as it slid down my throat. Mmm, seeing others eat my cooking may be the best part, but sampling it myself is definitely a close second!

Unfortunately, the next time I looked up at the clock it seemed I spent too much time savoring my meal. I squeaked in surprise before scrambling to grab my backpack and find the rest of the things I needed to leave for school. Once this was done, I ran back to my meal in hopes of scarfing it, only to find the once cheesy treat gone.

Immediately I turned a tired expression at my pink friend, giving him an annoyed stare as he rested on the table with a content and sleepy expression on his face. “You could have asked you know,” I admonished, causing a confused and indignant expression to form on his face.

As he began to chatter animatedly, I rolled my eyes not bothering to decipher what he was trying to tell me. I didn’t have time. So instead I was forced to forgive him as I scooped him up and plopped him right in my pocket.

With my passenger on board I hefted my bag onto my shoulder and was out the door and into my garage where I could see my blue baby waiting for me to ride her into the sunset, or… sunrise in this case.

In all seriousness, I knew my ride was a piece of junk, but it was my piece of junk. And I loved it. It was one of the first things I ever bought that didn’t include a grande size and for that reason alone, even if it only traveled two miles an hour, I was proud to call it mine.

“Buckle up Rufus.” Getting on the small scooter I laid my bag on the back before starting it up. Right away my ears purred at the sound of its rattling, sputtering motor.

Arriving at school, I felt my blood hum in my veins. Around me teen after teen strolled past, streaming into the building in front of me from cars, bikes, buses and more. Some walked in groups, speaking loudly in amused, friendly conversations. And others remained silent, walking along with tired and haggard features, obviously already exhausted before even stepping foot in the large building.

With the buzz of conversations and vehicles all around I stepped off my bike and gave the morning a broad, shining smile that could only be described as pure, one hundred percent Ronshine.

I knew today was going to be a good day. Despite being Monday, despite my morning’s bizarre awakening, despite even every other morning that has shown my luck, I knew that this was going to be my day. And how I knew this could be quite easily explained in two simple words.

Kim Possible.

Oh yes. Today was my day. Because today was the first step in Kim becoming mine. And that was worth smiling about.

With a hop in my step and grin on my face, I walked away from the parking lot and entered the stream of children shuffling into the building.

It had been two days since I’d last seen my friend. An entire weekend spent waiting for the opportunity to see her. This left me desperate, driven as I navigated the mindless drones of sleep walking high schoolers. For the past week and a half both me and Kim were in a bit of a tiff over a slight misunderstanding. But three days ago, also known as the best day of my life, I had learned of a
secret that had changed everything. Kim Possible, thee Kim Possible, my best friend and all around
pall had fallen under the assumption that I had a girlfriend.

And she was jealous.

And after just a bit of coaxing on my end, I had managed to inspire her to pursue those feelings. The
manner in which I did this could be considered a bit underhanded, but hey. All's fair in love and war.
What really matters is that after years of watching from afar, I finally have the chance to get the girl.

Back at school, this was the first opportunity I’ve had to see her since that fateful sleepover.

My mind was racing, a whirlwind of anxious excitement. What would I say? What would I do? I had
answers to none of this and yet I couldn’t care less. All that mattered was Kim. And soon enough,
she would be mine.

The soft sensation of stirring caught my attention, forcing me to look down and smile as Rufus
emerged from my pocket, stretching his tiny limbs as he awoke from his post breakfast nap. The life
of a mole rat wasn’t an easy one, but I had to say, it has its perks.

After a few moments of drowsy blinking, I watched as his beaded black eyes turned up at me and
then to my shirt as he grabbed the cloth, using it like a ladder to scale my body in a matter of seconds
and appear on my shoulder.

“Hi,” he squeaked, waving his tiny paw in my face.

“Nice nap?” I asked, already knowing he had been sleeping like a rock. Regardless, he nodded his
head, looking quite pleased with himself as a cheeky grin spread across his face.

Matching it with my own, I gripped my bag tight against my back as the flow of students continued
to rush. Without warning, I found myself reeling as I crashed into the floor, a particularly large
framed senior smacking into my shoulder as he passed.

“Hey!” I heard Rufus call after him. But the muscle bound teen didn’t even bother to look back as he
continued to walk, laughing with his jock friends.

“It’s okay buddy,” I reassured him, grimacing only slightly as I rubbed my now sore shoulder. It
never did any good to get upset over small stuff like that. And even if I did, the worst I could do was
stain that guy’s shoes as he stomps on my head.

Cuz that would show him.

Hearing my words, Rufus paid them no mind as he continued to raise his voice, squeaking in anger
as his tiny fist shook angrily, regardless of the fact that the dude was already long gone.

Laying on the floor I looked up to see the other students streaming around me, like a river around a
stone. Unperturbed by their neglect, I grew used to being ignored a long time ago. Especially when I
need help. One thing never ceases to amaze me in humanity is there almost ungodly apathy in
everything that isn’t themselves. It takes a rare type of person to have the courage to reach out to
someone in their time of need. Even rarer in high school. No, even in all my years of being alive, I
can only think of one person whose good enough to be that kind. And it’s about time I got off the
floor so I can go and see her.

“Ron?” a voice broke through the crowd, interrupting my thoughts.

Preparing to pick myself off the ground I found my limbs frozen as I registered the gentle, feminine
voice saying my name. And sure enough, as I raise my head, I feel my eyes widen at the sight of Kim standing over me, a look of concern plastered across her features.

“Ron?” she tried again. “You… okay?”

Staring down at me from above, the usual dim and bleak lighting of the school hallway seemed to shine around Kim’s visage, giving an angelic glow to her already inhuman beauty. With a startled jolt, I realized the lighting wasn’t the only source of her jaw dropping image.

From her feet to her hair my eyes trailed up her young body, staring at the daring and sexualized outfit she had chosen to don on this day. Gone was her regular green tank top and cargo pants, and there placed I found a shimmering beaded ensemble dipping dangerously low to expose her modest cleavage. Around her hips, my cheeks flared at the tight, black skirt wrapped to highlighting her hips and tight backside. Reaching well above an inch past her knee, it should have been illegal to expose such legs in public. And yet, I couldn’t tear my eyes away.

If Bonnie were to wear something like this, I knew Kim would be the first to roll her eyes at such obvious intentions. And yet here she was, dressed to the nines and all for me. And that wasn’t even the least of it.

In high school you see more than your fair share of young women attempting to boost their allure through means of cosmetics and other types of goods. Rarely did this amount to anything other than coming off trashy. Kim, though, seemed to have achieved what so many girls have failed to as the artful application made her face as beautiful as a painting.

With a rough coloring above her eyes, the green orbs appeared dusty and rougish as they gleamed in the florescent lighting. As well as her cheekbones which had been brushed ever so slightly, giving them a warm peach tint, highlighting her bone structure and drawing the gaze of anyone close enough to see it. Her eyelashes seemed to stretch on forever as I traced them with my eye, each one a graceful, dark feather curling up from her eyelids in a fan of sultry desire. This was all overshadowed by the devilishly coloring of her lips, dyed a soft red that bordered on pink, but remained too passionate to be anything but.

Yes, this was the vision that had stolen my breath.

Catching my obvious staring, Kim’s already colored cheeks flushed red unknowing curling her lips in a brief, but obvious smile. Without waiting for my reply, she automatically stuck her hand out, offering me a hand up. And unable to do anything else, I smiled gratefully as I took it, depending on her strength as she hoisted me back onto my feet.

Ducking my head, I could barely manage to look at her, embarrassed at allowing her to find me in such a position. Kim on the other hand didn’t seem to notice as she shyly peered at me through awkward glances. For a few moments, each of us were stuck like this, unable to speak and frozen by the other person's mere presence. This lasted for thirty seconds of unbearable silence, until…

“Thanks…” I choked on the word, blushing brightly at my inability to speak.

“No big…” she responded, curling the edge of her lips upwards adorably. And seeing her smile brought my own out full force as I grinned in the most idiotic of ways. Kim didn’t seem to mind it, though, as her lips stretched accentuating her bright pink lip balm.

But then, as if she suddenly remembered our situation, her smile vanished, replaced by a look of sadness as she stared back down at the floor. For a few moments, I watched her as she refused to meet my gaze, nervously chewing on her lip like she had something she wanted to say. This came to
a stop as she peeked at me from under her eyelashes, a pleading sparkle burning in her eye.

“Can… can we talk? I- I promise to not be crazy,” she added in a rush. I could tell she had meant it as a joke, but the clear undertone of fear was undeniable as she looked actually afraid I would say no.

“Yes!” I responded, shouting at her in my excitement. It was only once I saw her shocked expression that I realized my error. “Ha-ha, I- I mean,” I tried to back track. “Yea, mhmm, t- that’d be great.” As embarrassing as it was Kim didn’t seem to notice as a deep and long sigh of relief to rush from her nose.

The trip was silent, almost awkwardly so. Being completely honest, this wasn’t exactly how I imagined this day going. Regardless, I couldn’t help but enjoy the light spirit of hope that continued to flutter in my chest just from being near her. It wasn’t much, but it gave me the strength I needed to keep going.

After a few minutes of walking we stopped once we appeared at her locker. It was here Kim looked at me, the emotion pouring from her deep, beautiful green eyes.

“I’m sorry!” she suddenly blurted out, the volume of her voice both shocking me and causing a few people around us to turn their heads. “I’m sorry,” she repeated, ignoring them completely.

For a moment I said nothing, just opting to stare at her in utter confusion. “KP,” I answered, shaking my head. “What are you-“

“I- I know I’ve been acting crazy,” she sighed in exasperation, cutting me off. Outwardly her brows were curled in frustration, an overall tense and stressed expression. “And don’t try and tell me I wasn’t,” she added after a moment, giving me a guilty but knowing look.

“Ah,” I hesitated, unsure if agreeing was the best course of action. Coughing into my hand, I pulled it back to scratch the back of my neck, unable to help the nervous habit from acting up. “Maybe a little,” I winced, shying away from her just a step. Thankfully, the explosion I expected never went off.

With a huff of air Kim rolled her eyes at my attics before giving me an embarrassed look. “I know, and I’m sorry,” she grimaced. “I’m your friend, and if you really do have a girlfriend… I should be happy for you.” Said through grit teeth, I could see Kim was anything but. And for this one time, this made me unbelievably happy.

“N-No. Come on KP, really I should have told you… or something,” I grimaced at my half-baked apology. Honestly, the worse part of lying is keeping them all straight. “I mean, I should have trusted you enough to at least tell you the truth.”

Not denying any of what I admitted, Kim simply nodded her head, still looking slightly put off. Becoming still for a moment, Kim’s face froze in the way I knew her mind was going a mile a minute. To anyone else it would have lasted barely a second. But to me, the guy that’s known her her entire life, I could see the slight change.

So slow that I wasn’t even aware she had moved, Kim slipped herself two steps closer to me, placing her just a hand’s width away. Realizing this sudden close proximity, I stared at Kim, cheeks burning. She on the other hand, looked completely at peace, smiling softly as if nothing at all had happened. “I just… I don’t know. When I saw that lipstick and you wouldn’t tell me who it was from… I care about you, and… and I just don’t want to see you get hurt,” Kim attempted to explain herself.

So slow that I wasn’t even aware she had moved, Kim slipped herself two steps closer to me, placing her just a hand’s width away. Realizing this sudden close proximity, I stared at Kim, cheeks burning. She on the other hand, looked completely at peace, smiling softly as if nothing at all had happened. “I just… I don’t know. When I saw that lipstick and you wouldn’t tell me who it was from… I care about you, and… and I just don’t want to see you get hurt,” Kim attempted to explain herself.
Feeling a sudden warmth on my arm, I looked down in surprise as I found Kim’s hand resting gently on my bicep. Turning my shocked expression to Kim, she simply continued to smile, innocent as ever and twice as devious.

“Ron,” she spoke, flashing her pearly white teeth and sending my hormone ridden brain to mush. “Can’t we just… put all of this behind us and go back to how things were? I miss my best friend.” And with that I found myself frozen as a softer version of the puppy dog pout suddenly found its way onto Kim’s face.

Tied tighter than any knot Camp Wannaween could ever teach, my tongue struggled to form a coherent response resulting in a corresponding fit of nervous giggling and brainless stammering. Kim didn’t look to mind much, as my reaction only seemed to make her smile grow even wider.

“KP,” I finally managed to stutter out. “C-come on. You kno-”

‘BRIIIIIIIIIIIIIING’

Out of nowhere, the first bell rang obnoxiously loud throughout the hallway. And like a chemical reaction, the small space was suddenly filled with reaction as students began to shove each other, fighting to rush to their first hour class. Kim and I avoided this mayhem by sticking close to the lockers and waiting for the excitement to cool a bit.

“Um, R-Ron,” she spoke, her flirtatious demeanor faltering if only for a second. “What was that you were going to say?”

Feeling my cheeks redden, I ducked my head a bit before turning back to her, offering a small grin. “Kim-”

“Stoppable! Possible! What is the hold up?!” a sudden and boisterous voice suddenly boomed. Groaning audibly both of us turned to see Mr. Barkin sauntering toward us, his usual no nonsense expression prominent in masculine authority. “Well?” he asked, raising his eyebrows expectantly. “Do I need to explain what that bell means or are you going to get to class?”

“Sorry Mr. B,” I apologized. Already I could see the extra homework weighing in my backpack. “We’ll get going. We just need to-”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” the burly man apologized. “Did the bell ring at an inconvenient time this morning?” Listening to his words I could feel the sarcasm dripping from his lips. Already my eyes drooped in exhaustion. “Well, next time I’ll be sure to ask what time of the morning works for you. Does that sound acceptable, Stoppable?!”

Inwardly, I groaned at his demeaning tone. Butting heads with guys like this was impossible. They were like brick walls. In all my years of dealing with Mr. B, I’ve found only one real way to get out of his screaming lessons.

“Man, that’s sounds awesome!” I agreed with his suggestion, earning a surprised, and then an irritated expression to flash across his square shaped head. “I was thinking like, twelve, maybe one-ish? Ya know? I mean, I really need that extra beauty sleep to work at my fullest capacity.”

Seeing his face turn bright red I couldn’t help but snicker at his expression. It’s not like Mr. B was a bad guy or anything. On the contrary, when you really get to know the guy he actually pretty cool. But that doesn’t mean I’m gonna let him do whatever he wants. Besides, he’d get bored if I didn’t mess with him a bit.

Flinching back, I can already feel the detention falling on my shoulders. Thankfully, just as Barkin’s
mouth began to open, barking orders at the ready, Kim Possible once again saved the day.

“Ron!” she exclaimed, an expression of apologetic worry. “Don’t worry Mr. Barkin. We’ll head to class right now. Wont we Ron?” she stressed through clenched teeth.

Having already had my fun, I nodded my head and allowed her to pull me down the hall, away from the silently glowering man. It really was too easy.

“Ron,” Kim spoke. Letting go of her death grip on my arm, her hand remained where it was leaving me grinning. “Can we… continue our conversation later? Like, after class?” Looking at me, her nervousness had returned.

Nodding my head, I grinned at her, more than happy to do whatever she wanted. “Sure,” I agreed. Kim returned my smile, giving me a small wave as she retreated off to her own class.

Seeing Kim walk away, I have never been so depressed we didn’t have class together. Only the thought of seeing her afterward was enough to get me to walk away and towards my class. Though something tells me, I might not get too much done today…

The hours that followed proved to be unsurprisingly wonderful. True to her wishes, returning from classes things really did seem to return to normal. We talked, we laughed, we hung out at her locker.

It was everything back to the way it was supposed to be. Only… a bit more.

Telling one of my more than stupid jokes, instead of rolling her eyes, Kim seemed to actually laugh. And every so often, if the situation would warrant it, Kim seemed to take the effort and touch me in any way she could. Whether that be a gentle hand on my arm, or a playful swat on my chest. If I weren’t aware of her jealous intentions, such things could have easily passed without my notice. But as it was, I knew exactly what she was doing, and I couldn’t be happier. And rather than disturb her flirting actions, I chose to simply enjoy them.

Amazingly, these types of encounters continued throughout the day. And so lost in this wonderland, I couldn’t even tell how much time had gone by as walked back from my third class of the day. Rounding the corner, I could only smile, blissful and ignorant as my favorite red head came gracfully into view.

“Wanna… go grab some lunch?” she offered upon my arrival, coyly hiding half of her face behind her mane of red locks.

Widening my eyes in surprise, I looked around to see students standing about, relaxed and with food in hand. For a moment, I simply remained quiet, frozen in the implications of what had just transpired. I… I had forgotten about lunch…

Feeling a twinge of pain in my heart at the mere thought, I forced myself to push it down and harden my features. What’s important was Kim. And that’s what I needed to focus on.

“You know it, KP,” I replied, putting on my best smile. And before I could talk myself out of it, I held out my arm, offering it to her like an old timely gentleman. Looking taken back for a moment, Kim looked at my arm and then back at me as if she was unsure it was okay. I know that this was pushing things a bit.

Up until now Kim had been the one to initiate our physical contact. So no doubt the teen was surprised by my initiative. But as she took my arm, wrapping her own around it and nestling it against the side of her breast, I could see a slight look of excitement rush through her at my willingness to initiate physical contact.
This was very clearly a boyfriend type thing to do, not a best friend. And in her mind, she was currently in a fierce battle with some other woman for my attention. But little did she know, there wasn’t any competition in the world that could compete with her, none at all.

Walking to the lunchroom, me and Kim captured more than a few stares. We didn’t pay them any mind, preferring to catch up on lost time and enjoy each other’s company.

We ordered our food, found our usual table and spent the next half hour reverting back to our usual interactions, just having fun. Even the mystery meat hadn’t been enough to bring us down. For that small window of time it was like the past week and a half had ceased to exist and we were back to being best friends.

“And you would not believe Bonnie’s face when she found out what it really was,” Kim chuckled, finishing her story. And right with her I couldn’t hold back my own snort of amusement at the brunet’s distress. Embarrassing Bonnie stories were always something Kim and I enjoyed indulging in. And after so long apart, Kim had stock piled quite the collection.

Our laughter died down as we neared her locker, leaving us in a comfortable silence. As much fun as we’ve been having our next class was fast approaching and it was clear on both of our faces how reluctant we were for it to happen.

“So…,” Kim spoke, falling back to her coy demeanor. “I was thinking… maybe we could catch some Bueno Nacho after school? We could grande size… my treat?” Making her offer Kim’s hand landed on my arm, earning a storm of tingles to race up the appendage and get my blood racing.

“Ahn Boyah! Count me in!” I finally managed to answer, my heart racing with excitement. Cheese and Kim all at once. My dreams were really coming true, I realized with building pleasure.

Kim grinned at my excitement obviously pleased.

Too busy imagining what I was going to get, I missed Kim’s expression as she moved forward. But I snapped back to reality as I found a ball of red hair suddenly snuggled into my chest as well as two strong arms wrapped around my middle in an affectionate embrace.

“I really missed you Ron, missed us,” Kim muttered into my chest. “Life can suck without a best friend.” And with that I sighed as I felt her arms tighten around my middle.

“KP,” I muttered, blushing profusely at the intimate action. Around me I looked as people had turned toward us, looking as Kim hugged me in the hall. But then, as I wrapped my own arm around her, all those stares bled away until there was only me and Kim. “You have no idea how much I missed you,” I continued, speaking honestly and from my heart as all my dreams seemed to be coming true.

Everything I did, everything I had to do, all of it was worth it. Worth this moment…

As quickly as she had come Kim was gone and back by her locker, a healthy pink glow illuminating her flesh. Coughing, Kim’s eye shifted awkwardly as she seemed embarrassed to look me in the eye. I on the other hand, stared unabashed, allowing my emotions to be shown clearly on my face.

“Well,” Kim finally spoke, tucking a stray hair back behind her ear. “I’ll see you after class.” And with that she was gone.

Unperturbed by her sudden disappearance, I merely leaned against her locker, arms crossed over my chest and the most idiotic grin ever conceived plastered across my face.

Ah boyah…
Taking a moment to simply sit back and enjoy the happy emotions coursing through my veins, I sighed in utter contentedness as hordes of other students continued to walk past, heading for their next class.

Lost in this love induced haze, it took me a moment to recognize. But as I continued to breathe, my eyebrows quirked as I took notice of a strange odor wafting in the air. One that smelled… very familiar…

Like I’d been shocked I visibly flinched as my skin tingled with the sensation of eyes, boring into my skin. Call it a survival instinct, or even just being paranoid, but after being on so many life or death missions, a guy tends to pick up on a few qualities to help keep him alive. I turned around in the hall looking for who it could be. I knew I was being watched. The only question was, by who?

Looking at the students passing through the hall, I doubted it was any of them. This feeling, this sensation, it was more than a simple passing glance. Unfortunately, as the seconds passed by the sensations slowly died down, revealing that whoever it had been was already gone, their strange smell leaving with them.

With a deep scowl, I rubbed neck anxiously, unsure if this was worth bringing up to Kim. After all, it was just a feeling. It’s not like I had any real proof. Besides, I smiled, why would I want to ruin such a wonderful day?

And with that thought in mind I pushed any and all thoughts of the stranger into the back of my mind and picked up my bag. On my way to school, students and faculty alike would stare as Ron Stoppable whistled merrily on his way to class.

Oh yes, what a wonderful day indeed.

---

Four classes down and one to go.

Sitting through class my face held a grin that just would not quite. Even Barkin’s oh so exhilarating lecture on Canadian history hadn’t been enough to bring this guy down. Oh no sir! And as I waited by Kim’s locker, waiting for her to appear my joy only seemed be increasing. It seemed today the Ronshine was going supernova baby!

On my shoulder Rufus had woken from his post lunch, pre-cheerleading practice nap and was quite animatedly voicing his anger at not being woken for his meal. In response I merely nodded my head, listening to his squeaks and warbles but making zero attempts to decipher what they could mean.

“Would an extra naco make it up to you?” I asked, tired of his chattering so close to my ear. And thankfully, at my offer his noises stopped as he pondered.

“Grande?” he squeaked in question. And hearing it, I couldn’t help but roll my eyes.

“Grande,” I agreed, earning me a very complacent mole rat.

Chuckling at my friend's antics, I rubbed his head affectionately listening to him purr in appreciation. Animals really did make the best of friends. Feed them and give them a little attention, and they're friends for life.

“Ron,” a voice called to me. Turning my head I spotted Kim and grinned in welcome. That is, until another bout of irritated chatter exploded in my ear. “And Rufus,” Kim corrected herself, laughing as
the little guy put up an annoyed front. “Did you miss me?” she asked kindly. In response, the poor little guy didn’t last a second before he flew from my shoulder and onto Kim’s, where he gave her cheek a big welcome back hug.

“I’ll just take that as a yes,” she laughed. And of course, I laughed right along with her enjoying the moment.

“Are you ready to head to class,” she turned her attention to me. And I nodded, more than happy that our last class of the day was together. Even if it was another of Barkin’s.

“Just let me grab my book,” I responded, shifting to my locker and turning the dial to my combination.

Without warning my limbs froze at the floral smell that seemed to permeate my entire space. Stronger than ever before, I inhaled it with wide eyes as if that were enough to make sense of what was happening.

A part of me found this scent to be incredibly annoying as it continued to dip in and out of my day. But another part was too strongly affected by the strange nostalgia that came with the scent whenever it appeared. It was calming, soothing almost as the faint sensation of cold brushing against my skin and an image of snow appearing in my mind. Holding on to these things I opened my eyes only to Kim staring in my direction with a wide eyed, seemingly confused expression.

“Kim?” I asked, confused by her expression. She didn’t respond though, as I found she was not actually looking at me, but past me.

“Stoppable-San,” a voice spoke behind me, freezing me to the bone.

Like a statue I turned my head, and then my body around to face the only person I know that would call me that. And as I came to a stop my suspicions were confirmed as I found Yori, long time friend and deadly ninja standing before me as if appearing from thin air.

“Yori!?” I asked, not even bothering to obscure my shock and surprise at her appearance. And in my school no less. The last time I had seen her had been quite some time ago at the end of my Japanese experience. The exchange student trip had been an interesting time, where I had been able to not only learn more about myself, but also about my powers and where they came from. I hadn’t really been able to appreciate what it had meant then, but now, as I continue to try and hone my abilities, I find myself looking back and truly considering what master Sensei had been telling me.

“Stoppable-San,” she repeated, taking a step closer to me. “I cannot tell you what joy it brings me to see you.” And with that I found myself stunned even further as her arms wrapped around me in a warm embrace.

With Yori so close, my nose twitched uncontrollably as I discovered the floral scent I had been smelling all day clinging to her skin like the riches of perfumes. It was at this moment that my brain clicked, finally recognizing it as same smell as the sakura tree standing in the middle of the Yamanouchi training ground. The exact one I knew Yori loved to sit under to meditate.

Had Yori been in my house this morning?!

“Ahem!” a disgruntled cough emerged from behind. And looking around my cheeks burned as I spotted Kim, tapping her foot with her arms crossed and a very irritated expression clear on her features. “Ron,” she spoke, her voice eerily cool. “Why don’t you introduce me to your… friend,” she finally worded, her tone leaving absolutely no room for argument.
The sweet, charming, beautiful, gentle girl I had gotten to spend the day with had disappeared right before my eyes. In her place, this Kim appeared angry, volatile, and all too easy to start a fight as ice flew from her green orbs, figuratively freezing me in my tracks.

Coughing into my hand, I quickly untangled myself from Yori, who was, at the moment, giving Kim a polite smile. Not sure why, but the way her eyes stared at the redhead gave me a slight chill. Nowhere near as powerful as Kim’s, but somehow even colder. Outwardly it seemed nice enough, but that’s always been the problem with Yori. It’s next to impossible to read her. “Ah, Kim,” I spoke. “This is Yori, she’s ah… she’s a friend of mine.” At this Kim’s pointed eyes narrowed even further, sending my heart thumping in my chest.

“Yori,” I continued. “This is Kim, um, also my friend.” And again, neither of the girls said anything, instead the young Asian merely nodded her head, her polite smile unmoving on her fair features.

“Possible-San,” she finally spoke. “Stoppable-san has told me much about you. It is my honor to finally meet a warrior of your strength.” Finishing her sentence off with a bow, Yori’s head dipped ever so slightly showing Kim her respect.

Whatever Kim had been expecting Yori to say to her, it was clear that that wasn’t it. “U-um, thanks?” she offered in response, unsure what else to say. Yori made no effort to comment on her confusion, as she turned her attention back to me.

Growing silent once more Kim’s, face turned uncertain once again as her eyes flashed back and forth between me and Yori. “I’m sorry,” she apologized, “but how… exactly do you know Ron?” From her tone I could hear her temper beginning to flare. Already I knew what was going on in her mind, but I found no way to reassure her without it seeming out of place to both girls.

Seeing Yori look at me to answer, I felt my face drain of color as Kim followed suit. It wasn’t like I could tell the truth after all. Yori and Master Sensei had sworn me to secrecy of the school and their teachings before I had left. I don’t know what happened when you broke an oath to a ninja school, but I didn’t really want to find out.

And so, this left me with one option, but improve was never my strength. I don’t know why, but it was like my brain was unable to work at the speed necessary to come up with anything believable. I could only hope that this was the day a miracle happened.

It didn’t.

“pshh, me, and Yori?” I spoke, trying to play it off. “Yea… ah, we way go back.” Stuttering only a bit I struggled to keep my face as innocent as possible. “Mhmm, I’ve known her for years.”

Eyes going wide, Kim’s expression quickly turned dangerous sending my heart into my throat. “Way back?” she repeated incredulously. And as if I wasn’t in enough trouble I felt myself shrink back even further as the volatile red head forced her face in front of mine.

Immediately I tried to back track. “Um, did I say way back?” I chuckled nervously. “You know it’s more moderately back, even less actually. You know what, now that I think about it… I’ve never seen this woman before in my life.” Turning my gaze to Yori my eyes were wide with panic. “Who are you and why are you at our school?!”

“But you just said you knew her,” Kim spoke. Crossing her arms the pale skinned teen raised an accusing eyebrow at me, daring me to explain myself through flame riden eyes.

Feeling my heart begin to pick up, it was my turn to look at Yori for help. I wasn’t expecting much,
of course, considering our history. But hey, better than nothing. And as I looked towards the young Asian for help she nodded in acknowledgement.

“Pardon me,” her heavy accented voice interrupted. “But it is very important that I have a word with Stoppable-San. Would you be so kind as to allow me to steal him for a moment?”

Whipping her head around to stare at Yori, Kim’s expression looked anything but agreeable. “Um…” Seeming pained, it looked as though Kim would have literally come up with an excuse to keep me from going. I could see how badly she wanted to be rude, to be spiteful. But against Yori’s polite and kind nature, even the harshest of tempers would falter, unbalanced by the lack of negative emotion. “Okay…” she finally relented, but looking as though it was the last thing she wanted to say.

Looking back at Kim, I flinched at her hard gaze. “Um… be right back KP,” I spoke cautiously. Receiving an even harder stare, I placed my hand on the small of Yori’s back and led her down the hall. When we stopped, I could still see Kim but we were far enough away to speak without fear of being overheard.

“So, ah… what’s going on,” I questioned awkwardly. “Is the lotus blade in trouble again or is there some other majestic quest the chosen one is needed for?” Finishing my question I tried to give Yori a goofy smile, but instead it faltered as I caught sight of her suddenly serious expression.

“Stoppable-San, I am afraid my visit it not mere pleasantries. Master Sensei has sent me to you for a reason.” Each word spoke seemed to have the weight of the world carried on it. Her tone and expression left me frozen.

Thinking back on the old man that had looked after me during my stay at the ninja school, I couldn’t help the bubble of fondness that formed in my chest. The way he looked after me and believed in me had stayed with me well past the end of my trip. If he and Yori needed me, I’d be there. “Is Sensei in trouble?” I asked, turning serious.

At my question, her intense gaze softening if only slightly. “No, Stoppable-San. Master Sensei has fallen under no harm. My mission concerns you.” Stepping closer to me her hand landed on my forearm, in very much the same way Kim had done, as if knowing I would back away at the information.

Hearing her words I found myself suddenly confused. This showed on my face as I stared at her grasping to understand what she could have meant. “Me?” I asked incredulously.

“Yes Stoppable-San, you.” Confirming my fears a look of confusion flashed across her features as she seemed to struggle with something. Finally, after a moment of this her eyes returned to me carrying a look of concern. “You seem… confused by my presence, yes?” Yori asked cautiously.

Hearing her question I couldn’t hold back a small bark of laughter. Understatement of the century! “Just a bit,” I conceded, rubbing the back of my neck nervously.

“Master Sensei… did he not explain to you of my arrival?” she asked with a worried expression.

I on the other hand felt my eyebrows rise in surprise. “Master Sensei?” I asked, shocked. “Is he in town too?” Unable to help it, I looked over the girl’s shoulder as if expecting to see the aged man standing in the middle of my school’s hallway.

“No, Stoppable-San, he remains on Yomanouchi where he continues to instruct the students. But he should have attempted to contact you before my arrival, as to explain the… situation,” she finally worded, wincing as she said it. I don’t know why, but seeing Yori flinch like that made my skin
tingle with worry.

“Ah…,” I hesitated. “I can check my messages when I get home,” I offered, hoping it would help the girl. “I didn’t really have time to check this morning.” And as a smile curled at the edges of her lips, I couldn’t deny the pleasant warmth that spread through my chest.

“Oh Stoppable-San, it gladdens me to hear you have not lost your American style humor. No, Master Sensei would not contact you by telephone. If he attempted to speak to you, you would know it. He is, after all, a master of manipulating chi.” Speaking highly of her master, Yori’s face glowed with happiness. I could see it in her features the pride she held in her school and her teachers. And it seemed no amount of ninja training was enough to make her conceal such affection.

Hearing her words, my brow crinkled as I found my mind reaching back to this morning, and more specifically my dream. Recalling the ball of light, and the voice from within, my face blanched with shock as I finally recognized the voice to be the same, kind, wise tone of Master Sensei. It had been so long since I’d heard it, I had almost forgotten. But thinking about it now, I know it was unmistakably him.

“The dream!” I exclaimed, earning a look of surprise from the girl in front of me.

“Yes…” Yori agreed, confusion marring her features once more. “I believe that Master Sensei would try and contact you that way. The mind is much easier to enter when one is asleep. But, if you were able to speak with him, how is it you were not aware of my presence?”

Hearing her question I once again flashed back to my dream, only to blush at my memory. It was true; he had tried to contact me. But after smelling Yori’s natural scent I had been too preoccupied trying to get it back to pay any attention to what he might have been trying to tell me. Of course I couldn’t tell Yori this. And so, I found myself in a very awkward position as she continued to watch me, waiting for an answer.

“Ah, ha-ha, you know, um, funny story actually. I think I might have accidentally sent him away?” Staring at the floor as I said this, I dared to peek up, only to find Yori staring at me in utter shock. The silence afterward seemed to last an eternity. It came to the point that I was actually tempted to wave my hand in front of her face to see if she was still home. Thankfully, before I was able, her features relaxed, reverting back to their usual serine expression, though continuing to hold a look of unease.

“You… sent him away?” she spoke, her tone disbelieving.

“I didn’t mean to!” I swore, eyes frantic with an apology. “I mean, if I’d know it was him…”

As I tried to explain myself, my sentence was cut short as Yori held up her hand, stopping me cold. “You do not understand Stoppable-San, I am not upset at your actions. I am merely surprised by them. What you did… it should not have been possible…” and like that I was the one who was struck silent.

Looking at Yori’s face, her features were tight in speculation, expressing her deep thoughts. After a few moments of this, her eyes returned to mine, carrying a look of extreme seriousness. “Please Stoppable-San,” she addressed me. “There is much we have to speak on. Unfortunately, I cannot do this in such a place. We must speak in private.”

Suddenly nervous my fingers began to fiddle with the end of my shirt as Yori stared at me expectantly. “Um,” I stalled. “I guess we could meet at my house,” I offered. “My parents are out so it would just be us.”
“That would be fine,” Yori agreed. “When might you be able to return?”

Under her piercing gaze my eyes glanced in every direction, literally looking any place but her. This, mixed with my nervous fiddling left me more than obvious in my distress. “A-actually,” I stuttered. “Me and Kim were planning to hang out after school, so, um, could this maybe wait until then?” I literally flinched at my words taking just a step back.

Thankfully, the explosion I was expecting never came. Though at the sight of Yori’s piercing gaze, I couldn’t help but feel that yelling would have been worlds better. “Stoppable-San,” her tone was short and curt. “This is a very important matter, determining the future of Yamanouchi. I would not advise putting such matters off so that you may socialize. Obviously, it would be your honor to return to your home as quickly as you are able. Would it not raise so much attention, I would advise you follow me home this instant. But as it were, I understand your academic responsibilities and am willing to wait until your schooling has finished.”

Honestly, what kind of argument was I supposed to put up to that? So instead, I merely nodded my head, casting a nervous glance at Kim, already knowing this great day had come to an end.

“Thank you Stoppable-san, you give my mind great reli-” Stalling mid-sentence Yori drew my attention as I looked up to see why she had stopped. And from my position I could see her slanted eyes drawn to across over my shoulder.

Following her gaze, I felt my stomach drop as I found Kim staring at us with rapt attention. The intensity of her gaze made me physically jump back, if only for a moment. Yori however, met her gaze head on; showing little more than mild curiosity.

“Possible-san seems… troubled by my arrival,” the young Asian spoke suddenly. “I hope my actions have not offended her.” Speaking demurely, Yori’s expression remained expressionless. For whatever reason I couldn’t help but feel a sense of unease.

Comprehending her words, I couldn’t help but become awkward. “Me and Kim are just… we’re going through some things,” I finally admitted shaking off the odd atmosphere. Hearing my words, her eyes flashed to mine.

“You and Possible-san are… together, yes?” she asked, her tone light and airy. For whatever reason I found that even more uncomfortable than if she had been harsh. “She seemed very troubled by our companionship.”

Taken back by her suddenly bold question, I stared in surprised silence before making sense of her assumption. I’d been smelling and sensing her all throughout the day. From the morning to just last hour. With this information at hand, I found myself blushing as I realized she had most likely been observing me all throughout the day. Maybe even more than that.

It was at this point the shade of my face darkened even further. “Um, well, ah,” having some trouble at finding my voice, I felt myself shrink back under Yori’s inquiring gaze. But there was no way I was going to actually tell her the truth.

By her unchanged expression I could tell she was expecting more. “Okay,” I relented with a great sigh. “We’re not, but,” I paused, taking a moment to glance at Kim. And even through her fearsome glare I couldn’t help but find her beautiful. “I think we will be soon. I hope so anyway.”

Turning back to Yori I jumped slightly. Her expression was unreadable, but undeniably intense as her black eyes bored into mine. She was silent and perfectly still. To anyone looking she would appear completely normal. And yet, despite this I found myself frozen. In the back of my mind, I
mentally slapped myself as I recalled just who it was I was confessing to.

Technically, I knew nothing really happened between me and Yori during my visit. I mean, sure, I might have put on a little Ron charm, but hey, who am I to deny what the ladies demand? But even still, as I shivered under Yori’s gaze I couldn’t help but feel there might have been a little more between us than I originally picked up on. Believe it or not, I do on occasion mix signals.

“Ah... Yori?” I summoned my courage to ask. “Everything okay?”

For a moment Yori remained just as she was, not even blinking. But then, like she had flipped a switch, her face returned to normal as the past few minutes had never happened. “Of course Stoppable-san, I am most well.” She responded through her normal Yori smile. Though looking at it now I couldn’t help but notice the hard edge it seemed to carry.

“Now,” Yori spoke. “I believe I have kept you from your friend long enough.” And before I could even respond I found myself being tugged along as she led me back towards the irate redhead.

Stopping in front of Kim, Yori placed her hands on the front of her skirt before offering her a small bow. “Thank you Possible-san for allowing me to borrow Stoppable-san. I apologize if I have inconvenienced you.”

Leaving Kim too surprised to respond Yori turned back to me. “And Stoppable-san, I look forward to meeting you. Please return to your home as soon as your time at school had ended.” Then bowing to me, I found my cheeks reddening at her politeness.

“Wait!” Kim exclaimed, forcing herself into the conversation, both physically and verbally. “Ron is supposed to be with me after school. He already has plans” seeing her cheeks puff with anger, I watched as Kim gave Yori a glare usually only reserved for Shego. This left my palms sweating as I knew she wouldn’t be happy. “Right, Ron?” she ordered, pushing me between two very dangerous women.

Like a pendulum my eyes swung back and forth between the two of them, actually afraid for my life. Taking a dry swallow, my mouth opened, but any sound refused to emerge leaving me gaping like an idiot. How did I get myself into situations like this? I wondered. Unfortunately, as much as I was stalling, I knew the choice I had to make. I had a responsibility to Yamanouchi, and if Kim knew I was helping people, I’m sure she’d understand. I’ll just have to make it up to her some other time. With these thoughts in mind, I turned to Kim and offered an apologetic expression. Seeing this, her eyes went wide with surprise before curling into a look of hurt. “Sorry, KP… I’ll make it up to you, I swear. But… right now, Yori needs me.”

Before I could even finish my apology Kim had turned her face away from me, choosing instead to glare at the wall across from us. It was like this she steamed in silence for what seemed to be a full minute. Finally, as she whipped her head around, she spoke. “Cheerleading practice,” she replied, earning a look of confusion to flash across both mine, and Yori’s face.

“Ron and I have Cheerleading after school. Today’s really important and I can’t do the routine without the mascot. I need him there.” Making her case, she crossed her arm’s to glaring at Yori as if daring her to deny this request. I too turned to Yori, curious about what she would say. For a moment she said nothing, merely choosing to stare at Kim with what I found to be a slightly sad expression. This confused me, but for Kim it seemed to infuriate her as I could actually see her face turning red. Thankfully, before any real blows were thrown Yori nodded her head, giving Kim
what she wanted.

“Very well Possible-san, it is not my wish to cause you or Stoppable-san any trouble.” Turning to me her smile was back, lifting a bit of the pressure off my shoulders. “Enjoy your practice, but meet with me as soon as it is over. I will be waiting in your home for you when you are finished. We will speak then.” Bowing to me, her head dipped only an inch before coming back up. “Until then, Stoppable-san.” And with that she was off.

Seeing her walk away, my eyes remained trapped on her body, watching it as it disappeared back into the throng of students. She had appeared so suddenly, and then left just as quick. I couldn’t help but feel frazzled from the experience. But as I turned back to Kim, I was forced to push that behind me as I found a sudden redheaded temper turned on me and me alone.

“Ron…” she spoke slowly, deliberately drawing my name out. But after that, she said nothing. Instead, I was forced to suffer in silence as her eyes continued to penetrate my very soul, searching for whatever it was she was looking for.

I was expecting an explosion. I was expecting to hear her voice burst in outrage. But instead, as I peeked at her from under my eyelashes I was surprised to find her seeming actually… worried?

“Let’s just get to class,” she finally spoke, her anger sounding to have cooled considerably. And without so much as a glance in my direction I was left staring as she walked away, shoulders hunched and head dipped low. Seeing this, my heart broke under the undue pain I had just caused her.

With nothing else to do, I picked up my bag from the ground and began to walk after her. What a fun class this is about to be…

And boy was I right.

Sitting a few chairs behind Kim, the monotone voice of Mr. Barkin fizzled into background noise as my entire being seemed to be centered on the girl in front of me. Despite her subdued attitude on the way to class, I could see the tension building inside her. Like a redheaded volcano, there was a pressure waiting to detonate.

Several times throughout the period I had looked up to see her fingers clenched, tight around the fragile wood of her pencil. This was almost always followed by the resounding sound of a ‘snap’ before Kim reached back into her bag for another.

Seeing this, it was all I could do to not imagine those hands around my neck.

She hadn’t said a word to me all throughout the class. Not a glance, not even the smallest sign that she acknowledged my presence. With a growing sense of dread, I couldn’t help but fear that everything I had worked towards had just been shattered, leaving me right back where I had started.

Glaring down at my desk my fists clenched on my legs as I tried to understand what it was Yori had been doing today.

Needing to speak to me, I understood. But the fact that she approached me in the middle of my school, and right in front of Kim just didn’t make sense. She must know what Kim is like. Exposing herself like she did would only put the secrecy of Yamanouchi at risk. Not to mention the way she had been acting… just… strange.

Giving a great sigh, I closed my eyes in frustration as I turned my attention to the much more pressing issue. If I’m right, and I think I am, Yori had been following me all day. Heck… maybe
even longer. And that could mean big trouble.

With a deepening blush, I tried to picture Yori watching me as I took advantage of Kim and Monique. Would she have stepped in? Would she have stopped me? I can't be sure, but at the very least I have to consider the possibility that she could know about what I have been up to. And if she tells Kim… it's all over.

Lost in my own thoughts I remained oblivious as the bell rang, urging the students from their desks and out the door without me even being aware. This left me sitting, unresponsive until I was one of the last in the room. Me and Kim.

Still staring impetuously into my desk, I failed to realize the redhead standing next to me until it was too late. This forced a quick jolt into my heart as I looked up, only to find a hard and extremely irritated looking Kim staring down at me, mercy nowhere in sight.

Seeing that, I finally seemed to snap out of my trance, Kim’s eyes narrowed before her hands were on my arm, yanking me out of my chair, and leaving me with no explanation other than a simple, “let’s go.”

Once out of the classroom Kim’s hold finally relinquished, allowing me to rub my sore appendage, and question if she had managed to take any skin. This time didn’t last, however, as Kim’s hand once again reached for me, but this time grasping my hand in a much gentler hold. Not sure what to say to this, I looked at Kim in confusion, but allowed her to pull me down the hallway.

With Kim’s hand in mine, I found a small bit of comfort from my nerves it its small warmth. Any hope of understanding what was going on in Kim’s head was crushed as we traveled in silence. So instead, I was forced to turn my attention to her face, only to blink in surprise as I found that what I had perceived as irritated now seemed much more anxious. In the back of my mind, I could only wonder what was going to happen.

After a few minutes of this, it took me a moment to realize we were going in the wrong direction. This forced me into an awkward position as I found that I would be the one to break the silence

“Ah, Kim?” I stuttered, nervous beyond words. “Isn’t the gym the other way?” I asked, pointing behind us. This forced Kim to stop completely as a look of confliction flashed across her features.

Staring at Kim, I watched as she took a moment to scan the halls. And seemed to find whatever it was she was looking for, I flinched as she pulled me forward and directly towards Bonnie.

“Bonnie,” her voice called out, alerting the curt brunet to our presence.

Looking up from her compact, Bonnie gave Kim a withering glare clearly prepared to release some sort of sardonic response. Kim didn’t give her the chance. “You’re in charge of the squad today,” she announced, earning a shocked expression from both me and Bonnie. “You know the routine and I know you can handle the rest of the girls for the day.”

Sputtering indignantly, poor Bonnie seemed confused, caught between the joy of running the squad, and her pride at following anything Kim told her to do. Unfortunately, once again Kim gave no room for her to respond as she tugged my hand forward spurring me to follow and leaving Bonnie to stare after us, an expression of confusion still frozen on her face.

“KP?” I asked, worried. For her to let Bonnie of all people take the lead of the squat, I knew she must be seriously tweaked, and in the worst kind of way. Feeling my forehead flush with sweat, I fidgeted nervously, suddenly very scared. Unfortunately, Kim refused to answer my call, choosing
instead to hasten her pace, gripping my hand even tighter as we navigated the halls.

As we came upon Kim’s locker, I gave a sigh of relief as she released my hand to put in her combination and open her locker.

With nothing else to do, I continued to wait patiently, leaning up against a nearby locker and watching her as she shuffled through her things, lightening her pack and storing the books she did not need.

On her face, I trembled at the same sharp, dangerous expression that had remained since Yori’s disappearance. As her eyes shifted back and forth through empty air, I could still see the nervous edge I had earlier missed as present as ever. Seeing this it was clear that something was on her mind. And whatever it was sent Kim into quite the frenzy.

“Hey Kim,” a bright voice appeared.

Breaking my observation, my attention snapped to the computer screen as Wade appeared as cheerful as ever and oblivious to the bomb sitting so close to his lap. Currently his attention was focused on his computer screen, leaving him unaware of the piercing green eyes, glaring at him on the other side of the camera.

“We got a hit on the site,” he reported, taking a large swig of a soda. This is the moment he chose to turn to Kim, blinking in surprise that quickly turned to fear as he registered the possible dragon he had encountered. “Should I… set up a ride,” he spoke cautiously, physically flinching away from the camera where he and Kim were connected.

Behind Kim, I stared at the poor kid and silently waved my hands back and forth, signaling just how bad a time this was. Seeing it, his eyes once again went wide as his attention flickered back to Kim, giving the girl a nervous smile.

For several heartbeats, Kim said nothing, choosing instead to stare in silence into what seemed to be nothing at all. From my position I winced at the sight of her knuckles, white under the tension of her own grip. Finally, as Kim let a shuddering sigh, both me and Wade took a step back.

“How bad is it,” she spoke, each word forced through a tight jaw. Seeing the confused expression on our technologically gifted friend’s face, Kim sighed once again, though this time releasing her tense posture, and instead adopting one of exhaustion. “Is anyone’s life in any immediate danger?” She clarified, crossing her arms as she glared at the young teen.

Still confused by her response, Wade took a cautious glance at his computer, keeping one eye on Kim as he did so. “I guess… not, technically,” he hesitated, enunciating the word ‘technically’ as he took a second glance at the message. This was enough for Kim, however, as she nodded her head.

“Then not today Wade, sorry.” And with that she wasted no time in slamming the locker shut, canceling the computer conference.

For the next few moments, silence rained the space between us. Finally, for the first time since class, Kim’s green eyes lifted from the floor to meet mine. And in that moment, I saw all the emotions Kim had been struggling with, all the anger and jealousy poor from anxiety filled eyes.

“We said we were going to hang out today,” Kim spoke, her voice seeming frail, nervous. And staring at me, she had expression to match. All the anger and aggression she seemed to carry disappearing completely. “So… come on,” she muttered. Reaching out her hand grabbed mine, loosely holding it as if to allow me to pull away if I wanted to.
At that moment, as I stared into her shifty, nervous expression, I was finally able to peg what was going on.

She was scared…

For me, a person who has spent nearly his whole life living in fear, it was easy to see it. But for Kim, the great Kim Possible, I could tell this was something new for her, foreign. Most likely, she’s just as confused as I was by her erratic behavior. This explained her tight and grouchy attitude well.

But right now, that was gone. Right now… she was asking for me to be her friend. And I knew if I was ever going to fix what had happened today I needed to go with her. So… that’s what I did.

“Sounds… cool KP,” I smiled at her, losing my own fearful expression and turning the Ronshine on max as I tried to reassure the girl in front of me. And for a moment, it worked. Seeing me smile, and feeling my hand grip hers snugly, Kim’s own smile finally worked itself back onto her face. It was small, and slightly nervous, but seeing it reminded me of what my purpose was in life. To always keep her smiling. No matter what.

And so, with nervous smiles all around, I let Kim tug my hand and pull me out the school. And even out the door, even out the parking lot and past all the students in it, Kim’s hand never left mine. And boy did it feel great.

The walking out the school it did not take me long to realize that Kim was taking me to her house. Through the many years of friendship, me and Kim made this trek many times. Before we knew it, short hesitant words transformed back into funny and uplifting tales. Like an unspoken agreement, in the time we had, both Kim and I chose to forget Yori and pick right back up from where we left off.

I was cracking jokes, Kim was laughing, and even though we both knew she might have forced a few of them, none of that reduced the enjoyment of the time we shared.

Outside the sun was shining brightly above our heads. The temperature was warm, and as the wind blew softly through Kim’s hair I couldn’t help admire it’s softness as it glittered in the light. Truly, seeing Kim like this was what I lived for.

Our hands still connected between us swung subtly in the warm breeze without a care in the world. Every now and then, I would look to my left and see Kim shyly glancing down at them. As if to reassure herself that they were still there. And seeing this, I would bravely give her dainty appendage a soft squeeze, causing her to glance up and blush at being caught. This happened multiple times and at each one, my heart would shudder with delight. Of course, it wasn’t long before Kim’s house came into view.

Walking up the driveway and in through the kitchen door, I took a moment to appreciate the warm and loving atmosphere of the Possible family home. For a while, there had been a point where I thought I might never get to see the inside of this house ever again. But now, as I hold Kim’s hand and see her smile at me, I can’t help but think of how much everything has changed.

Settling into the house, both Kim and I dropped our bags on along the wall. “Ron, do you wan-” no doubt about to offer to move to the family room, Kim was stopped short as her mother, Ann Possible, quickly entered into the room, a frantic look frozen on her face.

“Kim,” she sighed in obvious relief. “Thank goodness your home early.” Walking further into the room her eyes remained locked on her daughter. This is why when she finally noticed me, her eyes jumped, startled, only to increase in surprise as I watched her eyes trail down our arms before finally landing on our conjoined hands.
And as Kim wrenched her hand out of mine, holding it behind her back, it was clear Kim had noticed her mother's inspection as well.

Ann, for her part, seemed to have lost her train of thought as her eyes jumped between me and her daughter. In her eyes, I could see a familiar sparkle of interest, as she thought over the image she had walked into. Finally, much calmer than when we had initially walked in, Ann forced her features to become neutral, allowing a soft sigh out of her nose.

“Mom… you, wanted something?” Kim forced out. From where she was standing I could see a deep bloom of color swirling beneath her pale skin. In front of all the kids in our school she hadn’t even batted an eye at holding my hand. But under her mother’s inquiring glare, Kim’s face was beaming as though we had been caught nude on the kitchen table.

Eyes flashing over to her daughter, Ann nodded her head, her lips tightening into a line. “Yes…” she agreed. While she had looked to have been in some sort of rush before, at the moment her urgency had calmed completely. “Kim, the ah- the hospital called me in. There’s been an accident on the highway.” Picking up her purse from the counter her eyes once again flashed over to me before going back to her daughter. “I need you to watch your brothers.”

Hearing her mother’s request, Kim’s blush faded completely as a look of irritation took its place. But seeing this Ann simply held up her hand, silencing any and all argument. “Kim, please,” she sighed. “It's just for a few hours and they shouldn’t give you any trouble.” Hearing her mother's voice of reason, Kim nodded her head, thought begrudgingly and agreed to her mother’s wish.

“Good!” The elder Possible chirped. “Now, would you mind giving them their medicine while I’m out? They need to keep taking it every couple of hours.” Taking a paper bag out of her purse, she held it up to Kim. “Once should be enough until I get home, but if they start looking like they need it, feel free to give them another dose.”

With a great sigh, Kim took the bag from her mother and nodded. Then, casting a glance back at me she grinned ruefully. “Sorry,” she apologized. “Be back in a sec. Meet me in the family room?” She asked. And seeing me nod my head, she grinned before blushing once again as she saw her mother watching both of us through the entire conversation. “Well… bye,” and with that she ran past her mother and up the stairs.

Staring after her, I watched until her form completely vanished before I turned back to Ann, only to find her eyes on me, a small smile teasing the edges of her lips. Seeing this, I couldn’t help but duck my head as I knew she must have caught on at least a little bit to what was happening.

“Hello Ronald,” she greeted me, still smiling her subtle smile. Walking closer to me, she hefted the strap of her purse over her shoulder. “I haven’t seen you around in a while.”

Letting out a nervous chuckle, I nodded my head recalling the hellish week of my absence. “Yea…,” I agreed. “Me and Kim… were having a bit of an argument,” I offered. And with that, I winced at the grievous understatement I had made.

At my words the red headed mother’s grin tightened to a look of worry. “Yes,” she hesitated. “Kim seemed… very down lately. Though this past weekend she seemed to perk right up… I guess now I know why,” she hummed, regaining her mirthful expression and even chuckling at the color of my cheeks as the flushed a light red.

“I’m glad to see you two are getting along,” she sighed after calming down. Her expression seemed tender as she said it. “Don’t tell Kim I told you… but I think she really missed you. I was getting a bit worried actually.” Accentuating her words, Ann’s hand brushed my arm as she smiled, grateful.
In response, all I could so was focused on the soft skin of her hand, warming my shoulder through the material of my shirt.

“N-no prob, Mrs. P,” I managed to stammer out, ducking my face to the floor and hoping she didn’t notice my strange behavior. Her touch on my arm was electric, sending waves of sparks up my arm and in my pants.

Glancing up at her kind smile and sparkling blue eyes, I couldn’t help but think back and recall a different expression those features had taken. Eyes clenched, lips parted, sweat glistening on her brow as breath after breath of pleasure rose her sternum into mine and pressing her breasts against my chest.

Looking at the woman in front of me, my mind pulled these images forth, remembering the wonderful night we had spent together. It was wrong of me, both then and now, but with this being the first time I had seen Ann since that fateful night on her own anniversary, I couldn’t help but think back to it and smile.

But all too soon Ann’s hand left me, taking its warmth and the images it had inspired. I put on a brave face, however, not letting my disappointment show as she took a step back, checking her watch and jumping in surprise. “Oh my,” she gasped. And in a flurry she began to pat down her body, doing a quick check to make sure she had everything she needed to leave before rushing past me to the door.

“At was good seeing you,” she rushed. “I’m glad you and Kimmie were able to make up.” And with a final smile, gave me one last brush along my shoulder before unlocking the door and hurrying out the door.

This time it was her I watched flee as she hurried to her car parked in the driveway. In such a hurry, she failed to notice my leering eyes tracing the outline of her body as she rushed out the door. I was embarrassed with myself, and more than a little nervous about her look back to see me. I couldn’t deny the burn her fingers had left me, infecting me with but a touch of her fingers. It was this that forced me to stare all the way to her car.

Starting the ignition and hearing the engine fire up, the red haired mother did a quick check of all her mirrors before she finally glanced up to meet my staring gaze. I can’t tell you what my expression must have looked like in that moment, but whatever it was seemed to stop her, if only for a moment as our gaze locked through the house window and her car. Despite how nervous I was at being caught, I felt an emotion rise up inside me, giving the courage to maintain eye contact and even offer a small smirk.

Seeing this, Ann’s face tilted if only a bit before she seemed to snap out of it and offered me a small wave, before backing out of the driveway and to her work.

Staring after her car, I could smell the scent of her perfume wafting in the air. I hated how I couldn’t control myself around her. How it seemed all my reason and inhibition, flew out the window. How… how it made me remember just how much I loved her…

Brooding over these thoughts the sound of feet falling on stairs shook me free as I turned just in time to spot Kim return from her brother’s side and enter the kitchen. “Hey,” she greeted as if we hadn’t been speaking just minutes ago.

“Hey,” I answered back, trying to hide my guilt as her smile flashed a row of perfect white teeth.

Seeing her adorable smile, all I could do was remember the perverted thoughts I had just been
thinking about her very own mother. I was crazy, or at least half way there. Why should I want An-
… Mrs. P, when it’s Kim I want, when it’s Kim I love. Remembering this, I pushed all those
thoughts for the red headed mother to back of my mind and followed Kim as she led me to her
house’s family room.

“Your brothers are sick?” I inquired after we sit down on the coach. Next to me, Kim sat just few
inches away, leaving just enough to room seem appropriate, and yet in perfect reaching distance. I
couldn’t help but take note of this.

In response to my question, Kim gave a big sigh as she rolled her eyes dramatically. “Yea,” she
revealed. “They must have caught it from some other kid at the sleep over. Nothing serious, but don’t
expect them to be up and walking around anytime soon. Seems like they spend all their time
sleeping. I could hardly keep them up long enough to give them their medicine.” Finishing her
sentence Kim gave a small shake of her head, sending strands of hair to bounce around her face as
she chuckled in exhaustion. Entranced by the sight, I lost myself in the red sheen as it sparked in the
light. Unfortunately, it seemed my staring was a bit too obvious as Kim’s sudden cough broke
through my brain, forcing me to return back to the room.

Shifting my eyes to Kim’s face, they snapped wide at the shy blush fluttering along her cheeks.
While trying to seem put off, I could see the underlying pride in Kim’s eyes as she saw my own
embarrassment take claim to my cheeks. Kim was more than happy to have caught me staring at her.

“H-hey,” Kim suddenly spoke, breaking the silence that had enveloped the room.

Casting her a glance, my eyebrows cocked as I noticed her fidgeting in her seat. “Um, you hungry?”
She inquired, her voice peaking in an odd tone. Glancing around the room confused, I tried to think
what it was that was making Kim act so strange. Finding nothing, I simply shrugged my shoulders
before turning back to give Kim my attention.

“Sure,” I replied simply.

Giving such a meek answer, I was caught by surprise By Kim’s smile as it erupted from her face,
dazzling me by its sheer volume. “Great!” she chirped excitedly. And before I could even blink in
surprise, the redhead scrambled off the coach and towards the kitchen.

Bracing myself to get up, I was half way to my feet, intending to follow after her before Kim’s voice
called out, as if anticipating my intention. “Just wait there!” she hollered. “It will just take a second!”
And obediently, I planted my butt back down on the cushion, thoroughly confused.

Crossing my arms, I stared around the room waiting to see what had Kim so excited. She had said
that it would take a few seconds, it turned out to be a full three minutes before Kim’s red head
popped back into the archway.

Carrying a bowl in each hand, Kim walked over, handing me my bowl before gingerly settling in
next to me. And as I looked into the bowl, I smiled at the familiar sight Mrs. P’s vegetables and rice.
I don’t know how she does it, but despite the lack of cheese and the excess of vegetable, she still
managed to make this one of my favorite dishes.

Gripping the fork Kim had stuck in the bowl, I stuffed a healthy amount onto the utensil before
shoving what I had collected into my mouth and savored the taste. In the back of my mind I couldn’t
help but notice something was off. But, at the moment that didn’t matter as I caught Kim gaze locked
on my face.

Swallowing my current mouthful, I scratched the back of my head bashfully, as I knew I was acting
like a slob. “Sorry, KP,” I apologized.

At my words Kim’s eyes went wide with surprise before she quickly shook her head. “No, no,” she denied. Shifting nervously, she turned her eyes to her own, untouched bowl, shifting the contents unconsciously with her fork. “Just… do, do you like it,” she asked, peering up at me through her eyelashes. Looking back down, I raised an eyebrow before smiling at my best friend.

“Course I do KP,” I grinned unabashedly. “Your mom is a bondigity cook. I’d eat this every day if I could.” Emphasizing my words I took yet another big forkful into my mouth.

Glancing back at Kim, my eyes brightened at the shy, almost coy smile glittering over her cheeks as she continued to stare at her meal. Under her breath, my ears twitched as I heard Kim mutter into her bowl.

“KP?” I asked.

Kim looked up from her own meal, her cheeks pink as she refused to meet my gaze. “My mom didn’t make this,” she repeated herself. Then, with a great amount of effort she finally turned her gaze to meet mine, making the color on her cheeks flush even deeper. “I did.” And with that, I found myself dumbfounded.

Staring at Kim in shock, my gaze flickered to the bowl in my hand before quickly returning to the red head. Kim’s ability in the kitchen was well known. From Bonnie to Dr. Dementor, practically everyone knew Kim was next to useless to when it came to cooking. This is why as I lick the inside of my mouth, tasting the food she had created, I almost couldn’t believe it. Wow.

“My Mom helped!” she quickly added, as if afraid I wouldn’t believe her. “This weekend, I asked mom if she could give me some pointers… well, a lot of pointers actually. But I mean, I know it's nothing that complex, but I can’t have mom cooking for me forever you know…?” Stalling, Kim paused her rambling just long enough to take a second glance into my eyes, shrinking nervously. “Do you really like it?” she asked again. And taking another mouthful, I proved my point.

“It’s incredible KP!” I congratulated her, giving her my best and proudest smile. And I was proud of her, incredibly proud. Kim was great at everything. Literally everything. This was a fact that had grated on my nerves more than a bit throughout my childhood. Thankfully, I learned to get past that over time. But it was the fact that she could do anything that made me so proud that Kim took the effort and time to buckle down to learn a skill I know she hated. Especially because I knew that, in reality, she had done it all for me…

Perking up at my praise, Kim shed her shy demeanor and sat tall as she returned my beaming smile. I could see the pride swimming in her eyes as she took her first bite and confirmed I hadn’t been lying.

After that we finished our meals enjoying each other’s company. All the while, unconsciously inching closer and closer as time went on. I was hypnotized by her voice and eyes. In the midst of things, Kim had turned on the TV, but neither of us paid it any attention.

With her confidence back, flirty Kim had returned and I was enjoying every second. We talked about nothing and everything. That’s what made our friendship so amazing. We could be doing nothing at all still have the best time of our lives. And before I knew it, a full hour had passed and any memory of Yori, or our appointment had flown far from my mind.

As I continued to listen to the silken sound of Kim’s voice, a nagging impression on my leg incessantly calling for my attention. As I tried to ignore it, nodding and smiling at Kim’s stories, it quickly transferred to my stomach before crawling even higher. Finally, as I felt Rufus tugging on
my ear I was forced to turn my attention to him, an exasperated expression clear on my face.

Looking over my shoulder, I met my little friend’s beaded gaze, and gave him a questioning stare as he continued to grunt and squeak. Finally, I understood as he pointed to a clock on the wall, shattering the gooey illusion I had come to love.

Just like Cinderella, it seemed the clock had struck midnight on our evening as my shoulders slumped in disappointment. And seeing my change in demeanor, Kim’s words slowed to a stop as her eyebrow rose in confusion. “Ron?” she asked.

Turning a guilty eye in her direction, I made a weak gesture towards the same clock and gave a great sigh. “KP?” I prepared. “I think it’s about time I head out.” And showcasing my enjoyment of that fact, my face remained long and sad.

“What?” Kim asked, a look shock appearing on her features. And like a rabbit her head whipped towards the clock only for her eyes to go wide at the sight of the time. It seemed I wasn’t the only one who had lost track. “But- but I thought we were catching up?” She insisted, mirroring my look sadness.

At this I rubbed the back of my neck and cursed all of Yamanouchi. “We were, we were!” I insisted. “But… I told Yori I would meet her at my house after cheerleading practice and,” I stalled looking back at the clock. “That ended ten minutes ago.”

“So forget about her,” she insisted, a look of indignation flashing across her features. And seeing her cheeks puff a bit, I couldn’t help but admire the adorable expression. And yet I had no time.

“I can’t KP. Just, she needs me right now. I know that’s not what you want to hear, but I need to go see her. If I don’t show up…” I paused, imagining a very irate ninja waiting to attack from the shadows in my own home. The image alone was enough to send a sizable shiver right up my spine. “If not I’m not there, she won’t be happy…” I finished.

“I need you too,” Kim insisted, crossing her arms as a daring look scathed me from her seat. And to that, I had no real answer. So instead I gave her a pleading look that finally broke her down.

Matching my demeanor, Kim’s arms dropped to the couch and her face fell along with her shoulders. Not looking at me, her eyes flashed back and forth, looking at nothing but searching all the same. I could see her thinking, plotting another way to keep me around for a few more hours. And while I was touched, I knew that this time it wouldn’t work.

Getting up from the coach, I rubbed the back of my neck regretfully before reaching out to touch Kim’s silken hair, petting it affectionately. In response Kim looked up from her seat, clearly surprised at my bold action. “I’ll make it up to you, KP,” I swore. And seeing the unimpressed expression on her face, I could only nodded my head, understanding.

For several heart beats, I turned away from Kim and began to set out for the door. In that time, I made it to just the archway of the room before I found myself shocked as the sensation of Kim’s form tackling into mine nearly sent me to the ground. Raising my arms, I twisted my torso just enough to see a mob of red hair pressed against my shoulders.

“KP‼”I exclaimed. In response the teen said nothing, choosing instead to tighten her grip around my midsection to the point of pain.

“You don’t have to go,” she spoke, muffled slightly by my shirt.

Twisting some more, Kim released me just enough to allow me to turn around, but remained latched
to my body. She lifted her head from my chest exposing her brilliant, but frightened green eyes. “You don’t need to go to her,” she repeated, her gaze imploring me to agree. But her words only made it more painful as I reached behind me to unclasp her hands.

Holding her dainty appendages in my hands, I closed my eyes and shook my head in disagreement. “KP,” I groaned. Then looking back at her, my mouth opened but no sound came out. So instead I closed it, giving myself a long and deep sigh as I tried to step away.

But Kim would not have it. Turning the tables on me, her hands now latched onto mine, keeping me close. “Ron,” she spoke, her words soft and tender. Hearing her tone I was forced to look at her, drawn in and entranced. “You don’t have to go to her,” she repeated, a dark rush of color beginning to bloom under her skin. And while I did not understand what she was saying, it excited me nonetheless.

Slowly, slower than I could realize, Kim’s hand slowly untangled from mine before nervously creeping up my neck and to my jaw. It was at this point that I saw the determined fire in her eyes that I had come to know.

Like a cobra Kim left me no time to argue as she leapt forward crashing her lips to mine. For a sizable moment, I had been too shocked to act, too stunned. All the fun we had been having today, all the flirting and touches, I never once thought I would actually get to kiss her. And yet, as her lips continued to press against mine, a fire the likes I never thought possible exploded in my blood, encouraging me as my arms drew the redhead close alongside my body and my lips hard against her own.

At my sudden action Kim let loose a single squeak of surprise into my mouth. But this surprise was quickly forgotten as she reengaged her lips with new found energy, as if my participation inspired her own fire to life.

Like this we kissed in Kim’s home, standing under the living room archway and feeling each other’s heart beating in our chests. Kim’s lips were unbelievably soft as they tenderly drew my own between them. I don’t know how much kissing Kim had done in her life, but at that moment she seemed like a pro.

Gently, tenderly, our lips sucked against each other, eagerly drawing each other’s taste into our mouths. Kim’s was wonderful, glazed with the wonderful shadow of the homemade meal she had painstakingly cooked just for me.

Every now and then, a small sound would resound from Kim’s throat, alerting me to her enjoyment. This was always reciprocated by my arms squeezing her even tighter, until not a single ounce of space existed between us.

Naturally, after a few heavy moments our lungs began to call for air, overriding our pleasure ridden brains and forcing us to break apart, gasping the second we could breathe.

Still in my arms Kim’s head was in my chest, hiding her face from my view. I could feel her shaking, nerves overtaking her mind as she quaked in silence. And seeing this, I couldn’t stop myself and I withdrew a hand, using it to softly pet the back of her head in comfort.

The following moments were spent in utter silence. With the noise of our breath calmed, the house echoed with silence making us hyper alert of each other’s presence. Tucked under her, Kim’s arms rested against my chest feeling the inhalation and exhalation of my breath. Along my collar bone, I could feel the sweet, gentle air of Kim’s own breath as it tickled my skin. It was only when the silence became too much, that Kim dared to lean back, looking up at me with such vulnerability that
I found myself at a loss for words.

“Y-You don’t need her anymore,” Kim spoke, inching her face towards mine. “If you want… if it’s okay I mean. You don’t need her…. Because you can have me…” and swallowing nervously, I stared at Kim’s lips as they stopped just a hair’s breath away from my own, waiting for me to swallow the last of the space. “Just… stay here… with me.”

Her lips parted ever so slightly, releasing a soft sigh to crash against my lips. The forwardness of what Kim was saying was not lost on me. Closing my eyes, I found myself lost in the being that is Kim. Her taste, her touch, her warmth, her smell, all of it swelled within my heart before flowing through my veins to the rest of my body.

Pressing my hand into the small of her back, my mind was a fog of attraction. Kim had filled me so completely, so fully, any and all thoughts of Yori fled completely from my mind. I then daringly consumed the last inch of space separating me from my dream.

This being our second kiss, it was much more subdued than the first. Without the raging fire of desperation and panic, there was nothing to rush us, allowing for a gentle and tender sample of what our partner had to offer. Ever so gently, Kim would nod her chin, brushing her full, delicious lips against mine in a tender kiss that left me breathless. But for the most part, we were content to simply feel each other, chaste pecks touching just long enough to register before separating, only to touch once again.

After what seemed like an eternity of pleasure I sighed, disgruntled as she dared to back away from me. But as she held my hand, pulling me back into the room and towards the couch. Walking backwards, her face never left mine, allowing me to witness the beautiful, yet slightly dazed expression on her face. From the cute curl of her lip, I knew mine wasn’t much better. But it was still enjoyable. And before I knew it, we were back on the couch.

Sitting normally, I stared at Kim unblinking as she curled into my side, almost close enough to be on my lap. Under my arm, her cheek rested against my chest, eyes closed and that same silly grin plastered on her face. Every so often she would shift, pressing her face closer into my chest and releasing a long, relaxed sigh. And I could honestly say I had never seen a more beautiful sight.

“Ron,” she spoke after so many minutes, and looking up her eyes shown brilliantly in the light. Having been staring at her the entire time, it was not hard for me to give her my full attention. Seeing this, Kim’s cheeks seemed to glow for a second but this was quickly replaced by a heart melting smile.

“Ron,” she repeated. “God, I… I didn’t think this was going to happen so soon.” She sighed in frustration. “I didn’t think, at least not like this… I wanted to at least try to wait and…..” Halting her short ramblings, Kim took a deep breath before raising her head to meet my gaze, an intense determination glittering in her green orbs.

“I… wasn’t happy when I found out you were ‘dating’ other girls.” With her admission, Kim’s eyes glanced down as her cheeks flushed beautifully. “I wasn’t sure… I didn’t know it at the time, but it made me really… jealous.” At the sudden sharpness of the word, I could tell it was hard for Kim to admit this, especially to me. But I attempted to restrain my amusement at this fact, knowing that to Kim, she needed to explain her actions. She needed to explain her feelings. And so, sitting back into the chair I let Kim cuddle back into me as I ran my hand up and down her arm.

“I know I must have seemed crazy, and maybe a little unstable even, but…” at this Kim once again turned her head up to look at me, close enough that I could feel her breath of my face. “That was only because I couldn’t stand the idea that another girl was stealing you away from me. I thought that
I loved you like a friend, or even a brother but… after everything… I think it could be something more.” And with that Kim hand latched onto mine, as if needing it for strength.

The look she was giving me could only be described as raw. No shields, no masks, no bravado. I could feel the sincerity in each and every one of her words. “So please,” she continued. “If… if you feel the same way. Don’t go back to her. I know it’s selfish, and I know how much I must be asking, but I want you more. I… love you more.”

The following silence could have been cut with a knife as Kim and I stared into each other’s eyes. I could see hers flicking back and forth between mine, searching for what I was thinking, looking for the answer she hoped for.

“KP…” I uttered, at a loss for words. Taking a deep breath, a small bubble of mirth exploded from me as a dazzling smile bloomed on my face. “I’ve loved you since pre-k.” and never before had there ever been a sentence so true.

At my admission, Kim’s eyes flared to life as she gazed back, darting between my eyes as if searching for confirmation. Whatever she had been looking for, whatever proof, she must have found it for after only a handful of seconds, Kim face seemed to burn with emotion. She fell back against my chest, practically melting into my very being.

With my arms, I encircled the redhead in my lap pulling her soft form against my own in a dizzying display of affection. I buried my nose in her tender red tresses, losing myself in everything that was Kim. All my reason, all my rationality, every mental faculty that separated me from the mindless monkeys I had come to fear so much, left me wholly and completely, leaving only the barest of what made Ron, Ron.

Both me and Kim were completely and perfectly content. In my arms I could practically feel her happiness. And in turn, this forced my own joy to burst from my very being. After everything that has happened, after everything I’ve had to do to get to this place, to know that Kim really wanted me… it was beyond anything I could have ever hopped for.

In that moment, I made a silent vow to forever cherish this wonderful moment I had waited so long for.

With the gentle swell of Kim’s breath vibrating under my hands, I felt my arms rub up and down the back of her ribcage attempting to convey the depth of my emotion to the poor shaken girl. Eventually, the inevitable warmth of her body melded completely with my hands, sending my focus into a tunnel as I savored the sweat sensation of her petite form, hidden beneath only the barest of layers.

All of a sudden I became completely aware of every facet of Kim’s being. From the tips of her toes to the crown of red hair tickling my nose, it was as if my brain suddenly imprinted the position of her every part.

In my chest I could feel my heart begin to pick up speed. This was only highlighted by my sudden increase in breath, and moist heat tickling my palms. With this all surrounding Kim it was a wonder she didn’t notice anything sooner. I found myself marveling at how… soft her bare arms felt under my hand.

Breathing in her scent, my mind came to a halt as I realized I was taking this once heartfelt moment and warping it for my own pleasure. But before I could even think of calming myself down, that damn tiny voice in the back of my head spoke, repeating the words Kim had dared to speak. ‘You can have me…’
And just like that a predatory energy filled me like no other. My rubbing hand began to alter its trajectory slipping all the way up her shoulder to the collar of her shirt attempting to pierce the nonexistent space between our two bodies and land on the treasure Kim so wonderfully harbored. It was only when my hand finally made contact, landing on Kim’s breast entirely, that my mind caught up with my action.

I felt Kim’s body tense, becoming almost impossible ridged atop mine. I stare in dumbfounded amazement as I realized what I had dared to do.

Looking up from my chest, it appeared Kim’s expression seemed confused. As if to verify what she was feeling, the young teen hero leaned back just enough to look down at her chest only to stare in amazement as she found my hand resting on her stilled bosom. This expression stayed on her face all up to the time she raised her head meeting my gaze. This broke break the spell surrounding me as I tore my hand away, holding it as far away from the girl as I could without tossing the appendage across the room.

“?!?” unsure what I could possibly say, I forced a choked warble of a noise from my throat as I tried to scramble an appropriate excuse. Unfortunately, as she continued to stare at me, her large green eyes even wider than normal, I found my words even worse than usual. This left me with nothing other than a guilty, sorrowful look to express my sincerity.

“KP,” I gulped, shrinking back into the couch. “I didn’t mean to ruin the moment, sorry. I-I don’t know what came over me.” and I really didn’t. One moment we were embracing in perfect wonderment and the next my stupid dick took control and I couldn’t do anything to stop it. Looking at Kim I could only hope I hadn’t screwed myself out of the perfect girlfriend.

Pinching her lips into a line, Kim looked lost as her wide searching eyes scanned my every feature. All of today I can honestly say that Kim had surprised me again and again. From her sudden appearance in the hallway, to her even more sudden tackling kiss just a few feet away. Kim Possible had knocked me off my feet more times than I could count. Which is why, as her lips gently found themselves locked against my own, I knew I should not be as shocked as I was by her actions.

The next few moments all I could do was focus on the sensation of Kim’s lips lovingly pressed against mine. They were completely still, their goal not for passion or arousal, but emotion. We breathed each other’s breath. Eventually, as my brain came back online I pressed myself into the kiss mimicking her in just focusing on their texture instead of anything else. As much as I wanted to taste her lips, I knew this was more than just carnal desire.

After about several seconds, the sound of our lips separating echoed throughout the room. Afterward Kim opened her eyes, choosing to stare deeply into my own with a happy, yet bashful expression etched into her features. And seeing that, I found my heart entranced by the fresh color swirling beneath her cheeks.

“Ron,” she spoke, her voice soft and gentle. All I could was nod my head. “You’re my boyfriend,” she declared, sending my still heart into a speeding stampede in my rib cage. “And I,” she continued, “am your girlfriend. So things like… this. You don’t need to be so embarrassed.” Speaking, her free hand fell onto my chest where it began to stroke calming little circles. “Actually,” she straightened, her cheeks flushing with color, “I… I already knew that you might want to... do things. And that if I wanted to keep you, I would have to be prepared...” Finishing her statement, her eyes flashed away, obviously embarrassed by her own boldness. And yet as they returned I could see the emotion in her eyes signifying her truth.

Silently, I was surprised by her sudden proclamation of our new relationship. I thought it a little strange for her to decide that on her own. But then, Eyes wide with surprise, my train of thought was
derailed completely as I began to wonder if Kim had seriously just given me the green light to feel her up.

Swallowing with my suddenly very dry throat, I stared into Kim’s face, still turned away in embarrassment, and felt my hand twitch. I watched her face with careful consideration as I moved my hand closer, moving it to her hip and up its gentle curve. And this time, as I felt the wonderful softness of her breast resting in my palm, I stared without flinching as Kim looked back up. The surprise on her features lasts only a moment before it is replaced with a shy, nervous air. This is all she offered before she allowed herself to lean her head back onto my chest, twisting her back as to give me better access. And this silent action of permission was all I needed before I pulled Kim closer into my body, holding her with one hand as my other began to explore the wonderful curve of her young teenage body.

As I began testing the wonderful softness of Kim’s breast, the redhead remained stoically silent as she remained curled against my body. Through her shirt and bra it there was not all that much to be felt. But the act alone made up for any reduction her clothing might have had in excitement.

Every now and then, I was treated to the sound of Kim’s breath hitching in her throat. This was almost always followed by the sensation of her head nuzzling in my shoulder as if to become even closer. My grin couldn’t be any bigger as I kissed the top of her head, breathing in the wonderful smell of her hair.

This time together lasted for more than a few minutes until finally once again I found my mind racing with possibilities.

I can’t say why, call it my own twisted personality, or just that I’m a guy, but in the moments that followed all I could do was feel my member begin to expand. All I wanted to do was be with her. All I wanted was for her to know just how much I loved her, to show her the only way I knew how.

Breathing hard, my fondling hand stilled on her warm, soft mound. In the haze of my mind, I felt my other hand tighten possessively around Kim’s shoulders. Then, unable to talk myself out of it I watched as my hand slipped lower on to Kim’s tight, firm stomach. From there, my heart began to pound as I continued lower still. Finally, as my hand landed on the inner flesh of her thigh, Kim jumped in surprise, opening her eyes just long enough to gaze up and become frozen by the intense burning in my eyes.

“Ron?” Kim asked. Her voice sounded small, almost frightened as it resembled more of a little girl than the young woman that she was. But this meant little to me as I watched her small tongue peak out just slightly as the redhead nervously licked her lips. On my chest her hands tightened and I could feel her heart flutter nervously.

“Ron,” she repeated, and this time I managed to nod my head, all the while keeping my eyes locked on her candy colored lips. “Um, wow,” she gave a nervous laugh, glancing down at my hand between her thighs before returning back to me. “I just… I want you know how much I trust you, and… care about you. And that… that I meant what I said before.” At this I did raise my gaze, turning to her eyes as she fidgeted nervously.

In her expression I was amazed at how peaceful she seemed. Though clearly nervous, Kim was unbelievably confident as she matched my gaze, a kind of subtle anxious happiness sweating from her pours. “Ron,” she continued, now seeing I had her full attention. “I’m ready… if you want me.” finishing her sentence in the barest of whispers, Kim closed her eyes tight, gently nudging farther into her skirt. And in that moment, it was all I could do keep my heart beating.
“KP,” I gaped, my tone wistful and amazed. As much as wanted to scream yes, to jump up and down and cheer until my voice is horse, I found myself cautious. As ironic as it seemed, I needed to know she wanted it. After everything I’ve done, such a thing should mean nothing. But for Kim, I needed to know.

“Kim,” I spoke. “Are you… are you sure?” I questioned, my tone as stern as steel. “You don’t need to force yourself for anyone.”

Looking up it seemed my tone was enough for Kim to see I was taking this very seriously. And as she saw my concerned expression, her eyes seemed to shine for a moment before a soft smile curled the corners of her lips.

“I know it might seem sudden,” she admitted, “but I had to do a lot of thinking about you and me over the last few weeks. At first it wasn’t easy for me to admit how much I feel for you. But once I did, I knew there wasn’t anyone I could ever trust more. In the end, all I had to do was listen to what my heart’s been telling me all along; that Ron Stoppable is the guy for me.” at this I watched as Kim slipped her hands around my neck, encircling them in a warm embrace that placed her head directly on my shoulder. “I know you care about me,” she whispered, her warm breath landing on my ear. “And there isn’t anyone else I would rather share this with.” Finishing what she needed to say, she tightened her embrace, pulling her face into the side of my neck.

If there was ever a moment to regret what I had done, I knew right then was the time. I knew I had messed with Kim’s emotions, tricking her into believing that it was her own heart that wanted me rather than sex induced dreams I had forced upon her. Right now she sounded so sure, so confident.

It should break my heart to think about how I had manipulated her for my own gain. I should be weeping with shame for the crimes I had committed. I should break away from her hug and tell her everything.

But… it didn’t, and I’m not, and I won’t.

Instead, I felt my heart swell as I held her shoulders pulling her away to stare into the flushed, vulnerable expression gazing upon me with so much trust, it actually frozen me. But only for a moment. After that, I smiled, savoring the nervous grin Kim mirrored as I leaned in and captured her lips.

Of all the kisses me and Kim had shared, both conscious and unconscious, I could honestly say that this was my favorite. It started out slow, with both of us savoring the serenity of the moment. As the seconds passed and the passion grew, I could feel the pressure behind our lips increasing. Gentle brushes and light suction matured. Before I knew it I could feel her tongue licking at my lips and then against my own. It was just the beginning, and I knew this small fire would become an inferno.

This time as we broke apart, Kim’s eyes held that same dazed haze of pleasure. Hearing her swallow, I held my hand against her cheek pulling the crown of her head against my nose as I inhaled her delicious scent. “KP?” I asked, speaking into her fiery tresses. “Can we… go to your room?”

For the barest of moments Kim remained so still, I had to wonder if she had heard me. but as her hands moved to cup mine holding them tenderly against her cheek she wordlessly nodded her head, nuzzling it against my lips as she rose to take my hand and pull me to my feet.

Before me or Kim could much as blink we found ourselves up the stairs and in her room. Walking in first, I turned to see Kim closing the door, her back resting against its wooden frame as she stared at me with wide, excited eyes. As neither of us moved from our positions, I took the initiative and
offered the girl a small, but imploring grin. Then, as if all of this was little more than a dip in the pool, I offered my hand, beckoning the redheaded teen to join me. And just like the Kim I knew, it was all she needed to cross the distance between us and bury her head in my chest.

For a few moments Kim remained like this breathing in my shirt, trying, and failing to hide the excited smile growing on her lips.

Before I could even get my arms around her, she broke away, stalking behind me to her bed where she sat down, smoothing out the wrinkles in her cover. I watched this, staring as she turned her big green eyes at me offering a nervous smile and nodded her head.

Settling in next to her, both of us simply stared ahead too nervous to even attempt contact. But then, as if a silent signal had gone off, we turned our heads and stared into each other’s eyes. In her breast, I could almost see Kim’s heart pounding. And at that moment I only wanted her to see that mine was no better.

I reached down to take her hand and brought it to my lips. Along her palm I kissed the moist flesh tenderly, savoring the taste and never breaking eye contact.

With her hand on my mouth, Kim seemed to unfreeze, a delicate sigh drifting from her lips. This is all the warning I received before I found Kim leaning back, laying down on her bedding and pulling me above her. It was like this I stared down at Kim, her red hair spread around her like an angelic halo and her big green eyes staring up at me with what I knew to be complete and irrefutable trust.

With both my hands bracing myself above her, the rest of me remained kneeling on the bed off of her side. Still over the edge of the bed, Kim’s feet dangled to the floor leaving the rest of her strewn across the bed. She was like a five star meal on a table just waiting to be devoured.

Brining my lips down to her neck, I breathed hotly before tasting her just above her pulse point. I lashed this spot with my tongue, scraping my teeth gently against the tender flesh. Kim’s breathe hitched, her voice gasping for the smallest of seconds. In response, my erection grew even harder, pressing dangerously against Kim’s hip.

“I love you Kim,” I whispered, speaking the words I had only dared to dream. And in response, Kim merely sighed, her arms wrapping around my back and pulling my chest against hers.

“Ron,” she spoke, her eyes sparkling under the ceiling light. And that was all it took.

Pressing my lips against the crook of her neck Kim sighed as she tilted her head, arching the slender appendage as to give me better access. Along the nape of my neck I could feel her delicate fingers exploring, drifting up and down into my hair. This drove me as I nipped and licked her skin knowing exactly how she enjoyed to be tasted.

With two nights of prior knowledge, I knew Kim’s body like I had a map. This proved especially fruitful. In no time at all I could already feel the twin peaks of Kim’s breasts poking into my chest.

Bracing one hand above Kim’s head, I steadied myself before allowing my hand to cradle Kim’s head. From her hair I traced my fingers against the line of her jaw, traveling all the way down to her shoulder where I palmed the warm expanse of her ribcage. Knowing my intention, Kim’s back seemed to arch as she buried her face into my neck, digging her fingers into my hair as if to hold me in place.

With my lips still in action, I tried to calm the innocent teen as I drew my hand up higher, teasing her
through the thin material of her shirt. Finally, as my hand landed on the full softness of her right breast, great billows of breath rushed from both of us in a conjoined sigh.

In Kim’s neck I couldn’t help but smile as the pillowy texture rested against my palm. I loved Kim’s body. It was the greatest thing in the world. Nothing on this earth felt better. And as Kim’s lips began to return the favor, suckling shyly on the spot where my neck sloped into my collarbone, I groaned at the sensation only she could bring out of me.

With her breast in my hand and her lips on my neck, I became aware of Kim’s tongue as it shyly peeked out from her lips and began to lick the sensitive area of my neck. My grip on her chest increased, palming the delicate orb with a firm grip. The resounding squeak that resonated around the room stopped both of us as we registered the noise Kim had released into the room. And while I knew Kim was no doubt embarrassed, it had been the most seductive noise I had ever had the pleasure of experiencing.

All up and down Kim’s neck my lips worked, chewing the delicate with clear intent. Love bites decorated the slender appendage all along its tender curve. Kim might be sore about it later, but at the moment all I could think about was showing my claim on this wonderful girl.

Tomorrow morning when we walked into school, I wanted every one of those leering bastards to know that Kim was no longer on the market, that she was mine. This drove me as my fingers dug deeper into the perky expanse of Kim’s breast.

The taste of Kim on my lips never ceased to arouse me. I found the pressure in my pants becoming painful. If possible, I would be more than happy using my lips to explore her body top to bottom. But right then, as the heat of the room began to grow uncomfortable, I had the insatiable need to shed my clothing, and Kim hers. This is how I found the strength to break my lips from Kim’s skin and pull back enough to stare down at her beautify flushed face, watching as her chest rise and fall in obvious excitement.

“Ron?” she called out. Looking up at me, her eyes were half lidded, drunk on arousal. And in response, I bent down just enough to peck her lips before leaning back and staring at the hem of her shirt.

“KP,” I smiled. Touching the line of cloth, I teased the flesh of her belly, careful to only brush my fingers against its pink expanse. This brought a sharp breath to break from Kim as her eyes became bright and alert. “Can I… take this off?” I questioned. And as a look of fear flashed across her features, I quickly brought my hand to her cheek, forcing her to keep our eyes locked in a smoldering gaze. “Please,” I asked, touching the red hair of eye brow with my thumb. “I want to see you.” And just like I wanted, her eyes went wide before closing in an unmistakable look of surrender.

“Rooon,” she groaned. But that was all the resistance she gave as she relaxed back against the bedding, shifting her arms as to give me better access. With her head turned to the side, Kim watched me observing her body through the corner of her eye, shyly glimpsing at the fire that burned in the very core of my being.

She watched, lips pinched tight as I teased the hem of her shirt higher. And as I finally reached the line of her bra, I had the pleasure of seeing her face flush tomato red before she released another groan, throwing her forearm over her eyes and shielding her face from view.

Teasing Kim was always a fun time. I enjoyed exposing her skin to the open air. I did it slowly, torturing the teenager for my own amusement.

A single eye watched anxiously, peaking from under her arm. As I neared her perky bust, I made
sure to give her eye one last look before splaying my fingers under the cloth to cup her breasts and pull the last of her shirt up to her color bone. With this, her chest was completely exposed, hidden only by a sheer and bright red bra that screamed passion.

Cut low, the top of the bra reached just above the nipple cradling the bottom for support. When standing I’m sure this was just enough to hide the rose capped breasts. But on her back, gravity did the most wonderful things, shifting her mounds just enough for her nipple to peek out from its red prison. This sight alone sent my member throbbing as it pressed against the inside of my pants.

“Ron,” Kim sighed fretfully as she could no doubt felt the cool air tickling her exposed nubs. But too afraid to look down, she continued to stare at me, watching as my eyes devoured her from the waist up.

Seeing my desire, seeing the amount of lust I held for her seemed to give her a moment of courage as she moved her arms, lifting them to above her head and giving me the view of a lifetime. “Is… it okay?” she asked self-consciously. In some part of her, I could see she still worried that it would be possible to not find her completely irresistible. Gazing up at me with her seduction as strong as ever, a small but clear expression of worry marred her angelic features. Cupping her bosom in each of my hands, I knew this would not do.

“Kim,” I spoke, my eye trained on hers. Bringing my face down to her breasts I made a daring move as I pressed my cheek against the ruff material of her bra, nuzzling it ever so softly as to touch the edge of my cheek against her budding nipple. This shocked Kim out of whatever state she had been in, as a soft gasp flew from her lips. “You are beautiful,” I finished. Saying what should not even need to be said.

If she only knew the depth of my desire, just how much I craved her touch… it would scare her. Because god knows how much it can scare me some times. But right now isn’t the time to think about that. Right know is the time to make Kim feel as beautiful as everyone but she could see she was.

Kim had no time to respond to my words of love. I turned my head, pulling the cup of her bra out of the way and latching onto her taught nub. This forced a high gasp from her lips as her back instinctively arched into my tongue.

With the soft flesh of Kim’s breast in my mouth I suckled like a new born, drawing the entire nipple into my grinding taste buds. With my free hand, I drew it under the cup of Kim’s bra as to give me access to her other nipple. This increased Kim’s sighs as she tried, and failed, to hide her growing breath and sounds of arousal by burying her face into the crook of her arm. All this did however was encourage me to make her even louder.

“Ron,” Kim sighed, a harsh breath quickly following. This is all the warning I received before I found Kim’s hand buried into my hair, tangling themselves into the locks and pulling them with each swipe of my tongue. Teasing the very tip of her nipple, Kim’s grip would harden as she pushed me harder into her breast. Then, as I drew it deep into my mouth and circled the soft cream colored areola, her choking gasp would always accompany the sensation of her nails digging dangerously into the surface of my skull. And soon, the pain began to feel good as I accompanied it to Kim’s pleasure.

I loved that I could make her moan with just my tongue. I loved how sensitive her nipples were. Little perky twin peaks, they jutted from Kim’s chest and into my embrace. And while I knew Kim would take exception to the ‘little’ comment, she need only know that her bust was more than enough to satisfy me.
With every sharp yank of my hair, I knew her arousal was growing. No doubt if I were to reach under her skirt I would feel the moist honey of her sex warming my fingers. Daring to do so, my hand rubbed back and forth along her clenched thighs trying to work my hand towards her core. Unfortunately, as my attempts became more and more fevered, Kim gave a deep sigh before finally grabbing my hand, pulling it back to her waist. In this action I found a spark of disappointment but forced myself to set it aside. This was Kim’s first time after all, at least to her. I just loosen her up a bit.

Breaking away from Kim’s breast, the sound of my lips echoed throughout the room as her chest jiggled back to its relaxed position. I enjoyed this sight immensely as I thoughtlessly continued to tease her other breast. I looked up to gaze upon her flushed features lovingly.

Through parted lips, quick and haughty breaths gasped in and out as Kim struggled to regain her composure. I knew all these new and exciting sensations were throwing her body into a maelstrom of emotions. I could only think back to my own first experience and shudder. Finally, as her heaving breasts calmed, she managed to open her eyes to look at mine.

As Kim motioned to sit up, I watching as she moved her arm to cover her disheveled bra. A tired, yet energized expression stared at me. An unreadable emotion smoldering in her eyes as they narrowed, shifting to the bedspread.

“You… really know what you’re doing, huh?” she spoke, earning an understanding and guilty expression to form on my features. No doubt she was thinking of Yori, and what she thinks we had been doing together. Unfortunately, as much as I would like to ease her feelings and tell her the truth, it is far easier for her to believe I gained this experience through some other girl than what really happened.

“I… I guess,” I relented, shrugging my shoulders. Leaning back on my knees I rubbed my neck unsure what to say to ease her mind. Thankfully, after only a few minutes the sensation of Kim’s hand on my shoulder forced me to look up and see a look of worry painted across her face.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized, her brow furled in regret. “I didn’t mean to ruin the mood, I just… I really lose it whenever I picture you and her… you know. I guess I’m just mad at myself for not snatching you up earlier.” And with that Kim attempted a reassuring smile, tight against her pained features. And that’s all it took for me to lean in and kiss her worries away.

As I leaned back only a few inches, Kim was biting her lip, a blissful smile on her lips. “All that matters is that I’m here now.” I responded. Grinning shyly, ducking my head ever so slightly. Then, holding her hand I traced the line of her shoulder feeling the soft texture of her skin. “Besides,” I continued. “Being a little experienced… has its advantages.” I finally responded, smiling coyly as Kim flushed under my gaze.

Bringing my moving hand down to her free hand, I cupped her fingers, slowly moving her arm away from her breast. And only when I had both of her arms at her sides did I raise my head grinning at Kim’s uncomfortable expression as her breasts were once again exposed. “Don’t hide yourself from me,” I spoke, my eyes pinning her with my gaze. “I want to see all of you.”

Kneeling next to each other, Kim made no motion to cover herself as she continued to stare into my eyes. It was only after several seconds that she blushed, nodding. As I smiled at her, I tugged on the bunched remnants of her shirt showing her what I wanted.

Understanding my wordless request, Kim’s eyes flashed dangerously as I could see her exasperation at my interest in her boobs. Thankfully, she was quick to deflate as she rolled her eyes, pinching her lips in a tight line that could only mean surrender.
Pulling her arms through the parts of her shirt, the shimmering garment I had found oh so alluring quickly became an abandoned lump of cloth. Kim freed her head from its confines and tossed it off the bed.

Watching her remove her shirt, I took pleasure from the effect Kim’s motion had on her breasts as they wobbled and shook. Much to my surprise, I watched as Kim reached behind her back and unclipped her red bra, without even being asked. She then shucked it over her shoulders, baring her chest to the world.

“You wanted all of me, right?” Kim grinned boldly. And with that she reached out tugging at my hand and beckoning me to come closer. “Kiss me,” she murmured. I came and knelt next to her on the bed. And giving her a welcoming grin, I was more than happy to oblige.

On the unstable surface of Kim’s bed we balanced precariously as we held each other close, lips locked in an emotional connection. After a few seconds of this, I felt Kim’s hand leave my shoulder, slipping along my chest as she drew it lower and lower. And while my heart began to pound in my chest, I found myself with a small consolation prize as it changed direction at just the last moment, moving up my shirt.

I found my stomach being exposed as Kim’s hand pressed against my stomach. Her fingers moved wonderfully across my flesh as she began to explore my body. I could see how she was mimicking some of the moves I had pulled on her, testing to see what kind of reactions would occur. I nodded her on, encouraging her to take things as far as she was willing to go.

After so long Kim’s other hand fell, choosing to make itself useful and pull the hem of my jersey higher and higher as Kim’s nimble fingers tickled the side of my ribs. I loved the feeling of her hands on me. So soft and gentle.

“Mmm,” Kim moaned into my lips as my tongue twirled against hers. Quickly, the young teen broke away as she took a moment to breath. “Ron,” she sighed, licking away the access saliva. Too distracted by this action, I missed it as she began to pull on my shirt. It was only when she gave it a particularly rough tug that I looked up to see her hungry gaze.

On her chest I could her nipples hard and at attention. By the way she was looking at me I could feel her desire mounting. Finally, I looked down to her hand recognizing the request. “Please and thank you,” she grinned coyly. And dropping my shirt, she seemed to lay back watching me much as I had her.

Not one to disappoint, I nodded my head, grinning bashfully under her sudden attention. And without too much stalling, I gripped the bottom of my shirt and pulled it over my head in one swift motion.

In the brief darkness of my shirt I can’t really say what expression I was expecting to see on the other side. Desire, pleasure, happiness, love, but as my head sprang free and I returned my attention to Kim my expression curled at as I found the once vivacious and sexy young teen staring at me in what looked to be utter surprise. Unable to help it, I felt my hand cross across my chest, unsure what it was that was causing her to stare at me so.

“KP?” I asked, only the slightest hint of worry carried in my tone. And hearing me, Kim’s gaping mouth snapped shut, before her hand struck out to grab my wrist, yanking it away.

“Ron!” she exclaimed, a look of surprise still glimmering in her eyes. “You! You have muscles!” and with that I could only stop, blinking in the surprise Kim’s comment had forced upon me.
Glancing down at my body, I could kind of see what she was talking about. Along my chest and abdomen, small but defined shapes of a fit body could be seen. It wasn’t anything that a guy could show off or anything. In comparison, Brick was easily five times my size. Even Josh was much more toned. And he was a painter. But, even still, Kim didn’t seem to care as her hand flattened against my meager, but acceptable excuse for abs.

Seeing a small smile curled at her lips, I couldn’t help but flex if only slightly, tightening the flesh she seemed so fascinated with. And in response, as the surface of my skin hardened, Kim couldn’t hold back a girly giggle of amazement.

Unable to help it, I couldn’t restrain the smile that formed on my face as Kim fawned over my torso. Being as small as I am, I had been slightly afraid of her reaction. But it seemed Kim enjoyed the fit type, rather than muscular. I myself enjoyed her physic quite a bit.

“So, it’s okay?” I grinned, gently mocking her own words spoken only moments before.

“Shut up,” she chastised, ginning sadly as she slapped my shoulder in embarrassment. This is when her smile disappeared, replacing itself with a thoughtful expression as she took a second glance at my bared torso.

“KP?” I asked.

Looking up Kim shook her head, flushing ever so slightly as she tried to wave off my questioning gaze. This was quickly followed by yet another shy glance as Kim eyebrow rose appreciatively. “It’s nothing,” she swore, trying and failing to calm the warmth creeping upon her cheeks. “It’s just…” she stalled. In the silence I watched a new wave of color danced beneath her pale completion.

“You’re actually kind of… sexy.” And upon saying the word ‘sexy’ Kim froze my breath as playful smile bloomed across her face.

“Ah, booyah!” I exclaimed. Without warning, excitement bursting from my wide and exuberant grin. I enjoyed Kim’s laugh as I swept her into my arms. Falling onto the bed, she landed on my chest, bouncing as the springs of her mattress displaced our combined weight.

“Okay, okay. Try not to let it get to your head,” Kim warned, giving me a look of caution. She knew my tendency to take things too far. I could only grin sheepishly, silently celebrating Kim’s admission of attraction.

The following moments, Kim and I lapsed into another bout of silence. With Kim still above me, her chest was against mine, her face remained mere inches away. I watched her grinning expression cool, remembering the situation faced before us.

Ever so slightly Kim’s hand rose from my chest. Moving to my face, she tenderly caressed its skin. In Kim’s eyes she watched me, her expression soft and tender. Like gravity, the pull between us forced our faces to swallow the distance separating our lips. Once, twice, three times, Kim brushed her lips against mine rubbing her body against mine as she did so.

Moving her arms to bury her hands back in my hair, Kim allowed me to take the full brunt of her weight as she began to suck on my bottom lip. All I could focus on was the warming touch of her lips, and the sublet heat growing between me and Kim’s connected bodies.

By now all of Kim’s wonderful meal had completely disappeared from Kim’s lips leaving only the natural and distinct flavor of Kim. Not to say her saliva held any real presence. More so, it was tantalizing zest of her tongue as it licked at mine. It was cool in my mouth, but not chilled. And from the rough surface of her taste buds I felt the friction between our entangle appendage could start a
fire. Even so, with the bland sauce of Kim’s spit intermingling with my own, and her tiny pink tongue daringly exploring the cavity of my mouth, I could help it no longer as I ground myself against her.

Allowing my hands to begin to roam, I had spent the last few moments running my fingertips up and down the pale flesh of Kim’s nude back. I couldn’t help myself as my grouping hands slowly found themselves encroaching over the warm, pillowy surface of Kim’s round, taught butt, still concealed in the tight wrap of her skirt.

As my hand finally landed home, I celebrated the victory by palming the delicate orb, savoring its softness as I gave it a single squeeze. This forced a sharp squeak to erupt from Kim’s lips as we broke apart. She stared at me in surprise.

“Ron,” she grinned, a naughty expression forming on her features. Falling silent, her gaze glanced away before her teeth bit into the gleaming surface of her bottom lip, as if holding in a burst of laughter. “That’s my… butt,” she finally voiced, whispering the word as if it were some sort of scandal. This was as much as she could take it seemed, before she buried her face into the crook of my neck releasing a small but vocal bout of girlish giggles.

Laughing right along with her I nuzzled my chin against her forehead, giving her supple bottom another grope, just for good measure. “I know,” I responded with a grin. And seeing my clear dismissal of the fact, Kim’s eyes went wide, her own smile splitting her face.

“I mean…,” as she struggled to voice her thoughts her eyes crinkled with mirth. “You’re touching it…”

At her admission I couldn’t hold back my laughter as she squirmed embarrassingly on my chest. In the back of my mind I once again recalled last Friday where Kim had been left for display, her cheeks spread as I had buried my finger into her back passage. With a sense of dark humor, I could only imagine the face she would make if I tried that now. Quickly, I pushed those thoughts aside and began to move my hand up and down, caressing her backside in slow leisurely circles.

“I’ve wanted to for a while,” I admitted shamelessly, silently enjoying the perplexed expression that appeared on Kim’s face.

“You… like my butt?” she questioned, a single eyebrow rising as if unsure if she should like this face. In response, I just nodded my head smiling unabashed.

“Crazy about it,” I admitted. After only a moment of deliberation the good old Ron style sense of humor reared its ugly head. I ginned, pulling the redheaded teen tight against me using only her bottom. “Why do you think I always let you go first when we go crawling around in vents? One heck of a view KP.” And just like I hoped I got to enjoy the shocked expression on Kim’s face as she stared at me, mouth agape.

“Ron!” she chastised, her eyes wide with disbelief. And in response, all I could do was laugh, unbelievably happy at the freedom Kim and I seemed to have found.

After a few moments, Kim calmed down enough to close her mouth. Though in its place Kim continued to stare into my mirthful face, a speculative gleam dancing in her eye. And as she gave a big sigh, a rueful smile played on her lips as a look of pride flashed below the surface. “You… like it that much?” she asked cautiously, her eyes gleaming with impish curiosity. And seeing this, I could only lean back into her pillows and sigh contently as she rested her chin on my collarbone, waiting.

“KP,” I smiled, my voice becoming husky in the environment. “It’s the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen.”
For a moment Kim seemed taken aback by my bold response. Ever so slightly however I could see a prideful expression rising to the surface. “Really?” she asked coyly. And then, with but the slightest look of hesitation, I watched as Kim gave her hips the smallest of wiggles, rubbing her bum right into my hand.

Encouraged by the sexual act, my eyes grew wide with pleasure as I took the invitation to squeeze her rear, earning a small gasp to fly from her lips. “God, KP” I groaned. If the pressure on my pants grew any tighter I felt as though my staff would actually punch a hole straight through my zipper.

Turning my eyes on Kim, I was surprised to see a mirthful, even pleased expression on Kim’s face as she saw the effect she was having on me. This caused my eyes to flash dangerously as I pulled Kim’s face close, staring her in the eye as my hand traced the crease between her cheeks. “Whenever you weren’t looking I would always try and steal a glance,” I told her. At my admissions Kim’s grin disappeared into a look of surprise. “Especially in your cheerleading outfit. Whenever you were dancing to the music, and you would twirl, your skirt would rise just enough to see your spankies.”

Continuing with my words, a devilish grin grew on my face as Kim continued to listen, no doubt shocked by what I was saying. To her this was all new. Up until a few days ago, I had just been her friend, just Ron. But the way I was speaking she, was forced to see just how long my lust for her had been growing. “And in your pajama bottoms,” I grinned, “the lavender ones. I can’t stand how thin they’ve gotten. And you wonder why I could never focus while studying.” At this I had to laugh. Honestly, I did feel a little worried telling Kim all of this. After all, it wasn’t really her fault that my mind just happened to be slightly perverted. It was like in everything she did, I could see sex oozing from her every action. Eating a bowl of cereal, watching TV on the coach, walking, it was like I couldn’t help but admire her.

Eyes still wide, Kim’s glanced away, blushing at my open honesty. As she chewed her lip I could see her mind racing with the information I had fed her. After a few moments, and a few more squeezes, Kim looked back at me happiness gleaming her eyes.

“I’m… glad you like it so much,” she answered impishly, pausing only for a moment to find the right words. “And,” she continued, “If you really like it that much, maybe sometime after this I could…” she froze, blushing. “Wear my cheerleading outfit… just for a bit.” And as she glanced up at me, a playfulness I had never seen dancing in her green orbs, I felt my heart spill with desire.

Eyes burning with desire, I couldn’t help myself as my brain fogged over. Kim breathed hotly as I grabbed a handful of her backside, molding it in my hand. I spread her cheeks forcing a soft sigh to fly from Kim’s lips. She whimpered in response, pressing her pelvis into the side of my leg where she rested. Prompted by this motion, I couldn’t hold back my groan of pleasure. Without even thinking I gave a deep sigh as I raised my knee ever so slightly.

With Kim laying on top of me, our legs entangle at the end of the mattress. Unknown by Kim, with only her delightful skirt to serve as protection, my right leg lay it perfect position to press into her velvety core.

Lifting my leg, it now rested directly against Kim’s panty clad sex. Earning a sharp and wide eyed gasp, these were quickly quelled as the inexperienced teen made the mistake of moving in her surprise. This forced her core to grind directly against my leg creating the most delicious kind of friction.

With a fluttery kind of sigh, Kim’s lips formed a perfect ‘O’ as she experienced this. Unable to help myself, I watched with fascination as she seemed to freeze, unsure what to do.
Rubbing her butt, Kim’s expression flickered to me. Staring into her unsettled eyes I smiled, nodding my head as I tried to get her to reenact her movement. And much to my pleasure, with only a few seconds of hesitation, Kim cast a wary glance backward at her butt as she pressed it against my leg, grinding into it ever so slightly and purring in delight at the sensations it created.

With one hand on her bottom, I sneakily slid my other to her hip. I held Kim as she began to explore her first real taste of sex.

In the beginning she started out slow, awkwardly trying to find her rhythm as she wiggled against my leg. She tested this position taking quick glance at my face. In her breath I could hear the strain she put in trying to conceal the depth of her need. But try as she might, no matter how shy she was at this new experience I could see the growing approval she found in her face.

Watching Kim find pleasure in her own body, I couldn’t help but marvel at how much sexual pleasure was like a drug. One little taste, one little spark was all you needed. It was only a matter of time before you began to crave more, always more. Like an addict.

I watched Kim’s face cringe in pleasure, a soft mewl breaking from her lips as she dared to press the full strength of herself into her hips. This sound resonated with my soul as I enjoyed the bright flush of Kim’s skin. Even with the embarrassment haunting Kim’s mind it did little to deter her. A heated breath broke from her mouth as she pressed herself yet again hard against my thigh. This time, Kim did not break contact.

“Ron,” she breathed.

Gripping my chest with her nails, it was the best kind of pain as I listened to Kim try, and fail, to hold her breath in. All the while wigging her hips up and down, slipping the heated core of her sex against the rough material of my cargo pants. Having long ago given up trying to abate her flushed cheeks, Kim made due hiding her expression in my chest, breathing against my skin in quick, gasping breaths as she humped again and again.

With Kim’s breasts still pressed against my chest I felt her nipples swell with pleasure. Both of my hands now pressed firmly against her cheeks. I used this as leverage as I gladly helped the struggling teen find her rhythm. If Kim knew I was helping her, she gave no sign as she found herself suddenly lost in the pleasure of her own body. My eyes watched it all.

“Ron!” Kim gasped, shifting her face to look at me. Gazing right back, my eyes burned with arousal as I saw her flushed, lustful expression.

Without words I knew what she was requesting. With no trouble at all I angled my head, pulling her forward just enough for our lips to make contact. In my lungs I could still feel Kim gasping, stealing my oxygen as her greedy mouth devoured everything I had to offer.

With Kim’s crotch subtly creating a fire on my pants, I groaned at the sudden appearance of her other leg as it found itself nestle right up against my tented erection. Weather Kim knew this or not, it was just what I required as I press myself into the toned flesh, imitating the redhead exactly as our bodies fell into the rhythm.

Scraping against my zipper, I found only pain where I desperately sought pleasure. With little other choice, I stalled my lips against Kim’s as I moved one of my hands, seeking to relive my pressure. And Kim, noticing my hands absence through her pleasure fogged brain, stopped kissing my brains out just long enough to look back, watched with parted, gasping breath as I pinched the end of my pants metallic zipper. And as I urged the metal bit downward, I could swear Kim’s form froze as she watched, entranced.
Incaperable of the patience required to drag this moment out any longer, I could only sigh in relief as I found myself suddenly free of the binding prison of my pants. And while still slightly concealed by my underpants, through the slit in the front the bright red head of my throbbing member peeked out as if to shyly say hello to its new viewer. In response to this inaudible greeting, Kim merely continued to stare, frozen in all but her fingers as they dug dangerously deep into my chest.

“Kim,” I sighed, groaning at my need for release. Any kind. Upon hearing the need in my voice, deep and husky, Kim broke her eyes away from my partially concealed member to gaze up at my eyes, a lost and suddenly very nervous expression on her face.

“Ron, I…” she stuttered out. And without warning the fire like warmth we had created between us ended as Kim broke away.

Bracing myself on my elbows, I looked at Kim as she kneeled on the bed, still straddling my leg but with her eyes locked on my crotch. “KP?” I questioned. And upon receiving no answer I sighed, and gave the girl the smallest of smiles.

In her breast I could actually see the vibration her heart created in its stamped, hammering into her ribcage and sending the smallest of ripples through her breasts. The expression on her face could only be described as enraptured as she looked upon my erection, fascination practically leaking from her every pore.

Truthfully, my patience for Kim’s… nervous reactions was beginning to wear me down. As my hardness throbbed with need, all I wanted was to burry myself as deep as her body would allow. Despite this, the teen hero remained leaning away, as if the throbbing appendage would strike if she were to come to close. I still forced my face to smile and continue to be patient.

“Kim?” I asked. And this time my voice seemed to reach her as she looked up, the same wide, searching expression frozen on her face. “Do you want to… see it?” I asked, hoping to spur things along.

Eyes becoming even wider at my question, she took a quick glance back at my crotch before returning to my face confliction shining in her eyes. “Um,” she muttered, her eyebrows drawing in indecisiveness. “Would that be… okay?” and saying it she pinched her lips, worry flaring through her as she sought my approval.

With a wide and amused grin I nodded my head enthusiastically. And with no delay I moved my hands to my pants button, unlatching it in a single motion.

As I went about removing the last bits of my clothing, Kim watched my hands work with obvious fascination. It was like she had never seen pants before. And as I pushed them down my legs, a look of deep concentration burned in her features as only my boxers remained. With one final glance at her face, I swallowed nervously before slipping my fingers under the elastic of my underwear and sliding them down my hips.

Finally, as my member became free, it stood tall and proud in the bright lighting of Kim’s lamp.

“Wow,” Kim breathed, her eyes wide with inspection. With little to no shame, the teen hero made no effort to conceal her interest as she stared directly into my staff, tracing every inch with her eyes. “It’s so… veiny,” she commented, twisting her features ever so slightly. And at her description I couldn’t but let out a laugh. “Can I touch it,” she asked suddenly. And looking at her I surprise, I blushed for a moment but finally gave her an encouraging grin, happy to have her so eager to touch me.

With a hesitant reach, Kim pinched her lips nervously as her eyes remained locked on my erection.
watching it as her hand swallowed the distance between them. As she made contact, I grinned at the small squeak that vibrated from her throat.

“It’s so hot!” she exclaimed, eyes wide as she placed her hand back on its girth.

Giving the girl a cocking smile I made an effort of wiggling eyebrows before responding. “Not too bad yourself KP.” And with her cheeks darkening with embarrassment, her eyes narrowed in exasperation as she shook her head.

“Ron,” she sighed fretfully, a long and tired sigh rolling from her nose as if she had long ago given up trying to reprimand me. But ultimately her interest in my throbbing member over ruled her emotions as she turned back, fascination burning in her gaze.

“Its… soft,” she admitted after so many minutes. And with that she found the courage to tentatively wrap her hands around its girth, giving it the smallest of tugs. “It’s so different then the last time I saw it,” commented offhandedly. And feeling my expression go slack, I blinked in surprise.

“Ah, KP?” I asked. “When exactly was that?!” and hearing my tone her eyes lit up in surprise before a small bubble of laughter erupted from her lips.

“Ron, we were like eight,” she explained, still giggling. “Your swim trunks fell down at the pool.” And with that she turned back to my erection, staring at it with an almost tender expression.

Mollified by her answer, I could see emotions swirling beneath the surface of Kim. As her hand moved, my eyes widened as she began to stroke up and down my heated flesh.

“It’s funny,” she hummed, her eyes dropping ever so slightly. “Back then, when I saw… it, I thought it was the strangest thing I’d ever seen. Almost scary. Back then it had just seemed so… I don’t know, ugly.” She finally worded, grimacing in her own bluntness. And seeing her expression remain the same, staring dazedly into my bright red erection, I found myself, in turn, trapped in mystification.

“And now?” I asked softly, my eyes staring with adoration at the sight of her softly grasping me in her hands.

Looking up, Kim’s eyes widened for only a second before calming, returning to the tender expression she had showered over my ridged meat. “Now,” she repeated, smiling softly as she returned her gaze to the object in her hands. “I think it’s actually kind of… Beautiful.” And looking up she grinned at me, her smile full of nothing but love as her grip tightened ever so slightly. “In it’s own strange… completely weird way that’s so you it’s almost beyond perfect.”

Giving her a smile, I matched her expression of love with my own, savoring the beautiful atmosphere we had created in this wonderful room. And as she leaned in, her hand still grasping my rock hard erection, I smiled into her lips more happy than I can ever remember.

For a few moment, we remained like this, tenderly pressing our lips against each other’s. All the while Kim’s hand sending pleasure through my whole body. And as I shivered in delight, I could see the happiness in her increase tenfold.

“Kim,” I groaned, as her hand began to slowly increase its pace. All along Kim's grip had been increasing, gently massaging my member as it slipped up and down from base to head. But as my arousal increased, the sight of her bottom resting on my shin began to fill my head, throwing me into haze of need. I couldn’t stand the sight of her skirt any longer as I dared to move my hand to her waist.
At the sound of her name, Kim’s lips stopped as she leaned just far enough to see each other’s faces.

“Can I… see you to?” and emphasizing my intent, I made sure she felt my hand as it slipped up into the hem of her skirt.

At my question, a look of unease appeared on her features. Internally, I could only groan as I almost knew she would say no. All of tonight, while pliable, Kim’s attitude toward exposing her lower half had been less than enthusiastic. To say the least. I could help but stroke the inside of her thigh, hoping that the pleasant sensation would be enough to coax her free from her daring skirt.

Noticing Kim’s thighs relax, however slightly, I congratulated myself on not being immediately dismissed. Even further, I raised my hand descending even deeper between her thighs. As I did this, I watched Kim’s face with glee, tantalized by the visage of her lips parting in startled pleasure. No doubt, she had been shocked as my fingers just grazed the moist, lacy texture of her panty clad sex.

Grabbing my arm, Kim’s anxiety began to disappear, replaced with the undeniable expression of pleasure. I pulled my hand back, wanting her to see that sex was not something to be afraid of, that it was something to enjoy. And just like I’d hoped, as my hand disappeared and her tense pleasure denied, Kim opened her eyes, only to see my own staring in wait for her reply.

Ducking her head from my view, Kim’s cheeks darkened deliciously. Despite her actions, I could still see her lips, pinched in tense uncertainty. But thankfully, both for my sanity and my aching flesh, I saw her nod her head, turning it a fraction to look at me. “Okay.” In her eyes I could still see her fear, her hesitancy. But I paid that no mind as I knew it would not last.

Releasing a long heated breath Kim and I untangled ourselves from each other for just a moment as we effectively switched places. Now with me above her, she rested on her back staring up at me as my erection rested against the fabric of her long over stayed skirt. In her eyes I could see the fear, the anxiety. But as I touched her cheek, grinning my grin and kissing her, I felt her relax into my hands. And as I leaned back, my hands rested on the waistline hem of her garment. The only thing in Kim’s eyes was trust as she relaxed into the pillows beneath her, nodding her head in acceptance.

I moved back just enough to see what I was doing as I began to fiddle with one of Kim’s last remaining defenses. After so many moments my searching fingers found what I was looking for as they scratched against the metal teeth of a zipper, and this was all I needed before my fingers pinched the metal bit, pulling it down and forcing a fretful mewl to vibrate from Kim’s slender throat.

Looking up, my hands gripped the bottom of her clothing as I waited for her give me the green light. While visibly panting for breath, Kim closed her eyes before giving another sharp nod. This was all I needed before I began to pull, watched as the slack cloth began to reveal inch after inch of her creamy, curvaceous hips to my eyes.

Aiding me in this, Kim had the courtesy to raise those beautiful hips, arching her back just enough to free her skirt from the amazing swell of her rear. With this, she fell back onto the mattress, her body jiggling in all the right places as she did so.

Slipping the rest of the skirt away, I enjoyed the moment as Kim held up her knees, angling them towards the ceiling as I pulled the cloth over her thighs. Slipping past the joints, the tips of her toes reached towards the ceiling as I finally finished pulling them past her ankles, before unceremoniously tossing them across the room.

Staring down at Kim, my eyes darkened with arousal at the sight left before me. Matching her bra, Kim’s panties were bright red in color compliment her hair and pail skin beautifully in the bright light. Realistically I would compare this more to lingerie than just underwear, which only led me to
wonder how prepared Kim had actually been going to school this morning…

Looking up at Kim’s face, she was bright red as she could see me staring. Amazingly she did not try to hide her face allowing me to see her as my eyes devoured her core.

Giving her an excited grin she returned it, however weak. My fingers began to touch her just above the hem of her last remained clothing. After waiting for so long, I pinched the flimsy elastic clinging the material to her young teenage hips and began to pull.

“Wait!”

Stopped by Kim’s voice my eye brows rose in surprise as she began to scramble away out from under me, covering her nether regions with her hands. And seeing my questioning gaze, Kim’s frantic expression turned embarrassed as she began to squirm.

“Kim?” I asked cautious. In my mind I couldn’t help but worry that she had changed her mind. By this point I had no idea what I would if she did. Thankfully before I could dwell on that line of thinking for too long, Kim answered my question, nervously tucking her hair behind her ear as her eyes nervously flickered around the room.

“Just… wait,” she blushed, her entire body fidgeting as she struggled to regain her composure. “I just, um, I’ll do that part, okay?” she asked. And flickering her green gaze back up to me Kim couldn’t help but look nervous, as if I might not be okay. Displacing this fear immediately, I gave the teen hero an understanding grin nodding my head in acceptance.

Seeing this, Kim seemed to sigh in relief before grabbing the top of her blanket and skootching the lower half of her body underneath. Finally, as the comforter rested just beneath her chin, Kim lowered her hands underneath and began to fidget. After a few moments of this, her hands reemerged, this time with one holding the waistband of her now discarded panties.

Disappointed by the sight of her wonderful body now hidden, any remaining reservations I might have had were dashed completely as Kim grinned, daring me with her eyes in the haughtiest of expressions. This was all the warning I received before she threw her underwear directly at my now shocked, yet excited face.

“Coming?” and with a single arm she held the blanket up invitingly, teasing me as a skin of her collarbone became visible.

Displaying my body unabashed, I crawled towards the young girl in record time. Throwing my body under her covers and pulling her close as the blanket fell. Inches away from mine, Kim’s eyes shown excitedly as she could feel the heat of our bodies build beneath the soft cotton around us. In return I smiled just as bright, moving my lips to hers and allowing my hands to wander down her back and land on her now completely exposed backside.

Smiling into my lips, Kim gave a soft laugh as my hands kneaded the warm, toned mounds of her rear. Raising her leg, she rested her knee just on my hip bone as if to offer better access. Unknown to her, her action had given me access to much more than just her leg. As I trailed my hand down her supple flesh my finger touched the warm essence of her arousal painted across her inner thighs.

Jumping at the sudden contact, I broke away from Kim to see her lips parted in what I assumed to be pleasure. Urging my hand closer to the source of her wetness, her eyes opened in obvious surprise as I sought out her treasure. Finally, just as her fingers began to imprint their shape into my chest, the very tip of my finger brushed across the smooth, newly shaven surface of her most sacred of areas.
Aroused by my teasing, searching fingers, this final contact was all Kim needed before her parted lips released a soft whimper.

I found Kim’s sex practically dripping with excitement. Obviously all our earlier activity had caused Kim to work up quite a bit of arousal.

Stretching my arm, I was excited to feel Kim’s womanhood. Deeper than before, I probed my fingers past the pillow lips of her outer sex and sought instead to feel the wonderful wetness of what I knew to be nestled deeper, protected by the delicate petals of her sex. These defenses feel quickly to my urgency and my middle finger reached the hard surface of her pelvic bone. I grinned in triumph as I began to move my finger up and down.

In this position Kim could feel my iron hard erection as it rubbed deliciously against her belly. And in an act of wondrous kindness, Kim took the chance to mimic my actions, dipping her hand from my bare chest all the way down my body.

As her hand clasped my member, I could not help pumping my hips and urging her hand into movement. Grinding the head of my member into her palm, Kim worked the sensitive skin with cautious experimentation. But hearing me groan in pleasure, her grip tightening with renewed confidence. This only added to my pleasure as her soft hand began to pump up and down, building my excitement to a whole new level.

With Kim exploring my body I was free to enjoy hers, running my finger up and down her slit with obvious relish. If Kim could see the smile on my face I knew she would blush in embarrassment. Thankfully, I was enjoying myself far too much to care how stupid I looked.

The soft feel of her sex, grew hotter with each passing moment. It was a sensation to behold, feeling her wetness saturate my fingers. Knowing I was the reason behind it made the experience that much sweeter. And seeing her soft lips part, it was all I could do to keep myself from losing control.

At the moment, I kept myself in control by watching her closed eyes clench with pleasure as she attempted to control her body’s reaction. Unfortunately, a virgin in all but her body, Kim held not the experience, nor the knowledge to hold from me just how much she was feeling.

Kim and I enjoyed ourselves, sharing our pleasures with each other without shame. Under the blanket, both of hands moved with quick determination feeling each other’s bodies and doing our best to give our partner as much pleasure as we were able. While I had a slight advantage over Kim, I couldn’t deny her ability to learn on the spot. I could already feel my juices bubbling.

As wonderful as it would be to give up and find release, I found the thought of reliving myself into Kim’s sheets… less than preferable. With this in mind, I had to force my hand out from Kim’s sex, just as my fingers circled the rim of her opening and instead move to her wrist, clasping it tightly to cease her pumping motions. Opening wide, Kim’s eyes flashed in confusion. But seeing the fire burning in my gaze, her own fire seemed to catch, igniting in understanding of what was about to happen.

Shifting our positions, I rolled on top of Kim relenting my hold on her burning sex. In this position I traced my now damp fingers down her stomach stopping only to feel the soft downy texture of her now trimmed fur.

In the back of my mind I couldn’t but smile as I realized the lack of overwhelming hair that usually occupied Kim’s sex. Instead, my exploring fingers found a tasteful patch carefully carved just above her slit. Unfortunately, as much as I craved to see this sight, if I was forced to wait any longer I could not promise my stamina would hold. So instead, I turned my gaze to Kim’s face, suddenly frozen as I
found her green orbs staring beautifully into mine.

“KP,” I spoke. And just like that I couldn’t believe how real all of this was. Both of us, me and Kim on her bed, in her home, naked and about to have sex. It left me throat dry. Leaning forward I towered over Kim, leaning down just enough to peck her on the lips. In response she lifted her arms around my neck pulling me on top of her.

Deepening the kiss we were both very aware of how precarious our position was at that moment. With me towering over her, my knee rested precariously between her own, feeling the humid heat radiating from her crotch. This left my erection mere inches below her belly, resting hotly against her flesh. I couldn’t help grinding myself into her skin, feeling it against my shaft and scrotum as her nipple pressed into my chest.

I kept one arm braced above Kim’s head just as before. This allowed my one free hand to explore her body without the threat of crushing Kim with my full weight. With this freedom I enjoyed myself, cradling the back of Kim’s head and running my fingers through her fiery red tresses.

My heart swelled as I moved between our bodies, cupping her breast and flicking my thumb over her nipple. Her responding moan only spurred me on even further as I followed the curve of her body, tracing along her ribs to the small of her back to the wonderful swell of her perfect bottom. Finally, as the pads of my fingers groped the raw flesh of her thigh, Kim’s leg was forced to curl around my own, placing her core just inches away from my own. As if a warning bell had erupted in our mind, we both stopped, frozen in this exact position as we stared into each other’s eyes, our chests heaving.

Swallowing nervously, Kim’s eyes were wide and dilated, exposing the black of her eyes as her blood rushed with endorphins.

Moving her hand from my back, she ran it up my neck before settling on my collar bone. She then stared up at me, panting as our activity had taken its toll on both of us. Even now I could feel and smell the sweat our bodies had created together, permeating the air with our scent and burning it into Kim’s bed.

In her eyes I could see she understood how close we were, both physically and in every other way. I was ready for everything, not even a moments’ hesitation. But my love for Kim forced me to hold back, to contain myself until she showed she was ready.

With one hand on my neck, and the other on my chest, Kim seemed to become lost in my features, staring up at me with undeniable surrealism. And matching it I tried to give her a small smile, silently asking the question we both knew was already filling every inch our beings.

Ready?

With a flash of fear consuming her features, worry curled her brow as she continued to pant with need. But finally, after a handful on moments the smallest of smiles answered my own giving me her reply.

With a shuddering breath I pulled my lips down to hers crushing them against my own in the most passionate kiss I had ever experience. And breaking away I held my lips close against hers, still connected under the smallest of pressures.

“I love you Kim,” I muttered into her mouth. And in response, Kim uttered only a single gasp before opening her legs as wide as she was able and allowing me to position myself between them.

Bringing my hand down to my dangling erection, both me and Kim peer through the space
between our bodies and watched in the darkness of the blanket as I angled myself toward her
opening. This being the fifth time I enjoyed the pleasure of sex, I managed with amazing
coordination to do this.

As my tip brushed against her delicate folds, both of our bodies shuttered at the tingling sensation. I
paused, giving Kim only a moment before shifting my body forward and wedging myself between
her lower lips.

As I felt the firm flesh give way to my surging rod, I gasped in pleasure as my entire head slipping
inside. This is where I stalled, looking up to hold Kim’s gaze before beckoning my hips forward and
entering the girl of my dreams.

Just at her entrance I had been able to feel Kim’s nails biting my flesh with their sharp edges. As the
head of my erection managed past the tight muscles guarding her sex, they only increased in
pressure, imprinting their mark into my flesh as Kim breathing began to increase.

On her face, her eyes were wide in disbelief as she watched me impale her. Every few seconds her
eyes would dart up to mine sharing a single moment before returning to watch my progress into her
most vulnerable of spots.

Reading the pressure of Kim’s hands, I gently rocked myself entering little by little so as to not startle
her. I knew that this was not really her first time. But to her this was exactly that, and I had no
intention of freaking her out more than I needed.

Despite the tediousness of the action, I took my time moving as gently and carefully as I could, all
the while silently savoring the hot, gripping muscles that were slowly but surely swallowing my
throbbing erection.

I found myself thankful for was Kim’s arousal, making the entire process of entering her that much
easier. I wedged myself in her oven-like sex, feeling her liquid pleasure spill over the length of my
shaft. Her moistness combined with her heat left me struggling to keep the strength required or
holding me above her.

“Ron,” Kim gasped, her eyes growing wide at the sensations assaulting her every nerve. Below us I
had finally managed to work half of my flesh into her warmth. It was at this point Kim gasped, her
hands grasping as she clawed my neck and shoulder. In response to her silent cry I lifted my lips to
hers, kissing them affectionately. Eventually her panic died as she began to kiss back, tentative, but
sweet.

“Don’t worry Kim,” I answered. Looking into her eyes, she swallowed nervously before nodding
her head and burring her face into my neck.

With one final surge, I forced my hips forward to bury the rest of my staff as deep into the teen as I
could go. This floored the young girl as her voice choked, frozen in a silent gasp.

For the next few moments I remained just like this allowing her to get used to feeling. Thankfully,
after only a few moments she leaned back, visibly shaking but otherwise calm as she met my gaze.

“It… doesn’t hurt,” she whispered, her voice more mystified by the entirety of the moment than
confused over the single detail.

In my mind the words had sent a single surge of panic through my entire being. But after only a
second I forced a charming smile onto my lips as I dared myself to look the girl directly in the eyes.
“That’s because we were made for each other KP.” And be it emotional overcharge of the situation,
or just that Kim didn’t care, but my words stopped her quaking and she returned my gaze giving me the biggest smile I had ever seen.

“Love me Ron,” she whispered, holding my body against hers as her lips spoke into my ear. In response I couldn’t hold back, crushing her petite frame to mine as I pulled myself from her folds, only to force myself right back in.

Staring out slow, all I could was listening to sound of Kim’s fluttering breath as I set out finding a comfortable rhythm. In and out I worked my member stretched her inner walls in the way I knew Kim would love. And as her breath quickened and her throat began to hum with pleasure, it only pushed me to quicken.

In Kim’s velvet vise, I shuddered at the tight muscles gripping every inch of me. Just as before I could not resist the hold she was capable of unleashing. And now awake, squeezing me with purpose, it seemed the once irresistible texture of Kim’s insides grew even more wondrous. I made this fact know to Kim as I groaned, whispering her name into her ear.

Only removing an inch, I kept most, if not all of my member buried as deep as Kim’s body would allow. Instead of long powerful strokes, I chose instead to grind myself intimately into Kim. This helped her and me as I enjoyed the sensation of my entire member being warmed by her tight oven. And in return Kim’s voice began to mewl as the soft downy wires of my blond pubic hair tickled the sensitive nub located at the top most location of her slippery lips.

Keeping a close eye on Kim, my face could not stop grinning as I felt her slowly become accustom. With a hard grip on my neck and shoulder, Kim’s breathing quickly shortened in response to my invading member. With every pass of my hips, she couldn’t help gasping. And slowly but surely I was treated to a wonderful surprise as Kim began to thrust back, meeting my thrusts with her own in a dazzling dance of pleasure sensation and wonder.

Shy at first, Kim’s movements were almost unnoticeable. As if acting on instinct alone Kim listened to her body's desires and fell right into the rhythm. This increased my own pleasure a thousand fold as our centers crashed against one another, slapping lewdly all throughout the room and sending electricity up my spine.

If Kim could hear the sound of lovemaking she made no sign of it. She became lost in the pleasure of the flesh. Between her legs I had to wince at the force her legs held against me, locked against my hips as I continued to gain speed.

Eventually my thrusting slowed as exertion finally took its toll. “Ron,” her voice gasped. Eyes previously clenched tight in pleasure, they open just an inch to stare as her hand began to stroke my chest.

Pinching her lips the action proved fruitless as a pleasure filled mewl worked its way from her throat. Down below I could feel her inner muscles clench tighter than ever before. This was all the warning I received before Kim’s voice echoed in delight, groaning with pleasure.

“Ron,” she repeated, and this time her eyes were wide, staring at me with I type of hunger I had not expected to see. This was all the warning I received before my world flipped, my back slamming into the soft cover of Kim’s bed.

Gasping in both exertion and surprise, my eyes were wide with shock as I found Kim now on top of me, her hips continuing without missing a single beat.

Up and down Kim’s hips surged against my crotch. Her hair fell all around her, a curtain of red silk
glistening in the sweaty exertion of our activity. For a moment I found myself struck by the sight. With her face cinched in pleasure, she seemed in a world all of her own as she took control. Eyes tight, her lips remained parted into a perfect ‘O’ as she panted for air, fueling her exhausting activity.

Every here and there I spotted a strand of red hair stuck to her forehead. The glistening shine of her skin in the light showed just how intense this was on the young woman. Part of me couldn’t help marveling at what Kim had done. So shy at first, it seems Kim’s take charge attitude shown through even for this.

Unconsciously, I couldn’t deny the slight irritation in my gut at losing the control of the situation. But the sensation of Kim’s body on mine swiftly dispelled such thoughts. In the end, all I could do was groaned in unbelievable pleasure as I moved my hand to her hips, helping her as she rode me.

One positive note of Kim’s amazing feat was that I was happy to see the blanket had fallen quite a bit. Not even aware, the covers now rested at the small of her back, revealing her small breast to the full light of the room. Watching them, the impact of our sweaty bodies sent the soft mounds bouncing with each and every thrust. As I rested, I laid back enjoying the view. The sight if her nipples shaking up and down forced my grip on her hips even tighter, forcing her downward thrust hard into my pelvis. In response, Kim couldn’t help herself as she gasped in delight.

I could hear the springs beneath us squeak under the strain of our bodies. Up and down we bounced. Before entering Kim I had already felt near the edge. And inside if her, I had full intention of making this night last. But as Kim’s hips continued to move, and I could feel the tight, wet friction of her insides becoming tighter every second against my throbbing staff. I knew if she didn’t stop soon, this night would be over a lot soon than I had planned.

“Kim,” I groaned. Unable to control my own hips, I found myself meeting her thrust for thrust. On top of everything else, this sent my mind reeling as I tried to concentrate.

“Kim,” I stressed, my grip tightening on her hips to gain her attention. Unfortunate, as a soft mewl flew from her lips I knew it was the opposite that had happened. “Kim,” I repeated. “Y-You need to slow down,” I insisted. Instead she only seemed to speed up.

Tightening my hands against the bed sheets, I bit my lip in concentration. Going through my mind I tried to dispel my arousal anyway I could. Monkeys, Draken, Mr. Barkin in a dress, giving a sigh that last one seemed to work as I felt myself calming. But then, as I opened my eyes the sight of Kim’s body bouncing up and down, jiggling in all the right places, made even Barkin not enough. Mere moments later I could feel the tale tell pressure building inside my burning rod.

Opening my eyes wide, I knew I had passed the moment of no return. With one hand on Kim’s hips the other fist a bunch of Kim’s sheets, crushing it in my hands. Clenching my eyes tight, I couldn’t hold back my roar of pleasure as the pressure in my balls reached their limit, releasing their pent up juice the only way they knew how.

As the first splash of semen left my body, I felt my back arch in unbelievable pleasure. Lifting off the bed, my lower back was at the peak as I attempted to control my pleasure. But Kim was relentless as she continued to move, up and down adding the most wonderful of friction to the already mind blowing orgasm she had forced upon me. Even as she gasped, feeling the first burst of my orgasm against her inner walls, she did not slow. Instead, she seemed to grip me all that much tighter, opening her eyes to watch me in open fascination as I became undone under her own hands.

The second was quick to follow the first, just as the third after that. Before I knew it, my thrusting hips had emptied five bulky, well-proportioned globs of cum deep into her body.
If Kim had any exception to this she made no sign as she finally allowed her movement to slow to a crawl. Only once my member had shriveled uselessly inside her did she come to a stop, steadying herself on my chest and gasping for breath.

Gasping right along with her, I opened my eyes after a handful of moments, staring as she continued to watch me from above. Seeing my gaze meet hers, the teen hero gave me the smallest of smiles, silently imploring me to say something. And noticing this shy action, especially after the way she had just acted, I could only laugh, whipping the sweat from my eyes as a grin broke across my face.

“Wow,” I finally managed. And really, what else is there to be said?

Puffing up a bit, a more than proud grin broke across Kim’s face as she laughed right back at me, lowering herself onto my chest. And as her head rested on my shoulder, she raised her head just enough to peer into my eyes.

“Was that, okay?” she smirked cockily. And in response all I could do was breath, trying and failing to calm my still racing heart.

“Jesus,” was my exasperated response. And being Jewish, that really was saying something. Thankfully, as Kim heard this she grinned even more, clearly pleased that she had been able to affect me so incredibly.

Falling silent, as my thundering pulse finally did begin to settle, my eyebrows rose as I realized in my own quick release, Kim’s had been sorrowfully neglected. Feeling guilty, I swallowed nervously before rubbing my hand against Kim’s back.

“KP?” I asked shyly. And seeing her eyes meet mine, she could see the worry on my features. “Um, di- did you…,” I gestured with my eyes. And completely embarrassed for even needing to ask, I tried not to let my guilt show through.

Opening her eyes wide, Kim’s cheeks flared at my question. “Ron,” she exclaimed, then turned demure, her gaze ducked as a small, but blissful smile exposed her pearly white teeth. “Ron,” she repeated. “It was… perfect.” Then looking up, her eyes shown with so much emotion, I had no choice but to believe her. “Everything was just perfect, I mean it.” And with that, Kim snuggled into me even tighter, forcing her hands under my back and pulling me into a warm embrace.

Returning Kim’s affection, I moved to wrap her petite frame in my arms holding her close. In my mind, I couldn’t help but regret not giving Kim the release she deserved. But if she was happy, I guess the night wasn’t a total loss. Besides, as the moments continued to grow I could already feel myself rising for round two. And feeling Kim’s so completely on top of me, it was no wonder I’d returned so quickly.

Unfortunately, just as I was about to brush Kim’s hair from her face and offer to finish what I had started, the sound of a soft snore tore through the silence of the room. Looking down, I could only thank Kim could not see the dumbstruck expression on face as I found her sound asleep, completely tuckered out.

I can’t deny a sense of disappointment at the night ending so soon. In my mind for this night, I pictured many things with many pleasures. Thinking on it, even the one we just had was enough to make me sigh in discontent. However, at the sight of her sleeping face, so calm, so serene, all my worries melted away as I remember how much Kim loved me.

Enough to sleep with me, enough to steal me away from another girl. Internally, I couldn’t help but
feel as though I should tell Kim the truth about me and Yori. But that thinking only reminded me of
the promise I made to the young ninja and how irate she was bound to be upon my arrival.

In my mind I smiled softly as I weighed my options in my head. I could go home to Yori… or I
could worry about that later and take a small nap with Kim.

Already knowing my answer I snorted at myself for even thinking it a choice. Yori could wait; right
now all I wanted to do was fall asleep and dream of Kim.

And so, with nothing else, I lifted my head to kiss the top of Kim’s head before resting back into
the pillow and closing my eyes. Idly, as I began to fall into unconsciousness, I felt Kim’s hand encircle
mine resting on my chest. And in my last waking moments I could feel myself smile, smile… and
once again ignore the bitter emotions rising in the darkest reassesses of my heart, hungry for more.

Honestly… I had everything I had ever wanted. Everything I ever dreamed of. So why did it
suddenly feel like not enough…

“Kimberly Ann Possible!” a voice tore through the room.

Ripped from my peaceful slumber, my eyes couldn’t be wider as they sprang open. Looking down
the bed, my heart froze at the sight of Ann Possible, a look of shock and embarrassment burning in
her pale cheeks. The sight of Kim, still curled on my chest, only added to this terror as I found my
heart cold in my chest.

On her face, Ann wore an expression of complete disbelief. The mere sight of her once so calming
blue eyes, now piercing as they stared at the sight before her, left me speechless as I frantically
attempted to shake the still sleeping, still naked, girl awake.

Groaning a bit, Kim’s expression curled in displeasure at being disturbed. As she managed to peek
through her sleep haze, all the memories of our day together seemed to come flowing back as her
sleepy face relaxed, forming sweet and tender smile. “Hey-,” she greeted sleepily. Unfortunately, as
much as I would have loved to enjoy Kim’s after sex glow, Ann’s voice once again vibrated
throughout the room, demanding our attention.

“Kim!” she barked, eyes nervous and stressed as she attempted to come to terms with what she was
seeing.

Jumping in surprise, Kim’s eyes opened wide as she rolled off of me, turning to see her mother
standing, arms crossed and vehemently angered, in her doorway.

As Kim turned to face her mother, she neglected to cover herself. And as a result, Ann’s face seemed
to flush bright red as her daughter exposed herself to her from the waist up.

Gasping in shock, Kim’s entire face erupted in embarrassment. This only became worse as she
glanced down, realizing her unfortunate state of undress. All at once her entire face pinched, eyes
clenched, as she hugged the blanket over her exposed body. “Mom!” she returned, and opening her
eyes, I could see she was just as freaked, if not more so, than the older redhead. “Get out!” she yelled
in embarrassment.

Taking a deep breath, Ann did no such thing as she entered the room even farther, stopping just at
the foot of the bed. In response, both me and Kim huddled together without even thinking.
“Kimberly Ann Possible,” She began, her voice much quieter, but shaking with emotion as she clearly struggled to keep herself from shouting. “Do you have any idea…! There are consequence…!” Ann had to stop as her face became locked in conflict as she struggled reinforce the role of a parent onto us. “You are seventeen!” she finally managed, as if that in of itself was a reason to abstain.

Unfortunately, seeing that her words were having little to no effect on either of us, Ann took another look, only to blush as if remembering our state of undress. She turned away holding her hand to her face. Deflating in her anger, she shook her head until all that was left was a look of utter disappointment.

“Ronald, I think it’s time for you to go home,” she instructed nervously. And hearing the request, it was all I could do to stop myself from saying something. Thankfully, Ann spoke before I could get the chance. “You two have three minutes to get dressed and for Ronald to leave. And Kim, you and I are going to have a very long talk about tonight.” Still refusing to look at either of us, Ann shook her head one more time before exiting the room, closing the door behind her.

The second the door clicked close both Kim and I sighed in relief. Without Ann’s domineering presence, we were freed from her paralyzing weight. Savoring this brief moment of peace, the sensation of Kim’s hand on my shoulder forced me to look up and see her looking at me, worried.

“I am so sorry,” she apologized, her guilt etched into her brow. Shaking her head I watched her red tresses dance around her face as she buried her it in her hands. “I can’t believe my mom saw us,” she groaned, tears threatening the edge of her voice. And rubbing her back I tried to think of anything to calm her, but the image of Ann standing in the doorway remained fresh in my mind, stealing any reassuring words I might have had.

Honestly, I kind of felt sorry for the poor mother.

Turning her head to peak at me, I could see the grimace partially hidden by her hands. “This isn’t how I thought today would end,” she admitted ruefully. Drawing her legs under her chin she wrapped her arms around her shins, holding her face into the bed-sheets still covering her body.

Rubbing the back of my neck, I tried a small smile and nudged the girl next to me with my knee. “Come on KP, could have been worse,” I tried. “I mean, at least it wasn’t your dad.” This comment forced the girl to look up in fright at the mere thought of such a thing. Seeing her expression I could only smile, agreeing with her completely. “Besides,” I spoke leaning my back against her headboard. “Today… wasn’t all bad,” I tried to remind her, ducking my head bashfully as I did so. But seeing Kim turn to me and smile, I knew I was not alone in thinking this.

“No,” she muttered, her eyes becoming soft and tender as her fingers moved to wrap themselves around mine. “It was amazing.” And seeing her begin to lean towards me, I gave her my best, cocky smile before returning to gesture.

“Two minutes!” Ann’s voice shouted through the door. Her voice still slightly shaken. And hearing it, both of us shot apart like… well like two teenagers caught in the act.

Releasing a long sigh, I moved from the bed forgetting my modesty completely. In response, Kim’s eyes locked on my body, wide with surprise as she saw me in my entirety buck naked. Before I might have given this some thought, shy about hiding my body. But remembering the teen’s earlier evaluation of my physique, I suddenly found myself just a bit more confident than usual.

As I set out picking my clothes around the room I couldn’t help but chuckle at the sight of Kim, still tucked under her warm blankets, trying and failing to discreetly watch me in all my naked splendor.
It wasn’t until I slipped my underwear over my hips that she dared to give me her full attention.

“Enjoy the view?” I asked cheekily. In response Kim could barely managed to keep herself from glaring as I shucked my pants and shirt back onto my body.

Taking one last glance at the door, I chewed on the inside of my cheek before deciding to hell with it and moving over to Kim. Watching me do this, Kim’s face was curious before my lips fell upon hers making her squeak in surprise. The kiss was quick but oh so sweet as it sealed all of the events of today into one delightful package. Finally, after only two seconds I broke away, enjoying the lovey-dovey expression impressed upon Kim’s features as she pinched her lips in an attempt to hide her growing grin.

Taking the moment in, I could not hold back my own enthusiastic smile as I took a moment to just stare, watching Kim as she gazed back at me. “Bye,” I finally forced myself to say. And nodding her head she reached out to trace the sleeve of my jersey before letting it fall on her blanket. One last smile was all I could offer.

Grinning to myself as I moved for the door, I couldn’t stop the emotions that were somersaulting all throughout my soul. Unfortunately, Ann did not seem to share in this excitement as she appeared, waiting for me on the other side of Kim’s door.

Facing the elder redhead, I found all the confidence and joy of the evening sucked right out of me. Instead, I returned to the same shy, laughably bashful young boy she always seemed to make me feel like. This showed in my demeanor as I ducked my head, desperately trying not to look as though she had caught me with my hand in the cookie jar… or her daughter. Unfortunately, any hope of moving past her was dashed completely as the sound of her soft footsteps began to follow me down the stairs.

Not sure what to say or do, I stayed silent, my posture ridged as stone as Ann followed me out. I hated to think what must be going through her mind right then. Thankfully, the trip to Kim’s front door went quick, and without issue.

Turning around my eyes were wide with nerves. There in the door way the mother Possible stood, her eyes unblinking. Daring myself to meet her gaze, I felt my heart clench at the turbulent emotions churning within. I hated how she was looking at me, like some criminal that had snuck in to steal her daughter’s virtue. The Possible’s were like a second family to me, and to think that Ann might actually be upset with me hurt more than I thought. And so, despite everything I knew and wanted, I couldn’t stop myself as my mouth opened.

“I love Kim,” I heard myself speak. And listening to the nervous cracking littering my voice, I knew by the shocked, surprised expression on Ann’s face I had at least managed to reach her. “I really do, love her I mean. I have… for a really long time now.” Speaking, I forced the nervous quivering from my words and held my head up high. “I’m sorry that you… walked in like you did, and I’m sorry if you feel like we betrayed your trust. But I really… really do love her. And I can promise that I’ll always do what I can to make her happy!” Speaking the last bit a little louder than I intended, I couldn’t help but flinch. But other than that I kept my expression firm, my eyes meeting Ann’s without wavering.

For the next few breathes, Ann’s face seemed frozen in a look of surprise. I could actually see her eyebrows raised. Thankfully, the horrible silence did not last as long as I had feared. Ann’s features began to relax. Even more surprising, I found my own eyebrows rising as the smallest of smile curled the edge of her lips. “Oh Ron,” she sighed. And just like that I found myself gaping at the sensation of Ann’s embrace as she pulled me into a hug.
“If it was anyone but you…” she trailed off, her voice feigning anger. But she simply sighed, holding me even tighter.

Before I could so much as begin to understand what was happening, Ann’s arms released me just enough for her to pull back and hold my arms in her hands. She took a moment to look at me.

After trailing her eyes over my features, she took a breath and smiled before cupping my cheek affectionately. “Ron,” she began. “I’ve been hoping you and Kim would be together since before you even started kindergarten,” she revealed surprising me. Seeing this, she couldn’t but give a small laugh at my expense. “What?” she asked. “I’ve always thought you would be good for Kim. I’ve seen how much you care about her.” And as if that wasn’t embarrassing enough, I could feel my cheeks flush with color. This only causing the red haired mothers grin to spread even wider.

“It’s every parent's dream for their children to find someone who cherishes them as much as they deserve. Although…” Ann’s expression soured, “you two are very young for this sort of thing. I had hoped to avoid situations like this until you two were in college.” Turning serious, she took a moment to stare me down, as if expecting me to show regret for my actions. “It’s not like I wasn’t prepared for this possibility,” she defended herself. “Kim is a very beautiful young woman after all. I suppose I should just be happy Kim chose to be with someone that I can trust…” she alluded pointedly, her eyes becoming sharp as blades as they continued to stare me down. And allowing the sentence to hang in the air, I was left stare clueless, until my brain finally caught on.

“Yes, no, Totally!” I fumbled in my rush to respond. “I mean, I would never do anything to hurt Kim.” And seeing a slow but tight smile pinch her lips I once again I couldn’t help but curse how hyperactive my expressions seemed to be.

“Good,” Ann smiled. “I know how boys can be, especially at your age. I just want to make sure you aren’t… taking advantage of Kimmie’s feelings.” She chose her words carefully. “Not to say that I think you would do something like that. I know you have a very kind heart.” Saying this, a heartwarming smile graced her features.

Despite her kind words, I was left blinking in silence as I could only try not flinch. Taking advantage, funny that that is exactly what I had done. Multiple times in fact. This truth only made me feel even more guilty than usual.

“Um,” I stuttered hopelessly. Taking a moment to compose myself I forced myself to look her in the eyes. “So… am I still allowed in your home?” I asked pitifully.

Giving me a look of utter surprise, Ann seemed completely taken aback by my question. And with only a second’s hesitation her hand was back on my shoulder, squeezing it for comfort as she gave me a completely mystified smile. “Oh Ron,” she exclaimed with worry. “Of course you are!” and just like that I felt the weight of a thousand worlds rise from my shoulders. “How could you even think that?” she asked me.

Not really sure of my answer I could only manage a weak shrug of my shoulders, earning me yet another sigh of distress as Ann pulled me into yet another tender hug.

“Oh Ron,” she sighed sadly. “No matter what you will always be welcome in this home,” she promised me. “Even if, god forbid, you and Kimmie don’t work out you can come over any time you want.” And pulling away she stared at me, her bright blue eyes shining with a type adoration that left my mouth suddenly very dry. “You’re like a son to me Ron, I love you like one of my own children.”

As Ann pulled me back into another tight embrace, I couldn’t help but feel my heart clench at her
words. I knew I should feel happy, honored even to be considered so loved by such a wonderful mother. And yet for reasons I dared not identify, I couldn’t deny the bitter aftertaste they left in my mouth. Even so, as Ann pulled away I forced myself to smile and show my gratitude for her kind words.

“Thank you,” I muttered embarrassingly. “I can’t tell you how much that means to hear.” And honestly, I really couldn’t.

“Don’t even give it a second thought,” she grinned at me, pulling away to step back behind the door frame. “I’m glad we had a chance to talk. Don’t mistake me, I’m still very upset at you two. But I think now I can talk to Kim without picturing you two… never mind. Get home safe Ronald,” she bid me fare well, her words forcing her cheeks into a heat.

Seeing her redhead dip back behind the door I felt my hair stand on end. “Wait!” I exclaimed, catching the door with my hand. This earned a look of surprise to flash across Ann’s features. And opening the door, she held a look of curiosity.

“Yes Ron?” she asked.

Seeing her eyes on me, my palms began to moisten with anxiety. Truth be told I never thought I would be walking away from this home on good terms. And now that I was, instead of fearing Ann’s wrath, all I could do was envision her husband’s. If I thought Ann was scary I could only imaging how Mr. P would respond to finding out what I had done with Kim. The fact that things had turned out so well with Ann was miracle enough. If I actually believed that James would be anything but absolutely furious, I was just kidding myself. If I wanted to keep seeing Kim I needed this to be contained.

“Would… would you be willing to maybe… keep this a secret from Mr. P?” Daring to hope once more, I met Ann’s gaze imploringly. “I mean, he doesn’t really need to know, right?” I gave a nervous chuckle.

“Ron,” Ann began, her brow crinkling in unsaid emotion. I could see that my question had made her more than a little uncomfortable. This became even more apparent at the sight of her teeth briefly appearing to pinch her bottom lip. “I don’t think it’s a good idea to hide things from my husband Ron, I’m sorry.” She apologized, obviously understanding my apprehension. “Especially something as… as important as this. Kimmie is his daughter too.”

Swallowing nervously, my eyes flickered about erratically, trying and failing to hide the still growing dread settling in my stomach. “Y-yea,” I tried to smile. “You’re right. Sorry. I shouldn’t have asked that of you. I should be heading home, bye.”

Hanging my head, I could feel Ann’s eyes on me as I began to turn and start for home. It was too much to hope for anyway. The only thing I can do is hope Ann can hold him down long enough to give me a five second head start. Thinking on that, I could only sigh. Black hole, here I come…

“Ron, wait,” I heard Ann call out. And turning my head, I looked to see her walking after me, following right up to the edge of her drive way.

With an expression of extreme reluctance, Ann’s eyes shifted sideways before her chest heaved with a large sigh. “I-,” she began. “I suppose James doesn’t have to find out.” She finally spoke, a look of despondence already clear in her eyes.

Surprised by Ann’s words, I couldn’t help the small but hopeful grin already appearing on my cheeks. “Really?” I asked incredulous. It was too good to be true. Unfortunately, as Ann’s
disappointed expression hardened, I found myself understanding how true those words really were.

“Yes,” she said with exhaustion, clearly rung out from everything that had happened. “But only for as long as you understand that what I found today was completely unacceptable,” she demanded, her control over the situation returning. And just like that, I found myself back completely at her mercy. “I meant what I said Ronald,” Ann spoke crossing her arms. “You and Kim are entirely too young for that kind of relationship, and I won’t have it happening under my own roof. I’ll let this pass this time, but only if you promise that it won’t be happening again, or at least until you are at college. After that it’s entirely up to you and Kim what you do and don’t do.” Putting her face mere inches from mine, Ann’s blue orbs bored into mine as if they could see into the deepest reaches of my soul. “Do we have an understanding?” she asked.

In response to her pinning gaze, all I could do was stare, sweat trickling down the back of my neck. No sex. Either no sex, or a one way trip into a black hole. Hmmm…

The image of Kim’s naked body immediately appeared to the forefront of my mind. The memories of tonight, and especially that of her riding me, were particularly vivid.

Mentally slapping myself, I forced myself to move my head, nodding in agreement. “Yea… okay. I, um, I guess that’s fair,” I agreed, each word weaker than the last. Except, even as the words meekly left my lips I knew I didn’t mean them. I was NOT okay, not at all. After how long I worked to get Kim as my girlfriend, how much I had to go through. And now I’m being blocked by Kim’s mom?! Man… life had one heck of a sense of humor. If it was between this and Mr. P finding out it really was the better of two evil.

“Good,” Ann sighed. “I’m going to take you word on this. Please don’t betray my trust again Ronald.” It seemed whatever she was looking for in my eyes she found as she turned on her heel and began to step back towards the house. “I’ll be having the same conversation with Kim tonight,” she told me upon entering her homes entry way. “And Ron?” she asked, forcing me to turn towards her completely and stare in response. “Welcome to the family,” she flashed me her perfect smile. And with that the door was closed and all I could see was the dark shadow of the night sky cast over the world around me.

Staring after the Possible home for only a few moments, I quickly began the trek back to my home.

In the incredible stillness of the night air, I looked around in mild surprise, amazed at how much time had actually passed. Part of me felt entirely exhausted. The weight of dealing with Kim’s mother, and the thought that I would have to wait more than a year to taste her creamy soft skin actually pained me.

For the briefest of moments I couldn’t help but wonder if I should just do as a please and claim Kim as I had tonight. Almost immediately I forced that thought from my mind. I’d told Ann that I would respect her wishes. If she wanted me and Kim to keep it PG, I would just have to get used to it.

Giving a great sigh of disappointment, I walked the rest of the way in silence musing over tonight and everything that had happened. After a handful of moments, I looked up to see the first hints of my home drawing near. And looking at it, I couldn’t help feeling as though I was forgetting something… or someone!

With wide eyes I actually felt like slapping myself as I stared at my home. No doubt at this moment housing a very irate ninja. How could I have forgotten about Yori!? Thinking back to Kim, it had seemed so easy at the time. But as I stood in front of my house I realized how badly I had screwed up.
What if the school was in danger? What if Yori was in trouble? How could I have just brushed her off, just so I could have a few hours of fun with Kim?

Feeling lower than low, I forced my feet to carry me to my doorstep only to stop and stare at my front door as if it were the gates of hell. I had no way of knowing what was waiting for me inside. But something told me I wasn’t going to like it.

Unlocking the door I turned the door knob and found the home completely silent. In of itself this wasn’t all that strange as I had long ago became used to coming back to an empty home. But with a ninja on the loose I couldn’t help but feel a shiver run up my spine.

“Yori?” I called out, flipping the entry way light switch on. “I um, sorry! I guess cheer-leading ran a little long!” But as I strained my ears to listen, the house’s empty silence was my only response.

Scratching my head, I had to wonder if she had simply left. It had been over seven hours since I said I would be back. Even ninjas had to have a breaking point. Realizing this, I couldn’t help but feel guilty. “Hopefully I can explain tomorrow,” I muttered to myself, hopeful she would accept my apology.

Shrugging my shoulders, the exhaustion from the day’s events finally settle in my muscles. Releasing a small groan of fatigue, I knew right then that bed, and a quick meal was all I wanted.

Scarfing down a small snack and a glass of milk, I set up the stairs with every intent of collapsing into bed and dreaming a dreamless sleep. I knew as soon as I awoke, I would immediately set out to join Kim and her family for breakfast. And the thought of Ann’s cooking, as well as seeing my new girlfriend again only served to press me even faster up the stairs.

Opening my door, I was to eager to sleep to pay my surroundings any attention. As such, I was in no mood to go through the process of donning my pajamas and instead chose to sleep in my boxers.

As my shirt went over my head and onto my floor, I rubbed my neck briefly to relieve the tension. I gave it little mind as I undid the button of my pants, not caring in the least as they fell uselessly around my feet. It was only then, as I turned my head to start towards my bed that I felt them, a pair of eyes standing in the darkest corner of my room.

“Yori?!” I jumped, startled. In a small attempt to hid my modesty I mistakenly bent down to pull my pants back up and held them without bothering to fasten the button. “W-What are you doing over there?” I asked incredulously.

Rather than answering me, the girl seemed satisfied to remain hidden in silence, not bothering to so much as blink. This left me confused, taking a step back as a cold sensation began to settle in my stomach. “Yori?” I tried once more. But deep down, as my heart began to slow and my throat became dry, I knew this was not the visitor I had expected.

Slowly, I watched as the figure stepped out from the shadows and into the dazzling moonlight pouring in through my window. I felt my heart seize in fear as the form of Shego, in all her black and green glory, appeared from the shadows themselves.

With a grin akin to that of the Cheshire cat, I barely managed to stutter the first letter of her name before she flashed out from my vision. In a fit of desperation I attempted to call forth my power. But as the cold sensation of claws tickled the side of my throat, I knew this time I would not be so lucky.

“Ohhhh Sidekick,” Shego’s playful tone whispered into my ear. “I think we have some unfinished business.” And as if to accentuate her words, Shego made a point to dig her razored glove even
Standing behind me, the super villainess held me with confidence, one hand securing my upper right arm while the other stretched across my chest, posed at my jugular. Like this I knew even the smallest of movements would mean the end of my life. With nothing else, I swallowed back my dry throat and attempted to relax back into her deadly embrace.

“That’s better,” Shego cooed approvingly, lessening her grip on my throat. “I would hate to be forced to do anything rash.” And without even looking I could practically feel the grin on her face.

“W-What do you want,” I spoke with caution, as if I didn’t already know. The fact that I thought I could embarrass her like I had and walk away without consequence was a fool’s assumption. Of course she would want revenge. No, what I really should be asking is how long she intended to drag this out.

“Ha!” Shego gave a bark of laughter. This only served to irritate, and confuse me as she pressed her torso into my back. Her lips now grinned mere inches from my ear. “You… are far more interesting than I gave you credit for, Stoppable,” she grinned. This earned a look of deep confusion to bloom on my features.

“So… you’re not here to kill me?” I asked stupidly. Thought by the resounding chuckle that vibrated from her chest into mine, she didn’t seem to mind.

“That,” she grinned, “depends entirely on you.”

And with that cryptic little note, I found myself trusting her at least for the moment not to kill me. Little would I know how much simpler everything could have been if I had simply said no.

“Mmm,” she hummed strangely, relaxing her fingers to a soft caress where they had just been stabbing. “You know Stoppable, that little stunt you pulled… well you surprised me. To say the least. And that, that doesn’t happen very often. You see, I like to think myself a fairly good judge of character. That being said, I had you pegged from day one as a simple, useless goon our little Kimmie used as nothing more than a distraction.” From here I felt a chill go up my spine as her hand moved lower, tracing the bony surface of my collar bone.

“So you can imagine my… surprise, when that very same buffoon ends up beating my ass right into the floor…” becoming a bit worked up, I felt a trickle of sweat drip down my spine at the fire in her tone.

“Hey!” I tried in my friendliest tone. “We all have off days now and then. You were probably just tired from fighting Kim. Heck, I probably just got a luck shot! Yea, that’s it!” While insisting my own dis-credibility, I attempted to boost Shego’s ego in the hopes of flattering my way out of this mess. But as another sharp, amused sound lifted from Shego’s black painted lips, I knew it would not be that easy.

“No, no,” she grinned, lightly scratching her glove across my bare chest just hard enough to make me flinch. “I give credit when credit is due. And for you… oh I’d say you are far, far overdue.” And as her tone dropped, becoming dark as the night sky, I quickly opened my mouth to say something only to be cut right to the chase.

“I don’t have ‘off days’,” Shego spoke boldly. “I don’t fail, ever. I am a bad-ass in everything I do. So basically the complete opposite of an utter failure like you. But after that day, I have to admit, you had me wondering.”
Grunting uncomfortable, my eyes became wide as I felt Shego’s dagger like fingers sink into the flesh of my stomach. Squirming under her hand, she only seemed to savor my discomfort.

“Getting beaten by you was humiliating,” Shego hissed with venom. “You can’t even begin to understand what it meant for me. When I was forced to run away, to retreat...!” she trailed off menacingly. All the while I had to raise an eyebrow at her suddenly heated breath.

Taking a deep breath, the green skinned woman’s breath broke across my bare shoulder sending goose bumps up and down my spine. As much as I hated to admit it, despite the life endangering position I was in, I couldn’t help but take notice that, while insane, Shego was a very attractive female. And that, coupled with the feint sensation of her chest brushing against my back, distracted me horribly. Clenching my eyes tight, I berated my brain, ordering it to focus on the situation at hand.

With a raised eyebrow, the female villains hand traveled to encompass my navel. I found myself becoming more and more discomforted by the seeming unpredictable actions of her hand on my body. With my pants undone, the pinky of her hand now rested a mere inch from my boxer’s waistline. Sending a queer look over my shoulder, I looked just in time to see a sinister sparkle twinkle in her eye.

Pausing incredulously, I mentally shook my head doing everything in my power to ignore what Shego was seemingly attempting. Surely it was my own over sexed brain that was conjuring up such conclusions. But even as I thought this, I couldn’t deny her hand slipping even that much lower…

Nearing her face closer to mine her chin now rested on my shoulder placing her eyes less than an inch away from my own. And upon seeing my nervous anxiety, she only seemed to grin even wider. “What’s wrong stoppable?” she asked playfully, like a shark circling its prey. “Now I know I little girl like me could me making you... nervous, could I?” she smirked at me. And then to make matters even more stressing she had just slipped her hand even farther, the tip of her finger traced the top of my boxers.

Making a sort of choking gasping combination, my cheeks burned at the unbelievable actions this older woman was taking liberty with. With disbelieving eyes, I watched her with caution as she retreated out of my field of vision.

She slipped back enough to put her lips just a hairs breath away from my own ear. “Could it be because you’re missing… this?” she offered. This is when I looked to see the Narcolepter dangling precariously in her hand.

…and just like that, I realized sometimes people fear the devil for a reason…

Like watching the world end before me, at her words I felt my expression drop, everything in me escaping in that single moment. While at the same time, each of muscles locked, as if all of this would be enough to deny what I had heard. But no, it could never be that easy.

Opening my mouth, I expected my words to be stalled in some way, to be frozen in my throat. But as I reached for them, I was surprised to find them well within reach. “Where did you find that?” I asked incredulously. Looking around the room I nearly smacked myself as I spotted my treasure box out in the open, sitting on the top of my bed. Hearing my shaken tone only seemed to increase the villain’s amusement.

“Come on Romeo,” she mocked. “Does that really matter at this point?” And with that she gave me a wicked grin before attempting to slip her hand that final distance between it and my crotch.
Taking a sharp gasp of breath, my mind swirled with shock as I realized what Shego was seriously after. For what reason she would have for trying this, I had no idea. I seriously doubted this was her revenge. Despite the stirring her touch inspired in my crotch, the image of Kim face flashed before my eyes. Thinking of her, as much as I might want to wait and see where this went, I knew I had to stop her.

With reflexes usually far outside my reach I stopped Shego’s hand, curling my fingers around her wrist. In that moment, I taken by surprise at how… small it felt. Pushing that thought aside I held on strong, pulling the dangerous weapon back up to my navel.

I was surprised to find a seed of irritation growing in my belly. Where I knew fear used to thrive, this new emotion took root, overriding most if not all of what I was used to knowing. I knew Shego liked to play with her food, so to speak. And right then I had little patience for it. Without the effect of surprise I was becoming bolder and bolder in my attitude towards the green skinned woman.

As if sensing my thoughts Shego held no reservation as she forced her claws deep into my now punctured flesh. This earned a deep hiss of pain as I glared behind me

“Now-now, none of that,” the villain gleefully tutted. “You and me aren’t finished with our discussion yet, sidekick,” she spoke pointedly. “And I don’t like being interrupted.” Again she tried to break my hold. Yet my grip held firm. Giving a mocking laugh of disbelief, I could feel Shego’s displeasure at being denied.

Swallowing nervously, my mind flashed with conflicting emotions. I don’t know why, but it was pretty clear Shego was making a pass at me. Whatever caused it, I had no idea. Appearing out of nowhere, grabbing me, making a pass at Ron Jr, and then holding up the narcolepter…it all seemed so completely random. But even still, I couldn’t help but feel a little flattered. And once again I found myself admiring the wonderful beauty.

More than once on a mission I’ve found myself admiring her exotic features. That is, until she starts throwing fire. Pale skin, curves that go on for miles, oh yes, no one could say Shego. Even with green skin.

Could she have been so impressed by my fighting abilities that she fell for me? I had a hard time seeing it. But it was as good a guess as any to explain this freak of a situation. Regardless, whatever her reason might be, Kim was my girlfriend. And as… disappointing as it might seem, I knew I had to say no.

“Well,” she sneered. “After all, after everything you’ve done it would be a shame to put all that work to waste.” From each and every word sarcasm practically dribbled from her lips. It got the point that her dry sense of humor was becoming slightly grating. That, added to the list of riddles she insisted on spouting was what finally forced me to expose my annoyance. Turning a frustrated gaze onto the spiteful woman, I glare in defiance.

“Would you just say something that makes sense?” I asked with fire. Appearing shocked by my sudden outburst, Shego’s features relaxed into a look that I would confusedly identify as approval. Finally, she spoke.

“Someone’s been a bad boy,” she purred deviously. And bringing the narcolepter back into view my
nerves chilled, frozen under a whole new wave of dread.

“Boy was I surprised,” she continued. “I mean, I have a reputation. And having you running around telling people that you actually beat me would ruin it. It’s not like I could let you get away with that after all. So, that day you beat me, before you had the chance, I had to find a way to silence you. Permanently.” Saying this she fell silent, dropping all pleasure and amusement from her features. Like this she dared to stare back as if waiting for me to me to understand. Little did she know, I understood all too well.

“You followed me,” I finally realized. All the blood draining from my face as I fully began to realize the implications of what she was saying. “Y-you… saw?”

At my small stutter, an expression of utter pleasure bloom across Shego’s angular features. I could see she enjoyed watching me squirm. “You mean your little treasure box? Oh! Or maybe how you bent Kimmie over a pillow so you could screw her from behind? Hmm, or maybe you mean how after all that you still managed to get it up to pop the little black girl’s cherry… Every single second,” she confirmed.

Hearing her list off all my misdeeds really hammered in how bad I have been lately. In my own mind, they all seemed so small. A blast here, a little sex there, what could it hurt? But in Shego’s mouth, my actions seemed truly criminal. This only served to torture me even further in her discovery. But for Shego, that wasn’t enough. Oh no, she was not impressed by my fighting, nor was she attracted. This was revenge, pure and simple.

“So! Unless you feel like Princess finding out just how good a boyfriend you really are, I think it would be in every ones best interest if you just go with the flow and do as I say, understand?”

Feeling a fire stir in me, the burn in my gaze seemed to only please her more. I don’t know how she had done it, but somehow Shego had been able to follow me that night. And because of my thoughtlessness I now found myself completely at her mercy.

Taking a deep breath, I searched my mind, looking for a way that I might get out of this. But as I came up blank, I found only one option, as grating as it may be. “What do you want?” I forced out through gritted teeth. “What do you want from me?”

As if that had been exactly what Shego had been hoping to hear, her lips opened to revel a large and grandiose smile as she chuckled happily. At this, she forced her hand from my grip, this time succeeding as she reached to cup me through my underwear.

In her hand she stroked my already somewhat firm member. Through the cloth she kneaded the malleable flesh, teasing it under her touch. “Here’s the deal,” she breathed her words into my ear. “Tonight you are going to do everything I tell you, not a peep, not so much as a noise. If I tell you to strip, you strip. If I tell you to keep going, you better get that limp meat up and ready for another round.”

Hearing her words, my cheeks burned at her scandalous intentions. This… didn’t really seem to fit her personality. Kill me? Sure. Beat me within an inch of my life? No question. But extorting me for sex… I have to admit I did not see that coming. Regardless, as I felt my member begin to grow stiff under her ministrations, I had to ask, “And what exactly do you get out of this?”

Giving my member a few lazy strokes, her gloved hand slipped through the flap of my boxers and pulled me free. With this, she grinned. “What I want from you, is my business. All you need to know is to be a good little toy and follow directions.”
Trying my best to ignore the strangely pleasant sensation of Shego’s leather glove against the head of my swelling flesh, I couldn’t help but grit my teeth at her words. Part of me seethed at the thought of what she was demanding. But I had to think of Kim and of what Shego could do if I disagreed. “If I say yes,” I spoke coldly. “Do you swear to never tell Kim? That you’ll never say anything about this again?”

Hearing my question, that same cool, dangerous expression reformed on the villainess’ face. “If you can really submit and follow my every command,” she began. “Then you will never see me again.” Putting an extra firm grip on my member, she brushed her lips against my ear. “That is a promise.”

Despite her words, I couldn’t help but feel a shiver of unease run up my spine. For whatever reason it sounded more ominous than reassuring. But, with no other alternatives in sight I saw nothing left to do but force the fire burning inside me aside, and nod my head.

Besides… there were worse punishments.

----------------------------------lemon--------------------------------------

Harboring a fire of her own, I was allotted just enough time to see Shego’s green orbs alight with new found energy before her lips came crashing against my own.

Taking a staggering step forward, I carefully maneuvered myself to turn and face the crazed woman. Once accomplished, I squeaked in surprise as Shego’s hand found the back of my head, forcing my mouth almost impossibly hard against her own. In this, I found my mouth suddenly very occupied as Shego’s tongue forced it’s way inside, reaching deeper than I had even thought possible for even my own appendage to reach.

Almost melting into the sensation, it did not take long for me to grasp the situation and begin to kiss back. Placing my arms around her waist, I could only try and be as pleasing a lover as I could. After all, maybe she was just horny and was looking for a good lay. This thought earned me a deep throb of pleasure as I pressed into the soft leather of her green and black costume.

With a sharp pain in my scalp, I wince as Shego pulled my head back. “Watch the hands,” she warned dangerously. And then to accentuate her point, she gave my hand a small singe of plasma.

Hissing in pain, I did indeed pull my hands back. Inspecting the injury for only a moment, I couldn’t help but stare at Shego as if she were insane.

Smirking at my confused expression, Shego made no attempt to hide her amusement as she turned her hand to my cheek, stroking it in a false attempt at tenderness. “Listen here Stoppable, because I’m only going to say this once. You, don’t do anything unless I allow it. Not a twitch, not so much as a wink.” Then giving me a sharp stare, she eyed me appraisingly before giving my face a small scratch with her nail. “I’ll forgive you this time,” she remarked, taking three steps away. “But if you want to keep those hands you better be careful.”

Then, as if the queen of bipolar didn’t have enough personalities, I only had enough to time open my mouth in fear before the sensation of her heeled boot came crashing against my chest sending me sailing through the air.

Landing on my bed with a loud thump, the next few seconds were filled with the noise of my hacking cough as I tried to regain the wind Shego had knocked out of me. As I whipped the tears from my eyes, I turned my gaze on Shego intent on explaining how much I was enjoying her company, only to find the words frozen in the very back of my throat.
Standing in the silver moonlight, Shego wore an expression of extreme seduction. Her hair, already long enough to reach the swell of her rear fell in a veil to cover half of her face. She teased me, daring me to focus on anything but the creature standing in front of me. With her hands on her hips, Shego arched her pelvis to the side showing off the curvature of her mature figure. This, added to the already impressive stature of her full chest left me blinking in arousal. Finally, seeing that I had taken the time to appraise her incredible body, Shego’s eye seemed the flash in darkness, like a predator eyeing its prey. “Good boy,” she cooed.

My eyes widened as she shifted her fingers to the center of her belt, popping it open with a simple flick of her wrist. With careful consideration, the woman kept her eyes trained on my own as she shed her gloves, finger by finger. Once those were free, and her pale hands were exposed, I cursed my excitement as her hands shifted the back of her neck.

Pressing her chest out to the extreme, a sinfully delicious sigh escaped her parted lips as the sound of a zipper filled the room. Only as the green skinned woman’s hand fell to the small of her back did she relax to a less strenuous position, slipping her arms from the skin tight material and holding the now slack material against her body.

Allowing the fabric of her suit to fall away completely she pealed herself out of the lower half of her costume and exposed herself without shameless. I suddenly found my eyes tracing her every curve, not even able to imagine looking away.

In the bright silver light of the moon, Shego’s unnaturally pale completion took on a life of its own becoming almost luminescent in the otherwise dark and listless room. The contrast between her pitch black hair and the bright glow of her skin left me breathless. Truly, in my eyes I saw before me the personification of night itself.

Compared to Kim, whose time spending preparation had been an exhausting experience, in the back of my mind I found her forward and abrasive nature alluring. Shego did not waste time with trivialities. Instead, she was straight to the point, demanding everything that was expected.

On her chest two large, but amazingly firm breast hung free in the open air. Just a fraction smaller than Monique, the green skinned woman held the second largest pair I had seen yet. On them topped a coin sized nipple, both the palest of green. The sight of them alone left my cheeks burning in the cool air.

With a small waist, trimmed throughout hours of training and battle, the mature figure of her hips ballooned into perfection. At the sight of the front of her sex, topped with midnight black curls tastefully maintained up the middle of her front, I finally found the strength to put my eyes back inside my head.

Much to my intimidation, I nearly jumped off the bed as Shego bent over to crawl onto the bed. This gave me the most arousing sight of her breasts as they dipped towards the ground, dangling from her body.

She moved like a jungle cat, each move carried with grace and precision. Watching her stalk towards me was all I could manage to keep myself from gasping. But finally, as Shego’s form threatened to eclipse my own, I was forced to turn my attention back to her face, sweating under the heated expression just waiting to devour me whole.

The way she looked at me was almost enough to forget she was extorting me. With parted lips, she drew heavy breaths with clear anticipation. Through this, I found myself actually flinching back, nervous for the second time as to what it was she planned to do with me.
“Hands above your head,” she spoke, her tone deep and hungry. Hesitating from confusion, I simply stared in response. This earned a deep growl of impatience from Shego as she gave no qualms in grabbing both my arms, only to wrench them to the headboard above me.

Wincing from discomfort, my expression gave the villain a brief smile before she once again lowed her face to mine. “Move those hands, Stoppable, and Kimmie gets a personal recount of what happened that night.” Gripping my jaw in a tight hold, she forced me to hold her gaze making sure I heard her warning. And only when she could see I understood did she release me, a dazzling smile bright on her lips.

Watching Shego down my nose, my breath was heavy as she began to slink down my chest, small but sharp bites marking her path. In this I found myself blinking, lost in the impossibility of the situation as her teeth nipped just below my navel.

Giving a small chuckle, Shego could see my reaction to her touch, and was clearly pleased. Looking to push me even further, the grown woman took great pleasure in taking the band of my boxers between her teeth, and pulling them over the pole of my erection all the way down to my thighs. By that point, she removed them completely, tossing them off my legs in a single motion.

Completely exposed I couldn’t help but feel my cheeks burn as Shego stared shamelessly at my ridged member. She picked the swollen gland off my stomach and began to stroke it with care, her head quirked in mild curiosity. After a few minutes of this that I found my mouth opening in shock as Shego descended, taking the whole of my erection almost completely into the warmth of her mouth.

Letting out a shocked gasp, my breath came in waves as I attempted to get used to the sensation of Shego’s lips and tongue merciless against the skin of my member. In a flash, the weight of what was happening finally decided upon me. This morning I had woken up expecting a nice day with Kim with nothing strange or bad or anything that might tempt me to do things I knew I shouldn’t. And now… now I was looking at Shego, evil, thieving, bad-ass Shego, with her mouth around my dick. The thought alone left me dazed. Fortunately, or unfortunately as the case may be, the sensation Shego’s tongue scraping against the underside of my head forced me back into the present, eyes wide and alert as I bucked my hips upward.

“You… have one heck of a way for getting revenge,” I finally managed, the stress of keeping my arms where they were clear in my tone.

Looking up from her work, Shego gave me a single mocking stare before pulling up, disconnecting with a resounding ‘pop’. “No talking,” she ordered curtly, stroking me with her hand. And to add promise to the warning, the green woman took extra care in pressing the nail of her thumb into the tip of my staff.

Filching involuntarily, Shego gave a hearty laugh, chuckling at my unease before giving the afflicted area a long and luscious lick. Putting her lips back to my member, I sighed as she created a vacuumed seal just under the ridge of my head. Her tongue began to lavish the sensitive nerves in warm wet strokes of her tongue. Slowly, I began to feel her technique winning out, summoning the essence from my core that urged to be released.

With quick heated breaths I could feel the pressure building within. I wasn’t sure how Shego would react if I came, but if she didn’t stop soon she was about to find out.

I knew I had to hold out. If I came and pissed her off, there’s no telling how she would react. So, despite the expert level blowjob Shego continued to exude upon my member, I forced myself to be strong and hold myself back.
Through gritted teeth and clenched fists, I fought my instincts as hard as I was able. Unfortunately, no matter how much a man can struggle, we all have our breaking point. And as the tip of Shego’s tongue forced itself against the slit of my tip I found mine.

In the moment my mouth opened to groan in pleasure, I was forced into the cold reality of absence. Like she could read my every motion, Shego seemed to know what was about to happen. In an act of what I can only call true evil, instead of continuing her ministrations, in the moment of my intended release Shego released me completely, pulling off without so much as a wink.

Gasping at my denied orgasm, I glared at the woman before thoughtlessly moving my hand to force her continuation. In that moment I felt the sharp sensation of Shego’s nails dig into my thigh forcing me to hiss in pain.

“I didn’t say you could move Stoppable,” she glared right back, anger clear on her features. Instead of shying away, this time I found myself matching her heat, glaring right back with indignant fury. It’s one thing to threaten a man’s relationship. But to deny his orgasm, that is a sin that can never be forgiven. But still, I had come this far. I wasn’t about to let it be ruined because I couldn’t control myself. That was how I got into this situation in the first place. No, instead I put my hand back behind my pillow, gripping the underside of my headboard with clear frustration.

Seeing me comply with her command, Shego released her grip on my leg, returning it to my iron hard staff. “There’s a good boy,” she teased, a haughty expression glimmering in each eye. “Can’t have you enjoying yourself, this is my fun.”

Releasing a long sigh of satisfaction, Shego moved up on my body, straddling me just below my pelvis. Like this she teased the heat of her sex against the underside of my erection.

Steadying herself on my chest, her nails bit into my skin. “Mmm, how’re those balls feeling Stoppable,” she grinned, knowing the almost painful pressure trapped within the delicate organs.

Giving a soft chuckle at my silence, she knew I couldn’t respond. This lack of interaction didn’t faze the woman in the slightest. She simply grinned, grinding the nub of her sex ever so slowly up and down my throbbing length, humming in pleasure.

“You know,” she nodded her head, “I can see why you would go through all this just for Princess. After all, you two are just the sweetest thing, I mean really.” Sneering as she said this, I tried to ignore her as best as I could. Unfortunately, the sensation of her warmth rubbed along my length was the worse type of torture simply increasing my discomfort with each humid pass wafting against me.

“Oh Ron,” she sighed, her voice changing in a mockery of Kim’s. “Do you really like it?” Continuing the grind against my length, the speed of her pelvis slowly grew, as did the pressure of her sex now sliding up and down my own. “I spent all weekend learning to cook, just for youuu.” She drew out the end of the sentence, groaning in sexual pleasure as the friction between us began to grow.

Looking up from our connect cores, I gave the Shego a wide look of surprise that she relished lavishly. Giving a wide chuckle, the pressure of her nails increased as she watched my expression, the mad look in her eyes only growing. “You didn’t think I actually left you alone after that night did you? Ha!” she laughed, ”after seeing what you got up to there was no way I was going to miss another show.” And with that said, she withdrew her claws to stroke my neck, tracing her fingers all the way down. She took great pleasure in taking her time, moving her hand down between us and grasping my member in a tight hold.

“But boy… did you disappoint. I mean really. What kind of follow up was that?!” Getting in my
face, her expression carried a look of true confusion. Staring into her eyes, I could only try and ignore the sight of her breasts now dangling mere inches from my chest.

Still ordered into silence, Shego’s question was left unanswered forcing her to simply roll her eyes, a great sigh bellowing from her lungs. Honestly, even if I could have talked, I’m not sure what I would have been able to say. To think that Shego had been watching the entire time I was with Kim today was more than a little disturbing. Yet strangely, as I pictured her lost in some shadow, watching all the while as Kim rode me, I couldn’t help but notice the throbbing bellow my waist increase.

Between us, Shego’s hand shifted the direction of my member, angling it back. With this I felt my eyes widen and glance down as she shifted back, teasing me at her warm, wet entrance.

“We were made for each other,” she continued, this time quoting me in her mocking tone. “I mean really, really?” she felt the need to ask twice. “Nearly gave me a fucking cavity.” And glancing down at me, for the first time that night Shego looked at me like she always had. With contempt, anger. Like I was so beneath her, I was even worth considering.

Oh how I realized I hated that look…

All of tonight Shego had been acting strangely, much unlike her usual aloof persona. It was almost challenging… Part of me had thought she was out of her mind, even more so than usual. But another part realized, deep deep inside me I had actually been hoping that in my beating her, she had actually recognized me as someone of importance. Of worth. So now, seeing that old expression, I found myself unable to help feeling responsible.

Remaining silent, with hands in place and erection ready to please, I stayed where I was, not moving so much as an inch. Once this was over, I could go back to how things were going to be. With Kim and her being my girlfriend and then everything would be okay. Everyone could be happy. Taking a moment to blink, when I opened my eyes I did what I’ve always done in life and simply pushed my feeling to the side, accepting what was to come.

When I met Shego’s green orbs, the expression of her face was… sad. All the fun and entertainment she had been exhibiting up till this point had simply disappeared as if the climax of the night had simply come and gone without me even being aware. And seeing the expression on her face, I couldn’t help but wonder if I had disappointed her in some way. That is, until the sensation of her nails ripped freshly into my skin, new found strength urging them deeper than ever.

In a gasp of pain, my world flipped completely as Shego descended, mingling the pain of her fingers with the pleasure of her velvety smooth sex.

In an effort to organize the myriad of signals swarming my brain, I tried to lift myself up in search of a reprieve. Unfortunately, holding me down, Shego’s hands simply forced her claws even deeper, marking me as her hips began to gyrate, swirling back and forth in a technique I had had yet to encounter.

Falling back onto the mattress of my bed, my eyes were wide with frustration. Up and down her sex glided upon me, sending wonderful sensations all up and down my rod. Between Kim and herself, there was no contest. In the way Kim had ridden me, she had been a wild storm, erratic and impossible to control. She had bounced on top of me without thought or reason. But Shego, Shego was like the waves of an ocean of pleasure, coming and going, building and breaking. Each pass of her hips were as graceful as the tides themselves.

Looking into Shego’s eyes, I could see the cold calculation, the knowledge that with a simple movement, she could give me everlasting pleasure, or never-ending pain. I tried to focus on the
sensation of her inner walls, gripping me with pleasure and technique. But every time I felt myself grow even close to release, she would stop, and the dagger like tip of her nails would increase with full force sending me back into reality and without the escape I so desperately craved.

One, two, three times I felt myself at the gates of paradise only to be thrown straight back into hell. All the while with the devil herself continued to rein above me, savoring each and every fall. This is how I finally understood the true nature of her revenge.

“God, Stoppable,” Shego glared down at me, her tone even and clear without even the slightest hint of pleasure. “To think I’d thought you could actually entertain me.” I could see the honest disappointment reflecting in her eyes proving to only confuse me even more. “Kimmie this, Princess that. You must be a real idiot to think one girl is worth that much trouble!” And to accentuate her point she clawed my chest, four even scratches blooming across the pale flesh. I groaned in pain. “For one second, just one, I thought you could actually be worth just a few hours of fun, but this? She asked. “Pathetic.” Unfortunately for her, as much as she hoped to cut me with her words, the increasing pressure of my sex was growing too large to register anything else.

In my mind, the world was little more than white noise filled pain and pleasure. I was helpless, weak, I felt as though nothing I could ever do would be enough for anything. Yet despite these thoughts, I found my mind overtaken with the wild, animalistic need for release. Time and time again Shego had denied me what I needed, what I craved. Stop, start, stop, start! But little did she know, what she thought was punishment was only spurring me even further into madness, a wild storm of craving passion that was threatening to break the walls of my sanity.

I had to hold back for Kim, I need to endure no matter how great my need became. Unfortunately, as much as I tried to reinforce these thoughts I could feel myself splintering. And through that growing weakness, a voice from my deepest pits spoke out, the fire I had so strongly tried to ignore.

“Let me come!” Forced out through gritted teeth, the need became too much.

“Look at you,” Shego continued, ignoring me, her sneer as evident as ever. “After this is over what’s waiting for you? Princess? A life as a sidekick? Are you really happy stuck in her shadow? As nothing more than mindless goof? Well?” she stressed, the volume of her voice increasing with each question.

And to make matter worse, once again I felt her freeze on my staff. All movement ceasing as the muscles of my erect flesh throbbed uncontrollably, begging to continue.

“Let me come!” I repeated, the edge of my vision blurring as I tried to keep my emotions, as well as my sanity in cheek. In response, all Shego could do is laugh, anger blooming across her features.

“And way to go letting Princess’ mother dearest tell you when you can stick it to her daughter. I’m sure you going to be very happy with Kim, sexless, useless. You might as well be back to just being friends.” Then, allowing a great grin to spread across her features. Shego lowered her face down to mine, placing her lips just outside my ear. “I’m sure you’ll be just fine waiting, watching as someone else snatches her away because you were too nice to do anything about it. You think you can keep a girl like Kim? Like this?”

And that, it seemed, was all that I needed.

Opening my eyes wide, I felt my blood boil, the fire inside me spreading through to all my extremities as I broke free, ripping my arms from Shego’s hold only to grab a hand full of her ebony tresses and wrench them back.
Releasing a sound of shock and pain, Shego’s head was forced back her eyes were wide with disbelief. Giving this no thought at all, my mind was focused on one thing, and one thing only. This became apparent to the sadistic woman as I rose from the beneath her.

Grappling her leg as leverage, I used both her appendage and her hair to flip her onto her back. Then I began to thrust, mashing my pelvis against hers as I forcefully used her for my pleasure.

In my madness there was one thing that I had to accept. I wanted Shego. I wanted to touch her body, feel her grow wet under my hand. I wanted to see her face climax, to touch her breast. I wanted to claim her as mine and force her to understand she was just that.

In the great moment of my success my mind was at war. I swore that once Kim was my girlfriend, I would stop allowing myself to fall prey to my urges. Leading up to this day, I found myself committing more and more horrible acts, all at the expense of others so I can have my fun. I had promised, both to myself, and Kim that that would come to an end. But now I knew, as I towered over Shego, once this was over Kim would leave me. So I might as well fuck her for all she’s worth.

Letting a loud curse, Shego’s expression was filled with fury as I stared down at her, my features set in tense pleasure. “Stoppable!” she called out enraged. “What the fuck do you think you doing?! Do you want your girlfriend to find out what you did?” she questioned. But I paid her question no mind, forcing myself inside her and savoring the sensation of her warm embrace. All the while I hammered myself against her. Glancing down, I sighed at the sight of her breast, shaking with the force of my thrusts. A kind of satisfaction I had yet to encounter in my life washing over me like no other. I groaned in pleasure.

After everything she had put me through, after all the teasing, all I wanted was to remind her who it was exactly who had won that day. That no, it wasn’t a lucky shot. And that no, she wasn’t having an off day. I had won because I was stronger than her, am still stronger than her. And that am not afraid.

“Stoppable!” She tried again. “Stoppable, Stop!” but as I continued to hammer her, I could feel the heat of her insides increasing. And with each pass of my hips she only grew weaker. “Stoppi- Agh!” she groaned, yet another curse falling from her sinful lips.

As much as I enjoyed the sound of her own folly, the sound of her struggles was beginning to annoy me. And making this point known, I felt my nostrils flair as I opened my eyes, pinning the woman beneath me with a glare as the strength and power inside me flared.

“Shut up.”

Without anger, without volume, the two words left my mouth sounding in a tone like none I have ever heard. Cold, frigid, each word seemed to hold a weight all of their own, each of which seem fall upon Shego as she continued to stare up, shocked into silence.

Taking this quiet for all it was worth, in the beauty of the moment I took this time to truly enjoy the wonderful sex I was allowed to experience. Frozen in this one, wonderful moment I found a grin as wide and expressive growing on my lips as I ever remembered. All the while, continuing to glare down, daring Shego to so much as breathe without my say-so. In this expression, I found Shego actually shrinking under me, her face matching that of the same as when I had defeated her just before she fled.

But that was not my concern.

Now silent. Shego’s entire demeanor seemed to change. While appearing afraid, her actions told a
different tale as she began to thrust back, in equal if not greater force. This allowed the sound of our union to resound throughout the room. Wet flesh striking wet flesh. In the beauty of the moment, I could finally feel my release approach.

Taking no chances, without even thinking my hand gripped Shego’s wrists even tighter above her head. And in my other, I still held Shego’s leg, angled at the knee. Increasing my grip to the point of pain, Shego made no protest, simply laying on her back and accepting me, that same frightened expression clear as ever.

With a great bellow of breath, I could feel the flesh of my erection expand as my balls released what I had been forced to withhold for so very long. In one great thrust, I buried myself as deep as our bodes would allow before forcing my lips down onto Shego’s. This time my tongue was the one to fill her mouth. Without complaint, the green skinned woman opened to accept what I offered. My tongue washed against its surface, all the while filling her with what felt like a life time of cream.

Each pulse of my dick felt like a fire hose dowsing the heat of Shego’s walls with its spray. This time I was too lost to count how many burst I manage, but I knew it be large. This was all I could think as the spout of my penis finally began to end, the last few dribbles landing uselessly on the sheets as I pulled myself free.

As I knelt there, simply breathing with the light of the moon glimmering, and woman I had truly grown to hate flushed beneath me, there was only one think I could think, lost in that single moment.

That this was the greatest thing I have ever felt. And dropping to my side, exhausted, it was all I could do to lay back, and stare at the ceiling above me in silence.

Reality, as it is often called, is quite the bitch. And not ten seconds after I had finished had it decided to dawn on me, filling my insides with fear.

Clenching my eyes closed, I cursed myself time and time again. A life time of effort, wasted. A lifetime of love, useless. With this I had sealed my fate, and any relationship I might have hopped to have with Kim was gone… or so I thought.

Forcing myself to look at Shego, I could only hope she was would let me walk away with my life. I was almost sure she would be blind with anger, the punishment for this night multiplying tenfold. If she was this angry over losing a fight, what the heck would she do now? But, as I turned my head, inching towards the view of her wild black hair, I was shocked at what I found.

Not rage, not anger, not the doom I had expected. Rather, in her expression I found the utmost expression of pleasure bursting from within.

Her eyes, trained on me, shone with… adoration, it seemed. A kind of fanaticism that crept along my skin in the most uncomfortable of ways. Considering the way she had chosen to deal with me all night, this new change truly shook me. Now I knew that any hope of predicting how she may act is long lost.

Through parted lips, soft and gentle gasps forced air in and out of her lungs. I could see the red flush of blood mingling under the pale green coloring of her flesh, mixing and combining to form varying degrees of shades and hues. From her dilated pupils, all the way to her protruding nipples brushing against the length of my arm, I found myself with a startling revelation. Anger? Oh no, Shego was not mad, but aroused.

“Ahhh,” she sighed, never blinking, never breaking eye contact with the features of my face, she continued to gaze, entranced. To make matters even worse, I felt the sensation of her arms, pulling
me close as they entrapped themselves around my bicep. Like this I found the poorly built muscle
buried in the soft, cushion of her bosom. “Oh god,” she continued. And I was inclined to agree.

“Shego?” I asked in confusion, my unease reflected in my gaze as I tried to pull away. In response
the woman only held tighter, her expression turning almost shy. It was only then, seeing such an
alien look on her usually fierce features that I knew something had truly gone wrong.

“Ron,” she spoke, not teasing, not mocking. Just my name, moaned deliciously from her ebony lips
as she attempted to snuggle even closer. In response, all I could do was refrain from exposing the
crawling sensation the act inspired upon my skin. Oh yes, something was seriously wrong here.
Even worse was the timid, but excited smile that began to stretch across her lips. Seeing this, it was
all I could do to remain in the bed without running for my life. “Ron,” she grinned.

“I’m sorry!” I quickly apologized, intent on seizing whatever opportunity to contain the can of
worms my actions might have opened. But after a look of surprise, the grown woman merely shook
her head, the same dazzled and excitable expression impressed upon her features.

“You,” she sighed. “Have absolutely nothing to be sorry for.” And continuing to confuse me, I felt
myself freeze as she crawled farther on top of my body, pressing her breasts into my lower rib cage
and cradling her chin on her hand so that she might continue to stare, her mussed and strayed hair
only adding her well fucked appearance.

“Oh,” I managed, forcing myself to look away from her intense green orbs. And really, what else
was there to say?

After a few moments of awkward silence, I looked to see Shego shaking, her face now buried into
my chest. Like this I was able to feel her lips, while hidden, spread into a wide smile pressed into my
chest. Before I could so as begin to be confused, I was forced to flinch back as the naked woman’s
humor came undone, her laugh erupting in large air restricting bellows of laughter.

“I knew it!” She forced out in between two burst of maniacal giggling. Raising her head from my
chest, my eyes widened at the crazed expression in her eyes. Each orb watched me with increasing
fascination. From place to place they flashed across my features, a dizzying pattern that left me
frightfully nervous as she crawled even farther onto my chest. “I knew it, I knew it, I knew it, I knew
it!”

Well… that made one of us.

“Shego?” I asked cautiously. And craning my neck as far as it would go, this was all I could do to
put distance between us. This small act proved futile however as Shego’s face swallowed the final
distance between us, placed her black painted lips directing on mine.

Preparing for the worst, I made no attempt to hide my grimace of fear, just waiting for the pain to
return. However, as I continued to wait I found myself surprised to feel the woman’s kiss remain
soft, almost… gentle.

Pulling only a fraction of an inch away, I could still feel Shego’s Cheshire grin against my lips as she
whispered breathily one last time, “I knew it.”

In her eyes, I was amazed to see an expression relief. This was quickly quelled, and in its place I was
gifted with the familiar sight of excitement. “You’re everything I’d hoped.” And that confusing
comment was all I heard before her lips were back on mine, desperate and tender.

Lost to the sensation, it took me more than a few moments to regain my bearings.
Breaking away from her lips, I panted in the exertion of the act. “Wait!” I called out, desperate for even a moment’s rest. And while clearly reluctant, I watched amazed as Shego actually listened, retreating. Pushing this aside, I took the chance at hand and tried my best to pin her with my gaze. “What are you talking about?!”

Right then, I truly felt as though I had reached the end of my rope. All the sly remarks, all the sarcasm, all the teasing, all of it weighed on my mind to the point of breaking it. Like a man crazed, I grabbed the woman on top of me, my expression wild as I begged, no, pleaded with my eyes for her to understand the length of my exhaustion. Nothing that happened this night has made any sense at all. I’d been scratched, bit, sucked and screwed. And right now, right here, I didn’t know how much more I could take.

Shuttering, much to my surprise, I watched, eyes wide in desperate confusion, as my actions only seemed to force a surge of color to bloom beneath Shego’s cheeks. Thankfully, before I allowed myself to break completely, Shego opened her mouth and finally, finally explained all that I needed to know.

Losing her smile, Shego’s face fell, becoming a mask without expression. Combined with her still burning eyes, this image alone was more than enough to send a chill up my spine.

“I had to test you,” she replied, her intense gaze burning me with its focus. “I had to be sure.” And saying this, I could feel the cool sensation of her fingers moving up my body caressing my skin.

“Test what?” I asked incredulously, shaking the sensation of her fingers from my mind. This became difficult however as the tip of her finger began to trace the still tender flesh of her cuts.

Looking off, over my shoulder, she appeared lost in her thoughts. The fire in her eyes, already so bright, tripled in intensity. I couldn’t help but marvel at the sight, almost becoming lost right along with her.

“I could see it,” she spoke. Her voice quiet but happy. “In you. I thought I was crazy, I mean I had to be. You’re a freaking sidekick! But… I couldn’t forget.”

“Forget what?”

Snapping out of whatever trance she had entered, I flinched back as her eyes flickered back onto mine, a strange energy vibrating throughout her entire being. I could see this in her smile as the painted lips stretched nearly to their breaking point. “Your eyes,” she smirked, a level of malice returning with those words. “The way you looked at me, your expression. So wild, so intense. It was just, it made me… made me.” At this she seemed lost and unsure how to continue. Back and forth her eyes flickered, searching for words that would match her complex emotion.

Frozen by the sight, as her eye finally returned to mine they glimmered with enlightenment. So much so I found myself actually captivated, a strange sense of fascination drawing me in. And so as she began to lean forward, I found myself returning the action, like a snake, charmed.

“Afraid,” she breathed against my lips, the very word forcing a fresh explosion of color to flush beneath her skin. And as if the very word were an aphrodisiac itself, at its very utterance Shego could not help the soft but audible mewl of arousal that became summoned by the memory.

Flushing a bit myself, I couldn’t believe what I was seeing, or hearing as the sensation of Shego’s nipples scraped against my chest. Seeming satisfied by the result of her actions, Shego made no attempt to hide herself as she repeated the action, yet another noise of pleasure purring from her lips.
"You scared the crap out of me Stoppable. You actually managed to beat me, to play me like a game. You sent me running with my tale between my legs." And as if to make her point that much stronger, I felt my eyes widen at the sensation of her slick sex grinding against the skin of my leg. Out of reflex my hands moved on their own, switch from her arms to grip the slender surface of her waist. Shego had no qualms about this as the action only seemed to encourage her in her pervasive actions.

Behind my eyes, I could feel my brain detonating at such information. Shego!? Afraid of me!? Ha! Not in this life time. I’m about as threatening as a newborn mole rat. And even if I did scare her, that still didn’t explain the sudden and very painful treatment she seemed to feel the need to administer. It was almost as if she was… turned on from fear. But, come on, even Shego can’t be that messed up … can she? And suddenly, I wasn’t so sure.

"O-Okay, but wait, then why are you even here?” I forced myself to ask, voicing my earlier thoughts.

At my question, a look of utter displeasure exposed itself on Shego’s emerald features. This was the only warning received before her sneering smirk tore into my flesh, as well as her nails. “Do you have any idea how boring it is to be me?” she asked, clearly not actually expecting a response. “Day in day out, working for idiots like Drakken. Stealing tech for Drakken. Listening to Drakken complain about every. Little. Thing! Ugh! If I have to hear one more conversation about his mother, I’m actually going to kill the nerd.”

Taking a deep breath did nothing for the girl as she took an irritated blow at the few strands hanging in her face. “Just for once,” she continued. “I’d like to take a little pride in knowing that the guy I work for is actually competent enough to work with scissors that aren’t made of plastic. Someone that I know can do better than steal cable as a grand master plan. Someone… someone better than me!”

Growing deathly quiet, Shego stayed where she was, fuming in silent anger. In this time I gave myself time to remember to take a breath. But at the same time, I could feel my features twisting in confusion. "Okay but wha-"

Frozen mid-sentence, I could feel the cold sensation of realization settle in my belly. And staring at me, Shego seemed to see it the exact same time as I, as a slow, if not coy smile curled her already smirking lips.

"No,” I shook my head, a look of disbelief o my face. “No, no way!” Yet despite my repeated denial Shego’s expression remained the same. This left me blinking, unsure what to even say before erupting with indignation. “Dude! I am so not a villain!” I denied vehemently. “No way, I’m a hero. I mean, sidekick if you want to get technical. But still, that’s at least half a hero! Why the heck would you want to work for me?!” And yet Shego’s knowing smirk remained the same, impenetrable and unflinching. So resolute seemed her conviction that even I had to question myself.

"Let me ask you,” she began, her hand slipping up the back of my head. Her surprisingly delicate appendages then began to twirl my blond locks. “Are you really a hero? I mean really?”

"YES!” I nodded my head spastically, almost losing the enjoyable sensation of her fingers against my scalp. “One hundred percent total bonafide hero! I save the world- well, help Kim save the world all the time! You’ve been there!” I reminded her, staring at her with impossibly wide eyes. The fact that she thought I could be a villain was ridiculous.

“Okay,” she succeed, a small nod of her head in acknowledgment. “but then let me ask you this,” and with a small, but dramatic pause, her face slipped back up to mine, almost eye to eye as she
confronted me. “Why do you care?” and to that… I could only answer with silence.

Seeing my stunned silence, Shego continued quickly. “Why do you do it? What’s in it for you? What do you get for risking your life on every mission?”

Answering quickly, my words came out in a rush. “Because people could get hurt! Me and Kim don’t need anything from it. We just like helping!”

In my answer I felt fairly confident. It was true after all. A lot of the time the only thing standing between the world and some evil doomsday device was me and Kim. If we weren’t there, who knows what could happen. Unfortunately, answering my response with a very shark like smile, I couldn’t help but feel my confidence wither.

“But is that why you really care?” she asked insidiously, that same knowing smirk growing with each passing second. “Or could it be, maybe, just maybe, that you could care less? And all this time you’ve just been following Princess’ lead? Because I am only going to ask this once, and you don’t even need to answer. But just think, if it wasn’t for Kim, if you and princess had never met, could you honestly say that you would care in the slightest what some crazy villain decided to try? Do you really think that even without Kim, you would feel personally responsible for that man to be brought to justice?”

Letting the question hang into darkness, my first instinct was obvious. Of course I would! There’s no way I would be able to just sit by and allow such threats to go unnoticed. Evil people deserved to be punished. They hurt people. They were cruel, they… they…But then, not even half a second later did I realize, the hollow, lackluster emotions inspired inside me. Even I couldn’t believe the crap I was spouting. This force me to think, was Kim really the only reason I’ve felt responsible for going on missions? Was that it?

As if reading my mind Shego drew back, her expression bleeding satisfaction.

With a look of grim displeasure, I gave a heated breath before turning my head away. “Fine,” I conceded, reluctantly angry. “But that doesn’t make me evil.” And in this I felt confident. Just because I couldn’t be the benevolent being Kim was didn’t mean I was evil. I felt empathy, I held no desire for the earth or any other impossible trophy.

From the back of my head, I felt Shego’s hand flow down to my cheek, forcing me back to face her. She looked in my eyes appearing amused yet sympathetic. “What do you think evil means?” she asked me. And pulling back from the abrupt question, I shrugged my shoulder reaching for the obvious answer.

“Someone that wants to take over the world.” But then curling my features in concentration, I tried to expand. “Someone that… doesn’t care what happens to the people that could get hurt.” And saying this, I made sure to give the woman petting my cheek a very pointed look. In response she merely shrugged it off, a mere role of her eyes in answer.

“Close,” she responded, “but not quite.”

In a small flash, her cold nails bit my cheek, forcing my attention solely on her. “Evil isn’t about hurting people, that’s a psychopath. And it’s not about taking over the world, that’s just Drakken’s shtick. To be evil, truly evil simply means being able to take what you want, when you want it, the consequences be damned!”

As she grinned brightly, I couldn’t look away as her fanaticism continued to grow. Say what you will about the woman, but she loves her work. That much was clear.
Coming back to herself, she gave me a wide grin, happy as ever. “It can start so small,” she explained. “Something so little, insignificant.” Taking deep breath, her eyes became wistful, as if traveling back in time.

“I’m sure you remember how I got my powers, when I used to fight crime with my idiot brothers. Well, one day after we just finished beating the tar out of some jewelry store robber, I guess my gloves caught the side of his bag and everything he had stolen just spilled across the street. Now, I’d seen jewels before. But this one pair of earrings, they just seemed to glow. Calling to me to reach down and take them.”

Eyes flashing back to mine, her grin was like an exited child. “That was the beginning of it all. Once I stole those earrings, all I wanted was more. To steal and steal and collect everything the world had to offer. It was just a pair of earrings, cheap ones too. Found out later there were barely worth fifty bucks. But I didn’t care. And that’s the point.”

Becoming deadly serious, Shego’s expression forced me to listen. In that moment, there was literally no other option. “One fixation, one idea or act that you can’t seem to get out of your head. That’s all it takes.”

All too easily, I could already see where she was taking this. What I had done to get Kim, the acts and emotions I had been forced to indulge simply so that I might capture my one dream of having her…it was all too familiar. And not for the first time that night did I feel the cold hand of fear clench my heart.

“I did what I had to.” I defended myself, the defense clear in my tone and expression. But Shego’s answering expression only panicked me even further. “But I have her now! I’m satisfied. I don’t want anything else. Just Kim! That doesn’t make me evil!” But once again, all Shego had to do was sneer for me to doubt my own words.

“Satisfied? Really? Then how do you explain Kimmie’s little friend you decided to rape?” she jeered without mercy. “Or did I miss the part when her unconscious body begged you for a good sticking? Hmm, or how about princess’ mommy? Because you seem reeeeal satisfied whenever she’s around.” And even saying this, Shego’s sneer struck me in the heart, hitting me right where it hurt.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I muttered, trying to look away. But even if I didn’t look at her, I couldn’t escape the delighted cackle of laughter that followed.

“Are you kidding?” She asked incredulously. “If you’re eyes followed that woman’s ass any closer, they would have to be sown into the back of her fucking jeans!” And hearing that I had been so obvious, I had little choice but to blush, hoping against hope that Ann hadn’t been able to tell. “Not that I can blame you,” she added as an afterthought. “Who knew Kimmie had such a yummy mummy, hmm? She grinned. And seeing my eyes go wide at her comment, she couldn’t help her laughter as she grinned without care.

“And let’s not forget about little old me,” she continued her point. Giving a small chuckle, I had to watch as Shego peeled herself from my chest, her nakedness returning to full view as she moved to straddle my pelvis. I could only stare, eyes wide as I was forced to take in the wonderful swerves of her voluptuous body. Only after I had taken her in, top to bottom was I able to look back up to her face, a proud and knowing smirk firm on her features.

“Can you honestly say, right now, that you have no desire to be with any other woman? Any woman at all.” And the cheater that she is, Shego couldn’t help but allow her hands to wander up her body. I found myself tantalized as the woman’s hands found her generous bust, cupping the great mounds in a teasing manor. “Hmm?”
“Nope,” I forced out, shaking my head as fiercely as I could manage in that position. And looking anywhere but her, even I didn’t believe myself.

“Hmm,” the she devil hummed under her breath. “Not even if you were allowed to do anything you wanted? No restriction? Just complete and unfettered access to this body to do as you please?” I watched incredulously as she turned, flipping her position over my body so that her back now faced me. My throat became dry as her caressing hands danced around her waist, tracing the sumptuous curves until the clawed appendage playfully ran along the voluptuous mound of her perfectly round rear. “I find that very hard to believe.”

Staring at her butt, now perfectly exposed for my viewing, I couldn’t find the words to speak. Up and down, my eyes observed her cheeks, watching in great rapture at their grandeur. Compared to Kim, who’s backside I have spent more than an afternoon admiring, I hated to admit that Shego’s was definitely more… alluring in its womanly maturity. As round and alluring as Ann’s, Shego’s held the type of pert muscle a mother could never afford. In this, the great muscle retained its round bubble like shape without reducing its amazing volume.

Over her shoulder, the woman’s eyes twinkled devilishly as she watching my every action. From the gentle sway of her hip, to the gentle arch she forced her back, everything she did focused my attention directly to her rear. Slipping between her cheeks, one daring finger braved the valley between, teasing me with its destination. Only when she saw my eye flare, and breathe deepen did she give me what she knew I craved and pull her cheek to the side, exposing the dark puckered hole of her rear.

Taking a sharp breath, my eyes immediately, though regretfully, pulled away from such a sight and stared at Shego in disbelief. Surely she wasn’t really consenting to… that, was she? There was no way! But as I tried to convince myself, I couldn’t hold back my groan of arousal as her seductive lips parted, a single heated sigh slipping between her back, moistened lips.

“Well?” she spoke, a single eye brow raised in challenge. “Are you still, ‘satisfied’?” giving herself a small chuckle, her lips curled in her trademark smirk. In response I couldn’t even form words, lost in the impossibility of the moment.

“I know you want it,” she taunted me. “The way you looked with Princess and her friend, I could see how badly you wanted to dive in. If only to could get away with it.” Then, with two fingers, she separated her cheeks just at the entrance of her behind, exposing herself yet even further. “Well, here’s your chance. No one to hurt, no one even has to know. It’s all up to you…”

Back and forth, I watch her rear as it swayed. Like a pendulum it hypnotized me, telling me to say yes. In return all I could do was think of Kim. Unfortunately, this did not have the effect I had desired. Instead of recalling her good heart, of the love I felt whenever she was close, all I could remember was the slow and oh so disappointing act our sex had really been. I wanted all of her, every last bit. And yet, she could not even work up the nerve to be completely nude in front of me. It hurt… it burned. And now, as if that wasn’t bad enough, I found myself faced with a very long…

very sexless year ahead of me.

What felt like just a few moments ago, I had been able to feel a kind of pleasure I had no idea even existed. That power, that strength, compared to Kim it was mountain next to a mole hill. I loved her, and I wanted to make her happy, but… that feeling.

Drawing myself up from the bed, I could feel my heated breath filling and leaving my lungs with great speed. “This doesn’t make me evil,” I swore, fire dancing in my eyes. And with an excited smile, Shego nodded her head, her hands turning to touch mine.
“Of course.

“And this doesn’t mean I don’t love Kim,” I insisted, needing that to be known. And cooling her gaze, a deep heady expression form on her face before she nodded.

“Whatever you say.”

With that out of the way, I knelt behind the woman, my manhood high and at attention as it rubbed against her wonderful backside. The sensation alone sent a deep throbbing at the base of my shaft, a deep hunger turning ravenous for what was to come. But pushing this aside, I placed my hands on her hips, trailing them up her body as to sample the delectable dish before me. Oh no, I wasn’t about to rush this.

From behind I grasped her large breasts in each of my hands, feeling her now pebbled nipples scrape along my palms. This forced a soft sigh from Shego as she leaned back into my chest, almost perfectly mirroring or positions at the start of this whole thing. I could only sigh as she placed her hands on my hips, guiding me as my swollen flesh grinded into her backside. With each thrust I found myself that much deeper into her crevice, feeling the sensation of her cheeks as they sandwiched me in unbelievable pleasure.

In my hands, I could feel the unbelievable weight of her breasts. My fingers kneaded the sexual flesh, sinking them in their gentle volume. Their size alone was more than enough to engulf my fingers as they squeezed. This sensation was extremely pleasing, like reaching into clouds. It only struck me then how this was a feeling I could never repeat with Kim.

With a heated breath, I buried my face into Shego’s neck, nipping the salty flesh just has she had done to me. The difference between Shego and Kim was like day and night, good and evil, petit and voluptuous. Nearly everything about them were complete opposites. And for me, who claimed to love Kim so much, to find such pleasure in this woman’s company scared me greatly. This did not stop me however from locating the swollen nubs of her breasts and pinch then with gentle pain. The answering mewl of pleasure chimed in my ear, only urging me to press even harder.

“Ron,” Shego sighed, her head lolling to one side as to give my lips better access to her slender neck. Hearing my name on her lips made me grin. Not sidekick, not buffoon, and especially not, ‘who are you again’. But Ron, and moaned by one of the most dangerous woman in the worlds. If that didn’t make a guy feel powerful, well I’m not sure what would.

In quick change of breath I needed to be inside her. And without so much as a heads up, I slipped my hand from her breast, angling myself at her back passage. It was only when I felt the gentle give of rear that I pressed forward.

“Wait! Shit! Wait!” Shego called out, her grip on my sides becoming painful in their attempt to stop me. And giving only a huff of irritation, I have her a questioning glare demanding to know what was stopping me.

Glaring right back, she cared little for my attitude as she turned as best as she was able to speak. “I said you could fuck me in the ass. But not dry!” and in a huff of her own, Shego rolled her eyes before lowering her upper half to the bed. Like this I watched with interest as her rear rose, the cheeks splitting to reveal the puckered entrance I had knocked.

Lifting her head from the mattress, she stared over her back, only her eyes appearing. Between her legs she reached down to grab my member, rubbing the spongy surface of my tip against her warm folds. “Just need to get it a little wet first,” she hummed, enjoying the sensation of my flesh against her sex.
With a blink of understanding, I let her work me against herself, gathering as much of her glistening arousal onto my staff as possible. Delving into her channel once or twice, I gave her a few satisfying pumps before withdrawing and deeming myself ready. Already I could see her wetness glimmering all along the length of my flesh. And feeling this for herself, Shego finally withdrew her hand, a playful wiggle of her rear signaling my green light.

As my hand settled on the pale skin of her backside, steadying it for my aim, I could feel my heart building in speed. Was it because of control? Was it because it was new? Was it because I knew I shouldn’t? What was the reason these acts seemed to give me such a rush?

Despite not knowing the answer, this did nothing to diminish the excitement in my heart as I grasped my member, holding it ready to stab as my hips pressed towards my goal. It was only when the tip of my member was tensed against Shego’s entrance that I let it go, returning my hand to the other side of her cheeks.

Pressing forward, Shego made no attempt to stop me. The green skinned woman seemed content to watch from over her shoulder, a kind of tense anticipation humming throughout her being. As I pressed forward, I could see her freeze under the sensation. Her backside was tense and unrelenting, much like the woman herself. However, grasping her wide hips in each of my hands I pushed forward, feeling the wall of muscle give. I found myself marveling at the sensation.

Fisting a tight hold of my bed’s sheets, Shego’s back became rigid as the first of my length began to disappear. I tried to find sympathy, or at least a semblance of regret. But I only found myself pressing harder, urging myself deeper without mercy. Later, I would regret. And later I knew I would question these seemingly malicious emotions. But right now, at this moment, all I could think about was the sight, and sensation as Shego’s ring of muscle slipped over the ridge of my head, engulfing the bulb of nerves in its entirety.

Allowing myself a moment to breath, both me and Shego seemed to relax at the initial entrance ending. Now, it was only a matter of forcing the rest of my length against her wonderful resistance.

Adjusting my grip, I couldn’t help myself as I a spread her cheeks even further, displaying her for my pleasure. I smiled at the sight of her, stretched, full. I could plainly see the tension of her rear as it was forced to welcome me. By the end of the night, I knew it would be forced even further in its job to pleasure me. And all I could do was take it all for it was worth.

Gritting my teeth, I gave a deep sigh as I pressed my hips forward. Amazingly enough, with my head now past her initial defense my entrance to her rear became much much easier. Around my staff, I could feel Shego’s insides push against me as if to force me from her bowels. But it was because of this I found her so much more accessible. Already I could feel her opening swallow up to half of my encroaching member. Like this I found myself gasping, the incredibly sticky sensation of her insides clinging all along me in the most wonderful of ways. It was only when I reached as far as I could go that I eased back, returning my weight to my knees.

Buried balls deep in Shego’s rear, my dick throbbed at the sight of it. I could feel her, all of her all around me. And helpless to do anything but, I took a moment to sit back and stare in amazement at the sensations running up my body. In my hands I massaged the generous flesh of her backside, molding it in my hands. It was like this a devious thought of my own emerged.

Recalling all the scratches and pain she had put me through, I couldn’t hold back my grin as revenge formed in my brain. Removing my hand from her cheek, I cautiously raised it back, only to send it flying in a rush to slap her right where it hurts.

“!” Releasing a sharp gasp, Shego’s tight ring of muscle clamped unmercifully down on the base of
my member. I savored the sensation, not at all regretful of my actions. After everything she had put me through this night, tricking me, leading me to cheat on Kim, she could take a little pain. But even thinking that, I still forced myself to wait and give the poor girl a few seconds to adjust.

“Hey!” Shego barked, a look of fury burning in her eyes. But I wasn’t even looking at her. Instead choosing to enjoy the sight of her pale cheek turning red as is jiggled with the force of my slap. I might pay for it later, but hey, I was already in hell. I might as well enjoy myself. With this in mind, I gave the glaring woman a cheeky smile, not caring in the least what she might do to me for it. Amazingly, instead of anger Shego looked to return my smile, as if pleased by my response.

I tried not to focus too much on this.

Feeling the strength of her rear relax some, I pulled back just enough to feel her inner walls against my length. The feeling of Shego’s ass was unforgettable. Buried balls deep, I was surrounded by her heat. Unconsciously her rectum would twitch, tightening ever so slightly around me. In this I could only sigh, pressing my hips against the pillow surface of her cheeks, if only to get that much deeper.

“Go slow,” Shego instructed. Over her shoulder she still watched me, shoulders hunched and muscles tense. Taking this in, I nodded my head before beginning to rock my hips back and forth. Shego sighed, her own actions coming to life as she tried to make this already amazing experience that much more incredible.

Pulling myself back, the now pink ring of muscle would tighten, constricting around my erection as if to pull me back in. As I pressed myself forward, Shego’s inners would push against me as if to expel me. This was the slow, but pleasurable rhythm we slowly found ourselves enjoying.

In and out I could feel the sticky heated walls gliding over the length of my staff. The tight ring of her muscle almost milked me as it slipped all along my staff. Above me on the bed, I could her Shego grunting, her breathing deep and troubled as she endured the presence of my meat. But as her hand dipped underneath her body, I watched as the tone of her grunts changed. Becoming longer and more guttered.

Without even noticing, I was surprised to feel Shego pleasuring herself. I could feel the difference in her motions almost immediately. Her hips, which before had remained in controlled motion, now moved fast and erratic, pressing back as I fed her my length. As well as inside, I could feel her fingers dipping inside herself, rubbing the wall of flesh separating our invading appendages.

The real beginning of our carnal consummation now started. The sound of her pleasure filled moans, mingling with mine. As well as the sound of my hips slapping her voluptuous cheeks echoed throughout the room. I enjoyed watching the movements of our union rippling up to her back.

Unfortunately, despite this being my third release of the evening, it seemed my stamina for such things was increasing. Already I could feel my essence begin to bubble. Deep down from the tip of my staff the telltale tingle spread through my extremities. Every thrust was sweeter, every sensation that much more heavenly. Harder and harder I found myself pounding into the woman before me, the racking crash of my head board now chipping the paint of my wall.

Whatever pain Shego might have had, was vastly over shadowed by the pleasure, as her grunts only increased in volume, the soft keening of her tone increasing in pitch. In her sex I could feel her finger working vigorously, in and out rubbing everything she could get her hands on. Slowly, the only noise that could be made was her gasps, now as high as a shriek as she came, her entire body tensing at once.

As I was about to meet my end, I took one last glance at the woman before me. All of a sudden, an
overwhelming need to claim her washed over me, urging me to mark her as mine. It was animalistic, almost caveman like. Despite this, I couldn’t say no.

Feeling her clench at the base of my staff, I could feel my eyes roll up in pleasure as I attempted to pull myself free, her rectum was tight all along my length from base to tip. That incredible sensation was all I needed as my release reached its peak. And popping free from her rear, I quickly grabbed it, aiming as best I could as my hand pumped furiously to enhance the pleasure.

Stretched out before me, Shego was the ideal target. Glob after glob launched free. With the amount of pleasure I had gotten to enjoy, there was no surprise as the long strings of white arched to great length. Some, even managing to soil the glorious tangle of hair Shego held with such high esteem. The rest painted her back again and again. It was only the weakest of weak that splashed across her rear, her pale cheeks stained with my dripping cream.

Exhausted I couldn’t hold myself up any longer even if I wanted. Crashing into my bed, a satisfied and exuberant grin remained plastered on my face. Not even Shego, as she let out a small grumble about my mess, could diminish the pure and unadulterated satisfaction I felt coursing through my veins.

Through post-coital bliss, I watched as Shego stepped off the bed, a slight limp in her step, to pick up one of my discarded shirts off the floor and mop my jizz off her skin. Enjoying this, I couldn’t help but smirk at the particularly loud string of curses she professed upon finding the clumped muss tangled in her hair. I received a particularly scathing glare courtesy of that little trouble. But eventually, she managed to wipe most if not all mess from her body only walked back to me.

Entertained by her naked body, I was still too lost in my own pleasure to acknowledge the weight of what had just happened. Because of that, all I could do was smile. Watching her breast sway and shake as she stoop over me.

Seeing my expression, Shego gave a small roll of her eyes. Even she couldn’t help a smirk from forming. I probably should know better, but instead simply I reached for her hand, pulling her back into bed.

“Someone’s looking… relaxed,” she finally decided on. At my side she propped her head on her hand as she ran the other along my chest. Like this I could only snort, a small sigh of contentment escaping from me.

“You don’t have to be evil to enjoy that,” I returned, reaching over to wrap an arm around the pale beauty.

Raising her eyebrows at the familiar action, the woman gave a small shrug before allowing it. “Whatever,” she grunted. “Listen, I’m not asking you to sign a membership contract or anything, okay? All I want is for you to know that if you come into any… problems. Whatever they are…” she paused to stroke her hand lower towards my now limp member, “then give me a call.”

Giving Shego a queer stare, I felt a small chuckle of disbelief escaping from my nose. “You really want to work for me? I mean, really?” I finally managed. “You do this for Drakken?” I couldn’t help but ask. Thankfully, Shego managed to find the humor in it too as a small, if not dry smirk rose to her features.

“I fuck his bank account,” was her reply. To which I could only grin.

“Listen,” she forced my attention. “You might not want to admit it now, but I can see the signs. And I already know you’re strong. Whether it’s tomorrow, or the day after that I have no idea. But I have
every intention of sticking close to enjoy the show. So…” Stopping mid-sentence, I watched as she broke from my embrace to move off the bed and reach into her discarded belt. From it she retrieved a small piece of tech.

“Here,” she offered it to me. And taking a moment to look it over, I found a small green and black phone glimmering in my palm. “Like I said, call me if you need a favor. It can’t be traced, so as long as you keep it out of sight it should be safe.”

Before I could respond, I had to prop myself up on my elbows to watch her gather her clothes and redress. Despite myself, despite this night, I couldn’t help but feel a twinge of sadness at seeing her leave. “What if I told you to stop Drakken from making any more inventions? To sabotage them or something?” in my question, there was a clear challenge. I knew there was no way she would knowingly do good. And yet, buckling her belt back around her waist, she simply flipped her long hair over her shoulder before returning her trademarked smirk.

“If that’s what you want,” she grinned. “Considering he’s his own biggest threat, it shouldn’t be too hard. Nine out of ten his inventions break themselves anyway.” Then, with a quick sashay in my direction she took a moment to take stare before bending down for a quick peck on the lips.

“Later Stoppable,” she gave a small wave of her hand. And opening my window, she gazed outside before looking over her shoulder to grin dangerously. “Like I said, I already know you're going to be fun. But try not to disappoint.” Then hardening her eyes, the green orbs pierced me like blades.

“You’ve seen how I handle disappointment.” Then blowing a kiss in my direction she left out into the night, my open window the only evidence she had ever been there in the first place.

Falling back to my mattress, I gave a single sigh of exhaustion. The night had been fun, but I could feel a slight ache in my limp member. It had taken quite the beating this night after all.

Replaying the night’s evens in my head I could only shake my head. Kim would be furious if she ever found out what I had done. I’d actually slept with her second worst nemesis after all. The only thing I could think that would be worse than this is if I cheated on her with Bonnie. Chuckling at the thought, I paused for only a second allowing the image of the tan witch to form in my mind.

“Okay Stoppable, one betrayal per night,” I whispered into the night. And releasing yet another sigh, I lifted my hand above my head, and stared at the simple tech in my hand.

More than anything it looked like a harmless walky-talky. If not for whom in contacted, it would appear as a meaningless toy. And maybe… that’s all I should think of it. It’s not like I would ever actually contact her. No matter what Shego says, as long as I have Kim what else is there?

Almost as soon as I asked the question an image of Ann appeared in my mind, smiling as beautifully as ever. With a shake of my head I banished the image almost immediately. It was wrong, but I had to admit that I wanted her. As much as Kim, and maybe even more…

Honestly, I had to ask myself was there ever any chance that anything could actually happen? In response reminded myself that something had indeed happened already. And that it had been quite enjoyable for the both of us.

But that was an accident. A betrayal. To try that again, planning it…

Before I could expand, the voice in my head immediately responded: What have you gotten by being good? Stuck in the friend zone? Forgotten by everyone who met you? And now look. Look at what’s happened now that you’ve started… asserting yourself. You’ve got the girl of your dreams, you managed to beat one of the best fighters in the world. And then even have her naked in your bed.
Could the old me have ever managed that? I don’t think so…

Glaring at my ceiling, I stole a glance at the phone and struggled to find what I should do. There was no way I was going to call her. I should smash the stupid thing and be done with it, along with the rest of that had gotten me into such a mess. I was going to start being good. I was going to put all this behind me…

Hopping up from my bed, I strolled over to where the box hand landed in the midst of our pleasure and picked it up along with the rest of the toys inside. Like this I stared, eyeing them with a myriad of mixed emotions.

Narrowing my eyes in anger, my grip on the phone tightened. Shego had no idea who I am. Who the hell was she to say what I was, who I was becoming. I don’t care what she says. There’s no way I’ll be evil. And thinking this, I raise the phone in my hand high above my head… only to let it drop, landing it right in the box with the rest of my items. Like this I stayed where I was, for only a moment before moving to place its cover back and shove the box back under my bed.

Angry at myself, and at everything in my life, I threw myself back onto my bed, stubbornly throwing my covers over my shoulders and settling in for a fitful night’s sleep.

There was no way I was ever going to call her. Shego is full of crap, there’s no way she knows me. She doesn’t know anything about me. Unfortunately, right then the very same could be said about myself. And so, with more questions than answers, I clenched my eyes tight and forced myself to try and sleep.

That phone was a mistake. Everything about the day had been a mistake. And yet, remembering the night I had just experienced, I couldn’t find it in me to get rid of the stupid thing. Just thinking about the beautiful image of her naked body bathed in moon light, I could feel my member twitching in arousal. And it was that image that carried me to the edge of consciousness.

Hmm… I guess the day could have gone worse…

What a fun toy I had found.
“'X’ equals… three?” I offered in a somewhat guessing tone. Kim’s expression dropped and it was all I could do to keep from falling on my knees.

“Rooon,” she groaned. She flipped the flash card over to reveal the real answer, “are you even trying anymore?” And to that question all I could do was grin sheepishly, hoping it would convince her to give up for the night and give my brain some rest.

Both of us were set up in the Possible’s family room. Across from me, Kim sat with my algebra textbook resting in her lap. Around her, scattered like the leaves of fall, flash cards could be seen, each with own vexing problem. Some I had gotten lucky and had fallen to her right. And yet I could not deny the overwhelming number resting to my girlfriend’s left. And giving a sigh, all Kim let the one in her hand fall, joining the growing pile of my mistakes.

“I think,” Kim said coldly, “we should take a break.” The red haired teen did not look back as she stalked away from me, her head shaking in frustration.

For her credit, I had to compliment Kim on her patience. Even if this was all her idea. Personally I was more than happy to keep my grades at their perfectly respectable C average. Kim on the other hand was insistent that I raise my efforts, if only to a B.

As a friend she had been just fine watching me wallow away in my endless battle against grades, though willing to help when asked. As a girlfriend however, the young woman seemed obligated, no, dedicated to making me into a shining example of hard work and fortitude. Which explains why I’m stuck here, sitting on the floor in her house just as I had all nights before in the past week with notecards near and my brain throbbing in pain.

I was given a few minutes of rest. But all too soon I found my nightmare resurfacing. “Okay,” Kim sighed walking back. Her breath left her in a rush, “one more time.” And to my horror I could only watch with dread as she gathered all the cards back into a neat stack and returned her attention back towards me.

“I thinks he’s suffered enough for one night, Kim,” Ann spoke, “don’t you?” The mother walked into the room and smiled at the two of us. But at the moment, all I could do was whimper with hope that her words might inspire mercy. Amazingly, giving her mother an irritated expression, Kim’s eye turned unsure as they looked on the card in her hands. After a moment’s hesitation they finally settled
Hearing Kim sigh, I felt my heart leap as she relented, packing everything away and returning it to the recesses of her backpack. It was all I could do to stop from jumping in joy.

I cast the elder Possible a thankful expression. Ann simply smiled, a small expression before continuing on her way to the kitchen for some sort of excuse I was sure didn’t exist. And how did I know this? Well, I had a pretty good guess considering this to be the fifth time in the past hour she felt the need to do so.

My mood lost a fraction of its joy. I watched Ann disappear into the other room wondering if she really thought we still believed her little drop bys to be innocent. Kim and I shared a knowing look, we both smiled at her dramatic eye roll.

In the Possible family living room, the usual routine of escaping to Kim’s room to study was no longer an option. Ann had made herself very clear in the week of our relationship that much of what we had become used to was no longer acceptable in her home.

Being alone together without either her or James home? Nope. Unrestricted time to hang at Bueno Nacho? Gone. Sleepovers? …I wish. Oh yes, upon hearing the new list of rules Ann had doled out it was made perfectly clear she was intent on keeping her daughter as far from my reach as possible.

All of this, added with Ann’s incessant need to walk through whatever room we might share, only added to the growing strain she inadvertently seemed to put on this relationship. And speaking of strain…

The amount of time we’ve been able to get alone is paltry at best. A quick make out after cheer practice, a quick grope whenever I have the chance. It isn’t at all how I imagined dating Kim would go. I had more sex with her before we were dating.

Not that I blamed her. Around Ann’s back we tried to steal as many moments as we could. Blushing and nervous, she did her best to reciprocate my enthusiasm. But the fact was, more often than not what we managed to accomplish was rarely worth the effort.

With a heavy sigh, I glance out the corner of my eye to watch Kim finish cleaning the last of our study session back into her back pack. I was happy enough just to watch the dreaded school material disappear. But as Kim leaned over, her loose pajama top dropped enough for me to spy the soft red material of her bra underneath. My eyes lingered for a moment, enjoying the small gift I was being given.

Dressed for comfort, Kim didn’t even think about what she was wearing. I idly recalled the night we had sex, where I’d explained in great detail just what this type of outfit did to me. How easily the neckline stretched, how her dimple of a belly button refused to remain hidden, or even how easily I could see the outline of her ripe bottom through the flimsy material. Had she forgotten? Or was this her cruel, cruel revenge for some sort of action I could not remember.

I couldn’t help the grin on my face. What else would she punish me with?

“Ron,” Ann’s voice suddenly entered my mind. And turning to the source, my brows curled in confusion. That is, until my mind cause up with up with me, and I realized Kim’s mother had just caught me looking down her daughter’s shirt. Blinking rapidly, I turned my eyes away towards the older woman. Her blue eyes were not amused.

I flinched back, warmth flooding my cheeks. I struggled for some way to quickly explain my actions.
But it was fairly obvious what I’d been up to. It sucks betraying Ann’s trust, especially since I’d been the one to ask her to keep our secret from her husband.

It hadn’t been easy on our relationship. Tough Kim seemed grateful to know her father wouldn’t be coming to kill me. she seemed more agreeable to the deal than me. Which only made our secret attempts at intimacy stressful more than anything else. Part of me couldn’t help but question what I’d been thinking that night. Would James really be any worse?

I did my best to shake those thoughts from my head. I could think about it all day, but the facts didn’t change. I was going to be a good boyfriend from now on. I’d made that promise. And that meant following her parent’s wishes. No matter how much I might wish otherwise.

I turned and felt my heart stop.

“Kim!” The girl in question jumped at my loud tone. In the middle of picking up my back pack, she turned to start at me.

“What? What’s wrong?”

I didn’t answer right away, eyes locked on my bag and the fact that she hadn’t opened it yet. I’d yelled without thinking seeing it in her arms. I small ember of relief burned behind my clenched shoulder. I forced my expression to relax to a less suspicious grin. Sharp and unnatural, it was anything but comforting.

“Just… let me pick up my mess. That’s not your job.” The words shook as they left my lips. I immediately moved to take the bag from her hand. Which she gave up without incident. Eyebrow raised, she looked crossed between amusement and confusion. “R-Really. It’s bad enough you have to help me like this every day. The least I can do is put away my own notes.”

I proceeded with a stiff chuckle. One that only seemed to tip her expression further into wonder. I struggled to change the subject. “Hey, you decide what to do tonight, cool? Cool. Let me just…” I hurried toward what remained of our mess and stashed away my text books and notes. All the while Kim watched me, a silent frown on her face. Finally she just shook her head.

“Movie?” Kim asked, still somewhat lost. Oblivious to the whole ordeal, she threw her own bag to the corner of the room and turned to me with a nervous smile. Still blanching under what had just occurred, I tightening my hands around my bag and nodded. Her smile brightened into something close to real. “My turn to pick!” I didn’t argue and watched her hurry of towards the stack of DVDs lined near the TV.

With Kim busy, I glanced her way before daring the smallest of peeks into my school bag. Inside, the familiar collection of tech and magic greeted me. As mysterious and damning as ever before. That had been close.

Since starting my relationship with Kim, I’d done my best to put what had happened with Shego behind me. It wasn’t easy. After the things she said, what she’d done, it would be all too easy to burn the memories to the front of my mind.

All things considered, I’d managed well enough on my own; not allowing it to affect our relationship. Despite her twisted words and dark intent, this was the only thing I’d taken from that night. And honestly? It might have been for the best.

I’d been a fool thinking I could just stuff my secrets under my bed and believe they would never be found. I was fortunate and she’d given them back after she’d gotten what she wanted. But what if I
wasn’t so lucky next time? I couldn’t just leave these things where people could find them. But I didn’t have any where I could really stash them either. Not like Wade put a secret vault in my closet.

Part of me wanted to ask why I just didn’t throw them out. They’d done their job after all. I was actually dating Kim. Which is the entire reason I’d kept them up to this point. But I hadn’t gotten around to it yet. I’d sworn off of using them. And in the past week I’d actually managed to keep that promise. Once I found a reliable way to dispose of them, I was sure I would do what was right. Until then, keeping them on me just seemed like the smartest option.

It looks like Kim’s found her movie. I zipped my bag close and placed it carefully next to her own before joining her.

It seemed my early bout of weirdness was forgotten and we settled in. I was eager to get Kim to forget about it all together. The popcorn was popped and we shared a soft blanket. Seated on the aptly named love seat, Kim’s shoulder rested against mine. It was a picture perfect scene of a young couple, one that was completely shattered by the presents of Kim’s mom seated not three feet away.

“So, what are we watching?” If expressions could speak, ours would have groaned. But by now, neither of us was surprised.

On top of a near constant presence hovering when we studied, Kim’s mother seemed to throw any pretense of guile out the window when we settled in for the night. Sometimes we watched a movie or TV. Last Wednesday we cooked together, though that ended up with me cooking while Kim watched. But more often than not, we were just happy to spend some time with each other. But never without the ever watchful eye of her mother.

It was pretty easy to just ignore her. Settled in with her own book on her own end of the couch, she wasn’t nearly so overbearing as to sit between us as some parents might. Still, her presence was hard to completely block out, for either of this.

Kim pressed the remote and the movie’s light beamed into the room. Following the familiar logos, the title screen appeared and I couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow. Glancing down, Kim was already looking at me, a smug grin on her face. The sappy romance that was being played could not have made her anymore satisfied.

I smiled back at her and relaxed into the couch. I’d made her watch bricks of fury just the other night, so I guess I was in for some kind of revenge. Still, I didn’t think she would get me this bad. The amount of pink and flowers just covering the title screen was enough to send any man worth his title for the hills. But if it made her happy.

Kim pressed play and picture of girly-ness melted away to begin of a scene of a young woman’s inner dialog, dressed in attire not seen for a good few centuries. I could already feel my eyes glaze over, preparing for a good hour and a half of nonsense. Still, close against Kim I could feel her hip on mine and smell the soft scent of flowers, and about fifteen minutes in the gentle weight of her head settled against my chest.

Brightening immediately, I glanced in Ann’s direction to make sure she wasn’t watching before wrapping my arm around her shoulder and pulling her even closer against me. I soft sigh could be heard soon after.

The movie continued like anyone would expect for one of these things. Girl’s lonely and unhappy with life. She meets a man and suddenly life is exciting again. The dude has a secret that keeps them from being together, but she finds out and loves him anyway. Same formula you’d see in about half the movies aimed towards young women, but Kim seemed to love it.
She frowned at all the parts the young woman cried, laughed when the two of them left on their first date, sighed at their first kiss. Halfway through, I found myself watching her more than the actual movie. I could only smile at her reactions. Which is why, seeing her smile suddenly drop, and her eyes widen, I found myself curiously glancing towards the television only to feel my own expression open with surprise.

It seemed Kim hadn’t seen this movie before. Nor had she thought to look at the R rating no doubt displayed on the back of the box. Because if she had, I very much doubt she would have the nerve pick something with such a… blatant love making scene.

At the moment they were on a bed. Both of them stripped down completely. Through a rose tinted lens, the camera was trying to make the scene tasteful if nothing else. Showing the man thrusting on top of the woman, his broad shoulders and butt the clear focus. At the same time, they were both positioned in a way the openly displayed the woman’s small but perky breasts, as well as her open expression of pleasure.

This was supposed to be the climax of the story, pardon my expression, them being together after so long. So the director seemed to spend a good amount of time on this scene.

I turned back to Kim, but by now her jaw was actually dropped as she watched the pair go at it. I half expected her to turn away or cover her eyes, but she didn’t. Rather, as the angles changed and the story continued, the pair’s lovemaking only seemed to grow more vigorous. And her attention only increased. In the darkness of the movie viewing atmosphere, I could see her cheeks grow pink under the unexpected picture. And I couldn’t help but smile.

Ann’s presence came back to me with the subtleness of a freight train. Watching Kim stare at what had basically devolved into a porno, I could only imagine what her mother would say. Glancing up, I was prepared to face some kind of indignation, or disgust. But instead, I was shocked to find her fast asleep. Eyes closed and her book abandoned on her stomach.

I stared at the older woman half expecting her to jump up at any moment and catch us. Watching her for a handful of moments, it looked like she was really passed out. The deep sighs and even rise and fall of her chest marking just how long ago she’d slipped away. Marveling for a moment longer, when I turned back to Kim, I watched her embarrassed expression and felt the lustful thoughts form in the front of my brain.

Kim didn’t see me lean down towards her neck, so absorbed in the scene of heated lovers. Touching my lips to her neck, her entire body jolted, forcing her to sit up straight. Her eyes turned to me with shocking speed, but not before glancing toward her mother. Glaring, she motion toward to sleeping woman and hissed at me through clenched teeth.

“Ron!” I smiled, which only made her glare harder. With my arm still around her, I moved to cup the side of her rib, rubbing back and forth on her shirt towards her chest. Already slightly sensitive from watching another couple make love, her breath froze in her throat. Again she tried to glare, warning me. But I just moved my face towards hers to capture her lips in a warm kiss.

She didn’t respond at first, stubbornly keeping her arms between us. A few moments of working my lips against hers and her resistance waned. I felt her pursed lips relax into something I could suck on. Feeling her bottom lip slip between my own, a very muted sigh escaped her nose and I pulled back, a knowing grin on my face.

She was blushing even harder now. Face hot, her eyes tried to keep up their hard expression, but fell short when they met my eyes. Instead they seemed softer, warmer. And I loved seeing it.
Ron,” she sighed. I could feel her heart through her chest as I rubbed slow circles around her ribs. “My mom’s right over there!” Again she nodded toward the passed out parent, who at that moment released the softest of snores. Both of us hearing it, I just shot her a look. One that she shook her head at. Continuing despite her wishes, my hand swallowed the finally distance towards her breast, earning another struggling gasp of surprise.

“Please,” I whispered in her ear. My fingers sank into her soft breast right through her thin tank top and bra. She squirmed against me, but not in any real struggle. Sighing stiffly, I knew how she liked to be touched.

“She won’t wake up, look at her.” And despite herself, she did just that. While her boyfriend pawed at her breast, her green eyes wandered towards her mother still deep in the fog of sleep. Stretched out on the three seated couch, she didn’t so much as turn her head, so lost in the exhaustion that had taken her. I could almost hear her silent deliberation, weighing how much it was worth. But it was a sudden moan from the television that anchored my win.

Kim turned back from her mom to watch the movie. Still in the throes of passion, the two’s position had changed so the heroine now rode her lover. Very much in the same fashion Kim had given herself to me. Blood burning and aroused, watching another couple have sex was clearly having an effect on her. I never took Kim as the type of girl who would be interested in that type of entertainment, but staring at her eyes she couldn’t look away if she wanted to.

Her breath shook as she tried to stifle the flutter in her chest. I don’t think she knew just how intently she was staring, curiosity and arousal forcing the green light of her eyes wide. I took advantage of this situation and pulled my hand onto her thigh.

Her body was soft, and I she offered little more than shudder at the intrusion. Feeling her hot breath on my body, the pulsing in my pants only increased. And I felt myself become fully erect in the snug confines of my pants.

I pulled her onto my lap like she was a pillow. Stifling a soft squeak, her open expression only increased as she steadied herself against my chest. Under her butt, I had no doubt she could feel the prodding of my stiffness. It was only made even more evident by the way she shifted, slow and careful.

Another moan from the television caught her attention. And she didn’t even think before she turned to see what the couple was up to now. I didn’t hesitate to move my hand under her shirt and bra to continue fondling her breast directly. Skin on skin, the malleable skin naturally molded to my palm. Rolling my wrist, the hard nub of her tip pressed against my hand.

Part of me couldn’t help but wonder why Mr. and Mrs. Possible would even own a DVD like this. It wasn’t so blunt as to be vulgar, nothing below the belt being shown. But the moans and actions were anything but wholesome, no matter how the movie tried to hide behind soft music and tinted lenses.

My hand shifted and I pinched her puckered her nub. Her eyes closed, and her head tilted back. The picture was a beautiful one. Enough that I couldn’t help but feel true in my decision. Who knew when Ann would wake up? Who knew when we’d get another chance? I had no idea why Ann was so tired tonight, but I was prepared to use every second.

Kim’s pants were thin. Enough that even through my boxers and pants, I could feel her soft cheeks settle against my erection in the best of ways. Shifting my hips, I braced the stiff flesh against her butt and repeated the motion multiple times Kim didn’t offer any penalty. Though I could feel her heartbeat start to quicken.
I know it was probably a bad idea to go this far with her mom so close. But, it was the first time that part of me had gotten any attention, other than my own hand, in a week. Normally I was lucky if I got to touch her, never mind getting her to touch me. And while that wouldn’t seem like a long time before this all started, for me now, it was a lifetime.

Unfortunately, at that same moment, the gentle sound of Ann’s slumber was interrupted by the sound of a sudden cough. Both of us frozen. We were helpless but to watch in muted horror as the long lashes framing her blue eyes fluttered open and turned in our direction.

Pleasure forgotten, I dropped Kim’s breast and she hopped quickly off my ridged dick. She quickly tried to comb the disturbed hairs out of her face and eliminate the bright color in her cheeks. But there was only so much that could be done in that single moment. Her eyes were wide and afraid. A stark contrast to the expression I’d just been admiring. And I could only feel responsible.

Throbbing under the blanket, I watched Ann’s eyes scan the room, settling on the, thankfully, black screen. She seemed slow and struggling to fully wake up. But when her eye settled on the two of us, they lit up, and her eyebrows narrowed.

Innocent as we tried to seem, waking up to two flustered teenagers staring at you was bound to raise a few questions. Unfortunately, getting to feel up my girlfriend, I wasn’t really thinking about what would happen afterward.

She looked between us, no doubt picking up on all the little clues of our affair. But she didn’t yell. Instead, standing up, she just sighed and shook her head. “I think it’s past Ronald’s Curfew.” And Kim, still staring up in fear, just nodded her head. I did the same.

Kim stared shame faced down into her lap. With her mother’s disapproving gaze, she acted like it was the ultimate dishonor. And I could see why. Out of all of Kim’s problems, her parents had rarely been one of them. She was a smart, responsible, honest young woman. So things like being grounded or even berated was an entirely new experience, and one she didn’t enjoy. Feeling less guilty for being caught, and more about causing problem’s for Kim, I too hung my head. Cursing myself for my own lack of control.

“Would it be okay if I walked Ron out?” she asked, her voice small. I looked at her, confused. Ann’s lips tightened into a line. But standing there, the exhaustion that had taken her out in the first place still seemed to hang off her shoulders. Eyes dropping she nodded her head. The older woman finally moved to walk out the room. But not before sparing her daughter one last warning.

“Dear? Please fix your bra first.” And both of us turned to look at her left breast that had slipped free in our activity.

Kim’s face burned as she mumbled, “Thanks, Mom…”

Walking out of the Possible home, I turned to smile at my girlfriend, feigning confidence as best as I could. Her features were pensive and withdrawn. As she turned to face me, I couldn’t escape the sinking sensation swallowing my stomach. “KP?” I asked nervously, “you okay?” And scratching the back of my head, my throat became dry as her eyes finally rose to meet mine. But instead of reassuring me like I had hoped, all I could feel was dread.

“Ron,” she started, her mouth remaining open as if to continue. Expect she didn’t, and instead seemed to become frozen under her own words as she struggled to say whatever it was she wanted. Finally, unused to her current demeanor, Kim was forced to glance away, fear in her eyes.

As the silence continued, the agitation in my heart grew with it. And taking a quick glance back to my
face Kim seemed to be able to see it. Taking only a moment more, she finally forced her features into a stern expression. I found myself unsure if I wanted to hear what caused Kim to become so fretful.

“We… we need to talk.” And with those four simple words, in that moment I felt all my fears come to life.

“Um, kay,” I managed, trying to reassure myself. But as she sighed, a look of fatigue flashing across her face, I couldn’t hold back the surge of panic that had me seriously considering if I could out run this entire conversation. I mean, she can’t break up with me if she can’t catch me, right? But before I could so much a shift a foot her hand lifted to my arm and I knew I was stuck, frozen under a pair of green eyes and a flicking porch light.

“Kay,” she mimicked, another tired sigh falling from her lips. “Don’t be mad, please, don’t be mad, but… would you be okay… if we stopped trying to sneak around my mom?” Staring right at me, her eyes seemed to implore me to understand. And yet, so caught off guard by her question I was too confused to feel anything but. All I managed to respond with was a quick and feeble, “huh?”

Taking a quick breath, Kim seemed totally freaked as her hand on my arm tightened. It was only at this point that I was able to recognize the familiar tinge of panic in her eyes as well as mine. “It’s just, it’s so frustrating!” she exclaimed, as if rushed to voice her explanation. “With my mom always breathing down our necks every second, and always worrying if she catches us and tells dad. And who knows what he’s going to be like if he ever finds out… I just think maybe if we put a little space between us things will calm down. At least, I hope so.”

Turning to look at me, I could once again see the fear inside them. Except, this time I understood why.

“But, if you really want to keep trying,” she once again rushed, “I’m pretty sure we can find a way around her if we really need to. Not like she can be everywhere at once right?” and giving a small laugh I could tell it was false. And yet even so Kim continued to smile, all for my sake.

Swallowing nervously, the pure fear that had filled me just moments ago was replaced with an overwhelming sense of disappointment. Though I made sure to disguise it. In all honesty, the small flirtatious glances and lingering touches had been all that kept me going this past week. And yet, looking into Kim’s big green eyes, I knew it wouldn’t be right to force Kim to continue something that seemed to cause her so much distress. That is to say, it doesn’t make what’s about to happen anymore painless. No ser.

“KP,” I grinned my best Stoppable grin and stared as reassuringly into her eyes. “It’s fine, seriously.” And seeing expression shift to hint hope, I knew my decision was right.

“You sure?” she questioned with earnest, a single red eyebrow raised in suspicion. “I- I just, with your last girlfriend and all…” she paused, as if user how to continue. Finally, she sighed, her free hand raising to meet her arm across her body in a show of comfort. “I just don’t want you to be upset,” she finally settled, grimacing at her own words.

Staling for only a moment, I forced my smile to remain where it was. Of course I was disappointed… but it’s not like I can just tell her that. What am I supposed to do, say no? Whether she knew it or not, Kim was kind of backing me into a corner.

With a small mental sigh, I shook those thoughts away and forced my attention back on Kim. “Come on KP, we’ve known each other our entire lives. We don’t need to fool around to feel close. Seriously, it’s cool. I’m… cool if you want to wait.” Each lie fell from my lips tasting like ash, curdling my tongue as I forced them into the air. I wasn’t happy, I didn’t want to stop. And now that
the panic of Kim leaving me was gone, all I could feel was a slow and steady dread crawling from
my belly out to the rest of me. But even still, as I watched Kim’s expression shift, the corner of her
lips curling up to a smile, I found them just a bit easier to swallow.

I guess really, a year and a half wasn’t so long… and besides, we had our whole lives to enjoy that
each other. Why rush? Yea… thinking about it, this really was for the best. And giving myself a
smile, I believed it.

Shuffling my feet for a second, I looked back at Kim and felt the silence grow weary. With nothing
else to say, I shrugged my shoulder, and answered her inquiring gaze with small wave. “So…
goodnight then, I guess,” I offered, more than a little awkward. Usually after the end of one of Kim’s
study sessions we would take the time of our good bye to exploit a few moments of pleasure. This
was the one time Ann gave us without breathing down our necks. I guess she trusted me not to
violate her daughter right on their front step. Regardless, with that routine now ending, I did the only
thing I could think of to part this strange silence and held out my hand.

Glancing down at my offered appendage, Kim’s brow curled in confusion. Then, finally
understanding what I was doing, her features bloomed into a bright grin, a small bubble of laughter
escaping between bared teeth.

“Ron,” she stressed giving me a small shoved. Then, pulling me close I found myself unsure as she
drew herself against me, both hands resting on my chest. “Just because we can’t do other things
doesn’t mean you can’t still kiss me,” and drawing a bright smile, my own lips curled to match her
expression.

Maybe things really won’t be that bad…

Leaning in, I felt Kim’s soft form conform against my own stirring my pants as her face drifted ever
so close. As her lips finally landed on mine, I couldn’t help but smile into them. Sex or no sex, the
fact of the matter is that I’m still here, kissing Kim possible. And that’s a good day. Knowing this, I
couldn’t stop myself leaning into her lips, deepening it.

Slipping from my arm, I found my eyes widening in surprise to find Kim, eyes open and grinning as
she stared back. It took me a moment, my nerves still frayed from having her removed so abruptly,
but eventually I realized that that had been the kiss.

Blinking away my disappointment, I gave the girl before me an uneven smile trying and failing to
disguise my emotions. The Kiss had been nice. Brief, but nice. And if I were to be honest it had
stirred my pleasure starved loins more than I care to admit. Hiding this, I simply sighed, taking a step
back and smiling at my girlfriend.

Grinning back, Kim’s eyes were alight with joy. I knew she was happy. Right now she had the best
of both worlds, at least to her. I was still her boyfriend, Ann was happy, I claimed to be happy and
all the stress of sneaking around would now end. She had every reason to be happy. And I was
happy for her. At least… I’m trying to be.

Beginning to turn away and head off I gave a short laugh at my earlier panic. I mean, come on. Like
Kim would break up with me.

Hearing my amusement, Kim raised a single eyebrow before giving me a small grin. “What’s so
funny,” she asked. And turning back, my eyes were wide as I grinned, unsure how to put this.

“Ah, ha-ha, nothing I just ah, I guess I’m just really relieved.” And hearing this, Kim’s other
eyebrow raised in a show of surprise. “No, really,” I grinned. “I just… I guess I just kinda thought
you were taking me out to… break up. Stupid, I know.” And looking back up to her face, I gave a small laugh at how silly it sounded.

“….no kidding, geez Ron,” and giving me cheeky smile, the red head stretched out her finger to flick me across my nose. “Afraid you’re not getting rid of me that easily.” And both of us laughing, she gave me one last nod before she disappeared back into her house.

And turning around to head home, my own lips remained wide and happy. Because when she answered, there was no hesitation. Nope, I absolutely didn’t hear her pause. She didn’t pause, and her smile had been beautiful as always. Not forced, no way. Perfectly natural and happy. It didn’t happen. It didn’t happen. It didn’t. And because it didn’t happen, I continued to smile. Smile, and look forward to tomorrow when I would get to see my beautiful girlfriend once again. Because Kim was my girlfriend. She was my girlfriend and we were happy. And that’s how things were going to stay. Yes sir, life can’t get any better…

This was everything I’d dreamed of. Right?

A/N: I understand that this isn’t the normal type of format you’ve all enjoyed up to this point. But one of the biggest reasons I put this story on hold was the sheer size of the chapters I was posting. So it’s my hope that with the freedom of smaller updates, I will be able to release a steady stream of content without a year hiatus. However, this means that some of the chapters may not have the amount of adult material many of you come to my stories for. But I’ve received enough positive response complimenting the story that feel there will be enough content to satisfy. That being said, if you are only interested in sex please look for the (*) that I will be placing besides chapters lacking adult material. I will go back and state this in earlier chapters for first time readers.

Don’t forget to leave a review if you enjoyed the story or have something to say about the changes. Thanks for your support.

Next Chapter: January 8th.
The Best Laid Plans of Mole Rats and Men

Chapter 6 - The Best-Laid Plans of Mole Rats and Men

The smell of wildflowers and mint washed over me, creating a type of calmness that soothed the soul and washed away everything else in the world. So it came as no surprise that these two smells were the same I most attributed to the two women I loved most in life.

Opening my eyes, I felt better than I had in days. My muscles felt relaxed to the point of jelly. The bed beneath my back was as soft as clouds. This only made the sight of Ann and Kim on each of my shoulders that much more welcoming. Eyes closed, their expressions were calm and serine, much like my own. And blissfully, a small smile curled their lips painting an almost angelic picture.

For the life of me, I couldn’t remember how this turn of events had occurred. But at the same time, I couldn’t find it in me to care.

They both seemed to wake up at once. My smile widened as Kim and Ann stirred around me. Their long eye lashes fluttering, the motions of their heads nuzzling against me. The pair’s hair was as soft as I remembered, so similar in the bright fiery tone that attracted me in the first place. Each of their hands pressed against my chest as they lifted to sit up. Off the bed their chests came into view, and I couldn’t help but take note of their lack of clothing.

A pale, sheer, toga like material wrapped around both their bodies. Tight enough to show off the curves of their breasts and hips, it still held a looseness that belied a strong enough breeze could pool the material around their feet. They might as well have been nude.

Blue eyes met green. Each holding an impish grin, the two rose even further until their knees precariously balanced on the uneven surface of the bed. Above me they turned their eyes on my relaxed form before moving to reach for each other. Their braless chest pressing against one another and molding to flat against their chest.

Together, mother and daughter, the two held each other in a loving embrace. In any other situation, or attire, I couldn’t help but think this a tender scene. But right then, the light rosy color of their nipples intermingling, I could feel my arousal flush through my body, rising my member to its full height.

For the first time, I realized I myself was completely naked. The pounding in my chest matching its steady throbbing. Even if I wanted to touch myself, I couldn’t seem to find the strength to so much as wiggle a finger. The same boneless comfort I’d welcomed now kept me frozen to do anything but watch.

Up and down, I found my eyes running along the lines of their bodies. Their hands rested on each
other’s hips. Loose and relaxed. After a few moments of their hug, Ann was the first to shift and raised her hand to cress the pale expanse of her daughters back. Kim answered by pressed herself against her mother with a content smile.

It was strange they hadn’t said anything up to this point. But I wasn’t paying attention to that. Instead, I was frozen on my feather bed watching the development of this incredible impossibility.

Ann’s motions were slow and graceful. Tracing the bumps and grooves of Kim’s spine, long surgical fingers teased the nape of her neck before pressing into the long mane of her hair. In an action that was surprisingly maternal, she seemed to pet the teen hero, caressing the back of her scalp. Kim moved to reciprocate the motion.

Chin resting on Ann’s shoulder, her hands moved to the small of her mother’s back. From there, her eyes slipped to meet my own before swallowing the final journey to cup her mother’s rear. In the see-through curtain hanging off her hips, I could clearly see its pale color and shape. As well as the small indentations as Kim’s fingers squeezed the tender curves.

“Ron,” Kim spoke. The first word I’d heard since waking in this strange reality. And never had my name sounded so desirable.

Kim’s tone was soft, breathless. More of a low moan than actual words. I wanted to hear it more. I needed to hear her even if just for one more time. But she didn’t. Turning her attention back to her mother, her head pulled back enough so their eyes could meet one more time. As if the situation could grow any more out of control, the two red heads remained like this for the longest of seconds, before swallowing the final distance between them to press their lips together.

A mother’s kiss is innocent, caring, and not at all what I was seeing right now. Unlike their hug that started so simply, the two women in front of me didn’t hesitate to show the passion that brought them together, pressing their lips in hard, aggressive motions.

Soft mewling could be heard from the both of them. The wet suction of their mouths permeated this odd world. Not so wanton as to become perverse, the two of them were not shy in their affection. And openly welcomed each other tongue to explore the others mouth.

While Ann was just as enthusiastic, it was her daughter that seemed to dominate the embrace, her lips sucking and pulling at the older woman’s mouth. I watch the pink shade of her lips move and mingle against each other even as Kim seemed to be trying to taste the back of her mother’s throat.

As the tone of their affection changed, so did their bodies. Soft and beautiful at first, very quickly they looked to transform. Pale skin flushing bright red. Breasts swelling with pleasure. Nipples pushing through the thin dresses. Almost too quickly their bodies seemed to bloom with sexual awakening. The obvious ache of unsatisfied arousal as thick in the air as another being.

I shouldn’t being enjoying this as much as I did. They were mother and daughter after all. What kind of sicko was I to want to see something like this? But my throbbing erection disagreed wholeheartedly.

“Ron.” It was Ann this time. And just as sinfully enticing. Tiling her head, her tongue pulled deep from her daughters open lips. One blue eyes stared into my own, almost making sure I was watching before her fingers drew from her daughter’s long hair and between their pressed bodies.

I felt my pulse quicken, the entirety of my focus on the five fingers brushing between her daughter’s breasts. Lingering for a moment, the loving mother took the time to trace a small circle around each of their tips earning an appreciative grin from her child.
She continued downward toward the spaced between Kim’s legs. Kneeling on the bed next to me, they were already spread for support. But feeling the direction her mother intended, the teen widened her thighs even further, tilting her head back when the long appendages finally pressed through the tangle of red hairs. Ann’s lips curled into a coy grin. And she opened her eyes long enough to watch her daughter gasp at the sudden intrusion of her fingers.

No longer kissing each other, Ann took the time to place small, intimate kisses along Kim’s neck and collar. Turned up towards the heavens, Kim seemed perfectly satisfied to allow her mother free rein on her young body. Mouth hanging open, the sound of her breathing increased with the steady pumping of her mother’s wrist. And very soon whatever space we were in was filled with the heavy, musk lined scent of her arousal.

Despite being untouched up until this point, I very quickly found my own breathing grow hoarse. The pressure in my loins was almost painful at this point making the heaven I’d stumbled into its own kind of sweet hell. I could feel my balls starting to tighten, hugging close to my body.

It was my night with Shego all over again. Helpless and at the total mercy of the devilish creatures. Maybe I should be glad that they were both ignoring me. Because I was fairly confident even the smallest of brushes would push me over that edge.

Unlike myself, Kim was receiving more than enough attention. Already the long moans had turned to short quick gasps. Ann’s pace had equally intensified as her hand quickly pistoned in and out from the teenager’s dripping sex. The act of pleasuring her daughter must have been just as exciting as watching because much like her daughter, thin strings of liquid arousal ran down her thighs, glittering in the ethereal light that illumined the three of us.

Her eyes were dark with arousal, and stared at her daughter’s closed expression with a strange kind of pleasure. Enough that, when Kim’s chest finally froze and her hips started to buck against her hand, the small trickle that had leaked from her mature mound flushed with renewed wetness as well as a breath stealing shudder that wracked her frame. The two of them came at once, holding each other painfully close as their skin ignited with warmth and pleasure.

I watched the show with a mesmerized expression. Once again I was stricken with the taboo of it all. Kim already looked so much like her mother. Beautiful petit features and her fiery mane of hair. Seeing them nude together. And so close to one another just made this hit home that much more.

The air was ripe with both of them now. Coming down from their pleasure, Kim was the one to take the initiative this time and openly squeezed her mother’s full breasts. Breathlessly, I wondered if they were possibly preparing for round two. When instead their closed eyes opened, and turned to mine.

“Ron,” their voices cooed, speaking in unison. In the same sex riddled tone that only made more arousing by their now flushed appearance. Both of their hair had become mussed and frayed in their release. And now as they stared at me, they looked every bit the well fucked pair they were.

Truth be told, I was a little startled having them address me so openly. Up until now it been quick glances and lingering smiles. Now they were giving me their full attention. It was both arousing, and terrifying. And as if knowing what I wanted, they reached down, wrapping both of their hands around my length and began to stroke it with tender abandon. I could only groan, listening to the flighty giggles as they began to work my tender flesh like an aching muscle.

With what hands weren’t on my crotch, the women above me kept busy running them up and down the skin of my chest and arms. And of course, every so often, I would look to see either Kim or Ann’s hands take a small adventure to each other’s bodies, brushing against their softness in gentle pleasure. It was watching this, as Kim’s hand lifted to cup her mother’s more generous bust, a single
finger brushing against the older woman’s flushed nipple that I felt myself begin to become undone.

Breathing fast the wonderful image before me began to blur before my very eyes. It felt so good, but
the better it became the harder it was to focus on the beautiful sight before me. As much as resisted,
my end was coming swift and without mercy. No matter how much I wanted to remain in this near
paradise, I knew it was coming to a finish. And finally, in an explosion of color and pleasure, I felt
myself come undone, ripping me from the bed of feathers and into a word of darkness.

:::::::

I woke up with a gasp. My world was spinning as I was ripped from sleep. I tried to make sense of
what was happening, nearly falling out of my bed as I scrambled. After a few seconds I finally
calmed down enough to recognize my own room and bed.

Light streamed from the nearby window and into my eyes. Next to my bed, the steady purring of a
mole rat fast asleep sounded from my nightstand table. It was still early enough to catch another hour
or two before school. Unfortunately, turning on my side, I also recognized the warm and seeping
sensation of cum staining the inside of my boxers.

Falling back onto my pillow I sighed in displeasure. I’d like to say this was a rare occurrence, but
unfortunately it’s become somewhat of a morning ritual since my enforced celibacy. Despite
relieving myself twice the other night before bed, it seems I still hadn’t satisfied whatever urge that
brought about these ruminating reactions.

Closing my eyes I recalled enough of my dream to feel embarrassed. As if my obsession with the
mother and daughter wasn’t bad enough, now I was even making them perform together in my
perverted fantasies. Just the thought of them finding out about my attraction to Ann sent a shiver up
my spine. Which only made my freshly risen erection that much more confusion. Not to mention
uncomfortable.

Just taking a moment to breath I forced myself to let the image go. No matter what my penis tried to
tell me, fantasizing about a mother fondling her daughter was wrong. Nothing good can come of it.

I decided it was time for me to stop brooding and start the day. It didn’t look like I was getting back
to sleep anyways. Not with the circus tent in my pants. Besides, it would probably be a good idea to
grab another shower before school. A cold one at that.

:::::::

Walking to the Possible home I was in somewhat of a better mood. I knew Kim was waiting for me,
as well as warm meal courtesy of Middleton’s second best cook. It might be a little awkward at first,
after last night. Not to mention looking Ann in the face. More than anything else her heavy
expression as she brought her daughter to climax seemed painted on the back of my eye lids. But I
was trying to stay positive. Worst case scenario, I avoid looking at them for a bit. Anything to keep
my pants loose.

It wasn’t my best plan, but I was all I got. Trying to keep my upbeat mood, I could feel my Ron-shine
dim compared to its usual brilliance. The knowledge that I was dating the most beautiful girl in
the world, yet unable to do anything about it, sapped my energy like a black hole. Usually I had no
trouble staying positive. But I was exhausted, and horny. Despite even a third release in my morning
shower. Regardless, I raised my hand and knocked three times against Kim’s front door. I forced my
lips to smile even if it hurt.

A few seconds later the sound of footsteps could be heard on the other side. Kim opened the door,
her smile as radiant as ever. It seemed my false joy wasn’t as believable as I’d thought. Almost immediately my girlfriend’s good mood dropped. Her face twisted with worry.

“Ron?” she asked, “everything okay?” Grabbing hold of my hand she pulled me over the threshold, closing the door behind me.

I replied as best I could in my up-beat tone, “all good KP.” I rubbed the back of her knuckles with my thumb enjoying the soft texture. She didn’t look convinced. “Really,” I swore, trying to penetrate those disbelieving eyes. “I just… had a little trouble sleeping last night.” Saying this, I couldn’t stop a bit of my exhaustion from leaking through.

“Bad dreams?” Kim slide her body close to mine in a comforting hug. At the same time I looked up just as Ann happened to be passing through the room. Part me tensed, half expecting some of the anger we seemed to have avoided the other night. But she walked right past us, not even bothering to raise an eye brow at our closeness.

Her hand raised in a halfhearted wave as she passed us towards the kitchen. Without meaning I found my eyes following after her, locked on the obscured vision of rear hidden behind her fluffy pink robe. My breath deepened.

“She worst.” I just wish I sounded like it.

After a small peck on the cheek and another comforting squeeze Kim led me to the kitchen where my plate was already set along with the rest of the families. My heart warmed a bit at the image. Even better, it was already filled with Ann delicious cooking. Unfortunately, the perfect image was shattered at the sound of something even more irritating than my own imagination.

“Hello Ronald,” James Possible greeted me from behind his signature morning paper. And despite my overwhelming desire to punch him in the face, instead I smiled, returning his welcome and sat myself next to his daughter. Like the good boyfriend I was.

My stomach soured, and I stared at the plate so caringly placed for me with a small amount of guilt. Out of my pocket, Rufus peeked out his head at the smell of food and quickly made his way onto the table. He took one look at the pile of pancakes and eggs before his beady little eyes were glistening at me for approval. A gave him a small smile before nodding, happy that someone still had their appetite.

The sound of excited chittering earned a small glance from the older Possible. A single eye curled at the sight of my best friend on the table. But he didn’t say a word. Sighing once, he returned to his paper shaking his head in a condescending manor. My fist tightened underneath the table.

As much as I found myself disliking James, I was met with an equal amount of unease at the prospect. It’s not like I wanted to hate him. I’ve always seen Mr. P as a good guy. He’s nice, has a good family, a beautiful wife, and never really complained about my being there. At least not too much. Hell, more often than not I even found myself hoping I’d be like him one day.

At least until I learned he was a gigantic, arrogant ass.

James loves his children, Kim especially. The way he dotes on her is enough to make him the poster of overprotective fathers. If it wasn’t for him, I’m sure Kim would have ended up with three times the number of boyfriends that she’s had. Suffice to say, I hadn’t been looking forward to telling him I was dating his daughter.

Five days ago, walking to the Possible home I had been expecting the worst. As much as I’d hated
seeing Kim with other men, I was always able to take a small amount of solace from the simple interactions between them and James. Even the coolest of them had to sweat under his glare. And now it was my turn. But at least I knew what to expect.

James always followed a kind of pattern. Surprisingly theatrical for a man of science. Walking through the door, he would be waiting for me looking as stern as possible. Kim would introduce me. I’d shake his hand and wince as soon as his surprisingly strong grip crushed my own. I would say something along the lines of, “Hello, sir.” Or, “It’s great to finally meet you.” And he would stare at me, not saying anything, not so much as blinking until I looked away. He’d then stand up, walk over to me, and, in his most intimidating voice say, “why don’t we talk for a minute in the garage?” Now, I’ve never seen any of the boyfriends refuse, but I don’t think I want to know what would happen if they tried.

Next came the part I was actually afraid of. The few times I got to witness this so called trial, no one but James and whatever boy was unlucky enough to go into the garage knew what happened next. Not one of them has yet to say anything to Kim or anyone else. But each time I remember the hollow fear in each of their eyes after they came back.

Call me a sadist, but part of me had actually been excited for the chance to finally have my turn. I guess part of me was waiting for our relationship to really begin. But on that night, he hadn’t been sitting in his chair. There had been no introduction. And most importantly, there had been no invitation into the garage.

He’d hardly even glanced up from his football game. Prick.

The first few hours I’d been happy, relieved even. I’d though he had approved of me. Or at the very least trusted that I wouldn’t do anything to intentionally hurt his daughter. Just goes to show how stupid I really am. It took me longer than I’ll admit to realize the truth. That he didn’t approve, that he wasn’t happy. He just didn’t care. Because to him, even now, I wasn’t a threat.

Ron Stoppable, the goofball, the clown, the distraction, dating his Kim? Surly not. I could almost see the laughter in his eyes at the very idea. The same laughter I now saw every time I walked through that door.

Oh, how I wanted to let it all out when I’d discovered his little secret. That his perfect daughter had already been defiled. That his perfect daughter had already been defiled. That I was the one he should have been worried about all along. But I didn’t, and even worse, I couldn’t even be smug about it. Laughing in silence about his naivety. Not while I was stuck jacking it every night. Not while Ann had me under her thumb.

“Ron,” Kim spoke. Turning my head my eyes from the wall of paper, I looked to see her staring at me curiously. The barest hints of fear in her eyes. I hadn’t realized until now how tight a line my mouth had become. Or how hard my stare must have gotten. Boy is this not my day.

I panicked, not sure what to say. The silence between us just seemed to grow louder until I finally exclaimed, “Just… seeing if I can read the paper from here!” I smiled, sweat building on my neck. Kim lost the hesitating expression, but in its place was a new found confusion. Like most instances where I find my foot in my mouth, I can only shove it down even further. “Haven’t had an eye exam in a while. Just wanted to make sure the ol’ peepers still have it in em’!”

Gotta love that taste…

Kim stared at me for another moment, seeming unsure if she should laugh or not. In the end, she simply settled on an awkward smile. Before slowly drifting off to her own plate. I did the same, mentally kicking myself. Feeling an itch at the corner of my brain, I looked up only to find James’
eyes peering over his paper. They didn’t seem to express any particular expression. But just the same I could once again feel the same vibration of mocking come off the man.

Raising a single eyebrow, he flicked the pages once before disappearing once again. ‘Yea? Well screw you too. I banged your wife.’ The thought came out of nowhere, and I immediately flushed at my own temper. Never the less, picking up my fork, I couldn’t deny the small satisfaction it brought me.

As if summoned by my thoughts, I quickly had to look away as Ann strolled back into the room, still clad in her pink fluffy robe. Guess she didn’t have to be in to work until later.

Instead of taking a seat at the table the older woman approached me. “Good morning Ron,” she greeted. Her voice was thick with sleep. In quick succession she refilled all of the glasses at the table. It seems she didn’t see my face turned in the direct opposite direction. I hummed in response.

Turning away, she moved to check the food still cooking on the stove, having no idea the panic her mere presence inspired. But that’s okay. Because I can do this. I can make it. I can be a good boyfriend. Yes, I can–.

‘Crash!’ “Oh shoot!”

At the sound of broken glass, everyone in the room turned to see Ann standing over the shattered remains of her coffee mug. “I’m okay,” she quickly announced, calming the look of worry on many of her family’s faces. “No one move. There’s glass. Just let me clean it up.” Stepping carefully away from the mess, the mother reached for a napkin from the table.

“Need help?” Kim offered kindly. Despite Ann’s reassurance, her daughter still seemed nervous. In fact, so did a lot of the Possible clan.

“No, please, finish eating. I don’t know what’s gotten into me lately. I just can’t seem to wake up…’’ And as she shook her head, I took the chance to and glanced at her, finally seeing the dark circles under her eyes for the very first time.

So caught off guard, I completely forgot my early pledge and found myself openly staring at the older woman. No wonder the family seemed so concerned. She looked like she got even less sleep than I did.

“Hon,” James spoke, his paper forgotten on the table. “Maybe you should lay back down. Take the day off. I’ll get the boys ready, don’t worry.” Running a hand through her hair, the mother nodded, but didn’t seem happy about it.

“Honestly,” she frowned. “It’s just a cold. I promise.” She paused, leaning against the counter, while she rested her eyes. “Though… I suppose a day or two of rest couldn’t hurt. I’ll call the hospital.”

Raising his mug, James gave his wife a small wink before taking a sip. “There’s my girl.” Ann just smiled and rolled her eyes. Watching the exchange, I was glad to hear Ann was taking a break. In all the years I’ve known the family, I’ve never seen her sick. Shrugging my shoulder, I put the issue out of mind.

It was the sound of glass on linoleum that caught my attention.

I’d thought Mrs. Possible would be returning to bed immediately to rest. Instead, she chose to quickly pick up the mess she had made.

Crouched on the floor she stared intently at the sharp blades of ceramic that had once been a cup.
Bent low, she collected the mess in a napkin cradled carefully in her left hand. Unfortunately for both of us, this gave me the perfect view down her robe.

With both hands busy, she had nothing to hold the top of her robe closed. The weight of her braless chest pressed against the flaps, forcing the flimsy material to part and reveal the night gown beneath. As well as its plunging neck line.

It wasn’t the transparent fabric of my dreams, obviously. It looked to be made for comfort rather than sensuality. In fact, even if she were to go without her robe, she could mostly manage without many strange looks. It was only in this position, leaned over and lined up in a way that almost completely exposed the top of her mature mounds that her old sleepwear turned erotic

I knew I should move. Out of respect if not for anything else. Not to mention she’d just caught me the other night in the same position as with her daughter. Unfortunately, Ann was too focused on not cutting her fingers to see me this time around. And while I was still adamantly doing my best to be a good boyfriend, the unrestricted peek was too much to resist. With a hesitant breath, I savored the small opportunity.

As the last shard fell into the napkin Ann sighed, pulling herself to her feet. My face immediately turned away towards my plate. “All right everyone,” she waved to the room, dumping her stash of glass into a nearby bin. “Have a nice day.” And instead of watching her rear sway out of the room, I forced my eyes to stay where they were, the image of her cleavage still fresh and exciting in my mind.

I felt every muscle in my body relax as soon as the mother left the room. I hadn’t even known they were clenched.

Leaning back into my seat, I suddenly became aware of another’s eyes on me. Forced to turn to my right, my own orbs widened, cheeks burning, as I found Kim’s green pair trained on my face, an expression of shock on her face.

Silent, neither of us offered a word. It was pretty obvious Kim had just caught me staring at her mother’s breasts.

She wasn’t quite sure what to say about it. And even worse, neither did I. Her face was a mask, completely blank except for her wide eyes. My face most likely matched hers, if not a bit more nervous. Between getting caught by my girlfriend’s mother, and being caught by my girlfriend, I knew which I would rather be facing.

The silence slowly began to stretch, interrupted only by the sound of her brother’s forks on plates. She wasn’t openly accusing me in front of her family. That was a bonus. But her eyes just kept on staring, waiting for a response.

“Well, we should probably get going!” I exclaimed, jumping up from the table. Everyone, Kim included, stared at me in confusion. Without giving her a chance to speak, I grabbed the redhead by the wrist and pulled her to her feet. “Come on Kim! Gotta get that education. Best thing in the world, am I right?” I then proceeded to produce a laugh so nervous, even I flinched.

Kim’s eyes narrowed as a bead of sweat rolled down my neck. She searched my face, very much like a cop would a criminal. Finally, after a few seconds, she finally rolled her eyes, keeping one on me as she reached for her bag.

She took a moment to say good bye to her family, kissing her father’s cheek and ruffling her brother’s hair. Walking back to me, her eyes bored into mine, explaining the trouble I was in without
words. And hanging my head, all I could do was follow her out the door, fully expecting a long talking to all the way to school.

-----

“Hey girl!” Monique squealed her familiar greeting upon the sight of us nearing Kim’s locker. Kim returned the sentiment with a quick hug that I knew the dark skinned girl enjoyed too much. Pulling away, she took a moment to glance at me, her excitement dropping significantly. “Hey Ron,” her tone taking the softness of gravel. I didn’t bother answering, knowing as soon as it happened, the girl’s attention would be back on Kim ignoring me completely.

That’s how most interactions between me and Monique had become. I mean, we were never all that close as friends. Any interaction was usually a result of both of us being around Kim than anything else. But ever since the two of us got together, any attempt at civility vanished, replaced with terse and cold greetings. That being said, I don’t really mind. I’d probably be the same if I were in her shoes.

Leaning up against the locker, I watched the two girls talk, Monique especially. It was so obvious when you knew what to look for. The way her eyes shimmered. The exaggerated laugh at all of Kim’s words. The small touches she would steal whenever the opportunity allowed. Monique was about as subtle as an anvil, and Kim had no idea.

Honestly, more than anything I felt bad for the fashion obsessed teen. She faced all the same problems as me, on top of sharing the same gender. Kim hadn’t even considered her in the decision of who she wanted to date. And that had to hurt.

“-n. –on! Ron!”

Blinking, I was torn from my thoughts to find Kim looking back at me, a wry smile on her lips. Her eyes were glittering with laughter. And looking at Monique, hers were the same. As they suddenly laughed, giving each other knowing looks, I found myself blushing under the attention.

I had no doubt Kim had just shared our morning news with her friend. Something I would have preferred to keep quite. In hindsight I knew I should feel relieved that Kim found the situation amusing, rather than insulting or gross. But I still found myself frowning.

She’d been a pretty good sport about me ogling her mother. Keeping a straight face until the end of the drive way, my frayed nerves had just about come undone at the sound of her sudden and uproarious laughter. She’d calmed down enough to speak three blocked later. To quote, I believe her words had run along the line of, “cute,” as well as a poorly veiled threat to tell her mother.

I was sure how Ann would react if she knew I looked at her in any kind of sexual way. Though, something told me she wouldn’t be nearly as entertained as her daughter.

“Honestly, I’m deciding to just take it as a compliment,” she turned toward her friend. Monique raised an eyebrow in disbelief, telling me just how differently she would have viewed the situation. “Everyone always tell me how much we look alike. At least I know Ron won’t be losing interest any time soon.” As if that could have ever happened. “Besides, it’s not like I have to worry about anything actually happening.” She let another stifled laugh.

I wisely decided not to say anything.

Sparing me another glance, the ridge of Kim’s nose was wrinkled under her own grin. And it was a
treat to see. Especially after how… iffy things had been lately. They were both still staring at me. Monique with a different kind of sneer. If this was the price to see her happy again, I supposed to could suffer through a bit of mocking.

Resigned to my fate, the sound of the bell ringing saved me from having to respond to the two girl’s teasing.

Kim stepped towards me, a one armed hugs marking her good bye. Casually walking off for my first class, I could sigh and wonder how the day could get any worse than it already had.

Class went on as usual without anything too interesting coming up. Teachers droned on about facts I would probably never need. And eventually I found myself dozing off only to wake up, spend a meager five minutes with Kim only to walk towards another class and desk and fall right back to sleep. Rinse and repeat, my forth class finally came to an end. And with it, lunch.

With a bit more rest under my belt, I was feeling a lot better than this morning. So much better that, as I came upon my girlfriend leaning against her locker, I couldn’t help but take a moment to admire her. Despite knowing better.

She wasn’t dressed particularly arousing today. Wrapped in a fit lavender sweater and regular jeans. No doubt a subtle attempt at reinforcing the new ground rules for our relationship. Regardless, Kim couldn’t help but be beautiful.

Maybe I was still half asleep, moving before I could think. Maybe the boredom was finally getting me, making me desperate for any kind of stimulation. Whatever the reason, relaxed and thoughtless as I was in that moment, before I could stop myself, I was moving through the crowds of students only to surprise the red head with a searing kiss.

Turning her head to spot me, Kim’s greeting died on her lips as they were caught by mine. Releasing a startled squeak, her hands immediately rose to press against my chest.

For a long moment, I feared she might push me away. Kim had made her view on public displays of affection very clear from the start of our relationship. But moving my lips against hers for a few seconds, the tightness in her fingers relaxed and I was rewarded with the sensation of her moving to cup the back of my neck.

As new as she was to all this, she couldn’t deny her own body’s response. I just happened to figure out what I needed to do to get those responses. And abused them without care. I had no doubt Kim wanted nothing more than to push me away with a sharp tongued response. But at the moment, that part of her body was a little preoccupied.

Smiling into her lips, I savored their taste, feing truly relaxed for the first time in a week. Up against her locker, Kim had little space to go as I pressed my body against hers. Thankfully, softly mirroring my actions with her lips, she didn’t seem to mind.

Pulling back, I watched Kim’s eyes flutter open. Her cheeks were a deep red. No doubt a result of our current location. But as a smiled curled the edges of her lips, I knew I wasn’t in too much trouble. Kim’s green orbs stared up at me with surprise. I’m sure she hadn’t been expecting me to attack her out of the blue. But the expression only made the nervous smile on her face that much sweeter.

“Wow,” she breathed, giggling in that way that made her seem more cheerleader than teen hero. “Somebody had a good time in algebra.”
Nodding my head, I couldn’t stop my hand from sliding down to her waist. “Mhmm,” I agreed, earning a small stare of disbelief from my girlfriend. Savoring the expression, I waiting just a moment longer than I needed before continuing, “You’d be amazed what a few hours of sleep can do.” Her disbelief quickly morphed into irritation, though she couldn’t keep it for long. By the time she shoved my shoulder, her smile was already returning.

“Ron,” she sighed, but in a way that I knew meant she couldn’t be too surprised.

Curiously, I watched her eyes scan the room, watching the hall around us. Biting her lip, she must have deemed the crowd thin enough to reach up for another kiss. Unfortunately for both of us, it seems she didn’t look close enough.

“Ew,” a whiny voice suddenly broke from the crowd. And leaning back, all the warmth and tingles in my chest went cold.

Kim sighed heavily. “Hello Bonnie.” Turning around we found the bronze teen standing just a few feet away. Arms crossed, her usual side expression was twisted as though she were staring at something horrific. “Seriously, K,” she shook her head, “I know your desperate, but can you please keep your sideshow of a relationship away from the general public?” Fuming not so silently, Kim’s cheeks turned red as she forced a smile.

“Sorry, B. But if you don’t like it, maybe you should be somewhere else. God knows the entire school has had to watch you and Brick go at it enough times.” And seeing the sneer on her rival’s face, Kim’s smile finally reached her eyes.

“Ohmygod,” she laughed. “Don’t you even try to compare my Brick to… that.” her finger thrust in my direction. In response, I simply stared, a blank expression on my face.

“Nice to you too Bonbon. You look nice today.” I drawled, doing my best to ignore the glaring insult.

She just continued to stare at me, her face curdled like sour milk. “Ew.”

Turning to look at Kim, Bonnie’s face transformed to look worried. “Seriously, K. I’m worried. I mean, if you’re really that lonely, I’m sure that I can I find someone who would be willing to take you. Anyone has to better than cheese boy.” Yep… still standing here. “How about Chase Williams?” Lifting her lips to a smile, she batted her eyelashes innocently.

I knew Chase. Cool guy. Not to mention the best bassoon player from here to Hollywood. But he was also four hundred pounds and had a severe speech impediment. I really wish Bonnie would leave now.

If I had a watch I would look at it and sigh. This wasn’t going to end anytime soon. I mean, I could try and defend myself. But it would probably end up doing more bad than good. And rather than sit there and listen to all the wonderful compliments Bonnie was giving me, I decided to do what I always did when teen witch was on a tear and just shut it out.

With a sigh, the sound of the two women slowly dropped to the background. God I wish I could just tell Bonnie off. I was having the first good moment with Kim in over a week and she just had to ruin it. I can only hope someone, someday, gives her what she deserves.

Leaning against a locker, I turned myself away from the arguing. As bad as they got, I knew there was nothing I really needed to worry about. Bonnie might pretend to be a total airhead for her idiot
of a boyfriend, but she knew better than to challenge Kim physically. And as annoying as the brunette could be, Kim hadn’t punched Bonnie yet so…

It was probably just as well anyway. Between my slip up at breakfast and just now, I wasn’t being the good boyfriend that I had promised to be. Might even be karma. I guess the only thing I can do now is try harder. Kim’s the greatest girl in the world and I have to be the guy she wants. It was as I made this promise to myself that I finally noticed the two girls had grown chillingly silent.

Looking up from the floor, I was surprised to see both girls looking at me, each with very different expressions.

Bonnie, with a single eyebrow raised, seemed to be running her eyes up and down my form in a disturbing display. And Kim, eyes piercing and enraged, looked as though I had just slaughtered her favorite cuddle-buddy right in front of her. I was about to ask if everything was alright when…

“Hello, Stoppable-San.”

Well… this wasn’t good.

---

A/N: Hmm, I don’t usually do cliffhangers. Let me know what you think. Lol.

Okay, so addressing my last Author Note it seems most of you agree that you’re happy to see this updated and that you don’t mind shorter chapters, some of you even preferring it. I’m happy to the transition going so smoothly, and that people still remember this story even existed. This was another strong story episode, sorry if that bothers you. Though, those of you that can read between the lines should be very happy about a certain character. Next chapter will also be very heavily story based. But the next three after that should all have a nice, smutty lemon with toys and a bit of the old Ron for all the naughty boys and girls to enjoy. Look forward to it.

Next Chapter: January 22

Harem lover 26: Don’t worry buddy, I’ve put a lot of thought into the story and I haven’t forgotten about anybody… probably. Things just need to happen at a certain pace. Thanks for your support and I’m glad to hear your enjoying the story.
A Clown's Lament*

A/N: Big thanks to all the love. I have small announcement at the bottom of the page so please be sure to check that out if you are interested in even more smutty goodness. If you enjoyed the chapter be sure to drop a review. I’d love to hear whatever you have to say.

Tag(s): N/A

Girl(s): N/A

Toy(s): N/A

Word count: 8200.

Chapter 7 - A Clown’s Lament

The sweet sound of Yori’s voice sent a chill down my spine. My eyes widened immediately. And I quickly turned toward Kim only to flinch at the fire burning in her expression. sharp as daggers, I could almost feel flames licking at skin, coking me alive.

In a heartbeat I turned around, only to whimper as my fear became realized. Standing just a head shorter than myself, Yori stood before me in the very same schoolgirl outfit she had visited in the week before. Which is exactly how long it’s been since I’ve last seen her. Now I just needed to find a way to convince Kim.

Head cocked slightly to the side, her eyes were light and her smile was warm and pleasant. As though she had no idea the dumpster fire she’d just started. “Yori! Hey…” I tried not to sound as nervous as I felt. “I-I thought you want back to Japan. What ah, what happened?” And feeling my throat grow dry, I had to stop myself from wheezing.

“Stoppable-San.” She greeted me once more, her expression becoming amused. “Why would you think that? We still have need to speak properly.” Then, to make everything a thousand times worse, I felt my skin grow cold as the pretty young woman reached up to place a small kiss on my cheek before retreating, calm as ever.

Rearing back, I reacted as though I had just been stabbed. Behind me, I could swear I heard Bonnie guffaw. This was very bad.

“Because, because, ” I insisted with a nervous laugh, “ah, I haven’t really seen you since the last time you dropped by. Nope, not once.” I used this opportunity to give Kim a quick glance, meeting her glare and pleading with her to listen.

Once more the Asian girl bowed. “I apologize Stoppable-San. I hope my absence did not upset you too greatly. I intended to wait at your home as we discussed, but something came up that required my assistance. I’m sure you understand.” And lifting her head, it was all I could do to keep from shivering under seemingly kind hazel gaze.


Silently I was screaming. Both at myself and at Yori. After what had happened with Shego, I’d
forgotten all about my meeting with the ninja. And now, here she was, all dressed up in her skirt and knee socks and kissing me on the cheek… Oh my god, Kim is going to kill me.

“Listen,” I spoke, trying my best to smile. “Yori, right now isn’t the best time. Can you just,” I winced, “tell me whatever it is you wanted to talk about? I-If that’s okay that is,” I quickly added, reminding myself of who I was talking too.

Pausing, Yori took a moment to regard the two women standing behind me before answering. I could only pray she’d finally taken notice of the situation. “I do not think that would be wise, Stoppable-San. These words, they are not suitable for public.” It took all of my power not to glare at the smiling girl in front of me. There was no way that was an accident.

“Okay! Okay!” I exclaimed, dragging a hand down my face, “look, I still have half an hour till class. Is that enough time for whatever it is you want to talk to me about?” And mercifully she nodded her head. “Alright. There shouldn’t be anyone behind the school. You go there first and I’ll meet you in like…five minutes. Okay?” I pleaded that she agree.

“That should be fine, Stoppable-San.” She answered, much to my relief, nearly collapsing to the floor. I was just happy to get her away from Kim. “However,” she continued, forcing back my tension, “Please do not take your time. I understand you have tendency to procrastinate.” A single sharp stare pierced me to my core. And on that note, the petit teen turned to exit the hall way. I should really try and remember how scary she can be sometimes…

“What was that?”

Stiffly, I forced myself to turn and face the two women just in time for Kim to answer Bonnie’s question. “Ex-girlfriend.” She replied, her tone matter of fact, but still managing to be cold as ice. Arms crossed, my redheaded girlfriend’s face was impossibly calm. Staring right at me, the real emotion was swirling in her eyes, cold and burning. “At least, that’s what he told me anyway.” I couldn’t look away.

As if things weren’t bad enough as they were, my panicked eyes grew even wider as I watched Bonnie mirror Kim’s posture, and then turn to face me. “Interesting,” she hummed. Oh god… now there was two of them…

“Kim, just listen for a second, okay?” I paused, watching for any kind of acknowledgment. Good or bad, Kim just raised her eyebrow even higher. I took that as a sigh to continue.

“I know this looks bad…” I started. But Kim beat me to the punch.

“You’re still dating her?!” she demanded, her cold mask falling to reveal the fire inside. I backed up with cation.

“I just haven’t had the chance to break up with her yet!” I swore, pleading with her to understand.

“Oh, I’m sure,” Bonnie suddenly chipped in, sarcasm dripped from her words and face. I gave the teen a sharp glare.

“Can you just not? Please?!” I was doing perfectly fine digging my own grave at the moment, thank you. She scoffed, but seemed somewhat surprised by my laps in temper. Thankfully she seemed to take herself back, but not before shooting me a particularly scathing glare.

“Look, Kim,” I tried to explain. “Me and Yori, it isn’t how you think.” I saw Kim roll her eyes, but I continued anyway. “She lives in Japan, Kim. Okay? I met her on that stupid exchange thing and sometimes she likes to drop by and visit. I don’t even have her phone number. I mean, how else can
you have never met her before?” And waiting, I took a moment for Kim to consider the information thus far.

Eyebrows drawn together, she seemed doubtful, but at least her anger looked to have cooled somewhat. Even Bonnie had taken a break from glaring at me to peek in Kim’s direction, “I…” she paused, biting her lip. “I guess that makes sense…” Though she still didn’t look happy. Nevertheless, I eagerly jumped on the opening.

“Kim I swear,” I continued, “By the time I got home last week she was already gone. I thought she just went back home. She never stays this long. I mean, come on, if I had any idea that she was still in town, I would have at least warned you.”

Be it my pathetic expression, or that Kim actually believed me, but Kim’s tense posture relaxed. If only a fraction. I finally allowed myself to breathe.

“Promise?” she asked, her voice much smaller than it had been. It was only then I saw that Kim had been just as scared as I was.

“Absolutely,” I swore, my eyes boring into hers. “Just give me five minutes to listen to what she has to say then I’ll let her know that I’m not available anymore.” No longer angry, Kim let me walk up to her and wrap my hands around her waist.

“Damn right you’re not,” she swore. A rare occasion. Looking up at me, she held a mock glare. “Fine, I trust you. Just don’t take too long. You’re responsible if I end up having to kick her butt.” Said with a joking smile, Kim’s eyes exposed the truth of her warning.

Geez…

“Don’t worry,” I gave her hips a small squeeze. “I’ll be back before you know it.” Despite my smile, Kim’s expression didn’t relax. The last thing I saw before turning the corner and heading toward the exit was her anxious features, staring after me in a way that seemed oddly ominous.

As soon as I escaped Kim’s view I felt my posture droop with relief. It was a short jog out of the school and around the building. I looked around, trying to see if Yori had hidden herself. But as luck would have it, she was standing clear as day right where I had told her.

The sun was beaming down from above as I strolled under the large shadow of the school wall. Tall red brick outlined its outside, as ugly as the rest of the aging building.

Walking toward the young woman, I was surprised to find something close to anger building in my chest. I’d been too panicked to realize before, but I was kind of upset. What the hell was she thinking coming to my school like that? Twice, even after she saw the commotion her first visit had caused. Still, I had been the one to ditch her to get laid so I couldn’t be too mad. Keeping this in mind I reinig my emotions in forcing my face into a mask of friendliness. “Okay, I’m here,” I announced myself, stopping just within arm’s reach. “What’s up?”

Despite watching me approach, Yori still took a moment to stare at me, her hazel eyes scouring my face as they sometimes did. Strangely enough, this time I managed to catch a small flash of emotion. But what?

“Sorry, but can we make this quick?” I awkwardly asked. “I really don’t want to see what’s going to happen if Kim actually comes after us.” Her head tilted to the side.

“Possible-San, she is the reason you failed to keep your promise to meet with me.” It wasn’t a
question. She didn’t even sound mad. Though, I couldn’t help but still feel defensive.

“Ah, yea. Sorry about that. I didn’t mean to leave you hangin’ like that. Something… came up.” And
as though she couldn’t already read my every twitch, I was horrified to feel my cheeks beginning to
heat up. She didn’t speak for a few moments.

“You seem much closer to Possible-San since our last time together.” Whatever I had been expecting
her to say, that wasn’t it.

Scratching the back of my head, I wasn’t sure what she was asking. “Yea,” I decided. To my
surprise, a smile appeared on her face.

“Then I am glad.” She lowered her head. Though, strangely I couldn’t help but feel her tone sounded
sad.

“Really?” I questioned, not sure how much I could trust what I saw. Yori was just too distant from
everything. Like nothing could ever really affect her. I’d thought she liked me, but honestly I could
never say for sure.

“Yes,” she answered seemingly honest, “it brings me great joy to know you were able to share your
affections with someone you care for so deeply.” Most of the time Yori had a pretty good grasp of
the English language. Heck, sometimes even better than me. But other times she said things that
needs some time to think about for a bit.

“Thanks?” I finally offered, assuming she was supporting our relationship. She didn’t respond.

With a deep breath, her smile disappeared back into the calm mask she hid behind. “Stoppable-San,”
she spoke, kinda freaking me out with her intense gaze. “Yamanouchi requires you once again. It is
time for you to return.”

I tried not to show my disappointment. “Yea, I kind of figured.” Letting out a long sigh, I winced at
the thought of needing to lie to Kim again. “How long do you think it will take this time?” I
questioned. A small furl appeared between Yori’s brows. Mistaking her reaction as disapproval, I
rushed to explain, “Just so I can think of something to tell Kim. She’s not going to be happy if I just
disappear for a few days.”

I tried to offer her a smile and a laugh. But her expression didn’t change. I quickly recognized a
solemn air surrounding the ninja. My grin slowly faded. “What’s wrong?”

“I apologize Stoppable-San,” she bowed her head low to her waist. “It seems I misspoke. When I
said you would be returning to Yamanouchi, I did not mean simply as a visit.” At this point I could
feel a ball of ice forming in the pit of my stomach. I’d only understood about half of what she was
talking about, but it was enough to know I didn’t want to hear what was next.

Instead of stopping her, I just continued to stand there. Confusion and denial on my stupid face,

“Rather,” she went on, “once you arrive, you will not leave until your training has been completed.
And even then… Yamanouchi will remain as your home.”

For a few seconds it was all I could do to keep breathing and hide from panic. On the back of my
head I could feel an afternoon breeze break against my hair, tickling my scalp. I focused on this until
I was calm enough to speak.

Opening my eyes, a full minute must have passed yet Yori remained the same. “Yori,’ I smiled,
shaking my head with a bit of nervous laughter. “Don’t be ridiculous. This is my home. I live in
Middleton.” Despite my best efforts, the sight of Yori’s reluctant expression turned my insides to knots.

“This was not meant to be my burden.” Yori sighed, casting a sad expression to the floor. “Master Sensei was meant to explain to you. But you sent him away. And he has been unable to reach you since. So now this task is for me to take up.” Speaking more to herself, than to me, I was seriously getting freaked out. This didn’t sound like another Monkey Fist plot. This sounded serious. She sounded serious. Which meant I should be all the more afraid if she actually intended to follow through with what she spoke of.

“Yori!” I exclaimed, no longer smiling. “What the heck is going on? Why are you trying to get me to move to Japan?”

Still looking sad, she turned her eyes back to mine before looking away. “Your sudden growth, it was… unexpected. If we’d had more time to prepare for it, to prepare you for it, this would not need to be so abrupt.” She still wasn’t making any sense. I told her this.

“We have been watching you,” she suddenly reviled, shaking me to my very core. “Always watching. And waiting for the power we knew to exist inside of you to appear.” She took another deep breath, this time shuttering. It was the most emotion I had ever seen her show.

“You have been feeling stronger, yes?” she asked. Though she gave me no time to answer, “Faster as well. Things that once seemed impossible before are now well within reach.” Before I could think to stop her, suddenly her hand was pressed against my chest.

“Master Sensei was able to feel the change in your chi. It had been so sudden, we were unsure if it was real.” Again she stepped closer, just enough that I could smell the sweat Sakura petals from her clothes. “But it is.” She breathed. “Anyone who has been trained for such things can see it clearly. You have changed more than anyone could have guessed.”

There were a thousand things going through my head tight then. And having Yori so close certainly didn’t help my clarity. Even still, I had to face the question of me leaving Middleton. In the end, it was the only thing that really mattered.

“So… what, am I supposed to just drop everything and follow you to Yamanouchi? Go back to learning how to be a ninja?” Even as I said it, I felt like laughing at the ridiculous idea. It only made Yori’s next words hit that much harder.

“No,” she answered, lifting her eyes to stare intently into mine. “You must return to Yamanouchi to inherit the position as its next Master Sensei.”

If anyone had been around to see the picture of me and Yori, I’m fairly confident they would have laughed. At the very least because of my shocked, open mouth expression.

I knew Master Sensei. Master Sensei was kind. He was wise. He was patient. He was someone to look up to. He was not Ron Stoppable.

“Yori…” I paused, looking for something to say to what she had just told me. Finally, after a moment, I realized there was only one thing to say.

"I can’t.”

Yori didn’t even pause. “It is your destiny. As well as your honor.”

“Because I got blasted by a couple of magic monkey statues?!” I exclaimed. “You guys really need
to work on your selection process.” Yori only sighed.

“Stoppable-San, from the moment of your birth it was decided that you would be the one to take up the name of Master Sensei.” Yori lowered her head. “The jade monkey idols were only a single step in the path that would lead you to your destiny. You are the one meant to lead us.” And to my growing horror, I watched the young girl bow low to the ground, the long dark strands of her hair lifting off her head.

“Jesus.” I swore.

Taking a step back, I needed to think. I couldn’t do this. I couldn’t be a master. Unfortunately, it didn’t look like I was going to be able to get Yori to believe me.

I looked at my hands, feeling the power she spoke of. As much as I hated to admit it, she was right about me getting stronger. When I could get it working, I really was different. Was that who I was meant to be? Could… could they make me that?


For our relationship to end so soon after it had just started, I can’t let that happen. And once I realized this, everything else just clicked into place.

Stopping my pacing, I looked at Yori to find her watching me, the barest hint of anxiety peeking from under her cool demeanor. “I-I’m willing to go with you,” I answered, blushing under the sudden surprise and excitement that appeared on Yori’s face. “Just so long as I can bring Kim.” Just as soon as Yori’s face dropped, I felt my stomach go with.

“I… am afraid that cannot be possible.” She soft replied. My eyes widened.

“What!? Why?” Scrambling, I could think of any reason. “You know she’s a great fighter. Heck, she’s great! She’ll probably be even stronger than me!”

With a respectful nod, Yori replied, “I do not doubt Possible-San’s strength as a warrior. However, putting aside her influence over you, something the future leader of our school cannot have, she is simply too exposed to the world to ever live a life in the shadows. The world would never forget her face, even after a lifetime of hiding.”

I swallowed against my throat my eyes flickering desperately. “But… but I’m just as known!” I argued, “Every mission she’s went through, I’ve been right by her side.” At this, Yori’s face cracked to reveal a frown.

“Yes,” she agreed, “you have. And yet how many people can even remember your face?” I flushed with both anger and shame. Seeing this, she quickly continued, placing a hand on my arm.

“Be calm Stoppable-San. I do not mean this in dishonor, but in praise. You shield your presence as natural as breathing.” She stared at me like this was a great feat, like I should understand what she was saying. Seeing my confusion she just smiled before going into deeper detail. “Tone, body language, expressions, all of these must be shed through certain techniques to allow a person to fall on the back of one’s mind. Yet you, without ever being taught, have already mastered them.”

Taking a step closer, she looked up at me with an expression I had never seen before. Whatever it was left my insides strangely warm and pleasant.
“Possible-San lives in the light, protecting the world as a symbol to look up to. To inspire hope during even the darkest of times. But you, Stoppable-San, protect it from the shadows. Easily forgotten but also unexpected. Allowing you to wait and strike only when necessary. That is what Yamanouchi stands for and it is you that embodies that mentality.”

I was enraptured by her words, each one making my face burn that much hotter. No one ever talked about me like that. Like… Like I was someone. Like I was competent. The only thing that ever came close was Shego. This was killing me.

“I… I can’t just leave Kim,” I pleaded, my expression becoming tortured as I tried to imagine it. “Please, isn’t there anyway that she can come? Anything? Please I,” I paused, actually feeling my throat tighten with emotion. “I love her.”

If I ever saw a real emotion on Yori’s face, it was then. Despite being taller than her, the young woman seemed to tower above me as she exposed her pity. In my heart I prayed she would see my pain and change her mind. However, at best I knew my only chance would be if I stayed in Middleton. Either would be fine. Just so long as I could have Kim. But she would give me neither.

So wrapped up in the shock and emotion of what Yori was telling me, I’d neglected to realize just how close we had become. This only made it that much easier for her to reach up and place her lips against mine.

Blinking in unadulterated surprise, I was nearly blown off of my feet at the sudden change in topic. Just a second ago I’d been on the verge of heart break. Now the muscle seemed to burn with tender warmth.

She was surprisingly strong, which isn’t actually all that surprising now that think about it. At the moment, she held her hand against the back of my neck, cutting off any chance I might have had of pulling away. Though, in perfect honest, I can’t say I would have wanted to.

Yori was adorable in her little school girl outfit. And I’d be lying if I said I never wondered what it would feel like to get a real kiss from her.

It was soft, a stark contrast to the iron like hold her hands trapped me in. Her chest pressed against mine. It only made the sensation of her nail’s digging in the back of my neck that much more sensitive. I never took her as the aggressive type. But I couldn’t say I hated it either. Finally, after a long few moments, she released me, leaving a confused, lost expression on my face just as tragic as before.

She stayed close. Close enough for me to still feel the generous curve of her surprisingly large breasts. Releasing me, I felt her touch linger over the indentations left behind. A comforting motion, the small pain bled away. And her hand moved to my cheek where she forced my eyes to meet hers.

“Ron,” she spoke, disregarding any honorifics. “You will not be alone. Just as it is your destiny to lead the next generation of Yamanouchi, it is mine to be by your side in both life and duty.” I couldn’t even think to stop her as she kissed the bottom lip of my gaping mouth.

Silent, what was there to say? This wasn’t the Yori I was used to. Aloof, vague, always hiding something under a coy smile. She was baring herself to me completely and all I could was stand there. Even realizing this didn’t change a thing. What the hell was I supposed to do?

“My apologies if I am a poor replacement, but it is and always has been my honor. Just as this is yours. Weather it pleases you or not. We must all make sacrifices in the battle for balance. Even Possible-San. So please, if not for me, than for the world Possible-San fights for, will you come with
me?"

How could she ask me that? How could she ask me when she’d left me with no way to refuse? Destiny, honor, protection, everything that Kim stood for. How could I just throw that away? I couldn’t. I can’t.

I couldn’t speak. Even just nodding my head took everything in me. It was so unfair, but when was life ever? Yori’s smile was a single comfort in a world of pain. Staring up at me, she had the same expression as before, still just as alien and confusing.

Oh… it was pride.

“You honor us greatly.” Yori thanked me. With her hand she caressed may face one last time before pulling away. Taking her warmth with her.

“We understand what we are asking of you. So, please take a day to say goodbye to your family and loved ones. As I said, once your training is finished you will permitted to visit. But even with your advanced growth, that will still be for some time I’m afraid.” Pausing just long enough to regard me one more time, Yori bowed before turning her back.

“I will see you tomorrow. Please be ready by nightfall. And, Ron? Please remember that hearts are strong. Even broken they fulfil their duty.” And before I could blink the space where Yori had been standing was now empty.

All through her parting I had yet to move. Too absorbed by the even sounds of my own breathing. Which is just how I like it. What’s there to think about anyway? This is… the worst.

I can’t say long I stood there behind the school. My mind was too lost in its own haze. All I knew was that one second, I was staring at Yori, and the next my ears were ringing with the sound of the school bell.

Looking around, I blinked with surprise. Had I really been out here that long? Even worse, when I moved to scratch my head, I winced at the sensation on my hand, my knuckles bleeding in the absence of skin. Blinking at it, I felt the pain in a numb sort of throbbing. How had that happened?

Glancing up, my eyes landed on the pale rough surface of the outside stone wall. A few flecks of wet red color glittered against its side. Huh, I guess I punched the wall. Weird.

I found myself walking back to class before I’d ever made the decision. I guess some part of me still worried about attendance. The hallways that normally struck me as a kind of hell were now irrelevant. Even the never ending stream of shoulders seemingly intent on knocking me down wasn’t enough to pierce the haze.

I’d forgotten Kim and I shared the same fifth period. Seeing her, arms crossed and spitting fire, was the first thing to shake me from my revere.

I wish I’d stayed numb…

My chest seemed to implode on itself all at once. A sensation that drew from my darkest depths and threatened to crawl up and out of my throat. I just manage to swallow it down.

“Well,” Kim sighed, “look who decided to show up. Guess you two had a lot to talk about.” She didn’t bother to hide her distain. I knew what she was thinking, what she was no doubt picturing that had taken me so long. I wanted to explain myself. To calm her down like I had a thousand times before. But I couldn’t find the strength.
What was the point? Why bother? After all, wouldn’t this be better? At least this way when I leave she won’t be sad. My mind came to this point almost listlessly. Drifting from one thought to the next without much direction.

“Ron?” lacking the fire, her voice was softer now. Concerned. I lifted my eyes for the first time to look at her, only to find the hole in my chest pang at her soft features and gentle eyes. ‘Damn, Yori wants me to say goodbye, when I can’t even look at her.’ Too shaken to do anything else, I forced myself past the teen in hopes of escaping those beautiful green orbs.

“Ron!” I could hear her following after me. Her feet marching in tune with mine. I sat myself in my desk and stared stubbornly at the wooden surface.

“Ron, talk to me! What happened? What’s wrong with you?” If only I could tell her how much her concern made this worse. I nearly broke feeling her hand reach out against my back.

“Alright everyone! Time to calm down and plant those butts in some seats. That means you Jacobs!” Walking into class, Barkin was his usual domineering self. Whipping students into place and oppressing any would-be rebels.

Very quickly the crowded room settled as everyone made their way to their assigned seats. Barkin made his way to the front of the class and was about to begin when the picture of Kim still standing made itself known. “Possible, what’s the hold up?” Kim, the only student not in her seat, stared at him wide eyed.

“I-I just need to talk to Ron for a second.” Her cheeks were warm from all the attention. I just kept my head down. Barkin raised an eyebrow in my direction, but otherwise didn’t react.

“You can talk to Stoppable after class, unless of course whatever you have to say is important enough to keep the rest of the class from starting?” he raised his eyebrows expectantly.

“Wha-? No of course no-.” Kim blushed that much harder holding up her hands.

“They plant it, Missy!” Barkin barked. Cutting her off before she could even finish her sentence. Kim then marched embarrassedly up to her seat at the front of class listening as the rest of students laughed at her destress.

Seeing Kim walk away all I could feel was relief. Free to slip back to my dream like state, time seemed to slip by in a blink of eye. In and out of reality, I would wake up enough to peer towards her direction. And each time I was always met with the sight of her concerned expression twisted back to stare at me. Each time slightly more distressed than the last. By the time class was over, it was all I could to keep from comforting her in any way I could.

I knew what my plan was even before the bell rang. No sooner did the metallic ‘cling’ vibrate throughout the school, was I out of my seat and rushing past the door frame. I thought I could hear Kim’s voice calling to me. But I ignored this, using the brief period of time before the hallways were flooded to dash ahead and leave the confused red head staring in my direction.

I’d outrun Shego, I’d outrun Monkey Fist, I’d outrun mutated genetic experiments. I could outrun a teenage girl.

Chest heaving, lungs burning, sweet stung my eyes as it streamed down my face. I was a block away from my house by the time I stopped. By then the adrenalin and oxygen coursing through my veins had all but eliminated the haze that had coddled me up to this point. Now I was awake, and aware of all the pain and sadness I’d done my best to avoid.
Everything I’d worked for. Everything I’d ever dreamed about, gone. I didn’t want to leave Kim. Who was going to look after her once I was gone? Who was going to keep her safe? We’ve been together since pre-k. How was I supposed to live without her?

Halfway through my turmoil the image of my house came into view. This only reminded me that I would be needing to pack for my upcoming adventure. Like I needed today to get any more depressing. A hand in each pocket, my gaze was cast low as I soldiered up the sidewalk.

I wasn’t looking forward to looking through all my crap and deciding what to keep. At least I’ll be able to keep some pictures. It was at this thought that the sound of an unexpected voice caught my attention.

“Yoohoo! Ronald! Guess who’s home?!” and to my surprise, as well as horror, looking up the sight of my mother frantically waving her hands greeted me like the worst kind of picture. “Over here!” as though I could clearly see her.

I looked at the drive way only to feel suspicion become reality. Trunk open and boxes strewn about, it seemed my parents were returning to day of all days. How could I have forgotten? Though, I guess the better question would have been why would I have bothered to remember.

If only to stop my mother’s over excited greeting, I raised my hand to wave back. This placated her long enough for me to approach the car only to have my ear drums pierced by the sound of her voice.

Man, it would have been so much easier to just slip away while they were out on one of their rips. Not to mention cleaner. Though, looking at her something about leaving without a word did seem cruel now. They deserved to at least say goodbye to their only child. Just as much as any other parent. I wasn’t looking forward to trying to explain it...

“Oh, Ronald! I’m so glad you’re here!” blond and round faced just like myself, my mother’s cheeks seemed to slit with her beaming grin. Opening my arms, I forced an inferior smile and played the part of a good son and waited for a hug. Unfortunately, today I wasn’t permitted even this much.

“Ugh,” grunting, my eyes blinked at the sudden weight in my arms.

“Your father is being no help at all. Be a dear and help your mother with these boxes?” I opened my mouth to answer, but she couldn’t be bothered to wait. “Such a good boy.” Before I could even think to argue she was turned away and reaching for another.

Looking at the box in my hands, I adjusted my grip before sighing tiredly. If I was going to tell her, I might as well get it over with now. You never know, they might actually want to spend the day with me.

In a huff I carried the heavy box she’d handed me and dropped it into the nearby grass. Dusting my hands, I turned back towards the tall blond woman, and feebly attempted to prepare myself for what I needed to say.

“Hey, M-Mom? I ah, need to talk to you about something.” I vied for her attention.

“Oh, so do I!” she gasped, completely ignoring my nervous tone. A dazzling smile appeared from the car as she turned. “You wouldn’t believe how wonderful the trip was!” she gushed. And before I could stop her, I quickly found my back cracking as another box filled my arms. I put it with the last one.

“That’s great, mom. But can you please listen for a-.”
“Oh! And the trees!” another box. “They were beautiful, Ron.” Another box. “We could not have picked a better time of year. A little chilly, but that just made the camp fire even toastier!” yet another box was dropped into my arms. I bit the side of my cheek.

“Mom!” I spoke up. The top of my eyes just cleared the stack. Not that she was even looking in my direction. “I can’t wait to hear all about yours and dad’s trip, honestly. But can it wait just a minute? I really need to tell you something.”

“What’s that?” she asked from inside the trunk. “Oh sure sweetie, don’t mind me. You go right ahead.” I took a deep breath before continuing.

“O-Okay, thank you.” Always the polite young man.

My mother continued to root around in the car, but at least she’d stopped talking. This wasn’t the kind of conversation I was hoping to have with my mom’s butt, but with the rest of her still buried in the back of the car it was as good as I was going to get. I took a quick breath before continuing.

“Um, so I’m not really sure how to say this. But, tomorrow I’m going to be leaving for a while, and I don’t know when I’ll be back.”

I waited for a second to see what my mother had to say. It wasn’t everyday a mom hears he son say he was about to up and leave after all. Inside the trunk of the car, I could still hear the sound of boxes being shuffled and moved. Briefly I thought I could hear the faint sound of my mother humming. I took this as a sign of acknowledgment.

“I guess I just wanted you and Dad to know that I’ll be safe, and happy. At least I think so. I don’t know if I’ll be able to write or anything. So this might be the last time you hear from me. At least for a while.” Again, mom gave a short hum. And I was left standing there, blinking.

I tried to think if there was anything left I needed to say. But to be honest, her lack of reaction was kind of throwing me for a loop.

“Wow. You’re ah, taking this pretty well. That’s good I guess. Um, I suppose the only thing left is that, I want you and to know I love you and…that- that, ah” I sighed, annoyed. “Can you… look at me for a second? I just want to see- I don’t know- how you’re handling this?” Mom didn’t answer, reaching far back into the car. My face pinched into a grimace.

“Mom!” I called. And this time she finally pulled herself out to give a wide expression.

“What dear?” she asked. I could only stare, not sure at all as to why I was surprised.

“W-what do you think?” I finally asked. She continued to smile, blinking twice before answering in the same upbeat tone.

“About what?” my face fell.

“You know what? Never mind.” I sighed suddenly too tired to bother. Mom answered with yet another box. And for the first time since speaking with Yori, I felt anger burn in my chest.

“Oh good,” she chirped. “Because I have the funniest joke our guide told us on the trip up the mountain. And- Ron? Ronald, were are you going? Ronald your mother is speaking to you!” Less than half way through her sentence and I was already starting up the drive way. The pile of boxes she handed me rested in the grass.

It wouldn’t do any good to get upset. I could scream in her face all day and be lucky if three words
stuck past her own voice. I already knew that about her. Nothing’s changed. At this point, walking away was my only option.

“Ron Stoppable!” she called after me. And after a pause, “Someone didn’t do a very good job helping Mommy!” But I was already gone.

Inside of the house wasn’t much better. Knowing my parents were home, it felt wrong. Like I’d been invaded. I knew it was technically their house, but with how much they disappear, I’ve learned to be more comfortable without them.

Mom was going to be unpacking for a while. And as much as I’d like to sit them both down to talk, this might be my only chance to talk to dad without mom as competition. And rather than check the whole house, I knew exactly where to go.

Up the stairs and down the hall, I looked up to the panel outlined along the ceiling. Dangling bellow was a long thick string. A small tug was it took to drop the hanging ladder. I watched it slide to the floor.

My mother hated the attic. Too quite she said. Naturally my dad decided to make it his office as well his hiding place for whenever he needed Mom to get out of his hair for an hour or two. Just like I expected, poking my head into the dark and dreary room I spotted the small frame of my father hunched over his desk and struggling with what looked to be a Rubix cube

Climbing into the room the last rung squeaked under my foot. Dad looked up, startled. But spotting his son, he relaxed and gave me a pleasant, if not cautious smile.

“Well, hello, Son.” He greeted me. Immediately he dropped his puzzle. His eyes lingered over my shoulder, a slightly sour glimmer lingering. “Your, ah, mother didn’t happen to send you up after me, did she?” And shaking my head, I had to smile at the relief on his face. “Good,” he sighed. “Then pull up a seat!”

Other than his own chair, dad kept a spare for when I joined him. It was one of my childhood memories I could smile back on.

“Honestly I don’t mind helping unpack,” he felt the need to explain as I took my seat on the other side of his desk. “But your mother insisted on packing up half the house it seems. I mean why on earth would we ever need a waffle iron in the middle of the wilderness?” He shook his head looking truly baffled. “I must have been unpacking for half the trip. My back just can’t take much more.” And picking up his puzzle, he stared at it for a moment before blinking in my direction. “Oh, but enough about that. How are you doing today son?” he smiled kindly.

Smiling at my old man, I was once again struck with the issue of how to tell him my news. “I-I need to talk to you.” I finally managed. And other than adjusting his glasses, he remained silent giving me his full attention. Without even realizing, I gave a sigh of relief.

“I’m going away.” I said it bluntly. This time leaving no room for interruption. Perhaps it was a bit frank considering the situation. “To Japan. Um, some people came for me, from the foreign exchange student program that I went to? And… Dad, they want me to come with them and I don’t think I can say no. I-I have to leave tomorrow. I just wanted you to know.”

Going silent, I feared my father’s response. Already I could see his deep brown eyes squint behind his glasses, searching my face with something close to concern. His mouth opened with a slow breath.
“Tha- That’s wonderful Ronald!” he exclaimed, a sudden smile brightening his face.

“Is it?” I found myself asking.

“Of course,” my father laughed. “You’ve been scouted son. By an international school by the sound of it. That will look great on your applications for when you start applying for collage.” Standing up, he reached across the table and gave my shoulder a firm pat. I almost didn’t want to correct him.

“Dad, no-no.” I ran a hand through my hair. “Dad, listen. This isn’t a private school.” I paused. “I mean, I guess it kind of is, but that’s not important. I’m trying to tell you that I… I might not be coming back.” I stopped breathing. A solemn expression ghosted over my father’s face as he stared at me. And shivering, I actually thought that for a moment my father understood the situation.

“So… a boarding school then? That would make sense I suppose. Being all the way in Japan. But don’t worry, Son, I know it’s scary but you’ll be back before you know it. Thanksgiving is just around the corner after all.” I had to stop myself from getting up and pacing around the room.

“Dad,” I sighed. Each word getting harder and harder to speak, “I won’t be able to come home for Thanksgiving.”

“Well, I suppose Hanukah isn’t much farther. You’ll be able to hang on till then, right?” I wanted to scream.

“I can’t come home for Hanukah either dad.” My tone was growing strained but if my father heard it, he did show me.

“Of course you can!” he didn’t so much as blink. “It’s your religion son. What kind of school wouldn’t respect that?” I felt a part of me snap.

“Ninjas!” I exclaimed. “A school of ninjas, that’s who!” And I was sure now he’d have to understand at least a little of what I was saying.

“Ninjas?” he blinked. He sounded perplexed. I stared at him, praying that he’d finally listen. I really should be used to disappointment by now. “What does their mascot have to do with anything?”

Rather than answer, I found myself completely drained. The last of my patience, pity, and most of all, sanity sucked from my body simply from attempting to have a three minute conversation with each of my parents. Suddenly I found myself more exhausted than I ever remember being.

Without another word I stood up from my chair. I could feel my father’s eyes on my back as I walked away. “Your mother and I are very proud of you, Son.” My father’s voice spoke. Turning to glance at him, I felt my face cringe at his expression. So ignorantly happy.

Faster than normal, I rushed out of the room. I couldn’t be up there anymore. I couldn’t be around either of them without feeling like I was going to explode. Down the folding stairs, I hardly made it to my room before it was slammed closed.

I struggled to control my breathing. Pressing my back against the wooden door, I closed my eyes trying to block out all the things weighing down on me. I wanted to escape. I wanted to do the one thing I was good at and keep running until I didn’t feel afraid anymore.

Walking over to my bed, I tried to rationalize my parent’s ability to listen like I had a thousand times before. It would be better this way. They can forget about me gradually, instead of all at once, I’d miss a few holidays, then a few birthdays and eventually I’ll just disappear. Become a memory
I couldn't swallow past the lump in my throat. Before I could stop myself, my mind drifted to Kim and her family and all the people I still needed to say good bye to. The problem was… I’m not sure I have it in me. I don’t know if I’m strong enough. I don’t know if I can look Kim in the eye and tell her I’ll never see her again. What am I going to do?

The overwhelming weight of the day left little else to be felt. I nearly cursed as I recognized the wet feeling of tears on my face.

God fucking damnit.

The sound of footsteps followed up to my door. It swung open without so much as a single knock. “Honestly, Ronald are you going to make your poor mother lug all those boxes back-.” Bursting through my door, my mother’s voice only paused when she stopped to look at my pathetic state. Cheeks burning, I should have guessed she would pick now of all times to walk in.

In the briefest of seconds, I thought something close to concern flashed across her features. I was quickly corrected. “Oh Ronald, stop being dramatic and come help your mother.” She literally waved me off with her hand as she rolled her eyes. She sighed before turning back towards the hallway. “Always so sensitive, ever since you were a boy. You can at least try to be useful.” That was all she said before closing the door behind her.

The profound lack of empathy hit me like a blow to the chest. Staring after her, I didn’t move long enough for the feint trails crawling down my cheeks to dry. I eventually managed to make myself stand, the crusted remained falling away with a simple whip of my hand.

She was right. What had I really been expecting? For them to drop everything just because I was leaving? I was being selfish. Just because I had problems didn’t mean I needed to burden others with them. Better to keep smiling. Like when Bonnie insulted me, like when Drakken can’t even remember my name, like when I start to feel what everyone says about me is right. Just keep smiling. Keep. Smiling. And I did just that, even when the effort seemed to hurt.

Stepping towards the door, I made the mistake of glancing towards a mirror and saw the face staring back at me.

People, villains love to call me a screw up. A clown. Right now I didn’t know if I could correct them.

A/N: And so we see Ronald hit his lowest point. Broken, dejected, and all too ready to simply give up. The question remains, what does a desperate man do when he has nothing to lose? I think we’ll all enjoy the answer.

ANOUNCEMENT: for a good while I’ve been wanting to try my hand at a time stop type story. There are so few on the internet and even less that are done well. I just wanted to throw my hat into the ring. And so, in two weeks, at the same time I drop Chapter 8 for Ron’s Toys, I will be posting the first chapters of, not just one, but two new stories. Each handle the subject a little differently but I think people will enjoy them all the same. It would mean a lot if you guys were to check them out. The fandoms and protagonists include-

Life is strange featuring Warren Graham. AKA- Call Me Doctor

And
RWBY featuring Jaune Arc. AKA- Sense of Semblance.

Quick warning, the life is strange fic is slightly more skewed towards non-consensual category. Please do not feel obligated to read if that makes you uncomfortable.

Next chapter- February 5th.
Chapter 8 – Makin’ Me Some Lemonade

I’m standing in front of the Possible home feeling my heart thundering in my chest.

Mom’s boxes had taken up a good chunk of my day. And the rest had been spent just feeling sorry for myself. Considering the limited amount of time I had left, it probably wasn’t the best idea. But truth be told, I couldn’t imagine I was up for much else.

Getting ready this morning had been surprisingly routine. Shower, dress, eat, and say good bye to the folks. I even grabbed my backpack. Like it mattered if I went to school today.

Adjusting the strap, I tried to walk forward for what felt like the hundredth time. I will say a night’s sleep had improved my mood a bit. At least I wasn’t the same kind of crushed as yesterday. But there wasn’t enough rest in the world to ease the painful anxiety that I felt thinking of a way to greet Kim.

She had to be upset. After yesterday there is no way she doesn’t think I was doing something with Yori. Which left me with a choice. Do I correct her, or let her believe I’m running off with another woman? It would be better if Kim hated me, if only for her.

I was weak, I can admit that. I always have been. Even the thought of leaving Kim without telling her why made my heart clench painfully. I had to make a decision. I just didn’t know how.

For good or bad, it seems I’ve stood outside my girlfriend’s house longer than I’d thought. Before I had the chance, my decision to face Kim was taken away from me.

The sound of a door opening forced me from my thoughts. In that slip second, I prayed to any god that would listen for Kim to not be on the other side. But like most disasters in my life, I was alone.

The bright red of Kim’s head emerged from her home. I was sure I was going to be caught. But stopping halfway out the door, Kim turned and yelled into her home. “Feel better mom. I left the tea on the counter. Try and get some sleep, okay?” She turned to close the door after her, but I was already diving head first behind a cluster of garbage cans.

Clang.
I panicked, putting too much momentum into my jump. I couldn’t stop myself from slamming headfirst into the metal bins. The metal rang throughout the quite morning neighborhood. I held my breath, eyes wide with fear. Was there any chance she hadn’t heard that?

“Hello?” her voice called out in a clear tone. Cursing under my breath, I knew I was caught. The only question was if I could make a run for it.

“Who’s out there?” her tone hardened somewhat under this demand. Whatever confidence I had in getting away left with it. “Come out right now!” To my horror the sound of her voice was getting closer. She was walking toward me now, and if I didn’t do something she was going to find me.

I could already hear her footsteps. And even worse, it seems my back pack had completely turned upside down in the fall.

Twisting on reflex, my eyes locked on the pile of notebooks and pencils strewn about the asphalt. How could one guy possibly have this much luck and still be alive? However, the approaching footsteps was a reminder of the universe attempting to correct this oversight.

A glint in the sunlight caught my attention. Upon closer inspection, I was horrified to recognize the silver like surface of the Monkey Mask resting out in the open sun. In fact, everything I’d kept hidden away looked to be scattered around me. My breath froze.

My first thought was that Kim was going to find them, adding even more trouble to life. Then I remembered what these things actually did. Specifically a blue tech veined belt just within arm’s reach partially hidden beneath my history notes.

Time seemed to slow as I wrapped the garment around my waist. Clicking the middle button, the light screen glimmered into place just as the image of my friend broke around the corner. Her green eyes wide and angry enough to pierce through my defenses. Thankfully this was not the case.

They were trained directly on my person. But I saw no sign of recognition. Sat on the cold ground, I didn’t so much as breath as Kim scanned my direction. Finding nothing in the immediate area, her eyes turned toward the street and down each side. After a few moments, her tight expression pinched. And she looked about ready to swear.

Hand on her hips, Kim shook her head while running her fingers through her hair. Rather than annoyed, I was surprised to find Kim’s face closer to disappointed than anything else. Had she known it was me? Regardless, with nothing else to distract her Kim gathered her belongings and started toward school. It was all I could do watch her retreat and not gasp out loud.

I’d managed to hide like the rodent I was, but that didn’t actually solve anything. I was back to where I’d started with nothing to show for it.

Dejected, I figured I should start by collecting the mess on the street. One by one, I was reminded of the small collection I’d gathered over the past month. I guess in my effort to forget about them I’d… forgotten about them. Huh.

Double checking the belt, the sheer fact that I was alive proved it was still doing its job. The sleep pen and mask were also still in one piece, as was the go-phone. For a brief moment, I considered what I was going to do with them. It’s not like I could take them with me. And even if I could, why would I? I shook my head.

All this thinking was making my head hurt. In fact, it seems like I haven’t stopped thinking since I’d met with Yori. I’d give anything for just a normal day with Kim. Especially if this was going to be
Halfway through stuffing my note books back in their pocket, the idea came to me.

I was invisible. Who said I had to use these things just for evil? If I wanted, I could just follow her around for the day. No arguments, or questions, or anything. I could have my day with her and just leave. She would still hate me at the end of the day, but at least this way I think I could tolerate it. Just so long as I was able to walk away with a few more memories to cherish.

Standing up, I brushed myself off before looking to see if I’d left anything. I began sneaking after my friend.

Walking along the side walk, her face was turned low as she shuffled along. Worried, I weighed my chances before deciding to jog a few inches closer. Just enough to catch her expression. Blinking for a moment, I found myself shocked.

Deep bags under each eye left evidence of a long night of tossing and turning. To be honest, looking at her now I couldn’t help but compare her to myself the day before. However, what I found that really left my heart stinging were the tell-tale puffy and red lids left evident by most likely multiple bouts of tears.

I felt myself stumble. She’d been crying. Kim Possible had been crying, all because of me…

Feeling my insides wrench, I couldn’t help but think back to Drakken and his little diablo stunt. This girl, this woman, had been through so much. Weapons, villains, traps, you name it, all without even a hint of fear. Yet I was able to affect her this much. It just made me feel that much worse. And it was only going to be worse when I was gone.

The rest of the walk to school was done in utter silence. When the building finally came into view, I felt myself sigh, hopeful to see Kim surrounded by her best of friends.

The hallways were a little tricky, what with the hundreds of teenagers and me needing to avoid them less they stumble under my light field. But the more I thought about Yori’s words, the more I realized she was right about my growing abilities.

Not only was I able to stalk Kim the entire way to school, I’d done so walking right beside her without so much as a glance in my direction. Even the hall, that once was claimed as my mortal enemy seemed to have become child’s play as I slipped and dodged past bodies, all just as quiet as a Sunday stroll. By the time we reached Kim’s locker, I was almost smiling, staring down at my thin frame in awe. Why couldn’t I have felt this good all the time?

“Hey girl,” Monique, greeted her friend. Though this time her tone remained quiet, matching her cautious expression. “Any word?”

I watched Kim open her locker, sluggishly stowing her book bag before giving her friend a small shake of her head. Looking towards the floor, she closed the locker softly. “Nope,” she sighed, shaking her head in frustration before scanning the hall for what I could only guess was my face. Failing, she looked back towards her feet before crossing her arms and resting against her locker.

“What the hell is that idiot doing?!” Monique fumed, her eyes wide with furry. “If that nacho eating, mole rat loving, chump even thinks of showing his face, I’m gonna-!”

“Monique!” Kim exclaimed, the smallest hint of grin tugging at her face.

“Sorry,” she deflated some, but still seemed ready punch the nearest instigator, “but you know I love
you, girl. How am I supposed to not get worked up when this guy thinks he can do this to you?"

Hearing her friend’s claim, Kim couldn’t help but smile. Quickly it disappeared into an expression of fear. “It’s not just some guy, Mon. Its Ron, and I just want to make sure he’s alright… then you can punch him.”

“Alright?” Monique asked, eyeing her friend like she was crazy. “He’s shaking up with some schoolgirl looking honey, and you want to ask how he’s doin’?”

“It’s not that simple,” Kim swore, a wrinkle forming between her brows. Shaking her head again, she looked away from her friend, absent mindedly chewing on her bottom lip. I could still see her eyes, flickering randomly as her mind churned. Finally, casting her friend an uncertain glace, she spoke her mind.

“You should have seen him, I don’t think I’ve seen him look so… I don’t know, scared!” Eyes wide, she clearly recalled my expression as I stared at her.

“Yea, of you,” Monique explained, “breaking every bone in his body because he spent his entire lunch period snacking on little miss geisha’s face.” I felt my fist clench, aching to punch the dark skinned teen.

“No,” Kim shook her head, confident that this wasn’t the case. “I mean, I don’t think so. He didn’t look guilty or anything. And I’ve seen him fight things way worse than me. It wasn’t the same kind of fear…”

Closing her eyes, Kim rested against the cool wall of metal, exposing just how tiered she really was. “I don’t know Mon, I’m not even mad at this point. Until I have all the answers I’m too worried.” Smiling to herself, I watched a small chuckle shake her frame before leaking from her nose. “Hell, I’d settle for any answer.”

Looking more worried than upset, Monique moved close to the redhead to rest her arm against hers. Looking as though she wanted to say something, the dark skinned teen’s face was stuck, frozen between concern and an open mouth. Finally she just sigh, bending her neck to rest comfortably against Kim’s head.

“He has to show up some time,” she comforted her friend. In response Kim just leaned into her friend’s warmth, taking the moment calm her raging nerves. “And, you know, you always have that,” she emphasized, hushing her tone. At the mention of whatever it was Kim’s face pinched, looking uncomfortable. She moved away from her friend.

“I’d rather not if I have the chance. You know I hate when I have to.” Shrugging her shoulders, she turned back to Monique and smiled. “I’ll give him another day, after that if he hasn’t shown up and he’s not at home I’ll give Wade a call.

Standing on the side of the two teen’s all I could was look between them, wondering whatever the hell it was they were talking about. Unfortunately, before I had the chance think about it in any depth the school bell rang and Kim was forced to wave to her friend good bye. Casting them both one more glance, I finally gave up chasing after my friend.

XxX

You’d think, considering how much I despise school, that the thought of standing in the corner with nothing to do and no one to talk to would be the epitome of boredom. Well, turns out you’d be wrong.
The only class I had with Kim was our last, with Barkin. And even then we never got to sit close enough to make it mean anything. For once, I had the perfect opportunity to just sit back and watch her. I know, creepy, but honestly it was more enjoyable than you’d think.

Watching her focus on her text book or hurriedly scribble down notes; seeing her raise her hand and answer questions; even just admiring the cute little wrinkle she got on the ridge of her nose whenever she focused, it was all just so incredibly Kim that. for a moment, I even found myself forgetting the circumstance of the day.

If there was an empty desk close by I made myself at home. Otherwise I had to stand, usually between the isles. If there was any hope of my actually listening the lecture, that went out of the window as soon as I remember Kim was in advanced classes. Compared to my remedial, that was quite the bridge.

One thing that always impressed me about Kim was her resilience. Even heart broken, exhausted, and worried about me she still didn’t let her education suffer for it. In fact, seeing her fly through classes, I could actually watch her looking better. Almost. Not great, exactly. But better.

She was happy here, studying, succeeding. It’s what gave her that radiance that made her seem so otherworldly. I couldn’t help but feel it was a comfort to immerse herself and forget about the world for just a few hours.

By the time the final bell rang, she was actually smiling, happily helping one of her classmates work through a physics equation. At least, that’s what I thought it was.

Lunch had been a little tough. Despite her trying to be sneaky, surrounded by the rest of her friends, I could see that she’d been looking for me.

Barkin, of course, had ended up calling my name three times during attendance before outright asking Kim where I’d disappeared to. Kim had only able to shake her head, shrugging under the stares of all our classmates. Those moments, among a few others, were the ones that almost forced me to show myself. Thankfully, my cowardice held through.

All kidding aside, I had to admit that this little venture of mine had actually turned out better than I had expected. There were sad moments, sure. But so long as I didn’t focus on how the day was ending, I found myself actually enjoying myself quite a bit.

It was exactly what I had asked for. One last day with my best friend. Without the goodbye, without the strain of knowing that it was all going to end. It was kept pure this way. Complete and unaltered Kim. And… I was happy. Well, not happy, happy. But satisfied enough to know that Kim would be able to move past this given enough time. And that’s all I could ever want.

All that I was allowed to want.

We were walking down the south side of the school when I realized we were walking in the wrong direction. Looking around, I found myself blinking before recognizing the familiar gymnasium double doors quickly approaching.

I’d forgotten about cheerleading.

Entering the spacious room, the rest of the squad was already there milling about in their own sub-clicks. Kim walked forward, with me behind her, only to find the path blocked by Bonnie standing away from the rest of the group. She stood, arms crossed.

“So where’s the mascot?” she asked snidely. Her eyes narrowed as she seemed to stare Kim down.
Responding to the mean girl’s attention, I could see Kim’s shoulder slump, a familiar sign of exhaustion.

“I don’t know Bonnie,” she sighed, waiting for whatever biting comments the tanned cheerleader had saved up. Both of us expected Bonnie to jump at the chance like piranha smelling blood. Instead we found ourselves oddly surprised.

“Yea?” she asked, her tone actually close to gentle. “Well… just let me know if you want him to suffer. I can have every cheerleader on the squad and their boyfriends after his balls in an hour.” She seemed to struggle with the words, like she was unsure how to be nice. But passed the fidgeting and ironic eye rolls both me and Kim could see an actual effort to be kind. We didn’t know how to react.

“Wow…” Kim stuttered. “Ah, thanks… Bonnie.” And hearing the shock in her captain’s voice, Bonnie narrowed her eyes but nonetheless nodded her head.

“Good, I don’t give a shit who it is. No one disrespects Middleton high cheerleaders for some out of country hooch.” Then, with a single flip of her hair Bonnie stalked back to her own little group and assimilated into the conversation as easily as if she were always there. Meanwhile Kim and I could only stare in shock.

Looking over her shoulder, I stared at the brunette in utter disbelief. For as long as I can remember Bonnie had made it her life’s mission to torment Kim for everything she could. Which is why, seeing her not only pass up such an opportunity, but actually try and console Kim was actually universe breaking.

Glancing over at Kim, I wasn’t surprised to see her also staring after the brunette. But with a small smile on her face. I could see she was actually very touched by her rivals offer. Huh, must be a girl thing.

Before I had the opportunity to dwell on the matter, Kim continued to the middle of gym. There she stared up at the bleacher filled mass of fellow cheerleaders. Rather than join her, I made myself home on the opposite end of the gymnasium.

“Okay, girls!” She called, “eyes front.” Slowly the loud hum of conversation petered out as everyone turned their heads to give their attention. Waiting a few seconds, Kim forced a cheerful smile before continuing. “Last week we worked on building strength and conditioning so we can pull off our new cheer. I hope everyone’s had the opportunity to review the new routine I handed out last Thursday!” the group responded positively. “Good work!”

“Marcella,” she turned her attention towards the dark skinned teen seated in the very back, “you’ve been having some trouble keeping up with Tara during your summersaults. Try and work on your arm strength a bit during warm ups from now on, okay?” she asked. In response the girl with the mole just groaned, but nevertheless made sure to nod her head. Kim smiled.

“Great, and… Liz.” Her green orbs focusing on the only other redhead on the squad, “your herkies have improved a lot, but I’ve been noticing your legs shaking during the pyramid. Try and put in some extra squats when you can, okay? The last thing we want are for girls to get hurt.” Rather than be annoyed, Liz smiled sheepishly before nodding her head. Kim smiled back.

“Okay, and… Hope…” moving on to the next member Kim went on to explain her improvement and what she needed to work on. Then the next girl. Then the next. Watching all of this, I just leaned back in my seat with a smile on my face.

I always loved watching her like this, loved seeing her so in control. It was incredible how easily she
was able to take command. She was good at it too, I doubted anyone else would be able to gather this much information just by watching their teammates practice. She seemed so powerful and at home.

Blinking, I found myself surprised as I realized I was actually somewhat aroused at the sight. I’ve been so caught up in the drama and enjoying my last day with Kim, that haven’t been turned on since Yori. And, now that it was here, I found myself enjoying the sight of my girlfriend even more. So much so that, as her evaluation came to an end, I found myself genuinely disappointed.

“Okay girls,” she clapped her hands, “does everyone understand your assignment?” she asked. In response, being the teenagers that they were, she was answered with a wall of low moans making the groups seem more akin to zombies than the people responsible for school spirit. Kim must have agreed. “Let’s see some smiles, ladies!” she called. Marcella flipped her off. “Good! Let’s get started.”

The bleacher full of teens began to empty onto gym floor, their exposed thighs and bared midriff drawing my eyes as I watched them spread around the room. Part of me chastised my reaction, telling myself that I shouldn’t get so excited, and asking myself if I really wanted to spend my last day with Kim ogling other girls. My semi hard length throbbed in my pants as if to answer for me.

Kim, without giving it a second thought, moved to lift her shirt above her head, exposing the school colors emblazed on her uniform. This wasn’t unusual to see, as most cheerleaders chose to simply wear their equipment throughout school rather than go through the hassle of carrying it around and being forced to change. And it being on the colder side of fall, layers just made sense.

In my sudden awareness, I couldn’t help but be captivated by the sight, allowed to stare without repercussion as the hem of her top got caught in the pull of material, lifting it just enough to expose the bottom of the plain black sports bra she wore underneath. My crotch decided to speak up once more.

“Okay girls, time for warm ups!” Kim called as she pulled the loose material of her cargo pants to her feet. Kicking them away, I watched the back of her skirt fall against the purple spanks hiding her panties.

I could feel my mind turning against me already. This wasn’t the time, nor the place to have a sudden bout of teen-boy libido. But the effect she had me- that she always had on me- was irresistible. I sat up to watch closer.

Some girls were already starting to warm up, twisting their backs and crossing their arms. Others looked prepared to stall until the very last minute before they put in any effort. Regardless, as Kim called, “pare up!” each kind slowly separated until there were groups of girls seated all around the room.

Still looking around I was actually twiddling my thumbs just to give them something to do. I swallowed, nervously, trying to discern the correct course of action.

On one hand, I could argue that standing in the middle of a cheer group was very dangerous and could very easily lead to my discovery. Not to mention I had promised that I wouldn’t let these ‘toys’ or whatever change me or effect my behavior.

I blinked, I couldn’t help but feeling I was forgetting a very important fact.

I was leaving tomorrow, tonight even if Yori actually meant it. By this time tomorrow, I was going to be on the other side of the planet, everything I’ve done, everything that I am, completely erased. Up
until know, I’ve only been thinking about the bad things. Mainly thinking of leaving Kim. But what I failed to realize was the great opportunity this had provided.

From now until tonight, whatever I did, even if I was caught, would be rendered null in a matter of hours. Give than kind of power to a man and he was inclined to use it. And was I any different? Perhaps it was about time to see what these toys could really do for me.

Standing up from my bench, I slowly made my way towards the girls, watching for any sudden movement that might accidently put them within the fields range. And as I crept close, I could already feel my pants tighten.

Now, don’t get me wrong. It’s not like I haven’t been with around cheerleaders during practice. I’m the mascot, I kind of have to. But that doesn’t mean I get complete and unfiltered access to all the girls running and stretching. Quite the opposite in fact. Knowing that there is a boy in the room sends these girls on guard, almost like they can’t wait to catch you watching just so they can yell at you in front of the squad. I quickly learned to just keep my eyes forward or closed.

But no one could yell at me now, oh no. I’d like to see them catch me. And man, what I got to see. Never before was I so thankful for Middleton’s relaxed uniform regulations that allowed for such short skirts and high tops.

The first exercise for the day seemed to be toe touches, something that left my eyes wide with appreciation as round teenage bottoms stuck up all around the room. Being in pairs, as one girl preformed the exercise the other was responsible for counting down the time and correcting positions. Tara, being the closest as I passed by, greeted me ass first as I smiled in her direction.

“27, 26, 25…” Bonnie drawled out in a bored tone. Standing beside the stretching girl she looked about ready to fall asleep. Tara on the other hand had her face pinched tight in concentration as she fought to hold her knees straight position.

Glancing over at Kim, still a few groups away, I rocked back and forth before turning to give the blonde’s butt my full attention. I mean, I can’t spend every second with her…

Smiling to myself, I glanced at the hem of her skirt dangling inches from the middle of her thigh. I smiled mischievously before ducking towards the ground to stare up the skirt.

I felt my dick press against my pants. Honestly, I knew I wasn’t seeing their underwear or anything, but just the act of peering so obviously up these girl’s skirts was enough to get me ridged in my own pants.

Firm and pale, the skin of Tara’s thighs were incredibly smooth. Looking all the way up until they disappeared into her outer garment. Above us, Bonnie was still counting, staring at her nails rather than her partner.

“20, 19…”

“B-Bonnie,” Tara gasped, tension clear in her tone as she struggled to talk and breath in the tight position. Said tanned teen paused in her counting, but not without letting her irritation become clearly know.

“What?” she sighed, dramatically. Tara shuffled, adjusting her footing before panting in short quick breaths.

“I-I don’t think I’m doing this right. C-could you help position me please?”
“You’re doing toe touches,” Bonnie responded sarcastically, “are you touching your toes?” she asked, smiling like Tara was an idiot.

“W-well, yes, but…”

“Then you’re doing it right…” Bonnie cut her off. Tara’s face was turning red from the blood.

“Please!” Tara squealed, “You heard Kim, she says I need to work on my flexibility!”

With a dramatic roll of her eyes, Bonnie went back to staring at her nails. “Fine,” she answered, most likely just to stop her friend from talking. However, she made no move to touch the girl “There, happy?”

Tara paused, “A-Are… are you helping?” she asked, perplexed.

“Duh,” Bonnie bit, “can’t you feel my hand? I’m pressing on your back, see?” Again, she still wasn’t touching her, but was in fact too absorbed in filing her nails to even look at her supposed friend. Obviously feeling nothing, Tara fell into a confused silence.

Now, let me say something about Tara. While she is a fellow blond, and she may seem a bit… childlike at times, she isn’t stupid. Rather, she just has a reputation for being a bit gullible. And she had a bad habit of trusting the wrong types of people, mainly Bonnie. Which is why, seeing her plight, I couldn’t stop the evil thought from forming in my mind.

Glancing around quick, I double checked no one was looking before silently standing and moving to Tara’s side. Bonnie, the great friend that she is, was staring in the complete opposite direction of her friend, happily filing her nails. Everyone else was too absorbed in their own exercise or partner to think about looking up.

With no one looking, I daringly touched the light field allowing my right hand to appear in thin air. “Oh!” Tara squeaked, feeling my hand touch the exposed skin of her waist, “there you are. Thanks Bonnie!” she chirped.

Meanwhile all the other teen could do was shake her head, grinning at what she thought was her friend’s lack of intelligence. “Anytime Tar,” she hummed blowing on her nail. “Now, where was I? Oh, whatever, 60, 59,58…”

With her busy counting and Tara focused on her stretches, I allowed myself a moment to enjoy the heated surface of her skin. Slightly wet with perspiration, I didn’t mind in the least as I grouped the pale surface. Unfortunately for her, having taken an apple, I couldn’t help but crave the orchard. And slowly but surely, my hand began to move.

“Um, Bonnie…” Tara asked slowly. Reaching the waist of her skirt, no doubt she could feel the dramatic change of location.

“What now?” Bonnie bit, “do you want me to lose count again?”

“W-Well no. But… your hand…”

“What about it?” she demanded, “you’re the one who asked for my help. Don’t complain about it.”

“W-Well, I’m not really complaining. It’s just, don’t you think you’re getting a little…”

“Hey! Who’s spent the last twelve years in ballet?” Bonnie demanded.
“You did!” Tara squeaked.

“That’s right. So don’t you think I should know a thing or two about flexibility? Shit, I lost count again. I’m starting over, so don’t interrupt this time, got it?”

“Okay!” Tara swore, “Sorry!” Rather than answer, Bonnie just shook her head. Meanwhile, I couldn’t help but feel myself smile.

With the two of them once again busy, I let myself resume my pace letting my hand travel up the round curvature of Tara’s rear. Bent over, she couldn’t have been posed any better if I tried.

Round in all the right places, Tara had all the natural curvature girls craved without being chunky. It was actually the reason a lot of girls didn’t like Tara, jealously and all that. It explains why she had to be friends with Bonnie. I on the other hand didn’t mind in the least. Rather, as my hand moved to cup her left cheek, feeling its soft texture, I found myself very thankful for her incredible body.

Under the natural sway of her body, I could feel her hips moving back and forth, rubbing against my palm. After about thirty seconds, which totaled up to about three minutes, I could see Tara’s thighs starting to shake under the strain.

Remembering their pale color and soft looking texture, I felt my free hand twitch as it moved to go past the veil. Just like the other, it quickly found its home on the inside of Tara’s right thigh just under the hem of her skirt. I felt her rear jump at the suddenness of it. But, just like her friend had commanded, she remained silent, a low whine leaking from her nose as her features twisted into confusion.

I’d been bold up to this point. Hell, I’d say I’ve been down right ballsy. Way more than I should be considering what today was supposed to be about. But as my hand moved upward, I knew I was crossing a line.

While one hand caressed the malleable surface of Tara’s bottom, the other enjoyed the smooth, slightly sweaty skin of her thighs. Up and down, I moved in slow circles that drew me higher with each one. Finally, feeling the slick martial of her spanks brush against my thumb I knew I needed to pull back.

“!” releasing a squeak, Tara’s eyes were wide as she felt what she thought to be her best friend’s hand grouping her bottom and legs. But then, she was a ballet dancer. And for all she knew this could be some kind of exercise they used to… loosen up the glutes. Yea, that makes sense right? Well, for whatever reason she stayed quiet, just like Bonnie requested for all of the sixty seconds her partner counted down.

As soon as Bonnie reach zero I pulled back, retreating back into the safety of the belt. Standing up, Tara’s face was bright red. She stepped away from her friend warily, reaching back to touch the butt cheek I had been fondling. All the while her eyes just watched the other teen with the most confused expression. Bonnie, meanwhile, brushed this behavior aside hardly looked at the girl before she moved to touch her toes, thrusting her dancer’s ass high with little effort.

Meanwhile Tara simply continued to stare, confusedly looking around while she tried to make sense of what had just happened. I chose this moment to make my escape.

I grinned, feeling the powerful addicting rush of this power. It’d been so long since I’d gotten to enjoy it, but it came by like a long lost friend or cool drink of water. And again, as if applauding me my erection throbbed repeatedly to the rhythm of my heart. Well at least someone approves.
If I had any lingering reservations about my newly found moral splurge, they melted away. And I found myself searching for my next opportunity.

Looking around, I stared at the other groups, all having moved on to separate exercises. I looked around trying to find something that could spark my interest.

Across the room I spotted Jessica and Crystal. Lingering, I waited to see what they were doing only to feel my eyes widen with the possibilities. I quickly made my way over.

“Hey! Watch it,” The freckled blond cursed at her partner. Meanwhile, Hope simply stared, waiting for her to stop complaining so they could try again.

Currently, Jessica, the blond, was laying on her back with her knees and elbows both up. Hope, a purple haired girl with obvious African decent was kneeling beside her, both hands under the blonde’s waist trying to help her lift herself off her back.

“Come on,” Hope hollered, crossed “I don’t want to spend all day on warm ups again.” Seeing Jessica roll her eyes the dark skinned teen just sighed. “Are you ready?” Jessica nodded, pinching her lips as she thrust her pelvis into the air, attempting turn her body into a bridge. Crystal offered her help, giving her the rest of the push she needed to get her back into the air.

“Finally,” Hope swore, “now just hold that for thirty seconds and were done, cool?”

Jessica refrained from answering, pinching her face while she tried to keep her stomach tight. And even then, Hope looked to still be holding a fair amount of the girl’s weight for her, if her own tense expression was nothing to go by.

Watching all of this, I neared the two fairly sure that neither was in any position to notice me. Using this to my advantage, I looked at the twisted girl admiring the front of her uniform, forced tight against her heaving breasts.

Moving with all the subtlety of a ninja, I carefully pinched the edge of the girl’s skirt. Glancing towards the straining girls, I carefully crept the fabric higher and higher, until the front of her crotch peeked through, presented for me thanks to her wide spread legs and angled pelvis.

Throwing the fabric past her waist the entirety of spanks were revealed as she remained in her position, trembling as she unknowing prostrated herself. I stared at the quivering flesh of her legs lead up to her crotch shown by the dimple peeking out from the strip of purple, two layers of fabric separating me and seeing everything she had to offer.

I looked between the two girls, eyes alight with mischief. Surely neither would notice if the fabric just happened to shift a bit, right? All these awkward angles and stretches, clothing did all kinds of things.

Her whole body shook trying to hold herself up. My hand reached out, hidden between her open legs, and carefully pinch the purple crotch of her spanks. Pulling back, I moved it to the side until the couple of inches of fabric bunched on one side of her pronounced mound. Skin and hair already peeking through.

Her panties were completely visible by this point, surprisingly childish for a girl of her age. Then again, I doubted she expected anyone to actually see them today.

Pure white, the smiling face of Minnie Mouse stared back at me. Her pink bow and cartoonish features a stark contrast in tone to the young woman’s crotch that I sought after. Keeping sure that her spanks didn’t slide back over, I hooked a finger under the fabric and pushed away, the long
petals of her inner lips spilling into view.

If there was any chance of getting away with it, I’m sure that I would have taken full advantage of the situation. My sleep pen burning a hole in my pocket. But all too quickly Hope reached zero, encouraging Jessica to flop back down to the padded floor, sweat mixing with her long blond locks. I jumped out of the way just in time.

Without my fingers the crotch of her outfit remained slightly skewed and stretched. No doubt an interesting surprise for whoever’s in front of her when it’s time for splits.

Hope mirrored her exhaustion to a lesser extent, her own breasts heaving as she glared. “And that…” she panted, “is why you are on the bottom of the pyramid,” she insulted, not as much as blinking at the upturned skirt. Jessica was still too busy breathing to respond. Though she did manage to find the strength to lift her middle finger. I gave both girls a silent round of applause for their effort.

Through the rest of warm ups, I stuck close to the right girls at the right time, always appreciative of whatever part of them they were showing off. Bouncing breasts and sculpted rears were plentiful. And none of them seemed to even think of looking out for a lifted skirt here, or a pinch there.

Leg lifts were particularly pleasant, Jessica being the star of the show. But the sound of Kim clapping and calling everyone to attention signaled my time was over. I may be an idiot but even I wasn’t going to stand around them in the middle of their routine.

Back against the wall, I grinned like an idiot marveling at the wonderful experience I’d just had. How many of these girls had shot me down? And how many of them had practically just put on a private show for me, thrusting and twisting and doing all the things that teen boys like me fantasize about in cheer practice.

Perversion aside, the actual routine Kim had made up turned out kind of amazing. I’d expect no less of course, but still, I could already imagine the crowd losing their minds next game. Unfortunately, no matter how much I wanted them to go on, Kim called it quits after an hour and a half of running drills. Much to the appreciation of her fellow squad mates.

“Evil.”

“Devil”

“Slave driver”

“Out of her god damn mind!”

These were just a few of the grumbles coming from the group of girls. Kim of course was all smiles, taking a quick swig of water and whipping her face down with a towel. This only seemed to piss the group of girls off even more.

After an evening of body inspection and watching skirts twirl and twist, I forced myself to come down from my lustful high. Despite my intentions, I’d unfortunately spent very little time with Kim, distracted by all the other bodies the room had to offer. Still, practice was over and I intended to spend a relaxed evening watching Kim do her homework or watch TV or do whatever is her little heart desired.

As long as I got to spend it with her, I didn’t care. And you know what? I really did mean that, honest. But, hearing Kim’s next words, everything changed.

“Okay girls, let’s hit the showers!”
Leaning against the wall, I nearly fell over, sure that I had misheard. But sure enough the group of
grumbling girls slowly rose from the floor and began to shuffle towards the girl’s locker room. Kim
included.

Eyes wide, I had to take a moment just to breathe. Was this really happening? I wanted to laugh.
Thank god I didn’t.

I want to say that a part of me was apprehensive, that there was some internal battle telling me that it
was wrong and that I had already invaded these women’s privacy more than enough for one
evening. But that isn’t true. Not this time. This time, all I knew was that there was a possibility of
seeing Kim’s nude body one last time, among others. And if I had to choose one memory to take
with me at the end of the day, that would be it.

My feet moved slowly walked towards the door-less opening. I want to take this moment to
appreciate the bounty I was about to receive. My mother, and my rabbi taught me well enough to be
thankful for all my blessings. And how could this be anything but?

Sending a quick prayer to the big guy upstairs, I took a deep breath before passing the threshold.

The hall leading to the lockers twisted at the entrance to keep anyone from being able to peek inside.
Following it, as I reached the corner I didn’t know what to expect.

To my very small disappointment, the stereotypical fantasy of communal showers and naked
cheerleader scrubbing each other’s back turned out to be entirely false. I know, I know, I wanted to
believe too.

Surprisingly enough, it actually reminded me a lot of what happened on my side of the locker room.

Some of the girls stood around in a group talking in excited tones, while other’s seemed to shuffle off
to change away from other eyes. And while some were undressed, not even the boldest among them
was just walking around naked. Rather, most that had stripped to their bras and panties looked
anything but comfortable and were quickly changing to avoid showing they’re body.

Marcella, was the proudest among them, standing with her group of friends, casually laughing even
as she reached to undo her sweaty sports bra. She didn’t even bat an eye as her prominent girls came
into view. Even when others did.

On the other end of the spectrum, I was amused to find Liz already packing her gear to go, still
dressed in her smelling uniform. Guess she wasn’t too fond of the other girls seeing her goods.

My entertainment slowly disappearing, I turned my attention elsewhere. Everyone else stood
between, either comfortable to prance around in their underwear or eager to get changed and go
home. Either way, watching all of them strip down to at least their panties. I don’t think I blinked
once the entire time I was in there.

I found myself walking towards a smallish group before I could stop myself. Consisting of Bonnie,
Tara, Crystal, the latter two just seemed to listen as Kim’s rival s went on about something or other.
My attention was focused on the picture of the bronzed teen’s fingers absentmindedly lowering her
skirt to the tiled floor.

“OMG, you wouldn’t believe where Brick took me this weekend! This cozy little lake with a cabin,
just the two of us. It was so romantic,” bragging about her boyfriend, her panty covered rear came
into view. It seems Marcela wasn’t the only bold one, as her bare cheeks flashed the entire room. Her
thong doing little to cover anything at all.
Hot pink, its waistband disappeared between her perk cheeks as easily as if didn’t even exist. Easily her best feature, I could see why she would want to show it off. Though I couldn’t help but still feel impressed.

As far as I knew, Kim didn’t own anything nearly as risqué. Though I certainly wouldn’t have minded one day seeing that change. Somehow I couldn’t help but feel it suited the brunette. I’m sure it made Brick happy.

They continued to talk, seemingly in no rush as they took their time changing clothes. I certainly didn’t mind, eyes glued the cleavage and panty covered crotches as they came into view.

At one point, I found myself lucky enough to enjoy the sight of Tara’s breasts spilling into view. It was only for a second or two. Reaching behind her back, her new bra was close at hand. But in those few moments between changing I was gifted with the sight of her large pale mounds, each caped by wide, stubbed pink nipples. The other two chose remain as they were, casual clothing soon draped over their sweat stained underwear.

There were a few still milling about, but it seemed like most of the girl’s seemed ready to leave. I watched them, clear disappointment taking my features. I was about ready to call out, “the showers are that way!” Most of the squad was already out the door leaving me staring after them, dejected.

“Well, can’t have everything.”

Doing my best to shrug of this turn of events, It took me a few moments to look around and realize I hadn’t seen Kim walk out. Further inspection showed she wasn’t near her locker either. It was around now that I recognized the feint sound of water falling in the far back of locker room. I turned walk towards the encroaching cloud of humidity.

Like I said before, the girl’s room is a lot like the boys. So other than a few more stalls and a lot less urinals I basically knew what to expect as I stepped back into the steam riddled shower area. However, that doesn’t make it any less of a beautiful sight.

Tiled slabs built into the wall separated the showers from each other, staring at about ankle high they ended just at the shoulders. Other than that, it’s completely open for anyone walking past to look into your stall and see what you have. Because of this it’s no wonder why there were only a handful brave enough to wash the sweat away.

Most were freshman, whose names I hadn’t even learned yet. They were cute in their own way, but their age was enough to keep me from giving anything more than a passing glance. Standing out from the crowd, my cock jumped at the sight Kim’s familiar red head basking in the warm school water.

Eyes closed her up turned face stared directly into the spray letting the steaming water was all the hours’ worth of sweat down the drain. Foolishly I froze there, standing in the entrance where anyone could have seen me. I knew better but she was just so god damned beautiful. Honesty I didn’t care if I was caught.

But, then of course my brain decided to wake back up. And won’t you know it? I cared. I cared a lot.

Cautiously walking into the room, it was just a single wide hallway with stalls on each side. This meant if you turned around and someone showering across from you, you’d get an eyeful no matter what. This also meant that, on my way to Kim, I couldn’t avoid passing by a few girls on the way. And honestly? I thing they would be insulted if I didn’t peek a little bit. But hey, maybe that’s just
me.

Ginning, I got to see a couple glistening backsides as my shoes walked through the soapy runoff. And sure, as a young man at the age of seventeen, I knew I should feel bad peeking on girls only in their freshman year, but in their own under developed way, even they had their own kind of charm. Nearing Kim I shook those thoughts from my mind.

Hands above her head, a half empty bottle of shampoo rested on the wall as she rubbed its contents into her luscious red strands. Kim’s eyes were closed against the soap, forcing her to turn towards the empty stall across from her. I felt my knees go weak. So beautiful.

I should have known better, of all the naked female flesh I’d enjoyed today, nothing stood a chance against the pale skinned goddess before me. I may stray, against my own judgement, but I would have to be a babbling idiot to ever forget who my heart, and hard on, really belong to.

Standing at attention, I smiled at the two peach colored tipples raised in my direction. Suds and soap caressed her skin as it fell down her neck. Curving around each of her modest mounds, the glistening orbs stood magnificently, small or not.

She reached up to touch them, not sexually but casually whipping away the extra soap collecting around. The small orbs shook gently before settling back on her chest.

Groaning to myself, I could stop my hand from the bulge in my pants. With far too much practice I felt it work the button and zipper out of the way only to feel my erection burst forth, already sticking out the fly of my boxers.

How many times had I done this picturing her naked body? Too many, that’s the answer. My memories of the three times we’d been together were all but spent. So having the opportunity to see her in all her beauty, and refresh my dwindling fantasies filled my blood with heat. Or, at least it should have.

I stole a special pleasure from the small strip of red fur standing out against the pale compaction of her pelvis. Even though only a week had past, I could already see the slight stubble of newly grown hair staring to force its way out. I clearly recalled our first time, our real first time, and how wild the untamed tangle of red fur had seemed. And while I enjoyed the clear view of her pale sex, nothing would ever compare to mature thatch of course hair under my fingers.

When the shampoo eventually ran clean, Kim turned around, showing me the tight curve of her rear as she washed her face clean. My hand continued to work itself against my rod, my balls heavy with cum.

Clear liquid dribbled from my tip, caught by my pumping hand and slathered over the rest of me. The lack of lotion was difficult, but for whatever reason the slightly wrought handling of myself made up for the lack of buzz I had been expecting to enjoy. Nevertheless, even this wasn’t enough to scratch the itch irritating the back of my mind. And tightening my grip, I could feel my temper rising.

This was goddamned ridiculous! Here I was, not five feet away from the most beautiful girl in the world in the world, and I all I could feel was the same nagging disappointment that had been haunting me the last two weeks. It was a stale and hollow experience compared to the excitement I’d experienced just a few days past.

Hearing a thump and then a sigh over the rush of shower’s, I was torn from my thoughts to see Kim staring dejectedly at her bar of soap circling the floor of her stall. Unaware that anyone was watching, she didn’t hesitate to bend over, her round bottom pointed directly at me as she fished for
the pale block.

Another image to take with me when I leave. Opening, her cheeks spread ever so slightly to reveal the soft red lips of her inner sex.

Blooming out from two chubbier lips, the line of Kim’s sex swayed from side to side. Stripped of any hair, I was able to see more of her than ever before.

I took a step forward before I relied what I was doing. Hands out, I teased the edge of the veil, aching to brush against the soft skin between her legs. Aim my exposed dick and bury it in the one place that promised to give me piece. It took me all of half a second to recognize what I was trying to do. And gasping, I forced myself to stumble back, fists clenched.

Fumbling with the slippery object, she was taking much longer than she should have to right herself. I never wanted Kim to put on clothes more. Before I did something that would ruin everything.

After another moment I was relieved to see her rise to her normal posture. In all honesty, the entire action of her bending over probably only lasted a handful of seconds. But for me, it seemed to stretch on forever.

Contrary to what I had just wished, seeing her reach for a towel I felt disappointment flood my soul. All too quickly the young woman patted herself dry before wrapping herself in the cloth and hiding her body from my view. I had to move as she stepped from the stall. My time for fun was over.

The fact that Kim’s shower had ended, as well as the time I would ever see her ripe form, hit me harder than I thought. Clenching my teeth, I quickly found anger replacing all other thoughts.

It was… strange. To say I was normally slow to anger would be an understatement. To the happy go lucky me, it was nearly unheard of for me to show any real animosity towards anyone. So why did it feel so natural?

While Kim was busy blow drying her hair, I stood nearby trying to clear my muddled thoughts.

How had Shego put it? The first jewels she’d stolen had called out to her? Had demanded that she just take them? Huh, I was think I was starting to understand how she felt.

I wanted Kim. I wanted her so bad, I had to stop myself from tearing that towel away and taking her right there on the locker room floor. It was only knowledge that this would be her last memory of me that kept me from acting.

It didn’t curb my urges though. Far from it. Like a can of soda being shook I could feel the pressure inside of me building with every second. The same pressure that had been building since the very second I’d been unable to have her.

I’d promised myself that I would keep today about Kim, and just Kim. But, could I really walk away forever without feeling her skin on mine one last time? I don’t know if I am that strong. In fact I don’t want to be. And this time, when my hand reached to open my back pack, I didn’t stop it.

As quite as I could manage I rummaged around until I found what I was looking for. Staring at the Narcoleptior, I felt my heart pound. I glanced at Kim.

One last time. It would be perfect. Just like when I first had her. It would be peaceful. She wouldn’t even know I was there. And afterward, I could just leave. But with closure.

The more I thought about it, the more I could be sure that this was the right thing to do. Kim was
mine. And I wasn’t giving her up without enjoying her one more time. That’s what love is. Doing everything you can to be as close to that person as possible.

With practiced ease Kim dried the rest of her body before dressing in her spare clothes. While she put on her panties underneath her towel I enjoyed the sight of her perky breasts before they were covered in by a pale blue bra. After that, it seemed like no time at all before I was following after my friend out the door and towards her house.

A/N: Question time! Okay guys, I received a review asking for a certain woman and I’m curious how many others would like to see her included in this story. The woman in question being none other than Ron’s own mother. I’ve opened a Poll on my fanfiction account over at FF.net, Pen name: SandStormHero, so feel free to cast your vote. Or, if that’s too much trouble, you can just leave a comment/review telling me what you think along with the chapter. Or hey! Maybe you can do both! Wouldn’t that be great? I’m eager to see if I get any responses.

Also, I’d like to remind you that as of now I’ve also posted the first chapters of two new stories, sense of semblance (RWBY) and Call Me Doctor (Life is Strange). If you want to see the power to stop time in the hands of two horny teenage boys than these are the stories for you!

Next Chapter: The Best of Goodbyes - February 19th: Fueled by his own desire and fear of leaving his one true love, Ron follows Kim back to her home to experience one last night of raw passion. Will this be enough to give him the closer he seems to seek so desperately or with distractions cause him to stray? His ever growing lust and hunger finally coming to a head after abstaining for so long.
Chapter 9 - The Best of Goodbyes

My dick throbbed painfully in my pants the whole way. I knew better than risk my luck though. I needed to wait until she was alone. This was too special to be interrupted. That being said, when we finally arrived at her home I struggled to keep from cheering. I was about ready to blast her right then and there and just carry her the rest of the way. That is, until I remembered who else was waiting for us.

“Kimmie?” Ann’s voice called out. “That you sweetie?” Dropping her pack with a tired thump at the door, Kim rolled her shoulders before answering.

“Yea mom.”

The sudden appearance of Ann left my face drawn with unbelieving disappointment. Kim walked further into her home and I was right beside her. I hadn’t accounted for Ann to be home. But, then I guess I should have considered that she’d still be sick. Suddenly faced with a new problem to deal with I watched the archway from where her voice had carried and considered how to continue.

Walking in from the kitchen, Ann Possible looked quite a bit better than when I had last seen her the other day. While still looking somewhat tired, she no longer had the look of someone about to collapse from exhaustion.

“Hi, Honey,” she grinned brightly. “How was your day?” Dressed in a comfortable shirt and pajama bottoms, it was clear she had spent most of the day in bed resting from her cold. The dishtowel in her hands however, betrayed her need to stay active, no doubt tired of sitting around doing nothing.

“It was… okay.” Giving something halfway between a grimace and a smile, the answer was so teenager it would set off even the worse mother’s warnings. Ann looked worried.

“Baby?” she asked, taking a step closer. Taking the care to finish drying her hands she moved to cup her daughter’s face and stare at her down trodden expression. “Where’s Ron?”

Kim looked away, her features sullen. “Don’t know.” She gave a small smile, “didn’t show up to school today.” Hearing her daughter give a soft sigh, Ann’s already worried features worsened, urging her to touch Kim’s shoulder. She gently, though insistently led her towards their family couch. Having not much in her to put up any kind of resistance, the teenager silently followed after her, sitting down on the soft cushion and watching as her mother did the same.

“Kim?” Ann asked, her voice soft, but urging. Eyes still on the floor, Kim’s green orbs lifted just enough to peer beneath her crafted lashes. It was seeing the comfort in her mother’s eyes that forced
the words to come spilling from her mouth.

“I thinks Ron’s cheating on me!” Gasping, Kim covered her mouth, a look of horror stealing her features. Everything she had done today to mask her fear, everything that she had forced herself to endure so she could pretend she wasn’t in pain became undone the second her mother started to pry. Now, forced to face reality, the teenage girl’s eyes stared into her mother’s orbs, pleading for any sort of guidance.

Ann, for her part, simply blinked at first. Almost as though she couldn’t believe what she had just heard. “R-Ronald?” she asked. When Kim nodded her head, the older woman blinked once more, before drawing her brows together in deep thought “Kim… maybe you should start from the beginning. Does this have anything to do with that Yori girl you were talking about the other day?”

Kim stared down at her hands, worry and anxiety spilling over. “What else can it be? I mean, she suddenly shows up, saying she want to talk to him, and the next thing I know he’s walking around like some zombie and disappearing altogether.” She makes a fist, strangling air. “God, why did she have to so… freaking cute!?” The way her cheeks puffed in anger would have been adorable in any other situation.

“But Kim,” Ann stared. “This is Ron. Your Ron. Are we really talking about the same young man who can’t even talk to a girl without falling over himself?” Her expression was amused but with an edge. Kim on the other hand only seemed grow increasingly anxious.

“You… you know we had sex.” Kim stated, the words wrestled out of her mouth by sheer force of will. She looked as though she wanted to say any other sentence in the English dictionary.

Ann’s expression changed to that of shock, but slowly shifted to disapproving caution. Her eyes narrowed at her child. “Yes, why are you bringing this up?” her tone was still gentle, but not so much as it had been. Kim flinched at the change but continued nevertheless.

“That was my first time… but it wasn’t Ron’s.” Now it was time for Ann to stare in shock at the revelation. “Before we got together, he was seeing her. She lives in Japan so she’s not in town that much. But whenever she does stop by, Ron says that she likes to ‘visit’. Whatever the hell that means!”

“Wait,” Ann stopped her. She shook her head, tried to make sense of the sudden flood of information. “If Ronald was already in a relationship with this other girl, than how did you two end up together.” Kim simply stared at her for a long moment, eyes wide and mouth open in an attempt to answer.

“I…,” she drew out her words as slowly as possible, “might… have… seduced him?” Reaching the end of her explanation, it ended up more of a question than a statement. The young girl smiled up at her mother as innocently as possible. Unfortunately, Ann was too busy staring at her daughter in utter disbelief.

“Kim,” her tone sounded sadder than anything else. She stared at her daughter like she didn’t recognize her. “You used to finger paint…” And all her daughter could do was meet her stare, ducking her head apologetically.

“I was jealous!” Kim defended herself. “I’ve never had to deal with Ron dating before. Honestly, I never really thought I would have to.” Okay, that hurt a bit. “I’ve always had Ron for myself. I know it sounds selfish, but I didn’t want that change. But… now everything’s changed.” She stressed.

“Don’t get me wrong, I don’t regret what we… had sex,” she gave her mother a cautious glance.
“But... Maybe things would be better for everyone if we just went back to being friends.”

The silence that stole the room could have blown out a candle.

Sandwiched in the middle of the room, I stared my lifetime friend, feeling the last remnants of my heart crumble away to nothing. So profound was my pain that everything seemed to drown out into a single line of sound.

‘I... I should happy,’ was my first thought, immediately trying to rationalize this damnation of a situation. ‘This is what I wanted to happen.’ But this time, even I couldn’t believe my logic.

I knew I didn’t want Kim to feel sad once I was gone. But in my mind, deep under all of the kindness, and joy and good intentions, I knew that was a lie. I wanted her to miss me. I wanted her to feel as much pain as me from having to be apart. So to hear her say that she wants to break up, even before I’ve even left? I felt my inside burn with irrational anger.

And I was angry. Angry at Kim. Angry at Yori. Angry at myself. I was angry at so many things, I found myself amazed as the amount of it, threatening to consume me.

Where was all of this coming from? I wasn’t an angry person. Yet looking back, all I could remember of my past week, and then some, was my own temper flaring to life, only to be pushed aside while I put on a happy face.

But... that’s always how I deal with those type of emotions. If it’s ugly, or inconvenient, push it aside. After all, the last thing I want to do is burden others with my problems. No matter what, I just needed to keep smiling. At least... that’s what my mom always told me growing up.

When had I forgotten that?

Unfortunately, this time I found my ability to hold back my feelings not quite as useful as it had been. Trying to fall back on my time tested method and brush my girlfriend’s words aside, instead I found myself shaking, putting every ounce of effort into resisting throwing the belt aside and demanding Kim to explain herself. If not for Ann, I might never have made it.

“Kim!” the mother sounded hurt. Her blue orbs flickered across her daughter’s reluctant expression trying to understand what she was feeling. “But why? He’s such nice boy!” she insisted. Kim just shook her head.

“Mom, it’s like... like I don’t even know who he is anymore, you know?” When Ann’s face maintained locked in confusion, Kim struggled to come up with the right words to vocalize this feeling. “It’s not even about him disappearing. Not really. This is just one more thing in an entire list of weirdness.”

Chewing on her lip, the teen gave her mom a nervous smile. “Did you know he beat Shego?” This was enough to earn a response from the mother, her blue orbs widening significantly at the information.

She might not know everything that happens on her little girl’s ‘missions’, but she’d met the grinned skinned sadist enough times to know she held considerable strength. Even boarding on supernatural. The thought that her little girl was out there, not only fighting that creature, but also winning, boggled the mother’s mind on more than one occasion.

But Kim was Kim. Speaking not as a mother, she knew her child was capable of incredible things. Impossible things. But Ron? Kim’s knowing expression seemed to agree with her, clearly showing she had been thinking the exact same thing.
“I was stupid, distracted. She got in a lucky hit and I just… went down. I can’t even remember anything after feeling her fist crack against my jaw. Everything went dark. But when I woke up, Shego was just… gone. And Ron was standing over me, out of breath and covered in sweat but totally untouched… even I can’t manage that.”

The more her daughter talked about her mission, the more Ann questioned her decision to allow such dangerous activity. But now wasn’t the time. She needed to hear what her daughter had to say.

“I thought he would talk about it, brag a little. Or just explain how he’d surprised her or something. But he didn’t say anything. He just moved past it like nothing. Or like he didn’t want to explain.”

The red head’s brows pinched together. Her eye narrowed she shook her head in frustration.

“And that’s not the only thing that’s been going on. Weird stuffs been happening all the time around him. It’s like, I catch him doing or saying something totally not Ron. But then he is like Ron, goofing around and smiling and it’s so easy to just brush it all aside as nothing. But this is too much. I… I’m afraid I don’t even know who my best friend really is. Because if he’s been lying this entire time…?”

Kim stopped short unable to finish the sentence. Her temper was raising by the second, something Ann easily noticed after seventeen years of raising the girl. She placed a calming hand on Kim’s shoulder.

“Kim,” she offered, “have you tried talking to Ronald? I’m not saying he isn’t hiding things. But maybe it’s not as bad as your letting yourself believe.”

Kim glance at her, but continued to chew her lips without mercy. She was fidgeting more than I had ever seen her. It was only then I understood how much these worries had been pressing on her these past few days. Heck, maybe even longer.

“It’s not just the secrets,” Kim answered tersely, a tone Ann found herself flinching back from.

“Mom, literally everyone who’s found out we were dating have done nothing but tell me we shouldn’t be together.” The declaration was bold… but not untrue. And hearing it out loud just made me want to lash out all the more.

“Like who?” the mother questioned, her expression both bewildered and sympathetic. Kim just laughed.

“Bonnie, the rest of squad, Monique, dad, you,” the teen purposefully meant to give her mother a pointed look. One Ann flinched back from. “I mean, seriously, do you know stressful that can be? It would be one thing if he was there to go through it with me but,” she shook her head. “Nope. Instead he’s off doing god knows what with some other girl.”

“When have I ever said anything that could mean I don’t want you two together?” the mother asked, honest fear in her eyes. Strangely enough, I could help but feel she was just as effect by the threat of a breakup as I was.

“Ohmygod,” Kim shook her head. Her eyes stared at her mother, very obviously saying, ‘are you serious?’ “Mom, I can’t even hold his hand without you swooping in and, ‘hanging out with us kids for a bit’. And even when you’re not sitting in the same room, you just happen to have a reason to walk by every five minutes.” Kim laughed mockingly.

“Young lady,” Ann spoke, her voice hardening. “I think you know very well why I’ve had to keep a closer eye on the two of you. And I don’t think it’s very fair to blame me for decisions you made and that you were too young make in the first place.”
“I’m seventeen mom!” Kim suddenly explained, her green eyes wide as she stared into her mother’s tense expression. “Stop acting like we’re seven and you caught us playing doctor. We knew what we were doing, we knew how we felt about each other, and I can’t understand why you’re freaking out about this so much. God, it doesn’t matter if you tell Dad. You’re a thousand times worse than he could ever be.”

At the end of her rant, Kim turned away from her mother’s shocked expression, glaring hatefully at the floor. Ann meanwhile seemed entirely taken off guard by her daughter’s outburst, and struggled to find the words to say.

“Kim,” she stopped, waiting for her daughter to turn and look at her. Seeing that this wasn’t going to happen however, the mother was forced to continue regardless. “Kim… I just don’t want you rushing things before you’re ready. You were dating Ron for how long before you slept with him? And why? So you could steal him from another girl. That’s not the right reason to give yourself like that to someone. Besides, do you really think I’d accept that happening under my own roof?” Kim’s anger cooled at her mother’s words. But in its place left a girl dragged in utter exhaustion.

“I’m not asking for you to sit and watch,” Kim answered, turning her head just enough to peek at her mother’s pinched expression. “But it would be nice if I could kiss my boyfriend without sneaking around like I’m on a mission.” Ann looked about to respond again, but Kim didn’t let her.

“Look, whatever. It doesn’t even matter. If Ron’s really been with her this entire time, than we’re done. And you won’t have a boyfriend to worry about.” She stood off the couch. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I need a nap. Because I stayed up all night waiting for a call that never even came. Like an idiot.” With that parting message, Kim walked away towards her room, leaving both me and her mother to watch with concern.

“Kim!” Ann called, even going so far as to stand up from her seat. “Kim.” She called again, but sighed uselessly at the sound of a closing door. Rather than chase after her, she was smart enough to recognize that now was not the time. Still standing where I had watched them, I found myself in a very similar position.

I came here to have one last night with Kim. But now, I found my arousal considerably less pressing of an issue.

Ann sat in front of me, shaking her head. Not paying any attention to her, she left the room passing right by me into the kitchen. Soon the sound of water and tableware could be heard, ‘clanks’ and ‘clangs’ significantly louder with the mother’s soured emotions. And honestly, I was right with her.

Making a fist, I glared at the floor, trying to make sense of where I had gone wrong. But anger festering inside of me finally won out, consuming me to the point I had to stop my fist from crashing against the wall.

This wasn’t how it was supposed to be. I knew it shouldn’t matter, that I was leaving. But the thought that these would be Kim’s last memories of me was enough to get me swearing. Why did Yori have to come now? If only I had more time! I can fix this, I know I can. I just need her to trust me again!

But, how exactly was I supposed to do that? The rational side of me argued. By lying to her more? Make a new story with different facts that I would have to memorize? That could only go so far. But what other choice did I have?!

Pacing around the room, I could feel my emotions swelling out of control. I’d had panic attacks before, Camp Wannawep made sure of that. But this felt different. Worse. I felt like the floor was
about to fall out from under me. I couldn’t think like this.

All at once the stress of the past week came down on me. I almost didn’t make it to the couch before my legs finally gave out. After spending so long trying to be the boyfriend Kim needed, and then being told I would basically never see her again, was in of itself a lot to deal with. Add on top of that the stress of leaving my lustful cravings half satisfied; as well as my sudden onset of irrational anger, and my mind was about to collapse in on itself.

I just… wanted to not think for a few hours.

One part of my brain spoke up at that moment. ‘Kim is still upstairs,’ it told me. ‘What’s stopping you from going through with you plan anyway?’ And as horrible as the voice was, I couldn’t fault its logic. I was stressed and tiered and pent up, and while it certainly wouldn’t solve all of my problems, I just listed about three that it would cure. I stared up at the ceiling in contemplative thought.

In the middle of my episode, the sound of Ann turning off the faucet caught my attention.

Just in the other room, I could hear her walking around doing chores rather than think about the fight she had just had with her daughter. It made me envious. Without really thinking about it, I moved toward the other room, drawn by the presence of another.

Walking into the room, Ann was still standing at the sink, dish towel in hand as she angrily scrubbed at a plate. It was actually kind of funny, seeing the woman who was usually so calm attacking the already spotless porcelain plates. As soon as she deemed the disk clean enough, she slapped in onto the growing pile, only to pick another. This repeated three more times before I decided to walk closer.

I’d gotten a small look at her when she’d been talking to Kim. But I’d been too busy focusing on that fact that she wanted to break up to give the older woman any thought. Now that I had the time, I welcomed the distraction for as long as it lasted.

She was dressed on a long loose tee-shirt and flannel pajama bottoms. Hair a mess, she hadn’t even bothered to brush it this morning. Despite her shaggy appearance, I couldn’t help but find it and her pinched expression entirely adorable.

I’d forgotten about her when I talked with Yori. So consumed by Kim, it shouldn’t have been so easy to allow the other love of my life slip between the cracks. But standing here now, I knew I would miss the older woman just as much as her teenage daughter.

I wasn’t stupid. No matter how much my feelings grew I knew I never had any real chance with her. Honestly, it was for the best that I was leaving now before I could do something she couldn’t brush off as old awkward Ron. This, at least, would be one relationship I could look back on and smile.

I had to stop the long, drawn out sigh from falling. It wouldn’t do to have her notice me now of all times. That being said, I wish I could have some kind of farewell.

For a moment I pretended that she was my mother. Surly if I had the chance to tell her that I was leaving forever, she would listen. Not like my actual mother. Maybe it should bother me that I was even making the comparison with someone I so clearly lusted after. But it didn’t. Rather, it only seemed to make my admiration of the older woman increase.

Taking another moment to admire her, my mind was starting to get distracted again. Glancing toward the ceiling, I knew that Kim waited for me. And I didn’t know how much longer I could keep myself from doing anything rash.
Walking toward the staircase that would lead me to my girlfriend, I found myself pausing just as I was about to take the bottom step. I stood there for a moment, urging myself to move forward. But over my shoulder my eyes refused to move from Ann’s tense form.

I mean… just because I was saying good bye to Kim didn’t mean I couldn’t do the same for Ann. I loved them both, equally. It wouldn’t be very fair just focus on the younger of the two.

That being said, I’d just listened to Kim go on about secrets and lies and everything that I had done to wrong her. Was now really the time to make a move on her mother of all people? It was a valid question, but the delightful sight of Ann’s round bottom against the thin pajama bottoms canceled it with impunity.

I could just see the outline of her cheeks. It made me wonder if she had even bother with putting on underwear when she’d gotten dressed. That alone was enough to call be back from the steps and take a closer look.

Walking back up the woman, I could feel my pants tighten in anticipation. My chest was churning with emotion, the addicting rush that seemed to pull me deeper and deeper each time I gave in. Maybe the mountains really were the only place I was safe.

I pushed that thought out of my mind. Tomorrow I was going to be in the mountains. Tomorrow I was going to start training to be a master. But today, today I had already indulged once in my own perverse needs and planned to do so again. What’s one more?

I made up mind rather quickly. With the threat of departure I had little to lose and everything to gain. Now the only question that remained was how I wanted to go about it.

Reaching into my back pack, I pulled out the monkey mask, shivering at its simian like appearance. Despite its ugly shape, its surface was as beautiful as ever, glimmering like painted silver. If I was going to have my fantasy with Ann, I wanted her to treat me like she really loved me. And the best way to do that was to become the very person she loved most.

Quick as I could, I scurried out of the room and out of the house entirely. Closing the door behind me as softly as I could managed, I turned around to stare into the mask, slowly lowering it onto my face.

Of all the strange items I’ve acquired over the month, I can easily say the monkey mask was the one I used most. While only used once for nefarious reasons, I’d quickly found that the short cut to accessing my abilities laid in its power.

When I wore it I was calmer. When I mediated with it on, I could actually feel my mind become clear and relaxed. It’s like were connected somehow.

It’s a shame I didn’t have the time to meditate now, but I doubt I would have gotten much progress with the lump of pulsing flesh in my pants demanding my attention. Experience told me little would get done before it was tended to. Except this time it wouldn’t be by my hand.

As soon as the mask settled on my face, I could feel its magic latch onto mine, feeding off of me until it had the power to do what it was made for. And just as quickly I felt its power take hold, transforming me into James possible.

One handy little trick I’d noticed was that the mask seemed to remember the people it turned into. I can’t say wither it just reverted back into its last form, or if it cataloged them for me to choose. All I know is every time I put the thing on, when I look in the mirror I have to look at the smug jerks face
staring back at me.

“Well,” I spoke to myself, deactivating the belt and stashing it in my backpack, “That jerk’s face is going to be the thing that lets me have sex with his wife.” It should worry me how good that thought made me feel. But in reality, it only made me reach for the knob that much faster.

“Jim? Tim?” Ann’s voice called out. “What happened to soccer practice?” I didn’t answer, confidently strolling through the house until I found her still in the kitchen, scrubbing away. She didn’t even bother to look up until I was right behind her.

“James!” she gasped, utter surprise taking her features. She was about to turn around when I pressed my front against her back, wrapping my arms around her small frame. She relaxed back into me, but still craned her to watch my features. “What are you doing here?”

I stopped for a second, trying to think of a decent excuse. “I wanted to check on you, see how your feeling.” I gave her my best impression of James’ stupid smirk. She fell for it hook-line-and-sinker. A tender expression stole her face.

“James!” she chastised. But her words may as well have been made from honey.

“I told you this morning I was fine. I don’t know why you thought I needed to stay home another day. I’ve nearly been running up the walls.” She gave a small laugh. I joined her, my chest rumbling into her back. She seemed to enjoy it.

“Can’t have my best girl falling down in the middle of work,” I offed after a moments pause. “What would your patients say if their doctor passed out in the middle of the day?” Ann’s pleasant expression dropped somewhat. She let go of my arms to retrieve her towel and resumed drying.

“I just wish I knew what it was,” she sighed. “One minute I’m completely fine and the next it’s like the night before I turned in my thesis.” He stopped her work just long enough to look at me. “You don’t think it’s viral do you? I can’t imagine anything else making me so weak so fast…”

Hmm, doctor talk. Better avoid that as best I can.

“Could be,” I answered non-committedly but before she had the chance to question my brush off, I continued. “I thought the point of a day off was to get some rest.”

“I rested all morning,” she complained. “I don’t know why but starting the day seems to be the worst. Around noon I’m fine but up until then…” she trailed off, letting the towel fall into the sink. “Well, never mind that. If this flu or whatever lasts longer than next week I’ll drop by Dr. Rison’s for a checkup.”

Leaning her head against my chest, I tightened my arms around her waist, enjoying the sensation of having someone close. “I can’t believe you actually left work just to check on me.” Ann smile up, her eyes practically sparkling. “We haven’t done anything else making me so weak so fast…”

“Too long,” I answered for her. My response only ushered on more affection as the redhead nuzzled her crown against me. I reciprocated with my hands rubbing up and down her waist.

“Nothing much going on anyway. Besides, how can get any work done with my girl on the brain?” To my amazement, Ann released a giggle shockingly close to that of her daughter. This both delighted me and aroused me in ways I couldn’t explain.

Taking advantage of her already craned neck, I leaned down to capture her lips in a surprise kiss. She seemed caught off guard for a moment, flinch back and gasping against my mouth. But just a quickly
she relaxed back into me, her lips slowly beginning to move against my own.

I felt her hand shift, moving to cup my cheek in a tender expression. The skin she touched erupted into flames, spreading throughout my body. Already pressed against me, she could no doubt feel the full weight of my erected poking into her side. She didn’t bother to comment, keeping her eyes closed and enjoying the moment.

The positioning was a tad awkward, but I made do. It was incredible to think how different it had been the last time I had laid my lips on her. At the party I had been scared, unsure. I’d walked into that bathroom like prey about to be trapped. But so much had changed. Now, she was the prey. And I full intended to devour every inch of her.

Her lips were just as soft as I remembered. Holding her against me, I trapped her bottom lip between my own, reveling in the moan that vibrated from her body into mine.

My hands moved up while she was distracted, feeling the thin pones of her ribs. When my hands finally moved to cup her breasts, I was delighted to feel her actually jump in my arms. She pulled away just as my fingers pinched the hard nubs straining against the thin over shirt.

’yep, no bra.’

“James!” Ann gasped, scandalized by my abrupt advances. Thankfully she didn’t bother putting up any other resistance- squirming but otherwise allowing me free access to her breasts. I gave her an appreciative squeeze. “We’re in the kitchen,” she continued, whispering like we might be heard.

Free of her mouth, I lowered my lips to the crest of her neck, feeling her shiver when my breath broke against the sensitive area. “Then, do you wanna go somewhere that isn’t the kitchen?” I asked grinning. Ann’s response was to outright laugh, no doubt thinking I was just being cheeky. But grinding my aroused crotch against her ass and continuing to massage her breasts, her laugh slowly died down, replaced with a shudder.

“I’m starting to think my health wasn’t the only thing you were hoping to check today,” she drawled, her voice dry. “Can I ask what’s got you so excited?” she made a point to move her rear against the bulge that had been pressing against her since my arrival. A grin took my face.

“You mean besides having a beautiful, sexy wife waiting for me every night?” I enjoyed the sound of the older woman’s girly giggle. So strange coming from a woman of her age. But in a way, I couldn’t imagine her acting any other way.

“Kim is right upstairs you know.” She seemed like she was trying to warm me. But her actions said otherwise.

Abandoning the dishes to their soapy doom, Ann relaxed back into my arms, drying her slightly pruned hands up and down my arms. Still fondling her breasts, her back arched as soon she felt my fingers center around her tips. Pinching down with just the right amount of force to steal her breath. I decided to take a chance.

“When has that stopped us?” Hot on her ear, my whispered words seemed to do the trick and I felt a shiver run up her spine. It still amazed me how easy this was once you understood the right way to treat a woman. And all it took was paying attention. Finally, she turned to face me, her expression now drawn into a longing look of passion. Her lips reached up to press against mine.

Hands moved to her waist, pinning her against my slim body. The taste of her, just as ripe as I’d remembered filled my mouth as sure as her tongue. I accepted it readily, just as I accepted the rest of
her. Perfect. Mine. And I intended to show her just how mine she was. One last time. In a way that she would never forget.

“Bedroom,” I growled. It physically hurt me to tear my lips away from hers. But it got me what I wanted, Ann’s expression widening in the face of excitement as she turned to walk to her bedroom at a brisk pace. I was right behind her.

She was trying to be quite, I could tell by the way she shut the door behind us. But I was far too absorbed in the moment to even consider the other woman I claimed to love. Her daughter. Instead, I took another moment to enjoy her disheveled state.

You wouldn’t think a woman dressed in loose, somewhat baggy clothing could be arousing. But you would be wrong. Mature hips stretching the thin pajama bottoms laid a curtain like effect on her legs. Even better though were her now ridged nipples, their aroused state due to yours truly. Without a bra they were painfully obvious under her single layer. Just begging for my attention. The words just seemed to come out of me, from a deep dark place. One I can’t even recognize.

“Have I ever told you just how impossibly fuckable you are?” It took me a few moment to even understand that the worlds I’d just heard had come out my mouth. No matter how true. I couldn’t even imagine James Possible being capable of thinking such words. And by the shocked expression on his wife’s face, it seems she agreed.

Blue eyes open wide, her lips parted in a failed attempt at a gasp. Collecting herself after several seconds of silence, she finally managed to piece her thoughts together enough to mumble, “I don’t think you have…”

I couldn’t help but grin at her mystified tone. Even with super genius sons and a daughter that frequently saved the world, I don’t think I’ve ever heard her waver in the slightest. But hearing her husband swear almost broke her. If anything, it just made me want to play with her more.

“Then I have been a poor husband.” Walking towards her, my hands immediately moved to cup her face. My lips followed soon after, forcing a soft, tender kiss that lasted a single minute. Taking care to caress her soft cheeks and show her my feelings, when I finally broke away her confusion had bleed away, replaced with a starry eyed grin.

“I’d say you’ve done okay.” Matching her expression, her words left with a floaty sigh. She then moved closer to wrap her arms around me, her face burrowing into the safe shell of my neck. “B plus, at least.” I began to feel the soft, wet sensations of lips moving against my neck. It was my turn to shiver.

Standing in the middle of Ann and James’ room, I enjoyed the feeling of Ann’s lips on me while I took my time with her body. Hands open wide, they moved slowly along her body, pinch and squeeze whatever happened to catch my attention. Burrowing under her shirt, I reached up to feel the smooth contours of her back, holding her close against me to enjoy the softness of her female form. A sharp sting on my neck forced me back into reality.

Pulling away, I winced, only realizing that the older woman had bitten me when my fingers ran along the spit converted wound. Ann was anything but apologetic, her eyes drawing half closed in a lusty, come hither expression. Hands still under her clothing, it was a simple matter of raising my hands until her shirt was around her ribs. Taking the hint she didn’t think twice about removing it completely. Unaware of just how new this sight was to me.

Soft and round, her breast were just as I’d remembered them. Darker nipples stood against her pale complexion with just a hint of red swirling beneath the surface. I took my time, burning the image of
her chest into my mind for a long as could. Longer even, if not for her not so subtle cough. Looking up, I tried to keep my expression playful. To which she just rolled her eyes, pushing me towards the bed.

I feel back with a solid thump, never taking my eyes off her body. Ann followed soon after, crawling so that she was directly on top of me. Lowering her bottom, her full hips settled perfectly on my lap so that her crotch aligned with my straining member. I reached up. Cupping her generous rear to hold her against me. I felt my fingers sink into her soft, firm flesh.

Even through the multiple layers between us I could feel a gentle head radiating off her center. Shifting forward then back, I could feel Ann working herself against me. Her efforts earning her a soft sigh of pleasure. Releasing a single cheek, my hand reached up to cup her neck. Pulling her towards me into a slow, searing kiss.

Ann’s lips were different from the other girls. Where they were shy and Coy, Ann kissed like a woman used to the motions- sure of her technique. No doubt over their eighteen years of marriage, James and Ann had done this more times than either could count.

There were points, here and there, where I could tell I’d done something she wasn’t used to. A tug on her lip, or a moment of pressure too long. She would pause, take a moment to notice the change, before continuing on. It scared me at first. But the mask should keep me safe from any inconsistencies.

Slow to the point of torture, she opened her mouth. Allowing the small pink muscle of her tongue to slip out and into mine. I breathed in the taste of her air, hearing her gasp at the sudden loss. I felt her shift, sitting even harder of my erection and I groaned at the contact.

While we kissed I could feel her hand moving around my body. First my stomach, then my chest. The flat of her palms caressed the broad front of my body enjoying the firm textures. As soon as I felt her fingertip brush against the hem of shirt, I shivered, wondering at the light warm touch. The pressure gradually grew until I could feel her kneading the budding muscles in a light massage. Moving my hands, I easily lifted the clothing off my back before throwing it to the floor. Whatever Ann saw, she must have enjoyed it. Smiling the way she did.

Feeling Ann’s hands on me, I decided to return the gesture. Starting with her breasts, each globe filled my palms perfectly. Their flushed, swollen nipples grinding against my palms. I could feel her weight shift, pressing a slight fraction of her weight harder against my hands. That much more eager to feel the womanly curves caressed and attended to.

Just like her daughter, Ann’s nipples were sensitive. I knew to be careful, tweaking them with care and love. Exactly what she deserved. I lingered here for a while, before allowing a single hand to creep back to her behind. This earned me a sharp gasp and then a smile. She broke the kiss with a shudder.

“James Timothy Possible, I don’t know what’s gotten into you, but I hope you know where to get more.” Heated and deep, Ann’s words came at the cost of precious oxygen that she readily devoured.

I couldn’t help but laugh at the irony. “Funny, I was about to ask you the same thing.” On her anniversary, Ann Possible had certainly been in a mood. She’d have to be to have sex in her daughter’s bathroom. But I never expected to see her like this.

Laid on top of me, she was practically purring with delight. My words only seem to make her burn hotter, if her crotch was anything to go by. I decided that now was the time move things along.
I surprised her, tucking a hand around her waist and flipping her onto her back. Beneath me her chest shook excitedly, before finally settling back into their perky state. Eyes bright, I could see the shock on her face, but not nearly as prominent as the laughter. A single hand trailed down her stomach stopping just short of her pants. I stood only a moment, before taking the plunge. Delving my hand into the hot humid air of her pants.

Her wide eyes shut as soon my fingers laid against her slit. Hot to the touch and wetter than I expected, I could already feel her slick honey dripping down into the sheets. I watched, enjoying her expressions. A slow moan escaped her lips.

“I’ve been thinking,” I started, keeping my fingers moving in and out of her warmth. And always at a slow pace. She didn’t seem to be listening, rolling her hips with my motions. It wasn’t until she grunted, deep in her throat that even acknowledged my presence. I smiled, and continued in an even tone.

“You remember our anniversary?” I could feel her muscles tighten around my fingers. “You did something… very nice for me.” Closing the distance, my face rested just inches from her ear. I drove my fingers deep into her core, earning a sudden and sharp intake of breath. “Well, I just think it would terribly unfair if I didn’t,” my fingers curled upward, “return the favor.” But by then, she was already bucking against my hand.

The rhythmic clenching of her inner muscles were sign enough of her release. Though her expression was just as revealing. Mouth agape, I pulled back just enough to feel the hot gasping of her breath. I waited her out, fingers buried up to my last knuckle while her juices leaked down my wrist.

Sweat pearled along her porcelain skin. Only made more apparent by the bright red flush consuming her clear skin. A hand drew across her forehead, clearing the salty perspiration from her eyes. Though it did little in terms of collecting her disheveled appearance. Finally, a breathless chuckle sounded throughout the room.

“I think you just did!” she sighed. Still above her, I smiled as she reached up to pull me into a kiss. The action was harsh and chassed, but I smiled into it nonetheless. Happy to see my woman so pleased. When I pulled back, her eyes were open.

“Where did you learn how to do that?” Happy, I could hear the very real question being asked. Wracking my brain, I just shrugged my shoulders and ran a hand across her nipples.

“It’s easy, so long as you pay attention.” Vague, but still truthful, Ann was happy enough riding the lasting aftershocks of her orgasm to question me further. I took advantage of this state and laid myself next to her. My lips brushed along her sweaty brow. “You still haven’t answered me…” I reminded her.

“What’s brought this on?” Holding her hand against my bare chest, her finger lingered in the middle of my chest, drawing circles. “You’ve never seemed interested before, I mean. It just never seemed worth forcing it.” Under her eyelashes, she seemed shy. One word I never thought I’d use to describe the Possible mother. It shocked me just how much she looked like Kim in that moment. I answered with my best smile, a finger under her chin forcing her to see me full on.

“Nothing would make me happier.” My words seemed to have the effect I wanted, earning a small flush of her cheeks. As though she were a teenage girl again.

“Okay,” she giggled, fighting to suppress the smile threatening to split her cheeks. Poorly I might add. Shifting to lay flat on her back, her arms hesitantly settled on her stomach. “Should I…” she
stopped, unsure how to accept me. It was both adorable, and painfully sad. How this man was able to keep his marriage alive without a little oral service was beyond me.

She looked adorable, eyes wide and uncertain. I made sure to go slowly, kneeling over her on the bad and moving lower. My hand settled in the waist of her pajama bottoms. Whose crotch was positively drenched. A large dark spot marking her release.

She lifted her hips as soon as I began to tug them down. A pair of white cotton panties underneath, I didn’t bother with teasing and did away with them both. Ann waited in silence, watching my every move as pulled her clothes down her legs. I tore them off as soon as I reached her feet, earning a startled gasp.

Completely nude, Ann remained spread out on the bed. Positively glorious in everything she was. I decided to join her. Standing from the bed and stripping out of my cargo pants and boxers. Never taking my eyes off of her, Ann did the same. Her eye once again returning to the seductive, half drawn expression. Widening only when the firm length of my erection came popping free. She hummed appreciatively. Though, she was the true vision.

A few weeks since I’d last seen her, Ann’s crotch lacked the perfect sculpting she’d gone through for her marriage anniversary. Not expecting my visit, the front of her pelvis remained as the thick thatch of dark red hair I remembered. Though with shorter hairs creeping along the edges. She kept her legs firmly pressed together, a possible tease. But I made my intentions perfectly clear as my hands slip along her knees and bent them to open. Ann did so slowly, clenching her lips tightly together at the brazen display I was demanding. I breathed a sigh of relief.

Sitting between her legs, now bereft of her pants I could smell the excessive wetness wafting from her burning corn. Heavy with musk, I could feel my erection throb as a response.

“You’re sure?” she asked again. Watching me settle between her spread legs, she no doubt figured I was forcing myself in some way. That I could find this task undesirable. Seeing the real worry in her eyes, I could only assume she lacked this experience because of more than she led on. Had James said something early on?

I surprised her by grabbing her legs and lifting them against her stomach. The position seemed uncomfortable, but not straining. Her eyes widened considerably. “Try and stop me;” I answered. Throwing in a wink, Ann didn’t seem how to respond. Which was fine by me. The only thing I wanted to hear for the next few minutes were moans.

“J-James!” she started. But I didn’t let her finish.

I laid on my stomach, settling on the soft mattress of her bed. Still holding her legs, they naturally settled until one rested on the broad shelf of my shoulder. The other bent higher against her body, making more than enough room for my face to press against her slit.

I started on her thigh, carefully kissing my way closer to the point of promise. Ann’s breathing picked up considerably, despite the fact that I had barely touched her. Soon, the wet juices of her pleasure met my pecking lips. Her taste exploded against my tongue, a slightly riper sweetness not unlike her daughter.

“James,” she breathed, less in warning and now in pleasure. Exactly what I wanted. No doubt she was even more aware of her actions than me. And held her breath as my own washed against the enflamed lips swollen with pleasure. I dared to lean forward, the softness of her core breaking beneath my lips. And I felt her thighs tense around me.
“James!” I opened my mouth, briefly sucking on the soft outer shell of her sex. My tongue darted out, delving between the heated, chubby flesh and sinking to meet the hard bone of her pelvis. I flicked it upward, to start, drawing the pink muscle threw her lips until its tip brushed against the swollen bundle of nerves at the top. My efforts were not in vein, and along with a satisfying gasp I was treated to the sound of the sheets being gripped in both hands. I hope they can hold out.

With what experience I had gained over the past few weeks, I did my best to make this experience pleasurable for Ann. And by the steady stream of gasps and heavy breathing, I could only guess I was doing something right.

I lapped at her fluid, the silky texture of her sex pressed against my lips. Her opening stained my tongue with its taste, a steady stream of sticky tart juices dripping down my throat. I did my best to alternate between these two places, drilling the dimple of her channel only to shift and suck on the ridged and firm nub of her clit.

Reaching deeper with my tongue, the thin wispy hairs ticked my nose. I had to keep one hand on her hip, keeping her from moving too much. With each roll of my tongue, I could feel her humping against my mouth, grinding her womanly flesh to gain that much more sensation. I responded in kind doing my best to increase the pressure.

I came up from between her legs only when I could feel her thighs trembling against my ears. “Enjoying yourself?” You could choke a horse with amount of pride I was exhuming.

Ann wasn’t in much of a position to answer. Laid back against the bed, her back emanated in a slight arch, still poised to grind against my open mouth. Covered in sweat, the entire area surrounding her was stained a dark color. The worst of which remained to center around her bottom. Pale skin flushed anew, her entire body was alive with arousal.

“Stop. Talking.” She panted. She was quite the vision. A single arm thrown over her eyes, I couldn’t see the sparkling blue pools clench in pleasure. Her other remained tangled in a fist full of cloth, the poor material stretched to its absolute limit. A deep, throaty chuckle erupted out my nose.

“Your wish…” I let the comment hand in the air, not bothering to finish. Ann didn’t seem to mind, much more focused on the return of my mouth on her sex. Hope poor James is prepared to step up after I was gone. Now that she’s had a taste, something told me this woman wouldn’t be quite so prepared to let his husbandly duties slide…

She was close. The sheer amount of juices pouring out of her was enough that it was running down my cheeks. It only made the loudness of her moans that much more satisfying, especially considering how worried she had been about Kim hearing us. The poor girl, I could only imagine what she was thinking about what her parents were doing now. Or, at the very least, what was happening to her mother. Well, if she was worried before, she was really going to be concerned now.

I kept Ann on the edge long enough. Reduced to a quivering pile of pleasure and warm juice. Spreading her lips with my free hand, I stared at the engorged nub of her clit, swollen and completely exposed out from under its hood. It was almost vulgar in its wanton lust, its primal need for that rush of pleasure. I gave them both what they needed, slipping my lips around the throbbing flesh and applying direct suction. The small bundle became drawn into my mouth, gently pinched between pursed lips. It was just what she needed, a sudden gush of liquid against my cheek signaling her crashing release.

Ann’s lower body bucked feverishly, almost enough to jump out of my attention. Helping her ride it out, I listened to the sudden and choked moan of pleasure that struggled to make its way out of her gaping mouth. Perfect pink lips formed a wide circle, drowning out the heavy breathes of her
desperate lungs.

Heart pounding, her breast actually shook with the forced of each beat. Waves of pleasure consuming her mind and body, each of her muscles tightening and relaxing all at once. Until finally her body went limp, an exhausted shell of a woman left where Ann possible had just been.

“James…” she sighed. And I could hear so much in the single breath. Lust, satisfaction, amazement, everything I was hoping for and more. I might have used these items for my own gain, but no one can say I was selfish in my use of them.

Whipping my face clean, I moved higher on the bed, careful not to disturb her. Setting up against her side, Ann naturally turned into my body, pressing her face into my chest. I could feel the warm breath still rushing through her lungs. She groaned in the best of ways. “James,” she repeated, this time with emphasis. I couldn’t help but laugh. One that Ann weakly joined. I brushed a strand of wet hair out of her face.

“Ann,” I returned, matter of fact. She could only release another groan, tightening her arm around my back.

Sensitive after her second release, I took my time, running my hand along the smooth curve of her spine. Reaching her rear, I filled my hand with the supple flesh, gentle kneading the perfect globe while the woman gasped into my skin. When she was finally ready to return to the world of the living I didn’t bother stopping. Happily meeting her eyes while my finger sank into her mature figure.

“So you’re a fan I take it?” She just shook her head.

“That was… wow,” she started. Blue eyes fluttering open, she just stared up at me, actual wonder in her eyes. This made me inexplicitly happy. I could only wonder, had the real James ever managed to earn such a look? By her expression I could only assume not.

“I’m happy you enjoyed it.” Looking up at me, there wasn’t much she could do to stop me from capturing her lips in a slow, but building kiss. The taste of her own juices seemed to stop her at first, but after a few moments I could feel the hesitant moments accept me. No doubt it was a shock tasting herself for the first time.

“Do you think you can keep going,” I asked, my tone soft and gentle. No matter how wonderful it felt to give my partner pleasure, the constant throbbing of my erection was growing painful. A full week of forced celibacy had built up quite the appetite. And I longed to be inside of her. “I, ah, don’t think I’ll last long.” Both a warning and a reassurance, I was happy to Ann’s lips turn up in a smile.

“I think I can manage,” she nodded. Going for another kiss, our lips stayed connected as I positioned myself on top of her. She opened her legs around my hips with practiced ease. Much more comfortable with this sexual act, Ann seemed at ease. Even as the tip of my member ran through her still warm lips, she simple arched her pelvis making herself ready.

I felt myself slip into the shallow dimple of her hole leading to a much deeper channel. Applying the smallest of pressure, my hips slowly sank forward, driving the blunt head of my throbbing erection into her body; forcing her walls apart and splitting her all the way to her core. Eyes closed, she laid back releasing only a single sigh when I finally reached the far back of her womb.

Holding myself like this, it was my turn to groan. God I missed this. How on earth could I ever make myself believe I could live without this for an entire year? No, for even another day? The soft wet walls of Ann’s vagina wrapped around my dick wonderfully, tightening subtly with each beat of her
precious heart. Drawing back, I could feel her clench with purpose. Practiced muscles bearing down to make her body even more pleasurable. My balls were already heavy with cum, and it was all I could do to keep from spilling it right that second.

A started at a slow pace, keeping myself pressed closely against her. Around my back I could feel her hands splayed outwards, cradling my shoulder blades as I worked myself in and out of her body. Occasionally, I could hear her sigh. A small grunt that echoed whenever I pressed myself against the back of her channel. Otherwise she remained silent, content to let me have my way with her perfect form.

Face buried in her neck, I breathed in the wonderful perfume that seemed to naturally fall from her skin. It was all so wonderfully intimate, the kind that only came with years of marriage and trust. Not for the first time, I found myself cursing the Possible head of the house. To think he got to have this whenever he wanted. It just made me push harder inside of her. The effort earned a small gasp of discomfort, but I kissed away the pain. I wanted to stain her, mark her in some way as mine that he never could. My impending release stole that chance from me, approaching much faster than my mind could process.

Ann could feel me speeding up and tightened herself accordingly. The soft velvety texture of her walls clamped down, massaging the bulging length of my shaft. Feeling hot, wet pressure, it was my turn to tear at the sheets, fisting them in each hand as the first burst of cum came rocketing out of my swollen head.

I kept humping, small quick movements that made the most of the heightened sensitivity. I savored the smooth texture of Ann’s vagina, so much better than the skin of my hand. Another flood of semen came pouring out of me. I could feel each burst building, collecting along the underside of my shaft. Gasping for breath, Ann’s hands never stopped their gentle caress. Only moving to cup the corded length of my neck. Even in the throes of pleasure she grounded me. Made me whole.

Three more burst feel from my tip before I finally started to come down. Still dribbling the milky fluid, I pushing myself deep inside, working the last of it inside of her. Meanwhile Ann, just watched me, her blue eyes as clear as the sky and inexplicitly happy. I returned the gesture, bringing one of her hands to my face for a kiss.

“Better?” she gave a knowing grin. Slightly flushed, her breath had only increased a bit. Nowhere near as much as mine. I gave a sweaty nod, falling to my side to draw her against me. She was more than happy to comply, her small frame fitting perfectly against mine in a spooning position. My face naturally aligned with the back of her head, allowing me to breath in the fragrant smell of her shampoo.

My blood seemed to sing in my veins. The stress and weight I’d been carrying for the past twenty four hours all but disappeared but from the tight knots in my back. I felt weightless, like if I just kept my eyes closed the rest of the world could really just melt away leaving only the two of. Compared to the hot ball of anger I’d been standing in her living room, it seemed I was right in my assumed treatment. And Ann had been just the doctor I needed.

My hands tightened around her mid-section, possessive and urgent. Ann’s hands just ran soothing lines along my forearms, unaware of the emotions that had caused the motion. My thoughts from just a moment ago were still just as fresh despite the bliss humming in my chest. And that part of me still craved that piece of her to hoard for myself.

James Possible, in his time being married to her, has been able to share more memories and moments in their lives than I could ever hope. Their first date, their kiss, first time making love, first night being married, even their first child together. No matter how much I like to pretend otherwise, Ann
was his wife, and there was nothing I could do or be to ever compare to that. But it didn’t mean I could take a moment for myself.

A piece of her just for me. To know that I’d made an impact in her life in some way, even if I was the only one who knew it.

A/N: once you finish this chapter I hope a few of you will go back and take a look at chapter 2 of this story and take a moment to enjoy how much has changed, both in writing ability as well as Ron’s character as a whole. It’s been a lot of fun slowly transforming Ron into the type of guy capable of more than just nervous muttering in front of a naked woman. And I hope everyone’s enjoyed the journey up to this point.

Next Chapter – March 5th. Falling ever deeper into the freedom that is abandoning everything he has ever known, Ron finds himself in the unique position of enjoying even more of mature lover than even her husband. Wearing the face of another, what acts could his mind concoct to satisfy the dark cravings beginning to take hold? And most importantly, how will Ann react? Read and find out.
Chapter 10 – To Do The Things I Do

We laid like for some time, neither of us caring about the mixed juices staining the bed. We were both sweaty, but it was still wonderful.

My hands, ever playful, happily cupped her breasts. Not explicitly sexual, they still kneaded the womanly mounds. Enjoying the soft texture and gentle weight. Ann didn’t seem to mind, lazily smiling whenever I did something she enjoyed.

Ten minutes must have passed before either of us made a move. Ann being the first, my still hard cock slowly grinding between her cheeks must have finally peaked her attention. Eyebrow raised, she took one look between us only to appear surprised.

“You are in a mood today.” I could only guess at what she meant.

Even after cumming what felt like a life time of semen, my dick was still as hard as when we’d started. The first taste of a woman in too long, I was far too starved to settle for one orgasm. Rather than point out my teenage virility, I had to smile. One that she just rolled her eyes at. Turning around her lips returned to mine. She seemed willing enough to try another round. More than happy to reciprocate, my fingers ran along the curve of her butt distracting me from the passion.

Ann belonged to James, legally and emotionally. She had chosen him to be her partner in everything until death do they part. There was nothing I could do about that. He was her first lover, her first husband, had given her her first child. And much more. I had given her another first today, one she had enjoyed greatly. But part of me still yearned for more. Just one more stone to even the scales.

“James?” she mumbled past my lips. But I couldn’t answer.

Despite the fact that I wanted nothing more than to forget about that damned night, my mind drifted to my evening with Shego. More specifically, to the way it had felt slip inside the tight hole of her backside.

As horrible as that night had been, that one part stood apart. And I couldn’t help but wonder how Ann’s might feel in comparison.

“Hey,” I started. Pulling away, my ‘wife’ was still confused. No doubt curious as to what could be distracting me. Turning her eyes in my direction, I tried to think about how I should even say this.

“Um… okay, ah. How would you feel about trying something… a little different?” I phrased the question as innocently as possible, but something told me she could still see I was nervous. Probably
because she outright pointed it out.

“You seem nervous,” Though rather than suspicious she seemed more amused. A coy smile playing in her lips. Scooting back to get a better look at me, she laid on her side, propping her head on her palm. She smiled playfully. “What did you have in mind?”

If anything, her knowing I was nervous only made me more so. Putting on a strained smile, I continued to struggle, unsure how a husband was meant to ask his wife for backdoor privileges. As experienced as I’d become in the past few weeks I’d yet to encounter this subject. Finally, taking her hands in mine I decided to just say it.

“Okay so… keep an open mind,” I started. To which she just giggled, no doubt even more curious. I couldn’t help but laugh with her, groaning at my own lack of ability to communicate.

“Our sex is… wonderful,” we both couldn’t help but laugh at that understatement. “And I think we’ve both agreed that we enjoy each other’s mouths just as much.” Again she agreed, patiently nodding her head. “I was just hoping we could explore… other areas,” Waiting for her reaction, she just nodded again. Doing her best to keep from frowning.

“I still don’t understand,” she ducked her head. Running her hand down my chest, she tried to give me confidence. “Sweetie, whatever it is just tell me. I’m happy to try anything if it makes you happy…” she paused, a slight wrinkle forming in her brow. “Within reason.” She added, just for safe measure. I could only imagine what she was thinking. Then, realizing my hand was still fondling her butt, I decided it would be easier to show rather than tell.

“Just… for example…” I trailed off, slipping my fingers between the crack of her cheeks. Her expression curled, but it wasn’t until the tip of my finger brushed the wrinkled button of her backside that her eyes lit up with realization, only to flinch back. I waited for her response.

“Oh!” she gasped. Taking a moment, she just blinked, her wide eyes drifting off in thought as she considered what I was really saying. “Oh,” she repeated, this time a bit less startled. Though she had yet to slap my hand away.

She stayed like this for a while, not really blinking despite the exaggeration in her gaze. Finally, after what seemed like her hundredth deep breath, her blue eyes returned to me. Looking more conflicted than anything else. “That is… certainly adventurous” She acknowledged, though I couldn’t be sure if that was a good thing or not. Again she fell silent, but took the time to search my face. No doubt wondering the same as me. What the hell was she thinking?

“Can I ask what inspired this change?” She chose the words carefully, I could tell. I did my best to hold her gaze while trying to think of an explanation.

“Well, I’d be lying if I said this was something… new.” This earned a sharp look of surprise. “Um, but I guess I’ve done my best to hold myself back.” And it wasn’t until the words left my mouth that I realized how true they were. But rather than dwell on this revelation, I forced my attention on Ann, who appeared stricken at what I’d said.

“James!” she gasp, almost hurt, “you know you can talk to me about anything, don’t you?” The last part came out small, worried. The fact that she thought her husband was hiding something this important from her was no doubt scary. There would be ramifications for my actions, I knew that. But by then I would be hidden away atop a mountain for the rest of my life.

“I do, and I’m sorry,” I apologized. “That’s why I’m telling you now. Would that be something you’d be willing to try?” and that was the real question.
Ann took a deep breath, her plump bottom lip falling between her teeth. Glancing away, she thought for a moment before finally answering. “Medically speaking, it’s not very hygienic,” she started, vocalizing her thoughts. “Isn’t that supposed to hurt?” she asked. A fleck of worry took her tone.

“I’m just asking to try,” I tried to reassure her. Weighing the words in my head, I finally decided it was worth it if it eased her fears. “And I’ve… done some research. So that should help it go smoothly.”

It was a gamble, but it was the best I could do without outright saying I’d done it before. Once again Ann appeared shaken, no doubt picturing her husband looking up pornography on top of everything else that had happened tonight. Finally she just shook her head, a smile fighting its way onto her lips.

“Remind me to avoid your search history,” she murmured listlessly. And sighing one more time, her eyes turned toward the bed, before flicking back toward mine. Tight and unsure. Finally, chewing on her lip, she muttered the one word I had been waiting for.

“Alright…”

It was quite, and nervous, but underneath I’d swear there was something close to excitement shining through. Nothing could stop the rush that swept through me that moment. Seeing my sudden exclamation, Ann immediately held up her hand, still shift nervously on the bed. “But I need a minute!” she quickly demanded, shooing my hands away while she crawled off the bed. I had a wonderful view of her pale rear before she stepped onto the floor, nervously tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

“Stay here,” she ordered, her voice firm. And dare I say, a small smile curling her lips.

I was both surprised and delighted. Even going so far as to roll onto my back, arms comfortably tucked behind my head. Seeing that I would do as she said, Ann made another nervous expression, but forced herself to march across the room and into the adjoining bathroom. Stepping inside, she stole one last glance in my direction before closing the door.

A few moments later, the sound of sink being run could be heard. But other than that, I could only wonder what was happening on the other side of the door. Finally given a few minutes alone, I found my mind trailing back to the words I’d just said to Ann.

‘I’ve been holding back,’ why did that resound so solidly as soon as I’d said it? But even asking that, part of me was already well aware of the answer.

I guess I’d always sort of known. In a way. A word here, a feeling there. It’s just the way I was raised. To never speak up. To keep the peace. I’d gotten so use to the world being against me that I’d forgotten what it was like to even want.

My relaxed expression darkened, just a fragment of the anger I knew had been building inside of me coming to the surface.

I keep blaming these things I’d found for my decisions. But at the end of the day, I needed to recognize that these desires, these cravings that have been driving me crazy over the last month… maybe they have always been there. And it’s just now that I have the power to make them reality that I dare acknowledge them.

My thoughts didn’t grow any more positive from there. Plagued by the reality of my own character, I almost forgot about the beautiful, nude woman in just the other room. But just like her daughter, when the door opened and I saw her, all the dark things in the world just seemed to blow away.
Leaving only her, and me. A world of our own.

“Okay…” she smiled, a nervous light burning in her eyes.

Slowly making her way towards the bed, I spotted a bottle in her hand. She sat on the very edge of the mattress, eventually creeping close enough to hand it to me.

“You’re the expert.” she shifted next to me. I could her the joke under her nerves. “How do we, um, start?” I decided then that enough was enough and sat up to touch her face.

I kissed her before she could say another word. Neither passionate, nor lustful, it was slow, gentle, and most importantly, full of the honest love I felt for this woman. Words would do nothing to calm her racing heart. Nothing I could say anyways. If nothing else, I had to use my emotions.

My efforts seemed to work. At least somewhat. And when I pulled away I was relieved to see a smile replace tight line her lips had been.

This was important to me. But more than just because I was getting something James had yet to claim. Sure, that was a bonus, but even more important was that it was Ann, and this was a memory I would get to have of her after I was gone. Of course, I was excited to try this kind of sex again, but not if it meant making Ann uncomfortable. To me that wasn’t worth it.

“Relax,” I tried to tell her. Taking a deep breath, I watched and waited for her to look at me. When she did, she was faring much better than the minute before. Even reaching for my hand to hold.

“We’ll go slowly?” she asked, though it held the tone of a command. I nodded my head nonetheless, easing her back onto the bed.

Setting the bottle of lotion beside me, my hands returned to Ann’s body. Demanding her lips, I went to work restoring the arousal that I’d worked so hard to achieve. Back on the bed, we cuddled next to each other making out like a couple of teenagers.

I purposefully kept my hands far away from her rear, keeping them busy with her breasts instead. The time for that would come soon. This helped in the slow motivation, pinching her nipples the way I knew she liked. And soon, I could feel a small bit of her arousal return to tighten the tips of her breasts.

I wanted her to enjoy this, I wanted her to look back fondly on today, and on me. Even if she never knows who it actually was who spent the day with her. With that in mind, I finally reached back for the bottle, squeezing a generous amount onto my middle finger.

“Tell me if I need to slow down,” I offered, reaching for the wide curve of her hips. Pressing her face into my neck, I felt her nod. I took this as her permission and easily slipped my finger between her cheeks and towards the tight opening of her rear. Feeling me touch the tender space, she frozen in my arms, relaxing only after the digit was safely inside.

She didn’t make it easy, unconsciously clenching down to fend off the intrusion. Against the blunt tip of my finger, I found myself cautiously applying more and more pressure, trusting the ring of muscle to give before there was any real pain. And it turned out I was right, slipping through in an instant. I think both of us were surprised to find my finger suddenly buried halfway inside her virginal cavity. A hot sigh broke against my collar.

“Okay?” I asked, doing my best to hold still. I knew there couldn’t be any real pain, but emotional stress was just as important. Finally, Ann nodded her head. And then went on to surprise me by reaching for my lips.
Captured in a sudden kiss, I quickly understood and returned the gesture. Keeping Ann’s mind adequately occupied, I began to slowly saw my finger in and out of her rear, doing my best to make the opening loosen to a comfortable state.

I swallowed a small grunt coming from Ann, feeling my finger sink deeper into her anus. Unable to help herself she pulled back, gripping my shoulder for support. Her features screwed up adorably, no doubt trying to grow use to the alien sensations. She couldn’t help but squirm, rolling her butt against my hand.

“It… doesn’t hurt,” she finally decided. Though I could tell she found the situation less than pleasant. I just nodded my head, keeping my eyes on her face before attempting another deeper stab. Once again she grunted, eyebrows drawing together. Testing my finger against the smooth wall of her insides, her eyes widened along with her mouth.

Another small gasp.

“It’s certainly odd though.” Retaking her position against my neck, I casually stroked the back of her head before asking.

“Are you ready for another finger?” my question seemed to exhaust the older woman. But after a few seconds, she nodded her head. And I pushed on. Without hesitation.

Feeling her around my fingers only made me that much more anxious to feel her around my dick. Despite the fear and tension we’d had to work through, I was still just as hard as when we’d been comfortably cuddling. I’m sure she could feel me, grinding against her belly. I could only wonder if she felt my size and imagined it where my fingers were now.

The second finger was both easier and harder than the first. With one already inside of her, there was much less resistance to fight against to get the digit inside. But at the same time, this was the point that she would feel pain of being stretched, and her grip on my shoulder changed accordingly.

Fingernails sank into my flesh, sharp and stinging. Bearing with it, I did my best to calm her. Waiting a few moments for the sensation to grow less acute, I finally began to work the two deeper, feeling the right ring of her anus strain around me.

One might think, caught in this torturously slow pace that I would get bored. Exasperated even. But in all honesty, this was fascinating. Even putting on this mask, I never once though I’d be put in this kind of position. One of power.

I was just a teenage boy. Next to Ann, a mature and adult woman, it was almost impossible to imagine me having anything to hold over her. But that was the only way I could see this situation. Me gently leading her through this alien experience. I guess when it came to age, new was still new.

A long groan sounded off my chest. Shifting on the bed, her hips pushed away from her body. An unconscious move, the effect spread her cheeks, making my intrusion just a bit easier to handle. Which was good, because I’d hardly moved and she already seemed to struggle.

“Keep going,” she managed. Holding her breath against the pain. Despite her discomfort, her tone was surprisingly strong. A testament to the iron will that ran through the mother. Feeling an odd spark of pride for the woman I loved, I did as she asked, driving the two finger as deep as they allowed. The motion was slow, possibly torturous. But when my knuckles finally bottomed out Ann allowed her tense muscled to relax. Most notably the one wrapped around my fingers.

“Tell me how it feels,” I murmured, listening to tight breaths caring the weight of her pain. Snapping
open, Ann’s blue eyes looked up at me, seeming years younger than her age.

“What?” in pain and confused, she struggled to understand what I’d just said. With my free hand I touched her cheek, caressing the soft heavenly flesh.

“I want you to talk to me, tell how my fingers feel.” My tone falling deeper than intended, Ann seemed to see my intention, a stark flush consuming her pale cheeks. Sparing for a second, her eyes shut one again before opening to look at me through her lashes.

“It… hurts,” she started, breathless but doing her best. No doubt it was difficult to think proper with the constant onslaught of my finger spearing against her anal cavity. I kissed her brow, trying to encourage her. Taking a series of short quick breaths she tried again.

“It feels… hot,” she tried to rationalize. “Around my butt. Inside I can feel you moving around,” she suddenly stopped, grunting as my two digits struggled to form a tight V, still buried inside of her. Relaxing the exercises, she immediately slumped, the sweat building on her skin beating and dripping down to the sheets.

“I can feel you rubbing against the sides. And it feels… strange.” she was exhausted. Fighting to put up with what I was doing, Ann seemed ready to collapse. With this in mind, I debated my options before finally pulling my fingers free. She gasped, not expecting the sudden lack of sensation.

“Come on. Lie down.” I instructed. Confused, Ann followed my guiding hands, turning so that her stomach rested against the bedspread. Peeking over her shoulder, a single blue eyes watched me reposition myself on the bed. Moving to settle between her legs and right behind the generous hill of exposed bottom.

This was much closer to how it had been with Shego. Like this I’d have much more control, and the strain on Ann should lessen considerably. Apparently not a fan on change, Ann remained warry, watching me as I resupplied my fingers with a fresh helping lotion. Giving her butt my full attention, I reached forwards, spreading her cheeks to reveal the tight button resting just inches above line of her sex.

“James…” more of a moan than an exclamation, Ann took one look at me so brazenly eyeing her exposure and turned to bury her face in her arms.

“That’s my girl,” is smiled, marveling at how beautiful a picture this was.

A cheek in each hand, I squeezed the mounds, watching my fingers sink into the mature figure of her round bottom. I remember just yesterday, struggling to avoid glancing at the woman. What could possibly be worth more than this that made me think I’d ever be able to resist?

Keeping one cheek dramatically spread, my other hand traced down the line of her crack, stopping at the slightly swollen opening. Rubbing the cream around its rim, I soothed the irritation as best as I could. Ann’s soft groan seemed to signal a bit of progress. I took this as my sign to continue, replacing my finger back into her waiting opening.

I was happy to see me slip in without any issue. While still tight, I’d worked the muscle enough that it was able to accept the single digit without issue. Even Ann offered little complaint. A single cautious squeeze around my finger the only sign that she noticed me at all. Easing my hand to the small of her back, I applied the smallest bit of pressure and held her still while a second forced itself inside.

Again, easier than the first time. Soft and malleable, the sensitive skin wrinkled around my invading
fingers. Taking a deep breath, I was eagerly moved to extend a third finger. Stretching the mother of three even further and finally achieving my goal. Her back flexed, and I could feel her start to squirm. But pinned against the bed, I held fast. And sure enough, slipping round the last digit her once small hole strained to reach its new size.

“Keep breathing,” I shushed, a muffled cry sounding from the woman’s other end. Still buried in her arms, I could only imagine the pinch expression stealing her otherwise warm features. I pumped my fingers, not giving her a moment to relax. But only because I knew this was the worst part. I repeated this until satisfied, pulling my fingers free. Ann immediately fell against the bed, her shoulders rising and falling with the deep, relieved breaths.

“Okay, you’re ready,” I informed her. And despite the circumstances, I was relieved to hear a sardonically dry chuckle escape her.

“Am I now?” I could only imagine what she must be thinking after being pushed so far to her limits. Especially when we’d hardly even begun. Sighing, Ann just rolled on her side, cautious to avoid sitting directly on her rectum. “How do we…”

“Um, all fours?” I offered, doing my best not to smile. I must not have done a good enough job, because sure enough, I found a glare being sent my way. Blowing a strand of hair out of her face, she just shook her head, too far past embarrassed to even care about the submissive position. I guess after having her butt cheeks spread wide open, there isn’t much that can really affect her at this point. She reluctantly moved to assume the requested position.

Kneeling on the bed beside her, I quickly took a moment to just look at her, loving this angle. Shoulder blades sticking out of her back, she tiredly propped herself on thin arms, the low curve of her back rising into a soft round bottom. Long legs kneeled against the bed, mature thighs slightly spread in preparation for the impending penetration. And cradled bellow, her perky breasts loomed under their own weight, dropping towards the bed with their capped nipples at their direct center. In way, it struck me just then how impossible this situation really was.

“James?” she asked, an embarrassed huff leaving her mouth. But I just smiled, running my hand down her back as I crawled to face her offered backside.

Completely bent over, the line of her sex was entirely visible, her mature lips spilling out of the line that eventually merged with her crack. Slightly open, I placed a hand on each cheek spreading her that much more.

“Lots of lube,” Ann requested, hanging her head while I felt her bottom. Nodding, my free hand moved to grab the stray bottle while my other pumped the straining length of my erection. After releasing four generous donations of lotion into my hand, I worked the cream over my organ. Slicked up as best as I was able, I whipped my hand clean on the blanket before waddling closer to align myself at her offered backside. Feeling me settle so close, Ann just sighed, lowering her head to the bed and allowing her cheeks to fall apart. Settling my hand on her tail bone, I angled myself at the slightly darker patch of skin and leaned my hips to move forward.

“Relax,” I murmured, my tone gentle and soothing. With the blunt tip of my organ pressed against her guarded gate, I could already see the ring twitching and struggling to allow itself to open. Applying the smallest amount of pressure, the spongy tip of my head pressed flat against her. The ridged core at its center stubbornly refusing to bend against the possible orifice.

Ann breathed deep, her back expanding and contracting as she struggled to find a sense of peace.
One hand settled on her flank, the other rubbed slowly circled around the small of her back. After a moment, I could feel her begin to do just that. And as soon I felt her sphincter ease enough of its tension, my hips moved forward, forcing her to body to fit around the thick girth of my erection.

I watched her finger sink into the soft maroon comforter that covered the length of the bed. Elbows locked, her head slowly sank towards the bed while her rear stayed pointed in position. She grunted, deep in her throat.

The ring of her anus snapped around the ridge of my dick, locking us in place. Now that I was inside, it was a much simpler matter of pushing forward- though I did so slowly. Slick with the lilac scented lotion, the smooth skin of my shaft glided in.

For me, it was incredible. The view alone was the thing of dreams. This was what I’d been wanting. Her wide hips and mature rear posed to accept me. The tight enclosure of her rectum stretching to fit.

Forcing myself half way inside of her wonderful figure, I finally gave us both a chance to rest. Feeling me stop, Ann’s shoulders dropped. A desperate breath released that I hadn’t even known she was holding. Blinking, I couldn’t help but remember my inexperience in the subject and worried if I was doing this wrong.

Ann was in pain. Head bowed into her folded forearms, I couldn’t see her expression. Though I had no doubt it was currently tight and clenched. Bless her heart, despite the obvious discomfort she did nothing to stop me. Biting the pillow the stifle her grunts and groans. And doing everything in her power to accommodate her husband’s strange new fascination.

Letting her get used to the new sensation, I tried to think back to my horrible night with Shego. Take clues from how she’d been able to enjoy it.

Suffice to say, it was difficult to get any kind of reading off the villainous. The entre night she’d been so different from how I knew her. From everything I’d ever known about her. A few things caught my attention, though nothing concrete. Shrugging my shoulders, I quickly decide it could hardly be more uncomfortable than this.

I leaned forward, bending at the waist until the pale surface of my chest rested against her back. Brushing the length of her hair out of the way, my warm breath sighed against her bare neck, earning a shutter for my effort.

“Push against me,” I told her, feeling a slight jump at the sudden sound of my voice. Cupping her ribs, the course skin of my hands rubbed back and forth eventually reaching her breast. My hands slipped between the soft cotton bedspread and her softer skin, searching for each of her flushed tips to give them a squeeze.

She hadn’t been expecting me to talk. I could tell by the way her head turned to peek at me out the corner of her eye. “W-What?” so focused on the discomfort of something entering her rear hole, it took her a second to hear what I’d said. Kneading the softness of her boobs, my lips once again brushed the delicate warmth of her neck before answering.

“Push against me,” I repeated myself, my tone bleeding pleasure. While also the truth, I wanted her to hear what she was doing to me. How much I was enjoying the tightness surrounding me. “It should help. Make things easier for you.” I listened to the quick, sharp breaths squeezing against my chest. “Trust me…”

It didn’t happen right away. No doubt she was more than a little caution concerning that part of her body. But continuing to work her breast and leaving long lingering kisses against her back and
shoulders, I could feel the tightness around me change, shifting. Loosing none of its tightness, the resistance that had been fighting me seemed to lessen a great deal.

I wasn’t the only one who could feel the difference. Right away I could hear her sigh in relief, as little as it might have been. I could actually feel her the tightness in her back relax.

“That’s my girl,” I encouraged. And I couldn’t believe how good it felt to say. Because it was true. It didn’t matter if she was already married to another man. It didn’t even matter if she thought I was another person. Right here, right now, she was mine. Mine to love, mine to touch, and mine to have.

Her breathing evened out. It was already markedly easier to slip the rest of myself inside, and I took this as my cue to continue. Keeping my position, my hips pushed forward stealing another inch. And at the same time, I released her breast to caress the soft skin of her belly. Continuing in this direction, the tips of my fingers brushed the wispy hairs above her crotch before finally reaching to feel the soft skin of her folds split apart for my fingers.

Ann’s breath stopped, a startled hand reaching back to touch my thigh. For the first time that night, Ann seemed unsure, a silent and immediate request for me to stop. With a knowing smile, I regretfully could not acquiesce.

For Ann, this wasn’t about her pleasure. But mine. And while I loved her for the sacrifice she seemed intent on delivering, I wanted more than for her to simply silent bear with a quick romp in her rump. I wanted her to enjoy it. Even if she didn’t expect to.

“James!” she gasped, head turned to the side so her voice was clear. There was fear in her tone, though not for the reasons one might expect.

Slowly pushing the last of my erection into her tight ring, my hand slowly drew through her long folds the way I knew she enjoyed. The mixing of sensations was startling, even more alien than just her first brush with anal. Pleasure mingled with pain, and she wasn’t sure how to handle it. I shushed her gently, earning another gasp. And just as my fingers pressed against her soft opening, our hips met.

“Don’t worry,” I told her, hearing the strangled sounds echoing in her chest. Moving in and out, two of my fingers teased the smooth walls inside of her, slow but insistent. Despite the strain of what was happening, her sex was still very much alive. A growing heat and slick liquid dipping down my palm.

“James!” she repeated, calling the name of the man whom she believed to be loving. Moving my hips, the long length of my erection pulled back, stopping just before half of it was free. Reaching with my thumb, I pressed its flat edge against her clit and forced myself back inside all the way to my hilt.

“That’s my girl,” I repeated, relishing in the moment. The effect was immediate, and I felt her already strained rectum tighten around me. I gasped right along with her.

“James! Stop, don’t- it feels…” she stopped, her voice betraying her own intent. This was new, interesting, and something she had been excited to experience. Even if she could never say it out loud. But it seems she never thought she’d be able to enjoy it. Nothing pleased me more than shattering that belief, and I took my time working my hand through her sex. Thighs quivering, she shook her head, grunting as pulled myself free a second time.

As much as I wanted to pound away at her backside, it was more fun taking my time. At a building pace, I worked my shaft in and out of her backside feeling the tightness around me adjust enough
that I didn’t need to feel afraid.

It was just as good as I’d imagined. Even more than the delightful friction, even more than the beautiful woman underneath me, it gave me power. Something I’d lived my entire life without. It was like a drug coursing through my veins, sweet even as it burned away everything that I was. In a way, it was even better than the pleasure arching up my spine and pooling in the sack swinging between my legs.

This is what I’d been craving all this time. I thought back at the afternoons spent trying to relive myself with my hand, and I can finally understand the hollow sense of loss that seemed to always follow. It’s no wonder it couldn’t satisfy this urge. Only one thing could.

“Don’t be afraid” I muttered into her shoulder, my breath hot and heavy as it broke against the pale slate of skin. Daring myself to pick up my pace, I offset any pain my sudden urgency might cause by paying special attention to the warm bundle of nerves at the apex of her slit. “Don’t be afraid to feel good.” I could feel her, even now, trying to resist the motions of my fingers. But it wouldn’t last. Nothing could be denied forever

“James?” she seemed confused, maybe even a little frightened. It’s a wonder why. I could only imagine how different I must seem compared to the laid back, easy going Mr. Possible. But James wasn’t here, no matter how much Ann might think differently. And I trusted the mask to displace any suspicion.

My attention to her sex seemed to do its trick, and I smiled at the sound of her begrudged moan.

“Just let yourself go,” I continued, coaxing and gentle in the way my fingers seemed to seek out her weakest zones. In some way, I couldn’t believe what I was saying. It was like I was drunk, though on what I couldn’t think to say. But she continued to lay there and breathe for a number of moments.

With each pass of my hips I could feel her tighten around my length as well as my fingers. I prompted her for more.

“Mmm!” her voice cried. One of pleasure. She stopped, her voice shaking with the pace of my hips meeting her own. A small admission, but one that brought me the largest of smiles.

At the same moment, my hips pressed against the soft firmness of her cheeks, spearing deep into the back of her bowels. Her back tenses and she gasped. But around my fingers I could feel a newfound wetness drippe onto the mattress. Unable to speak, she just shook her head as if attempting to deny the proof flooding out of her.

What would James say if he saw the mother of his children behaving so voracious? I couldn’t help but wonder. Would she think about this the next time she was with him? Would she think about me? My already hard erection throbbed.

She was a mess by this point, in more ways than one. The familiar contraction of her sex was mirrored by her backside, and I knew the signs well enough to know she was on the edge. With this in mind, I finally allowed the speed of my hips to increase, a quick and deep penetration that sent ripples through the smooth and pale surface of her cheeks.

She mewled, the signals in her brain finally crossed enough to enjoy the treatment. Whither she actually enjoyed the sensation of me filling her backside, I couldn’t say. But she was far enough to simply sit back and enjoy the sensation of being filed.

Pulling back enough to stare at the back of her head, I watched her body jerk and shake from the
impact of our bodies. Turning her head, her neck craned over her shoulder to look at me, blue eyes shimmering in confusion and lust.

“don’t be afraid,” I managed over the heaviness of my breathing, “and just,” my hips surged forward, “let,” my finger’s curled upward, “yourself,” and just like that I could feel the last of her resistance melt away. The tightening muscles around my fingers redoubling in their effort in a splash of liquid arousal.

“Feel it.”

I came with a relishing smile, electricity singing through my body from the top of my head all the way to my toes. Warmth, pleasure, everything I ever was surging up and out my body and into Ann’s. And all with the knowledge that I’d been able to bring her over the edge with me.

Warmth flowing into her bowels, Ann’s body naturally tightened around me. The tight ring of muscles fighting to stop the strange inflow of substance that was normally turned to the opposite direction. With her hand, despite the discomfort, she made the effort to reach back and hold my hip, gentle squeezes coaxing me through a mind bowing orgasm. All the while with her own release crushing my fingers with its strength.

Breath held, when everything was over the room was filled without collective gasps of pleasure. I nearly fell on top of her. A shaking arm braces against the soft cushions below us.

Ann didn’t say anything while I caught my breath. I could feel the warmth and sweat drip off of me into her pale back, mixing with her own exertion.

For a single, wonderful moment, I even forgot about what was waiting for me at the end of the day. That I’d never see this wonderful woman again. That I’d never get to feel her soft skin, her warmth, her love. And when that moment ended, I found my heart breaking all over again. Both for the loss I was feeling, but now, even more that I understood what I was losing. For the first time, I understood what I wanted. Why I’ve been so driven and lost since I’d started collecting this little treasure trove of magic and technology.

Control. Over my life. Over myself. Just to have it, the one thing that I never seemed to be able to obtain growing up. And now Yori was coming to take me away, as well as any choice I might have had. Unfortunately, understanding why I’ve been so upset didn’t answer the question of if I could go through with it.

"James…?"

Hesitant, Ann’s voice called out in a muted tone. I jerked, looking up in surprise to find myself still inside of her. Though considerably softer. Realizing that I must have drifted off without meaning to. I slowly eased my hips back, earning a deep sigh from Ann when I finally pulled free.

“!” I stared down at where I’d just been inside of her and eyed the afflicted area. Flushed a brighter color, the small opening remained slightly stretched from our activity. Other than looking a little irritated, I couldn’t see anything that would leave any permanent damage. I didn’t get long to look because soon after feeling her back passage empty, the older woman’s position proved to be too much - forcing her to slowly fall to her side.

“How are you feeling?”

Curled up in on herself, her face was pinched. Against her, I pressed my front to her back and propped my head up so I could look at her. In response to my question, she just shook her head, a
wry smile fighting through the tight expression.

“Very similar to a colonoscopy patient, I imagine.” Turning her head, her eyes searched for mine. She reached up for short, warm kiss. “And… maybe a little surprised?” she asked. I immediately pressed our naked, sweaty bodies close together in a tight embrace. I kissed the back of her head

“You were incredible.” I promised. And that was an understatement if anything.

Ann smiled, despite herself. Turning around, I loosened my hold enough for her to press her face into my chest. For a second she held like this, just breathing in the heavy scent of our two bodies. When she finally broke away, the tension in her face was all but gone. Though I knew it would be a good few hours before she would be sitting without at least some difficulty.

“Did you enjoy it?” A bold question, but one I needed her to answer. After all, I doubted Ann expected to anything so crass in her life time. Not if her reaction to my request was anything to go by. So to suddenly find herself completely undone by the action, she was no doubt a bit shaken.

Ann didn’t answer right away, a quire look in her face as she recalled what had just happened. For a moment the tight line of her lips made me worry, but it slowly curled up into a half smirk. “I… Yes.” She admitted, her voice quite. Almost shamed. Her hand wormed up to pressed against my stomach. “Though, I’m not sure how I feel about that if I’m being honest.” Her features stayed worried, a frown on her lips. I took this in with a steady calmness before reaching for her face.

I turned her toward me, eyes connecting in a way that she could see the honesty of my next words. “If you liked it, than that’s all that mattered. No one, or thing can take that away from you, and there’s no reason to feel ashamed.” Her cheeks took on a light color, and she seemed to melt a bit against me. I took this as a sign of comfort before welcoming her into my arms once again.

When she looked back at me she held a brilliant smile. I couldn’t stop from reaching down to plant another lingering, searing kiss. When I finally pulled away she was chuckling, deep and in the back of her throat.

“I must say, I wasn’t expecting you to get so…” she paused, seeming to look for the right word. “Naughty.” It came out hushed, like she felt odd even saying it. But watching her dissolve into another fit of giggles eased any worries I might have had. “I suppose there’s nothing wrong with enjoying something a little strange.” her eyes turned soft. “Thank you, dear.”

“So I didn’t scare you?” I’d been worried about that. It wasn’t everyday a husband comes home suddenly asking for things like anal. Pulling away from me, Ann’s smile was soft and lazy. She shook her head.

“Of course not. Startling, yes. But I think with some time to heal,” she hesitated, like she needed to double check that she was in fact okay with what she was saying, “and a bit of wine, I think I wouldn’t mind trying again some time.” She rubbed her thighs together, the sated wetness still seeping out of her. “I can’t say it was all bad after all.” And turning to look at me, when her brilliant smile flashed I found myself unable to join her. The word, “again,” echoing until it was all I could hear.

I didn’t saying anything for some time, lost in thought. Outwardly I took that time to enjoy her naked figure stretched out on bed next to me. When I finally did find it in me to answer, my voice was calm. Subdued. Whatever uncertainty I had been feeling in the past gone.

“You look tired.” I murmured softly in her ear. Lids already half drawn, she could only agree with me.
“Guess this cold is still draining me,” she closed her eyes and laid back against the bed.

“That or the three orgasms,” she gave a small laugh.

Her hand reached out caress my shoulder. “Any chance you’d want to skip the rest of work and sleep for a bit?” Her tone was light, but not hopeful. Considering James’ love for his work she no doubt figured it wasn’t very likely. She had no idea how much I wanted to say yes. But unfortunately, Kim was still waiting for me. And I couldn’t decide on anything without seeing her first. I knew that now.

“I’ll stay until you fall asleep,” I answered. And this was enough to earn another smile. “Here, let me grab a blanket.” One that wasn’t soaked. And again, she nodded, moving her hand to let me slink off the slide of the bed.

At the foot of their bed a thin, knitted, red blanket was folded. Opening it up, I happily draped it over her naked body taking special care to get a few more glances of her pale complexion. Feeling the spun fabric fall over her, she smiled at the added warmth and pulled it under her chin. I joined her, laying myself on top of the layer after only a small detour.

“I love you,” I promised. And god was it true. Running my hands up and down her arm, she smiled, but otherwise didn’t respond. Eyes closed and on her side, she seemed to be even more tired than I’d already guessed. And was already slipping away.

Taking these last few moments for myself, I watched her eye lids flutter shut and breathing even to a slow deep crest. And only when I was sure that she’d was fully unconscious, did I reveal the long metal cylinder I’d hidden behind my back and fired its purple beam directly into her back.

A quick flash was the only evidence I’d done anything at all. Open mouthed, she continued to sleep without a care, and the only difference being it would be another eight hours before she was awake. I leaned down to kiss her temple before standing to dress in my discarded clothes.

Staring at the object in my hands, I knew it wasn’t how I wanted to end our time together, but I had other matters to attend to. What I should have done from the very beginning.

---

**Next chapter – March 19 – What she needs from me**: After his time with Ann, Ron finds himself with a better understanding of his past actions and motivations. Confronting Kim after so long, has his decision to leave been shaken? Or is this really good bye for the both of them? Either way, answers will finally come to light after being hidden for so long.
Chapter 11

A/N: As a writer, there are certain moments and events that one pictures whenever the beginning of a story begins to form. For Ron’s Toys, this is just that. And a scene I have been waiting to write for five years. Most of that time was my own fault, but I want to thank each and every person who has hung with me up to this point. Please enjoy this chapter and if you would be so kind, please leave a review telling me what you think.

Tag(s): Stripping, Cunnulingus, fingering, missionary.

Girl(s): Kim

Toy(s): N/A.

Word(s) 11286

Chapter 11 – What She Needs From Me

Standing in front of Kim’s door I was strangely calm. The Monkey Mask was back in my bag, along with the rest of my toys. But the sleep pen was tucked away in the back of my pocket. Close enough to reach. Breathing heavily, I waited a moment before turning the nob and slipping inside. What I found was enough to hitch my breath.

She was already fast asleep. Dressed in her school clothes, she laid draped against the bed on her side, long bright red hair cast like a curtain around her. I took a step closer as quietly as I could. Her face was a mask of peace. Exhaustion framing her deep slumber more than anything else.

Once more I was forced to remember the restless and frazzled thing I’d followed the entire day. How long had she waited for me to call her? All things I could have avoided if I just hadn’t been such a coward.

My eyes lingered, drawing across the hill of her hips off the bed. I should be horrified; looking at Kim after having just had sex with her mother. But rather, I found my lust only increasing at the thought. A swelling heat I knew I could no longer run from. But rather embrace.

My hand reached. But instead of the sleep pen I sought out the warmth of her shoulder. I gave her a small shake until her long lashes fluttered with awareness.

She was slow to wake, and I felt bad seeing her finally get some sleep just for me to come along. But buried deep in her mother’s back side, I finally understood the reason I’d been struggling these past month. And what I needed to do fix it.

Kim’s eyes opened and drew to my face. Expecting some kind of explosion, my calm features stared back at her, a small amount of trepidation drawing at my lips and eyebrows. She didn’t respond right away, silently staring up at me in what I could only describe as wonder. The moment passed just as soon as it came.

She shifted, moving to sit up. I did the same, creating enough room between us that it seemed formal. Not at all the young lovers that we were. I found the nerve that had allowed me to approach her
falling away in the increasing weight of the room. Faced with her piercing green eyes I had to look away, turning toward her muted purple bedspread.

My throat seemed full of something when I finally opened my mouth to speak. Though, I wished I was capable of something more elegant.

“Are you mad?” She didn’t say anything, and part of me was grateful. After all, how could she not be? Silent for a few moments longer, her words finally came out as hesitant as I felt and still dragging sleep.

“…I think that depends on what you’re here to tell me.”

Hearing her voice didn’t comfort me as much as I thought it would. We were just a bunch of teenagers. It was too controlled. Too patent. Kim was a very passionate young woman. It was like she’d already made up her mind. Though, in a way, I couldn’t help but acknowledge that she already had.

I didn’t want to look up and see her expression. But I knew I had to.

Her light green eyes stared off at the wall. It seemed she didn’t want to look at me as much as I her. Closing my eyes, I took a deep breath before continuing. I needed to say this.

“I’ve been lying to you,” I started. No going back now. “I’ve been lying to you and… and I think you know that.” In front of me the bed shifted and she moved to get closer to me. Stopping just short of my knees, she sat cross legged and finally allowed her gaze to meet mine. The sheer emotion bleeding through was almost enough to break me right then and there.

“I feel like I don’t even know you anymore.” her tone stayed quite, defeated. So unlike the girl I had grown up with. Her hand anxiously brushed against her bedspread, it’s muted ‘swoosh, swoosh’ seeming to dominate the room.

“Sometimes it’s like you still just Ron, just the guy I’ve known my entire life. And then,“ she stopped eyes falling back to her lap. “Sometimes it’s like you say and do things that make me stop and wonder if you’ve ever been honest with me.” Again she stopped, a quick and shaken breath filling her lungs. “Do you have any idea how that feels?” A spark of bite in her tone. “You’re my best friend, my partner, my boyfriend! I’m supposed to trust you more than anyone. But the Ron I know would never have hurt me like you have.”

The accusations were heavy and I deserved every one of them. I didn’t say anything, just accepting her words and forcing myself to hear them.

For the first time, I think I understood what I was putting her through, even more than if I’d just come in and broken up with her. Regret is a painful emotion. And I could feel its sharp barbs dig into my chest.

“Are you really the same guy I’ve known my entire life? Or… or are you different? And if you are, do I even want to know who that is?” The question just hung between us. Me, staring at the crown of her head. And her, still locked on the light pink color of her nails. I had to consider my answer.

“I don’t know.” The words were all I could give her. But finally I was telling the truth. “Who I was, I don’t think I’m the same. I don’t think I can be even if I tried. But who he’s becoming, well,” I stalled, unsure how to answer. “I guess I just decided I didn’t want to be a kid forever.”

Given enough time to digest this information, I watched the bright red of her hair nod in acknowledgment.
“I love you,” I added; I felt compelled to add. “I’ve always loved you, ever since I was that little boy in pre-k. That hasn’t changed.” My finger’s rose to touch the space above my heart where I could feel the familiar warmth. “At times it’s felt like the only thing that’s kept me sane, even when it feels like everything’s changing, I knew that wouldn’t.” I finished, waiting for her reply.

She looked up, catching me off guard. Even more than that, I was horror struck at the single drop of moisture building in the corner of her eyes. Kim wasn’t the kind of girl that cried easily. And when she did, never for very long. But reaching out, the sight of those same eyes hardening to the density of diamonds forced me to stop half way, lest I wanted that part of me cleanly removed.

“More than Yori?” was her response. And I knew what I needed to do.

I thought about the Asian girl, and everything that had happened between us. She asked me to keep her secrets, without offering the option of knowing them. She invaded my life whenever she pleased, simply because she always knew it was never mine to begin with. I made the assumption that I owed these people for the simple effort of showing me basic human kindness, when instead it was them that owed me. The price of my life, my choice, my reason for living.

I think it was about time I cashed in.

I closed my eyes. “More than Yori.” I agreed. For a moment I had to wonder what the ninja would say about that. She offered herself to me so openly, would she really be satisfied being second best? But I banished the thought as soon as it’d come. Of course she would. It was her honor after all.

“Then what the fuck have you been doing since yesterday?” The words came out in a near shout. And I nearly fell off the bed hearing her so openly swear. But my admission only seemed to fuel her confusion. And who could blame her with how much I've lied to her. I kept my face neutral.

“My… relationship with Yori isn’t really normal. We met when I came to Japan, though you probably already guessed that part. I never told you about her, or even mentioned her. You asked what I did when I was over there, but it just didn’t seemed right. I’m not going to lie to you and say there aren’t any feelings between us, but it’s more than that. It’s…” And I stopped, really wondering if I was going to cross that line. But one look at the pain still bleeding through her glaring expression, and I knew yes. Yes I would.

I moved closer to her, my own safety be damned. Hands reaching out, I claimed the still fidgeting digest as my own, and held them with a near iron grip. She didn’t seem to appreciate the gesture, but the action seemed to surprise her more than increase her anger. I savored the contact for as long as it would last.

“I’m sure you’ve noticed things about me. Before we were dating I mean. Small things, like how Monkey fist calls me his arch nemesis despite you knowing several kinds of Kung-Fu. Or even stranger, how I always manage to hold him off just long enough for you to come in and save the day.” She didn’t answer to this information, staring at me with a twisted expression. But I could see her mind digesting what we both so easily brushed off as luck. I continued.

“How, out of nowhere, just when it seems like we’re beaten, I trip or fall or do something that gets us just enough time to save the day.” This seemed to take her aback, blinking like she was waking up all over again. Finally a spark of recognition glimmered beneath her anger. And here was the moment of truth.

“Shego,” she muttered, and her hands tightened in my own. I just nodded my head.

Our last debacle with the green skinned woman had stuck my friend, even if she didn’t have the
heart to bring it up. After all, the villainous was an opponent even she, the great Kim possible struggled with. Yet somehow I’d been able to bring her down? I looked away. It was nice of her to try and spare my feelings, but even I knew it was hard to believe I’d manage such a feat.

“Shego.” I nodded my head. With a great amount of reluctance, I disentangled my hand from her own. She let it go easily, but watched me as I lifted my pale appendages between us. With little to no effort, I embraced the inner peace that summoned forth my simian abilities, and watched with dry amusement as Kim’s once angered eyes, now widened in startled disbelief. Gasping, she held this breath for several moments, only to let it go in a single hushed word.

“How?”

“The monkey statues,” I answered, unable to hide my smile. “In Peru? It seems old Monty wasn’t quite as crazy that time around. Too bad I beat him to the punch.” But if Kim was actually listening to my explanation, she didn’t show. Her eyes remained glued to the blue fire dancing around my fingers. Practically in a trance. I almost felt bad seeing her disappointed reaction when I dismissed it. But I needed her full attention.

“What… is it?” she nearly gasped. “What does it do?”

“I don’t know?” I half shrugged. And nearly double over in laughter at the sight of her pouting. “No, I mean, its magic as best as I can describe it. Who can really say what it is? And as for what it does…” now I really couldn’t help but smile.

This time when I let the power take over my skin, it swirled up my limbs and over my torso. Wavy blue lines of power streamed from my body in a dazzling display. Kim took all of this in and her jaw dropped. I smirked, marveling at how good it felt to be the one being admired.

“I’m slightly stronger, a lot faster,” I stressed this point, “and I guess my body just seems to learn Tai-Shing-Pek-Kwar. Cool right?”

“Monkey Kung-Fu?” Kim blinked, her excitement taking a step back. “I… guess that would make sense.” She seemed cautious, and I couldn’t really blame her. To her, all Monkey Kung-Fu has been is Monkey fist. She had no idea about the good it could do.

“Wait!” she suddenly shook her head. Just like that her stern expression returned, and I’d almost forgotten we were fighting. “What does this have to do with Yori?”

I waited for a second, scratching the back of my neck. After the past few days, the skin there was actually raw. And I could feel the sharp sting of a scab being pulled. “I just needed you to understand so I could explain… explain that Yori’s the one who taught me how to use this power.”

“Kim, the exchange student thing our school had. It wasn’t a coincidence. They picked me, knew somehow that I’d been affected by the statues before I ever had a clue. They… they were watching me.” the words came with an almost pained undertone. Hearing Yori the other day, I seriously had to wonder how long this plan of theirs had been set in motion. When I gotten my powers? Before that? It hurt my head to think.

“Ron…” she started, but didn’t seem to know how to continue.

“Why are you telling me all of this now?” her voice was quite once more. And I met her fearful eyes with neither coldness nor indifference. Rather, I found myself oddly resigned when I finally said the words. Like an actual weight lifting off my chest.

“Because she’s asked me to go with her.” Silence followed, as it does. Eyes vacant, Kim stared off
into seemingly nothing. It came to the point, I half wondered if she’d heard my admission. But I knew she had.

“To… Japan?” The way she spoke, it was like I’d just said she was whisking me away to Narnia. Expression still dazed, she shook her head. And I watched in silence, waiting for her response.

“Well… no!” There she was. Like someone had slapped her, her eyes were on fire all over again. Though their heat was no longer directed at me. “No.” she went. “No… just, no. No, no, no, you told her no, right?!”

A more sadistic part of me watch her reaction, and smiled. Not that I enjoyed seeing her distressed. But so distressed just at the thought of me leaving. She still cared. And that’s all I needed to know… to continue with what I had planned.

“I didn’t.” My voice was dry and clear. Staring at me again, confusion, more than anything else dominated her features. When her voice came back, it was much smaller than it had been.

“Why?”

In all my life, I never thought I would see a picture as strange as this. Myself being the oddest component.

The beginning of tears threatened the edge of each eye. Staring at me, Kim wasn’t at all the strong young woman the world knew her to be. But rather, at the moment she was just a teenage girl. About to hear what she thought to be her best friend, and boyfriend, telling her that he was leaving her. But that there was the core of our problems. Best friend, and boyfriend. I really have been an idiot.

I didn’t comfort her. I didn’t apologize for being so blunt, or for forcing her into such a position. Instead I just watched her, expression drawn into a blank slate and try and wrap her mind around the situation.

“Things… lately, they haven’t been very good have they? Between us?” Kim’s expression softened, and let her see my regret. “And that’s my fault, at least partially. I’ve been keeping secrets. But I wasn’t the only one…” And now it was time for my expression to harden, the weight of Kim’s kindness finally coming to a point.

Her eye brows drew together in a lost stare. I waited until she spoke, my features remaining stubborn. Her tone was completely honest, exposing how little she understood of her own cruelty. “I-I don’t…” I could only sigh.

“You said you were happy when you weren’t. You didn’t talk to me, or confront me at all, just keeping everything to yourself so I couldn’t even try to do better.”

“Kim… I know you were thinking about breaking up with me.” And finally her eyes widened, shame lingering beneath the surface.

The old me would have apologized for being a bad boyfriend. He would have taken everything upon himself, all the pain and negativity and told her that everything was going to be okay. That we could just go back to being friends. No hard feelings.

But I wasn’t him anymore. And it was about time we both started to realize that.

I tried to explain to the best of my ability. Eyes hardening, a fraction of my calm mask slipped as I continued at her request. “You keep expecting me to be the same old Ron. The lovable goof. But you aren’t attracted to him, you never were.” My eyes dared her to argue, to which she simply
bowered her head.

“It wasn’t until I started to change and grow up that you even started looking at me. Even if it was because of jealousy. I guess, I’ve been waiting for you to notice me for long I was willing to become whatever I needed to make that happen. But Kim,” And I stopped, forcing her to look at me and understand the weight my words.

“KP, even for you I can’t be two different people. So you need to decide what you want from me.” I pulled away from her, something too far from the bright eyed young man that I’d been finally become whole. For better or for worse I could not say.

“Because I won’t stay for a friend. That’s the decision I’ve made.”

Kim stayed silent for a time, no real emotion on her face. Cast towards her lap, she looked something close to a child that had just been chastised, petulant but guilty all the same. Narrowed eyes flicked across her bed spread, and her puffed cheeks eventually deflated. A soft, sad smile taking its place.

“The old Ron was a lot nicer.” The words were meant to be somber, but I could hear a note of dry mirth underneath. My expression didn’t change, eyes unflinching even as her green orbs turned to peek up out at me.

“That was when I was your best friend, not your boyfriend.” Her expression dropped, perhaps for the first time seeing me as I’d become and not who I was. Her reaction to this seem to leave her with a special kind of sadness, one that ached to her very core.

“Why can’t you be both?” it came as plea with just a hint of frustration. One I so wished I could gift her.

I paused, a long breath filling my chest before is sighed. “I don’t think you’ll let me.” she stared at me, an expression of utter loss stealing her bright spirit. I swallowed against my throat, feeling the dry walls drag against each other.

Kim stared me in the eyes. Flicking between each orb, she seemed to be searching for something, no doubt a hint of the person she’d thought she knew before the point. But he wasn’t there. And it was about time both of us understood that.

“I want you to stay,” she finally decided. Bringing herself up, she cleared her throat and forced her tears back. “I don’t care who you are, you’re Ron. My Ron. And… I’ll love you no matter what. Because that is something else that will never change.” Given a moment to collect herself, she stared boldly into my challenging expression, not even flinching at the slow smile that formed on my lips.

“Prove it.”

No one could deny the amount of playfulness in my tone. So caught off guard, the young woman was left blinking as I stood up from her bed and walked to the end of her room, to sit in her computer desk. Spinning the chair to face her I folded my hands in my lap, and watched her scramble to comprehend my meaning. Finally, shaking her head, she moved to follow me and stood up from the bed.

“Excuse me?”

Our relationship up to this point has been nothing but a strain on both of us. If we were going to work, if it was possible for us to actually have a future together, I needed Kim to show me that things were going to change. Because just like I won’t stay for a friend, I won’t stay to jerk off in my bed room every night. No way. So right here, right now, she was going to show me just how badly she
wanted me to stay. Things needed to change.

“Prove it,” I repeated, casually lounging against the back of the chair. Calm as can be, I eyed curves of her body before settling back on her face. “Prove that you want me to stay, show me. Or I’ll be on a plane with Yori in a matter of hours.” The statement was so brazen, so unexpected, Kim seemed entirely taken aback by what I was saying. Still, never one to back down when challenged, Kim’s displeasure bleed into stubbornness, which showed through her tight expression.

“How do I…” she stopped, lips tightening. Idly, I watched her eyes lower towards my open legs and a look of fear took her. I just shook my head. This wasn’t about me.

“Strip” I explained. Easing my excitement, my expression lowered enough to still show the hunger underneath. “When we had sex, I explained how I wanted you. All of you. But you were too shy.” Again I leaned back, a kind of flutter stirring in my chest. “Show me how much you want me to stay.”

Kim’s mouth was now fully open as she stared at me. Less angered, an expression of unease took her face. And a hand moved to cover her exposed midriff.

“B-But,” she stopped, worry on her face.

She was stuck, but that just meant she needed a push. One I was more than prepared supply. I observed her fidgeting figure, cool eyes almost bored if not for the slight lift in my lips. “I wonder how Yori would answer…”

Five simple words, but boy did they get a reaction. Insecurity abandoned, the mere mention of the Asian’s name left Kim spitting fire, an indignant expression clearly shocked I would sink so low. In response, I simply shrugged my shoulders, earning a rueful glare. But she didn’t tell me to go to hell like I half expected. Instead, staring at her feet, she seemed to get lost in her own thoughts before tightening her features, and reaching for the bottom of her shirt. Now it was my turn to stare unadulterated awe.

This morning she hadn’t really put much thought into her outfit. A fact she was no doubt lamenting at the moment. Defaulting to her familiar green tanktop and tanned cargo pants, I’d seen her in this every day. But never had it been as exciting.

Fingers tugging at the hem of her shirt, she anxiously pulled it higher. Over her ribs, the first hints of a plain blue bra were seen, only to be made more apparent when she removed the top completely. Hardly exposed, her cheeks were still beaming a bright color and she covered the garment stubbornly. I made sure to smile at her, encouraging her to continue.

Comforted, if only by a fraction, Kim’s eyes dropped to her pants. With one hand she popped the button free and lowered the zipper holding the fabric around her developing hips. Gravity did the rest for her. The cream colored garment fell to the floor around her feet, leaving her in a simple pair matching panties.

Their exposure earned another bright flush in her cheek, but I didn’t comment. And spurred by my lack of reaction, the young woman stared helplessly into the intense burning of my gaze, devouring every inch of her. It seemed to startle her.

I know it might be frightening, but I was done hiding my emotions from Kim. Let her see how much I loved her. How much I loved her body. The expression on my face could not be farther from the disgust Kim seemed to expect. She seemed to despise the size of her chest, the definition of her muscled underneath her soft skin. But I loved them. Because they were what made Kim the woman
of my dreams.

Seeing my desire, and drawing strength from it, the uncertainty in her eyes seemed to slip just a bit as she undid her bra and exposed her breast. The widening of my eyes and flare of my nostrils only further encouraged the lust she created in me. And for the first time, she could see it.

Eyes wide, something close to a bashful smile lifted her rosy cheeks. And in an act of boldness I’d yet to see from the young woman. She hesitantly shifted her arms out of the way, giving me a perfect view of pink tipped breasts.

Small they may be, but nothing looked more feminine and beautiful that the picture I was seeing in front of me. A deep sigh drained my chest as I struggled to keep myself in check. Warmth seemed to flood her body. But this time, not from shame or embarrassment. The simple idea of being so desired by someone was new for the young woman. And offered an emotion she’d yet to experience.

For the first time in her life, she was able to forget the lankly braces redden preteen she had been. Rather, for the first time, she felt what it mean to be a woman. A desirable, sexy woman.

Faced with her underwear, her fingers still shook. This is what she struggled with so desperately our first time together. But seeing my expression, and seeing how badly I hungered for her to discard the last piece of clothing, she found the strength to hook her thumbs under each side of the elastic and pull it over the swell of her rear.

The exposure of her full nudity was entirely new. And meeting my gaze, something entered the swirling vision of her eyes. Something dangerously close to arousal.

The tips of her breasts tightening to a stubborn nub. The breath in her chest seemed lacking, as though she’d only managed to gasp half of what her blood needed to keep burning. But it all spelled the same picture.

Leaning back in my chair, my eyes lingered on the tuft of hair just beginning to grow back after Kim had shaved it all away. Hardly more than stubble after a week, it was still a welcomed sight. And I made a mental not to remind her to let it grow out again.

“Ron?” her voice seemed stuck in her throat, clogged by the myriad of emotions coursing through her brain.

Brave as she was to follow my request, Kim was still a teenage girl. She took comfort in my obvious display, but that wasn’t enough. Standing before me in nothing but a smile, she was waiting for me to respond. To do something that would give her the reassurance she felt she needed. If she could only see herself the way I saw her. Though, maybe that’s for the best.

“You have no idea what you do to me.” I sighed, feeling the heat in my chest as it burned out my nose. She took these words with a look of surprised, by her lips lifted ever so slightly.

Standing to my feet, I could feel the full strain of my erection fight against the front of my pants. Ignoring it completely, I took my time and drew my eyes up and down Kim’s naked body. Kim watched all of this, unable to do anything but shiver.

Stepping closer, her eyes were hesitant, but expectant. And she didn’t stop my hand from reaching out to touch the firm softness of her stomach. Ducking her head, her breath halted at my touch. She swallowed nervously, but nevertheless allowed my exploration.

“No idea at all.” I repeated. Moving further down, the tip of my fingers brushed the course strands of dark red hair guarding her sex. The skin here gave under my fingers, feeling soft and tender. I turned
my hand toward her hip and marveled at how I ever thought I would be able to leave her. Kim responded to my touch, naturally. Leaning her side into my palm.

Hands at her sides, she continued to struggle with her breath, the intimacy of the moment effecting her more than she was willing to admit. I continued as though I hadn’t noticed.

“You feel shy and self-conscious, even when you’re this beautiful.” I took a step around her body to meet the pale curve of her bottom. I recalled my episode in the school’s showers, and how achingly I’d wished to reach out and touch her then. I satisfied that urge right here, continuing until I palmed one of her generous curves.

Remaining the compliant partner, Kim stayed perfectly still. Now stood directly behind her, my chest just touched the smooth plane of her back. And my lips angled to speak directly into her ear.

“Even when you have every other boy in the school talking about how much they wish they were as lucky as me,” this earned another startled breath. Turning her head, she looked at me over her shoulder, eyes wide with disbelief. I found my smile widening to a mocking smile. One that drove the expression from her face. Instead, her green eyes twinkled with something closer to awe.

“You should hear them in the locker rooms,” I continued, keeping her pinned under my gaze. “Brick, Josh,” still sticking her body, I could feel her body quivering with each struggling breath. “A total babe, a hottie. And that’s only if I don’t go into the more crass topics.” Again she stared at me, incredulous. I was very satisfied to feel a long shiver wrack her body.

Was she picturing it? The crowd of hormone riddled teens lusting after her perfect body? Her eyes certainly said so. Lost and staring off to a faraway place. Tightening my hand of her rear, I forced her back into the room. Back with me. And the following choked moan was everything I’s hoped to gain from this little show.

Kim’s eyes were already wide when she covered her mouth. But we’d both heard it. No matter how badly she wanted to deny it, she enjoyed what was happening. Past the shame and embarrassment, she wanted to be desired. Just like everyone else in the world. Stripped down to nothing, she could no longer try and deny the hunger I felt for her. And she enjoyed it.

Flushed with arousal, the puffy lips between her legs had turned a few shades darker. Just as effected, her breasts were warm and swollen, and their tips eagerly sticking out for attention. I stepped away from her, a proud smile on my face. Kim’s eyes could see this, and she fought to keep from showing this new side of her. But just the way she stood displayed the new found confidence.

“How do you feel?” I asked. And Kim looked at me up through her lashes. Despite the coy appearance, her voice was strong and even.

“Beautiful…?” It came as a question, but that left her with a hesitant grin. “I mean, I always thought I was pretty but,” she stopped, breathing in deep as turned her shoulders back and unabashedly displayed her breasts. “I guess I never thought of myself as sexy, you know?” and her eyes dropped, stopping just at the bulge pressing against my pants. I didn’t bother to hide myself, watching as her eyes lingered over the proof of her abilities. “I’m happy you like my body. I like the way you look at me.”

It was the same with Ann and how I pushed her boundaries. Just because she wasn’t comfortable with it didn’t mean she wouldn’t end up joy it. If she were ever seriously against anything, of course I would stop. But if the only thing holding her back were her own insecurities and doubts, I was willing to go to any measure required to open her eyes and show her everything that was offered.
Kim, resigned as she was about her nudity had nothing to fear. And now that she understood that, she reveled in the pride and confidence that came with showing off her wonderful curves.

My eyes smoldered as I walked forward, cupping each side of her small waist. This action forced my erection to press against her lower stomach, and she gasped at the contact. But not before turned to meet my gaze.

I kissed her. Right then and there, no words. I just pressed my lips against hers, and felt her body melt against mine.

Her hands lifted to grab the front of my shirt, and her feet lifted to press her mouth harder against my own. The front of her breasts pressed against my chest, and I could feel their softness against me every time our position shifted. Clinging to each other, the heat of our bodies mixed to the point of combustion. And I knew it was time to strip out my confining cloths.

I pulled away, and Kim’s expression was lost in a fog of pleasure. Idly she watched me pull my shirt off my shoulder and force myself out of my pants. Erection bobbing, the sight of my slight body was enough to earn a smile from the girl. And in very much the same way I’d watched her, she returned the favor. More than happy to reciprocate, I didn’t so much as bat an eye and did away with the last of my clothes.

Fully erect, my penis hung between us, twitching with the beat of my heart. Only the second time seeing this part of me, Kim’s eyes still held that startled wonder that came with lack of experience. She reached out, hesitant at first but then quickly becoming bold. Doing away with the shy girl inside of her, her fingers curled around my member earning a groan from yours truly.

Unfortunately, as much as I would love to feel her touch I wasn’t quite finished correcting the mistakes I’d made during our first coupling.

I pulled out of her hand and she blinked at the sudden motion. Standing tall before her, my eyes returned to the juncture of her full thighs, now warm and flushed with blood. I stole a long breath, imagining the fragrant musk no doubt emanating from her opening. It’d been far too long since I’d had the pleasure of Kim’s unique taste. And Kim was long overdue receiving the favor.

“Ron!” my name came out in gasp, and I was forced to turn away to try and find the disturbance. Kim’s expression bled fear, and she helplessly hugged her arms over her chest. I struggled to find what could have caused the relapse, but for the life of me I failed to find anything that could have startled her. Casting her a confused glance, her wide eyes became only further stress as she nodded a head towards the door. “My mom!”

She looked pale as a sheet and she worried over her over bearing parent. Starting at the door, the teenager looked as though the older woman could appear at any second. “I-I totally forgot that she was home! She might seriously tell Dad if she catches us again!” Understanding her panic, my pulse calmed considerably. Putting on an earnest expression I forced Kim to look at me and breath.

“Do you trust me?” The question seemed to come out of nowhere. And Kim seemed to agree. Blinking, she was still too focused on the threat of her mother to really understand what I was saying. So I repeated myself. “Do you trust me?” In a firmer tone, this time Kim stopped enough to look in my eyes. Uncertainty bleed from her expression. And who could blame her?

Considering everything that lead up to this point, the last thing she should want to do is trust me. That being said, after a moment of hesitation she reluctantly nodded her head. I smiled before kissing her on the forehead.
“Then don’t worry about your mom, and get on the bed.” She had questions, so many questions. The sheer amount of self-control it must have taken for her to simply nod her head as she did was more than anything I would have accomplished. But still she did as she was told. Head still tilted towards the door, a wrinkle remained creased between her brows. I watched her crawl the rest of the way to the middle of the bed, butt raised up in the air. Finally, she lowered her back onto the soft mattress. Away from the door, her green eyes switched to me and waited anxiously.

Even if Kim didn’t know it, she didn’t have to worry about her mother interrupting us. I’d made sure of that.

It was strange at the time to have sex with a woman while plotting how to then have sex with her daughter a few minutes after. But my time with Ann reminded me how much I cared for these two woman, and that meant I would be forced to do things, neither of them would appreciate, to have them. I accepted that now. To get what I want, nothing will stand in my way. Not even them.

“Kim,” I stared, my voice seeming to melt everything that it came in contact with. Kim was very much the same and heady vibration fluttered her lashes. Crawling toward her, erection dangling, all thoughts of her mother seemed to bleed away. The entirety of her nervous energy focused on me.

Above her, my naked body towered above her own. My hand moved to touch her stomach, light circled drawing on the flawless surface.

“Kim, I might not be good at much, I’m willing to admit that. I’m week, a coward, and even now I look down at you wonder if I’m even close to good enough. That being said, there is something that I’m great at.”

Her curiosity allowed my hand towards her breasts, feather light touches stimulating the already hardened nub. My fingers seemed to dance across her skin until the color touched her cheeks.

“And that’s sex.” The admission earned a wide eyed guffaw from the girl bellow, but I didn’t allow it to affect me. Instead allowing my fingers to center on her engorged nipple. And baring down I gave just enough pressure for her to feel her own heart quicken. When that disbelief turned to surprise, I allowed myself another small smile.

“Out there, in the real world, where there’s school, and family, and missions; you’re in charge. And I’m okay with that, I always have been. Because I knew you were the one best equipped to lead us through those situations.” My hand lifted, cupping her cheek. My thumb ran along her pale lips, earning a soft sigh for my efforts. She opened her mouth almost on instinct, allowing me to feel her delicate tongue on the appendage.

“But Kim,” and my voice grew hoarse. “Here, in the bed room, you’re not the one with all the answers. I am. Because I…” my smile grew. “I know sex. And I’m going to show you, just how good I’ve become in the time you weren’t paying attention. This time, it’s you that will follow after me.” I pulled my finger from her lip, but her mouth stayed open. A kind of mesmerized awe taking her glittering orbs.

Was it so strange seeing me like this? Confident, eager, so sure? Kim defiantly seemed to think so if her attention was anything to go by. Well good. As kind and selfless as I’ve tried to be most my life, it didn’t come without its draw backs. Maybe she could finally see the benefits to her boyfriend maturing a bit, if only to find him more attractive.

My first time with Kim, I’d done everything wrong. I tried to give her gentle and loving, and that had gotten me nowhere at all.
The teen hero had been… generous up to this point in the way she viewed or private time together. I could tell she enjoyed what I did. At least to a point. But how could she ever really crave the act of sex if she’d yet to experience it’s full bliss for herself?

I didn’t want Kim to feel obligated to put up with my attention. I didn’t even want her to enjoy it. I wanted her to need it. Need it as much as I needed her. And if I couldn’t give that to her, than I really don’t deserve a woman this incredible.

Well, I wasn’t about to make that mistake twice. And moving down her body, my eyes fell to her legs so cautiously pressed together. My hand fell to her knee and her breath froze. Still stunned silent, she hardly put up any effort at when I pulled the pale appendage open, the soft red line of her core finally appearing. It wasn’t until I lowered myself onto the bed, face drawing ever closer to her femininity that she found her voice. And even then, it was more of a yelp than anything intelligible.

“That’s not-!” she started. But stopped as soon as my eyes raised to meet her fearful orbs. Shrinking back, she opened her mouth prepared to speak. But nothing ever came. Finally I just turned back towards her sex, my warm breath washing over the damp skin just as I had done for her mother less than an hour before.

“If being your sidekick has taught me anything, Kim, it’s that you can’t always have your way. Sometimes, all you can do is just sit back,” my face lowered, “and hold on.”

My lips met her own in a caring embrace. That’s to say, I could feel the heat of her core burn against my mouth, the amount of arousal of our time together becoming proof against my lips in the form of tangy, slick liquid. The mere presence of my mouth on her sex seemed to affect her more than the actual sensations. And I could feel her seize beneath me. Too anxious to even move, I paid her discomfort no mind. Simply allowing the map of her body in mind to lead me where I needed to go. By the end of today she won’t even be able to stand.

Stiff posture aside, Kim’s sex was as soft and pliant as ever, her plump lips easily pushed aside by the insistent muscle of my tongue and the small amount of stubble scratching against lips.

Both legs over my shoulders, my hands were free to manipulate whatever I needed. Hooking my thumbs between each flushed petal, I pulled her sex apart in an action that earned a tortured groan from my partner. Movement urged me to look up just in time to see her throw an arm over her face, no doubt hiding her horrified expression. But I just smiled against her muff, more amused than apologetic.

The new position allowed my seating lips to immediate search out the shy nubbin of her clit. Hidden beneath its hood, my lips latched on, pulling it whole area of her body into my mouth with only the smallest of suction.

Time to show her the benefits of a boyfriend like me.

The effect was immediate. Tensing in an entirely new way, I could feel her hips jerk at the strange, but pleasant sensation of the tip of my tongue flicking across her throbbing button. Stealing a deep breath, she held the air against her throat, struggling and eventually trying to keep her pleasure from being herd in a sharp squeak of surprise.

Attention focused on her nub, I retrieved one hand to brace my thumb against her opening. Thick and blunt, it sank into the near virginal hole, more than enough to give the girl that wonderful stretching sensation. The duel sensations proved to be too much. And despite her reservations, the slow methodical motion of her hips rocking against my face began.
I wasn’t overlooking the knowledge that I’d just been in the same position with this girl’s mother. And I found myself helpless but to compare them.

In an odd way, they actually tasted very much the same. If only differing on amount of musk Ann seemed to carry. More mature in her flavor, Kim’s was just a bit more tart. Puckering my tongue. Either way, they were both wonderful in their own way. And I would happily service them both for as long as they would allow

Kim’s voice broke in a series of grunt and mewls. Unsure to the sensations I was gifting her, there was little she could do in terms of preparation. In and out of her opening, the rough bad of my finger bared against the fluttering wall of her insides. I could feel her tighten around me. The muscles of her womanhood just learning to understand itself. Alternating between gentle suckles and abrasive licks, I pulled back only when I could see her body covered in sweat, alight with the warm blood of arousal.

I stared at her, eyes heavy and breathing just the same. Face covered in her juice, my tongue danced with her sweet, salty flavor.

“Thoughts?” I prompted, my voice positively dripping with satisfaction. Kim didn’t answer, too busy breathing. Though she did allow her arm to shift just enough for a single green orb to peek out.

I can only guess the sight of my face between her out stretched thighs, was too much for her to handle. Biting her lip, she turned her head to the side, a long groan filling the air. What followed was the deep throaty chuckle rumbling from my chest.

Without my mouth my fingers were still at work. I switched out my thumb, replacing the digit with the far more substantial duo of my ring and pointer. The longer reach allowed me to spear her much deeper, the temperature of her arousal only increasing as the silken walls drew along my searching appendages. Her breasts continued to rise and fall with the force of her breath.

I was content to watch her body writhe under my attention, proof of my abilities finally shining through.

Kim, whether she wanted to admit it or not, had difficulties even more debilitating than her shyness. Unused to the shift in our relationship from friends to more, I’d been unable to identify just what was causing so many problems. And even now I found myself just beginning to recognize the pattern.

As time went on, the frame of her thighs against my head began to shake and quiver. The familiar rhythmic tightening of her inner muscles pulsed in ever increasing interval. And yet, her release never came. Body clenched and features strewn in concentration, she seemed to be unwilling or unable to take that final step over the edge of her pleasure. And for one simple reason.

To give into the pleasure, to simply let yourself go and be swept away, to give up control of your body to another person is something Kim had never done before. Even if she’d given me her heart, she refused to give up that single piece of her. Which meant I’d need to take it.

“Don’t be afraid,” my voice rumbled deep in my chest. Low and soothing, I found myself repeating the same dulcet tones I’d sang to her mother for the very same problem. “Don’t be afraid to let yourself feel it. I’m right here, I won’t let anything happen to you. But you need to sit back and let it happen.”

If Kim heard me, I couldn’t tell. What little I could see of her face was still pinched in undeniable stubbornness. Though, I can’t say I was surprised. But I didn’t mind. It only meant when she did finally crumble it would be that much more beautiful.
What I’d failed to understand, to understand at the start of our relationship, what I should have done from the very beginning was the thing that attracted her to me in the first place. Unlike me, Kim was in control of everything in her life. Her grades, her future, our missions, she was in charge. Which is why she struggled so much in giving that up in the bedroom. Even with the promise of pleasure. But it was that same, dark, secret craving I knew I could exploit.

Deep down, she didn’t want to be in charge. Why would she? The stress, the responsibility, weight of everyone’s eyes looking at you for guidance; she suffered through it every day in nearly everything that she did. So why on earth did I think she’d want to put up with it in a relationship as well?

The truth? She wanted someone to take control. She wanted to be the one to lie back and be taken care of. She wanted a man that was assertive enough to let her simply enjoy herself without anything else getting in the way. Even when that meant being told what to do.

At her core, Kim Possible wasn’t anything like the mature, responsible, headstrong persona that the world saw every day. Rather, she was a girl who wanted to be just that, waiting for someone who can take all the stress of being a teen hero away and let her be another teenager.

Even if she didn’t understand the need herself. That’s why it was my job to make her see. To press and chip, until all of her defenses were stripped away. But Kim wouldn’t submit to just anyone. Which only further proved my need to grow as I had. Stronger, more sure of myself, and all to ready to step up. I wasn’t perfect, and I didn’t deserve her. But I will never stop trying until I am.

“n-no,” Kim’s tight voice shook. Knowing in her lips, I knew she could feel it coming, and no amount of struggle to keep it at bay. “Ron, stop! Something… something’s…” but she couldn’t say it, the quick rise and fall of her chest increasing even more.

I didn’t stop, the ever persistent thrusting of my fingers merciless against the slightly raised groove marking the top of her passage. At the same time, my lips consumed the rest of her sex, gently sucking and tongue merciless against the now throbbing point at its junction.

“Ron! Please, I- I can’t. I-.” But she could. And I would make her. She bucked wildly, less an attempt to escape and more the reaction to the building sensations coursing through her body. But I kept her still. Fighting her every inch of the way. And finally, the rhythmic clenching of her muscles stalled around my fingers, pressing down to the point of pain and remaining as such.

The accompanied gush of liquid only further marked her crumbing resolve. On instinct, the hand covering her face was thrown to the bed, sharp nails almost tearing the thick sheets as they were balled up. The other found its way into my hair, nearly pulling it out as she forced me harder against her crotch. I was only too happy to comply, the lazy motions my lips carrying her through her first release.

“Ron!” in the back of her mind, I knew she still worried about her mother. To that effect, she’d done her best to keep her voice down even when I could see it almost pain her to do so. Now, pushed over the edge, all rational thought escaped her. And the cries of pleasure I’d fought so hard to hear were released without reservation.

Her gradual panting seemed to clench in her throat, releasing in a series of short, quick mewls. Her back was hardly touching the bed anymore. Completely arched her small breast shook with the quick jerking movements of her hips and thighs. On each side of my head they only served to keep me further anchored to her sex, taste each new wave of salty, tangy flavor. Which I was only too happy to drink down.
The entire ordeal seemed to a lifetime. Moaning and crying out, wave after wave assaulted her senses until they just seemed to taper. And even then she didn’t relax. Her entire body clenched like a fist. It was only when the last few shivers wracked her spine, the allowed herself to fall back onto her bed, sweat and other juices pouring of her.

Her hand in my hair went slack but I didn’t pull back right away. Instead allowing my tongue to draw on last time through her swollen folds. The sensitive area shivering after having cum so soon.

The sight that awaited me was as beautiful as I’d expected, though, with a few surprise. Without my head between her legs, her thighs remained splayed open, her earlier objections forgotten in the boneless state of being. Entire body flushed, her breast actually shook with thundering rate of her heat beating. Her tips hard and swollen, the normal creamy complexion was entirely consumed by a softer pink undertone.

What really caught my attention, as well as my fear, were this distinct trails of moisture falling from each of her clenched eyes.

She was crying. Not deep wracking sobs, or even quietly muffled squeaks. But a silent exclamation brought forth through pure emotional overload. Considering everything that had happened in the past few days, I couldn’t blame her.

Relief that I hadn’t miscalculated in some way, I allowed my partner a moment of silence. Choosing instead to crawl up the length of her body until the crown of her head rested comfortably under my chin. Arms around her, I pulled her against my chest, and waited.

Kim returned the gesture, if not a bit hesitant. But when her arms finally settled around me they bared down with enough force to crack my ribs. This is what she needed right now. To know that I was here, and that I wasn’t going anywhere. Right now, nothing else really mattered. Which is what I tried to convey, patiently petting the back of her hair content to feel her body against mine.

“Kim,” I started, after she’d calmed down. Her breath was even against my naked chest. And the sensation of wetness had long since passed. She answered by turning her head to look at me, green eyes nervous and lost as they peeked up out from over my chin.

With her attention, my gaze seemed to burn, the intensity only matched by the truth of my words as I spoke them. The steel in my tone as unwavering as my love.

“Kim, you won’t ever have to worry about me doing anything that I don’t feel is good for you. More than anyone else in this world, even more than me, I know you. Because I’ve spent my entire life watching and learning and knowing how incredible you are.”

“So despite the lies, and despite everything that says the contrary, I want you to trust me. Trust that I will only ever do what I know to be right for you, even if you don’t think so. At least right away.

“Because if you do,” and I stopped, trailing my hand that had been cupping her cheek to her breast. “I can give you this,” her eye lids drooped with the pleasure of her nipples in my hand, “and more.”

My neck craned until my lips pressed against her sweet smelling hair. I closed my eyes, something close to prayer passing through my mind. “Say yes.” I whispered. Because this was the only boyfriend I could be. The boyfriend Kim needed. I can only hope I’ve done enough tonight to show her that to be the truth.

Kim arms uncurled from around my back, enough that she was able to push herself off my chest. Looking up at me, her wide eyes almost seemed innocent in the way she shrank back, furtive and
small. It was least so unlike the girl I knew, I almost thought she was someone else entirely. But no, this was Kim. How she really was.

Her mouth opened, but nothing came out. What she must think of me, I would never know. Her expression, the pain of her nails digging into my skin, even the way her lips seemed to shake, spoke only of the uncertainty she was feeling. But fluttering, her lashes opened to reveal love, so pure and simple, I knew the answer even before it was whispered through her abused and cracked voice—still hoarse from the volume of her pleasure. But I’d heard it. As clear as a bell and one million times more beautiful.

“Yes.”

My mouth was on her in a second.

Liquid happiness must be coursing through my veins, it was the only explanation for the amount of bliss I was feeling as I kissed my girlfriend.

Mine, finally, in all sense of the word. Kim had given herself to me, in a way she’d done for no other. One might expect, that after getting the thing I’ve longed for, for so long, I would feel nervous or anxious about the responsibility. But they were wrong. Because I knew without fraction of a doubt that this was what I was born to do. To make Kim happy.

Kim was slow to respond but quick to catch up. Still sluggish in the aftermath of her release her mouth opened to my beseeching tongue, the warmth and taste of her filling my mouth as her own suddenly discovered the flavor of her juices. Either unaware of where the taste came from, or too tired to care, Kim was as eager to lick back at my wiggling appendage as my own. I savored this time, imprinting on every corner of my brain.

This… this was worth staying for.

As our kissing continued, my hand joined in on the party, massaging and kneading the softness of her breasts. Kim’s reaction was to claw the broadness of me back, making it clear that this was going to be a theme of hers. Well, I didn’t mind in the least. These were the kind of scars I would wear proudly.

Time past and I made my way down her jaw line and neck leaving a trail of nips. Now free to moan and gasp, the soothing tone of her arousal once again filled the room. Now freely given. If her mom hadn’t had broken us up before, she wasn’t going to now. But I didn’t stop there, much to Kim’s surprise, instead leaning my head between her breasts, feeling their softness against my cheek.

Kim groaned as my lips wrapped around the puckered tip of her right breast. Still sensitive, her entire upper body could only squirm as I sucked it, and a portion of her breast into my mouth. Still lashing, the flat face of my tongue drew against the stubborn nub. The sensation of my taste buds proved to be too much. And soon Kim’s nails found the back of my head. Which is where they would stay as switched between the different mounds, leaving my mark and exploiting the young woman’s weakness.

“Ron?” Kim’s hurried breathing stopped, feeling my lips travel further still. In response I could only smile against her upper abdomen, the cute dimple of her belly button just inches from working mouth.

I stopped, pulling my lips from her body and looked up. Kim’s expression was now more open and bright, but there was new streak of confusion across her brow. My smile grew into a shark like visage, no less predatory or hungry.
“You didn’t think I was done with you, did you?” was my question. That left her eyes widening to a comical degree that continued as she watched me continue towards her privates. Enough time had passed for her to recover, and I figured it couldn’t hurt to double up on my argument. Hell, maybe even triple. As if Kim could read my thoughts, she opened her mouth to protest, no doubt thinking it impossible to go through that again and so soon after the first. But I would take a great amount of pleasure just showing her just how wrong she was.

Despite Kim’s crazed look, she opened her legs without prompt as my head fell between her scrumptious thoughts. Her sex was just as enflamed and flushed as I’d left it. Making the motions of my tongue and lips even more familiar when they settled against the folds and lips. I didn’t bother with my fingers this time, content to take my time and build her slowly to her peak.

Which I did, two more times despite Kim’s cry for mercy following the second. Settled between her open legs I sucked and licked at her crotch as long as she would let me, each time growing easier as she grew used to the surrendering sensations. Finally, feeling her thighs tighten around my head I pulled back, whipping my face clean with the edge of her comforter.

Afterwards I crawled on top of her, eyes glimmering as I stared down at her clenched eyes, lips parted to allow the great windfalls of breath that seemed to be the only thing keeping her alive. She was drained, almost beyond recognition. But I had one more thing to do before I could say the day was over.

“ohhhhh…” Kim groaned, the sensation of my erection at her crotch no doubt the last thing she was hoping to feel. I didn’t pay it any mind, brushing the length of my fingers across her forehead and corrected the sweat stained strand that stuck there.

She almost seemed asleep when her eyes finally opened to see me above her, a strange, but welcomed reminder to how all of this had started. When I compare the panicked inexperienced boy I’d been then, clumsily fumbling around, it makes me shake my head. But every journey starts with a single step. And that step had taken me here.

“We’re almost done,” I promised her. Out of breath and exasperated by this point, her eyes narrowed into a faux glare. Though without any real heat behind them. At the same time, her hands moved from my chest to cup each side of my neck.

“You better be,” was her response. Her tone seemed almost mystified, as though she couldn’t even comprehend the alternative. “Are you actually trying to kill me or something?” but she wasn’t mad. Cheeks warm and smile bashful, she’d enjoyed my attention more than she was willing to admit. That being said, she was fairly inexperienced. And three orgasms would be enough to knock out women twice her age. Just ask the one sleeping down stairs.

“I can think of worse ways to go.” And I lowered my face towards hers. Kim’s expression softened when our lips finally met, slow lingering brushes marking my entry into her body.

The curved, blunt tip of my eructation pushed through her folds to settle against the shallow dimple of her opening. Pushing harder, her tightness slowly consumed me in a single long thrust of hips. More than wet enough to accept me, her heated muscles yielded with exaggerated ease, tender and exhausted after going so long without work. The girl under me simply groaned, closed eyes clenching as she experience her second ever penetration.

It was just as I remembered. Slow, lingering motions pushed and pulled my body into hers. She was sensitive, and tired, yet even still I could feel her doing her best to reciprocate my effort, her hips meeting my own half way. I took the gesture to heart, loving her that much more for it.
In so many ways I found our embrace reflecting that of our first time. Slow and patient, loving and gentle, but the changes that had been occurred made all the difference. Last time Kim had been on top of me, more intent on getting me off than receiving anything for herself. I would never be so foolish, angling my thrusts and worshiping her breasts even as I enjoyed her muscles clamping down. Even now I could feel her tender caress starting to sharpen, nail lines crisscrossing my skin in ways I could only fathom. By the time I stumbled out of this room I would look like I’d just survived some kind of battle.

Time went on, and the springs in Kim’s bed soon mirrored the pace I’d built to. Slapping against Kim’s body, her entire body shook on impact, the tips of her breast jerking up and down in rhythm. By this point, our kiss had long since ended to supply the heaving gaps and sighs our exertion forced. This time it was my turn to moan as the trembling heat inside Kim’s body beckoned me deeper, harder, which I was helpless to resist.

The tip of my cock pressed against her narrow end and her back arched into me. Against my chest could feel her breasts, soft and pebbled. The added friction only further stimulated the sensitive location, and I could feel Kim respond in kind. Soon her hands were clutching me, pulling me against her so the resistance increased. I could feel the effect around me, her crotch tightening just that much more.

I wasn’t going to cum before her, I’d made that decision no matter how lofty. Balls aching and tension building in my lower back, I nearly groaned when the growing pitch in her groans cracked. Impossibly tight, against my girth I celebrated the crushing strength with my third release of the day, the last of my pent up juices spilling towards the very back of her channel. The culmination of our juices oozed around our joining, down Kim’s clenched cheeks and onto the bed bellow. I pulled out slowly, the last of Kim’s strength spent feeling my cock slip free.

She was done. Braced above her, I stared down at the red haired teen struggling to so much as stay conscious. I smiled, despite my own exhaustion, and pulled back enough crawl out from over her. Neither of us said a word, each positioning ourselves we aligned on ourselves, my front molded to Kim’s back.

The last thing I remember before falling into blissful slumber, was the iron like grip Kim’s hands pulling my arms around her. The kind of grip that never let go. Now I just had to make sure she would never have to.

Next Chapter – April 2nd – Control : After two long days of pain and anguish, Ron finds his relationship with Kim stronger than ever. Yori stands as the sole obstacle left standing between him and his future with Kim. But what will she think of his sudden change of heart? For so long Ron’s lived a life not entirely his own. he will soon realize just how little he knew.
A/N: Alright guys. Another update and another two weeks gone by. You guys seemed to like the chapter, and I got a lot of feedback. So thanks for that. Unfortunately I have some bad news that I will leave until the end of the chapter. But please remember to take a second to leave any thoughts you might have once you’ve finished. This chapter is… a bit of a doozy. And I loved writing every second of it. Enjoy.

Tags(s): Fondling, Light-Petting.

Toy(s): Go-Phone.

Girl(s): Yori, Shego

Words: 10620

Chapter 12 – Control

When I woke up my first instinct was to look at the clock. Less than three hours of sleep, but I’d never felt more rested. No doubt thanks to the beautiful creature next to me. Still locked in embrace, I’d spent my entire nap bathing in her presence. Her head rested against my chest, eyes closes and mouth parted to allow the calm in and outtake of breath.

I was so tempted to simply close my eyes and drift off once more. I’m sure I was more than overdue an entire night’s sleep. Unfortunately, paradise did not come without its price. And the bill collector was calling.

My nude form moved with caution as not to wake my partner. As much as it pained me, she’d only insist on joining me. And Yamanouchi was my demon to deal with, on my own terms. If the ninja had been right about anything, it was that we belonged to different worlds. I might be able to pretend to bask in the light, but I would never do anything to drag Kim into the shadows.

No matter how quite I was, it couldn’t disguise lack of warmth my absence provided. I’d just managed to pull my pants back around my hips the distinct sound of stirring broke the quite of the room.

“Ron?” half mumbled, and more than delirious, Kim’s hand moved to pat my side of the bed. Finding it empty, her brow furled, and I worried she’d awaken further to investigate. Nearly leaping to her side, my hand found its way to her hair, drawing a long comforting path down to her shoulder. Her concern quickly vanished.

“Thought you were gone…,” she mumbled, shifting to a more comfortable position. A lock of mussed hair fell across her face. I brushed it aside while her lips smacked tiredly. “Scared…” she went on, coherence dropping as she slipped further back into sleep. “Japan… mine…” That last one earned a smile from me. Because it was true. I was hers as much as she was mine. My hand paused on her head.

“Shhhh,” was my answer, even if she could barely hear me. “I’m not going anywhere Kim, I promise” And this one I intended to keep. I stole a second longer just watching her sleep. Whither
she had heard me or not, I couldn’t deny she seemed more at peace. I leaned down before I could stop myself, my lips lingering on her brow.

“How could I ever leave a girlfriend as wonderful as you?”

I decided I best not push my luck and quickly collected the last of my things. Still shirtless and covered in claw marks, I tiptoed my way into the kitchen breathing a sigh of relief to finally be in the clear. So you can imagine how foolish I felt upon seeing Ann Possible, of all people, awake and sitting at the table directly in front of me.

Her head had turned when she heard me come down the stairs, but she didn’t say a thing. Eyes as wide as my own, it seems she hadn’t been aware of my presence in her daughter’s bedroom, though she certainly was now. This lasted all of three second before her blue orbs settled in a fearsome glare.

My first reaction was confusion. I’d… I’d put her to sleep, hadn’t I? I knew I had. But then why was she awake? Doing the math as quick as I could, I knew it could not have been any more than four hours since we’d parted, her husband’s face as my own and a sleep themed pen poised at her back. But this was hardly half the time I’d been led to believe the effects should last.

Stuck there with an expression of utter surprise, I must have looked quite the fool. Unfortunately, even given the time to work past her consciousness, I wasn’t in a position I would call favorable.

Sneaking out her teenage daughter’s room, shirt in hand. Did it get any worse than this? The amount of anger I could see rolling off of her was enough to rival that of her daughter. And it instilled a special kind of fear. To think I was taking this woman’s anal virginity just a few hours ago. And now here I was, waiting to receive my own kind of reaming.

“I don’t regret it,” the words seemed to come from nowhere, yet I couldn’t label them as untrue. Stared down by Ann’s ice cold gaze, if I could change anything about today it’s that I wish it would last longer. Even getting caught wasn’t enough to dissipate the sheer amount of joy I’d gained from being with Kim.

“I don’t, though I’m sorry if we’ve upset you. I know this isn’t what you want to hear, because you think we’re too young, or that we aren’t aware of what sex means. But if your disapproval is the only thing keeping us from experiencing each other than I’m afraid you’re going to be disappointed. So, please, you can tell Mr. P, you can even ban me from your house. But the fact of the matter is that it’s not going to stop us from being together.”

I’d said it, even if I didn’t believe I’d been able to. No longer glaring, Ann’s eyes were once again wide, staring at me like it was the first time we’d ever met. I stood proud, shoulder’s back and chest out. Even shirtless and standing under the archway to her daughter’s room. Slowly, her eyes just seemed to drift back towards the steam mug clutched in both hands.

Her eyes shut and she seemed deep in thought. For the first time since coming down stairs I found myself actually looking at her, only to feel a pang of worry. Deep circled hung beneath each eye seeming to age her in a matter of seconds. Her pale skin, normally so beautiful and full of life seemed transparent in her current state. And worst of all was the sheer exhaustion that seemed to press on her shoulders.

No wonder her family has been so worried.

“Sit down, Ron.” Her steel tone belied a kind strength in her core. Even sick, she was a mother first and damn anyone that thought they could threaten her children. One hand gestured to the chair directly in front of her. And I quickly found myself complying. Though, I had enough mind to
quickly finish dressing. Parading her daughter’s finger nail trails seeming detrimental to the subject at hand.

“You can’t know the fear of a mother seeing her daughter grow into a woman.” Eyes closed she didn’t even look at me. Though I found myself sweating all the same. “Discovering life, love, passion, all you want to do is lock them in their room until their thirty when they won’t have to worry about everything the world wants to do to hurt them.”

She paused to take a drink from her mug. Expecting coffee, I could only raise my brow at what looked like cloudy water. Whatever it was didn’t seem to go down smoothly, because even that small a sip earned a grimace from the woman across from me. She sighed before continuing.

“I’ve always wanted you to be the one to date my daughter,” she revealed suddenly, her blue eyes opening to a calm expression. I… wasn’t exactly sure what to say to that and wisely chose to keep my mouth shut. “Ever since you were a little boy calling out for an imaginary giant named Rufus, I looked at you and saw something good, pure, someone I could trust to never hurt my daughter.”

“Time went one, you and Kim grew close, but never as much as I’d hoped. And eventually I simply made peace with the fact that I may never get to call you, Son.” She paused again, her expression falling just a fraction. “So you can imagine how… conflicted I was coming home one day to find the same boy I trusted with my daughter in her bed. I know you’re in love with her, and I know you respect her. And as a parent that is all you can ever hope for in your child’s partner. But I need to ask you…”

“Can you promise me to protect my daughter when I cannot? And I don’t just mean missions. As I’m sure you know, Kim is bold and brave and fearless and so many things make people feel like they can put all of their hopes and dreams on her little shoulders. But hopes and dreams are heavy, no matter how strong she is, eventually it will crush her. If she doesn’t have somebody by her side to support her.’ Her eyes were like blue fire piercing me and looking for even the smallest weakness.

“Can you promise me to do everything in your power to make my daughter happy?” This time my expression was steadfast; the anxious nerves of being caught by the older woman replaced with the solemnness of understanding what this talk meant.

“I can.” And she smiled. Slightly saddened, and more than melancholy, but a smile all the same. I met her half way when her hand reached for mine, warm and soft and full of love.

“Then I don’t see why my husband needs to know about this, or future discrepancies. I won’t keep looking for it. But that simply mean’s it better not happen where I can find you. Do you understand?” And I nodded, lips lifting into a grin. Ann took one more look at me, and seemed to shake her head.

“…When did you both grow so quickly?”

I let the question hang in the air, simply enjoying the trust that that had been formed between me and the older woman. Lifting her cup, she took another sip and another wince. Her hand moved to her stomach where she seemed to find trouble. Perking up, I stared at her with an entirely new reason to frown.

“How are you feeling?” I finally managed, fear tainting my concern.

“What hour is it?” was her reply, dry and rueful all the same. Hearing the normally chipper woman so sarcastic was a surprise, and she seemed to sense that. Relaxing her exasperated her expression, she shot me an apologetic grimace
“I’m sorry Ronald,” she shook her head, “it’s just been so frustrating. As soon as I start to think I’m feeling better I’m feeling worse than ever. If it’s not body aches, it’s vomiting. If I’m not bent over the toilet I can barely crawl out of bed to make my family breakfast. When I woke up this morning I was absolutely fine. James told me to stay home just to be safe. But after… a nap, I wake up feeling all three.” She ventured another sip, but by then her drink had run cold. With a deep frown she placed it far away, not even bothering to attempt a second glass.

“Wow, I hope it’s nothing serious.” I found myself honestly answering. The thought of Ann seriously sick sent my bones on ice. I would have never put her through so much if I’d known she was that sick.

She nodded, “I have an appointment on the twentieth with a colleague. I doubt its anything serious, the symptoms have been tame if a bit stressful. Honestly I’m more annoyed that I’ve even got sick in the first place. I’m normally so careful.” Her features took on a rueful grimace, “I mean, I haven’t felt this bad since… um, since…” But her voice trailed, the strangest shift towards confusion taking hold. It grew to the point that I was actually fearful for the woman, my hand reaching out for hers once again.

“Mrs. P? Are you okay?” she snapped out of it, the faraway look in her eyes turning towards my face. Her expression didn’t change, however, whatever memories she dredged up still in the forefront of her mind. She began to nod her head as if to answer me, but otherwise seemed entirely in another world.

“What week is it Ronald? Remind me. I’m… I think I’m having trouble…”she trailed off, seemingly in deep concentration.

I had to give it some thought but after a moment I replied, “The third?” This was met with sharp look in my direction. I found myself shrinking back. Turning her gaze back towards the table she closed her eyes, and her lips moved in a silent string of numbers. More to this fact, her hand on the table carefully counted the list of whatever it was she was trying to keep track of. All the while, I continued to sit back and watch.

“I’m, I think I need to lie down.” She finally spoke. Putting exactly none of my fears to rest. Standing up as she did, I nearly knocked my chair over as I rushed closer.

“Are you okay? What’s the matter, you’re really pale.” And she was. Eyes wide with, was that fear? If not it was certainly close enough. Her already pallid complexion took a dramatic dive, her face especially losing all of its color.

“Yes, I’m sure I’m wrong.” She shook her head. At the same time her hand moved to touch her stomach. Man, it must really be upset today. “That is, I have an idea of what it could be. But I can’t be sure. And I doubt it’s even possible really.” When she smiled, it had none of the bright light I’d come to see in this woman. It was almost like she was trying to convince herself more than me.

“Is there anything I can do?” I finally offered. But she shook her head, still with that far off gaze that was actually starting to freak me out a bit.

“No, really. I just need to make a few calls. Push up my appointment as soon as I can. Not that its life threatening, if I’m right that is. I just…” She took a deep breath. But when it came out it seemed to shudder like she was shivering. “Everything is going to be fine. Just… fine.” And that moment of hesitation spoke more than everything she’d said.

As much as I wanted to stop her and demand that she tell me what was going on, it really wasn’t my place. And as long as her life isn’t in any danger…
“Alright,” I supplied and moved in for a hug. The motion seemed to surprise her, and her body tense under my touch. It might seem weird, but I couldn’t count the number of times she’s done the same for me. And always when I needed it most. After a few breaths, she finally seemed to relax, her hands moving up to pat the broad middle of my back.

“Try and get some sleep.” I offered. But this time it my voice that hardened into a tone of command.

“I’ll do my best.” Was her answer. And she seemed somewhat bemused by my attempt. I was satisfied that I’d been able to help at all. I looked at her face for proof when she finally pulled away, an earnest expression of tender affection being my reward.

“Thank you, Ron.” She supplied. And, while still shaken, I could hear something close to her usually sure tone.

When she finally disappeared in the direction of her bed, I could still see she was worried. I just gave a small wave, wishing I could so more but just as helpless as she. I wish I could say that I had the time worry about her more, maybe try and figure out exactly what was going on. But in all honesty she had given me quite a bit to think about. And I couldn’t help but feel my attention shift.

‘Can you promise me to do everything in your power to make my daughter happy?’ Talk about pressure. But one I was happy to take up. All the same, my face was grave as I eventually made my way over to my abandoned bag pulling only one item from its depths.

I gave it a hard long stare before knowing what I had to do. It was with great hesitation that I pulled it open, pushing only a single button. Silent all but for a long tone of sound, a familiar voice sounded in my ear. She answered on the second ring.

“You certainly know how make a girl wait…”

XxX

My breathing sounded in my ears, soft and even. The cool air kissed my skin, penetrating the comfortable warmth of my mattress nesting my own heat. I didn’t want to move, the sheer idea seeming blasphemous in my state of exhaustion. Instead, I turned my head into the soft warmth of my pillow, a smile brightening my features as I found my senses assaulted by the gentle scent of something wonderful.

It was only after I nuzzled my face harder against the heavenly surface, that I became aware of the long fingers gently drawing through my short blonde hair. And the fact that I wasn’t alone.

After Kim’s house I’d managed my way back home, determination burning hotter than anything that had ever driven me. My parents were blissfully ignorant in each their own ways. Didn’t even think to wonder why their son was marching to his room as though it were a battle ground.

I’d barely heard my father’s pleasant, “hello son,” before the seemingly warm family scene was behind me. And so, locked away in my room, there was little to do other wait. And wait. And… wait. And, it seems in the middle of all that waiting I’d somehow managed doze off. The exhaustion and week’s lack of sleep finally catching up with me.

Well, I guess a person can only change so much…

Even weighted by sleep, I knew who it was petting my hair. Just as I knew that the ‘pillow’ I’d been snuggling up to this point had actually been her lap. Above me, I could hear the soft tinkling bells of a young girl’s laughter.
“You cling to me so tight,” Yori’s tone was mirthful. Her finger never stopped. Slow, lingering touches ending only to be repeated. It was heavenly. And knowing that I’d been caught awake I didn’t see the harm in allowing it to continue. A satisfied sigh fell from my nose.

Now fully awake, I shifted until I laid on my back. Opening my eyes, an angelic smile stared down at me seeming tender and kind. It was already dark outside and her features seemed to shine despite of it. I didn’t say a word, simply basking in the sensations and enjoying them for as long as they could last.

Fire, brimstone, an anger that would shake Olympus, that’s how I’d prepared. But actually faced with the girl, I found myself inexcusably calm. The kind of inner peace usually reserved for mediation. When I did speak, it was soft and pleasant. A stark contrast to the conversation I’d expected to be having at this moment.

“Kiss me.”

She didn’t stop her motions, though a slight tilt in her head belayed the humor she found. After a moment, her eyes closed and she nodded her head, her smile no less peaceful. “Hai, Ron-Sama.” And cupping my cheeks, her lips parted just before our lips met, the softness of her breasts pressing against the top of my head.

Her lips were gentle, yielding against my own. Upside down, one would think it would be awkward. Especially consider how new we were to each other. But it was the opposite. Slow, sensuous movements drew my lips against her own in ways that left my spine shivering. Surrounded by her by this point, her scent consumed me, filling me with the same sense of comfort I’d awakened to.

I moved with her, nodding my face against her lips and savoring the devilish sound of her quick sigh as she broke for air. Only a second passed before my hand reached up, the silken strands of her short black hair meeting my fingers as I forced her back down. Her answer was a smile, one I could feel against my lips.

We stayed like this for what must have been several minutes. Quick gasps were smothered by lips and giggles. Until I finally allowed my gentle grasp to release, her straight strands falling through my fingers like water. Free to pull back, Yori’s tongue swept across her swollen lips, her kind eyes lowered in a heated expression. I just found myself smiling, entirely unapologetic.

Her lap was soft and warm against my head, which made the effort to leave it that much more. Even still, slow movements lead to obvious intention. Kneeling on the bed in front of her, my eyes said everything when I braced myself on either side of her body. Lingering for just a moment, my mouth soon returned to her own. The presents of my tongue quickly making itself known.

Her taste was indescribable and she welcomed me without complaint. Simply accepting my motions, her hands settled on my head, even encouraging me and I basked in her presents. It only seemed natural for my lips to begin to explore. First down her jaw and then into the curve of her neck. All the while Yori remained the same patient accommodator; offering little more than a sigh when my fingers fell towards her breasts.

“Ron-Sama behaves like a spoiled child,” she smiled, still chuckling as I groped her body. Large and soft, they seemed impossibly perky in my hands. Their gentle give and springiness a testament to youth. Just as soon as all of this started, the two of us slowly fell towards the bed.

Hung above her, Yori laid back, arms above her head and hair tossed in all directions. I spared the delicate picture a single glance before reaching for the flap of her dark costume, parting the material to reveal her breast in all their glory. Without so much as a bra to cover herself, my attention centered
on the mounds, a stupid grin by my own standards making its way onto my cheeks as I pressed my face between them.

Just as big as they’d seemed, Yori’s breasts rested on her ribs, drooping under their own weight. Medium sized areola marked her tips a light brown. Flat and stubby, the nubs at their center each pointed off in opposite directions. But I soon rained them in, each palmed by my greedy fingers as I left a trail of kisses down their valley. Yori eyes simply stared at the ceiling, a slightly dull ghost of an expression flickering as she allowed me to have my fun.

Enjoying myself suckling on her right breast, the soothing sensation of her fingers worked themselves back into my hair. Her voice returned, a halfhearted attempt at chastisement smothered by her warmth.

“Ronald-Sama, I am afraid such things must wait until we have arrived back to Yamanouchi. We shall have plenty of time to enjoy one another afterwards, I assure you.” Her trailing fingers shifted towards my ear, tracing its shell. I felt my goosebumps bloom across my back, but otherwise didn’t respond as the wet tip of my tongue circling the nipple I’d sucked into my waiting mouth. Yori felt quite.

“Such energy,” she mused after a moment. “I cannot begin to tell you how much it pleases me to see you so hungry for myself. But surely you can wait until we’ve settled into your new life?” this time I did stop, the wet pop of my mouth pulling off her breast echoing throughout the room. It fell back to her chest with a jiggle.

“I thank you for understanding,” her smile brightened. “I assure you I will endeavor to please you at the best of my abilities once-.” She was stopped short, the sensation of my hand against her clothed sex startling and without provocation. I descended as though I hadn’t noticed a thing, my mouth molding to her throat and nibbling all the way.

“Ron-Sama,” she sighed, a slight strain in her tone. When I didn’t answer she repeated herself, a bit of the kindness freckling away to make room for the thinly veiled demand. “Ron-sama.” But still I was silent, the softness of her sex leaking through her ninja attire. It was only when I felt her nails in my hair sharpen that I finally answered. And even then, my tone was light and dismissive before going right back into her neck.

“Changed my mind,” I spoke into her throat, fingers hungrily groping her in a way most women would find obscene. “Not going anymore.” A literal shrug of my shoulders marked just how little I seemed to think about the decision. I could feel her stiffen under me. A small gesture but a gesture all the same. I went back at her as though nothing had happened at all.

Silence rained for a good several heart beats before she answered, the humor in her tone nonexistent despite a deliberate effort to laugh. “Oh, Ron-Sama, more of your American jokes. They never end to amuse me.” but I wasn’t joking. And my lack of response seemed to make that fact more clear by the second. I’d just made my way back between her breasts when her hands wrapped around my shoulders actually lifting me off of her. When I opened my eyes the angelic expression I’d woken to was erased, profound disappointment in its place.

Well, it’d been nice while it lasted.

“Ron-sama,” she started, her shift in mood palpable. “I understand your fears and pain. But in time you will grow to think of Yamanouchi as home. You sacrifice much, but just think of what you gain? Never again to be overlooked by those around you. Everyone at Yamanouchi will recognize you, and your ability. Surely you can see that you belong with us.”
She hesitated, a nervousness taking over. She reached towards my hand before bringing it to her breast. As soon the large appendage cupped the supple mount, the barest hint of a smile graced her features. “Surely you can see that you belong with me.” And there was so much longing in her tone, a silent plea for me to accept her and everything she offered. It was so much, that I found myself wanting just that. To give in, to go with her.

But then, that’s exactly what she wanted, wasn’t it?

“Yori,” I frowned. Indecision drawing on my features, I appeared conflicted, confused, and her eyes seemed to glimmer all the more for it. I eventually just sighed, removing my hand from her breast to cradle her own.

“When we first met, before I knew anything about the school, I thought you were incredible. Kind, warm, generous, even when I kept screwing up you were always by my side with another kind word and encouragement. It was… everything I’d ever wanted.” It was Yori’s turn now, and she smiled brightly, as though my words had touched her deeply.

“And I will bring you even more happiness, Ron-sama, until you weep with joy. But you must come with us if we are to be together. You do want that, yes?” The question hung between us, and I let my face settled into a morose smile. The shift brought a wrinkle between her brow as she searched for its source.

“But there was something else,” I continued, my voice losing its wistful awe. Instead, it was lower, harder. It seemed to set the girl on edge, as she reached between her clothes to draw the material together.

“Under the smile, under the kind words, under the flirting, there was always something else. Something I could never quite recognize, even though it rang so distinctly familiar.” Now I was smiling. Though it didn’t reach my eyes. Dead in their own right, a kind of pleasure drew through the blue orbs. But none close to the kind we’d been experiencing just moments before.

“The way your smile would tighten, just a fraction of a second before your hand would cover the mistake. How perfect you seemed, even when all the worlds ever done is try and beat me down. And most of all, your eyes, so warm and loving. And yet, looking at them even now there’s a shadow inside no matter how your expression changes.”

She wasn’t smiling now. In fact, the only thing I could describe her as was blank, not a single inflection or otherwise noticeable feature to draw my eye. And yet I kept smiling, eyes brightening like we were simply having another of our friendly chats. Like nothing was wrong. When the opposite was true.

“It took me a while to find out just why it felt so familiar, until now. Until I remembered my own face, and my own expressions simply going through my life, and telling myself that everything was going to be okay. The same eyes that tried so hard to tell the world not to worry, that I was fine. The face of a liar.”

“A mask.”

And suddenly I was alone. Well, on the bed anyway. Yori stood nearby, her face irrevocably set in a cold, stony determination. Compared to the girl that had been so happily caressing my brow, it was like night and day. But that girl didn’t exist, she never did. Perhaps, for the first time, I was allowed to see the real Yori. And she wasn’t happy.

“Stopable-san,” her tone bit through me with its chill. I made a point to widen my smile, the
darkness in my eyes ever present. Well there goes Ron-sama. “You have indeed improved much faster than anyone could have thought.” Repeating her earlier observation, this time she didn’t sound nearly so proud.

“Unfortunately, it is my duty and honor to bring you back to succeed the chair of the next Master Sensei. By any means necessary. I will ask one more time to come peacefully. If you continue to resist, than it is my regret to use force.” She spoke with such finality, like those were my only options. I just sighed shaking my head.

“I’m not angry, Yori,” I said instead, earning a small cock of her head. “You were just doing your job, the job no one else can do, right? I get it. I mean, it’s so easy to just put on a smile. And if you do it long enough, it even starts to feel genuine. But only so long as you forget what the real thing feels like. You want to take me away from my home. From my family. From Kim. And… it is my honor to, at the very least, try and fight for a life with them.” Yori didn’t answer, but bowed her head ever so slightly.

“I see. Yours is a truly noble dream. Even if it has become impossible. I will try not to harm you. However, when you awake you may experience some soreness. I apologize.” Considering she’d just threatened to knock me out, and then apologized ahead of time, it was hard pressed to keep the smile from my face.

“Ditto.”

She thought this was going to be easy. I could tell by the way she allowed me to stand up from my relaxed position. Now facing her, the small space of my bed room only made her sudden disappearance that much more impressive. But even if I couldn’t see her, it didn’t mean her smell didn’t carry across the room in a wave of her presence. Before she could act, the solid blow to my neck that she’d been attempting was blocked by a fist bathed in blue fire.

That small moment of shock gave me the opportunity I needed to grab her wrist, pulling her over my shoulder and wrenching her arm because of it. She responded quickly enough, jumping into thrown. Her answering flip carried her across the other side of the bed where she landed silently. Her eyes burned in my direction, an exclamation of disbelief clear in her features.

I smirked to myself, pride blooming from my chest in a way that I’d never felt before. That’s right, I’m not going down without a fight. And for once that means more than flailing my hands around and praying for a miracle that would never come. I rose back to a relaxed position before sighing.

“My parents, they’re not going to wake up for a few hours. Are they?” I asked. But it wasn’t really a question. While we hadn’t made a dramatic amount of noise, their room was just down the hall. And, while neglectful, I was confident they would at least have enough heart to come check on me if strange sounds started to come from my room in the middle of the night.

Still staring at me, her open face closed a bit as she tilted her head in thought. I could see the question in her eyes and chose to answer. “It’s what I would have done,” I shrugged. “just in case right? Can’t have anyone interrupting.”

“And yet you continue to claim you have no future as a ninja.” Her eyes narrowed. But I surprised her by shaking my head.

“Actually, I know I’d probably be good at it. Hell, maybe even great. We’re similar in a lot of ways. More than I’m comfortable with, actually. But that, more than anything else, just proves that I can’t trust you.”
She seemed to consider that for a moment. But whatever came to mind, she didn’t say. “Please tell me,” she decided instead, “for what reason did you feel the need to grope me so enthusiastically.” Less angry and more curious, my wide expression twisted bashfully as I scratched at the scab on my neck.

“Well… I mean, I didn’t think you were going to let me after I told you I wasn’t going.” My lips pinched into an apologetic line. “Unless…” and now I perked up considerably, my gaze shifting towards the bed before flicking back. “I mean we can always fight afterwards right? No reason we can’t handle this like rational, horny adults.” This earned a distinct frown from the other teenager. I didn’t so much as bat an eye. “Well, you can’t blame me for trying.”

“For one who claims to cherish Possible-San so dearly, you seem quite willing to tarnish her honor.” The easy expression on my face frozen, and now it was my turn to glare.

“In this world, Kim and one other are the only things that matter.” I stopped there, staring deep into her hazel orbs and determined to force her to feel the weight they carried. “And I will never, ever love another woman as much as I do them.”

Now the expression slipped back to the easy grin, even becoming a bit cheeky. “My heart and my soul belong to Kim and Ann. My dick on other hand, well, these past few days I’ve learned that it has a mind of its own. I’ve spent my entire life hold back and hiding from what I knew I wanted, just to make others happy. Not anymore. Not so long as I do a good enough job from her ever finding out.”

Yori stared at me for a long time. Able to strike in a moment’s notice, I made sure to remain posed for response. Thankfully her voice answered before her fist. “You have become dishonorable,” she remarked, slanted eyes narrowing with accusation.

“If honor means losing everything I love, if honor means a life of struggling, if honor means to let others do as they please simply because the alternative if messy, than you can keep it.” My smile widened, an expression a certain green skinned villainess would be proud of stretching my cheeks to cartoonish proportions. “Fuck honor, and fuck you!”

This time I was expecting the attack even before her image flickered out of view. She came me again, faster this time. And I found, even with my enhancements, I was a struggling to keep up. For Yori, the girl who had literally spent her entire life learning this style of fighting, it would have been stupid of me to think magic would allow me to fight her on even ground. Thankfully, I’d taken enough breatings to learn how to take up punch.

She was angry. Even if her face was stuck in that blank illusion, there was no deny my words had forced her to act without thinking.

This wasn’t the Ron she was expecting to come back to. This wasn’t how she’d thought the night would go. Was she stronger than me? Yes. Faster than me? Easily. But none of that mattered if she was predictable. And the magic guiding my motions knew enough to block and parry the familiar patterned of chops and kicks.

Was it enough to win? No. Good thing all I really needed to stall.

“You must realize by now you cannot win against me.” her angled hand copped down at a sharp angle against my collar. My arm barley moved in time to bock the blow. And even then I couldn’t blink before the next attack was already crushing my sternum and forcing the wind from my lungs.

I fell back, a wheezing cough breaking from my lungs as I tried and failed to regain what I’d lost.
And even then she wouldn’t quit, her bandaged foot crushing the space where my face had been just a second ago. More reckless? Yes. But it also meant she might be less inclined to bring me back in one piece.

My foot stuck out in the split second, the sensation of a solid blow jarring the appendage all the way up to my knee. Pain falling to the back of my mind, I watched Yori’s form fly back, her mid-section folded over in the place where I’d landed my attack. She fell back to the ground glaring, but otherwise unaffected. I rose to my feet, hate rolling off of me.

“Give up,” she demanded. “I do not wish to harm you further, but I am afraid that is what I must do if you continue to struggle. You will not win, but you prolong your pain. The choice is yours.”

Choice. I wanted to laugh. In this life, choice wasn’t something given to you. It was something that had to be taken, stolen by the power you were able to wield, and the length in which you were willing to go to grab it. She thinks this decision is hers to give me. But I will make my own. Through blood, sweet, and pain, I will bring ruin to anything that tries to stand in my way.

Staring into my narrowed eyes, she must have read this as a disappointed sigh took over. To my surprise her posture relaxed, the first action in a series of many to alert the alarm chiming in my head. “Then I am sorry for what I must do.” And all I could do was brace myself for whatever she had coming.

Her right hand pulled away from her body, but not in any threatening matter. Instead it chopped through the air in a single decisive movement that didn’t seem to mean much of anything. It wasn’t until I noticed her attention shift away from me and towards the window that I realized it wasn’t an attack. But a signal. A signal for reinforcements.

My eyes widened, fear consuming me. Each shadow in the room seemed to elongate all at once as I searched for the number of ninjas Yori had been keeping in reserve just in case they were needed. I braced myself, well, as much I could against an unknown number of enemy. But arms held over my face, the attack never came. And just as quickly as I’d thrown them up, I found myself lowering my guard just enough to glance at the sole ninja still standing before me.

She was not happy. Face set in stone, her eyes burned with frustration. Her arm swung again, this time even faster through the air. The simple motion hailed the same results as the first, and I found myself gasping in a long series of relaxed, even amused sounds.

When laughter finally found its way through, I couldn’t hold it back again.

Yori’s teeth clenched as she watched me on the floor, laid out and chortling for all it was worth. Finally I managed to calm down. The back of my head thumping on the carpeted floor below me. I relaxed against the material, eyes closed and blearily aware of the feint glimmer shining in the farthest corner of the room.

“You bitch…” I sighed, but with no real fire. Yori reared up at the insult, even though it hadn’t been aimed towards her at all.

I looked up, eyes training on the mirage I’d just noticed. Seeing the direction of my eyes, Yori’s attention drew the same way, only to take step back when she noticed the anomaly. Which was impressive all on its own. I’d hardly managed, and only because I knew what to look for.

“If you’d already finished, you could have jumped in before she nearly broke my arm.” Knowing that her cover was blown, the veiled shimmer seemed to widen into the shape of a wide dome. This figure dissolved in the matter of seconds, revealing the lone figure of the one woman capable of
saving my life, the discarded bodies of three young men, all dressed in black cloth laid at her feet.

Yori jumped back, instincts taking over as she was forced to regard both of us. Even so, I could see her eyes flickering between us both, confusion and anger building as she tried to make sense of what was happening. I took another moment to marvel at the simple fact that I was alive before finally cluing her in.

“Hope you don’t mind.” Out of breath and too relieve to bother looking smug, I just leaned my back against the wall, eyes still trained on the grinning green woman. “But I figured you’d have a few guys tucked away in case things went south.” This, Yori seemed to find alarming. But I just shrugged my shoulders, the coldness that had been seeping through my blood from the moment I awoke finally expanding to my extremities.

“It’s what I would have done…”

“You messed up.” I answered her silent question. “When you said you’ve been watching me? Waiting until my power awoke? Well, I could only guess that meant you had a few guys stashed away. Figured I would just even the sides you know?”

Yori, falling back into her stony calm regarded Shego with what I could only guess was loathing. Not that I could blame her. But I wasn’t done, a wide and mocking expression taking my face as I knew my plan had worked. “She’s already pretty sneaky, but with the belt I loaned her they didn’t stand much of a chance. I just needed to buy her enough time to find them all.” And now my head fell back, eyes closing in an easy expression. I didn’t need to see her face to know what she thinking.

The kiss, the long lingering caress, the feelings that had been expressed in even that short of a time. I hadn’t planned it. Honestly, I thought I’d be forced to hold her off the entire time while Shego did her thing. But it was certainly the more enjoyable alternative. Besides, turnabouts only fair, right? She wants to manipulate me by pretending to care, pretending to love me? Than so could I. But at the end of the day, that’s all either of us really were.

Two clowns with painted smiles doing our best to ignore the monsters on the other side.

With a deep breath I prepared myself to stand, pain exploding from the areas I’d been unable to block her jabs. Oh yea, that was gonna bruise. Still, Yori took this development and backed herself away until she could face the both of us. Whatever amusement in my face, whatever cheer I’d had was gone.

Between the two of us, Yori and I finally seemed to bare the true reality of what we were. And it was horrifying.

“You can’t beat us both.” My fist were still numb but that didn’t stop the blue power in my chest from expanding out to cover my form. Basking in its rush and power, I didn’t stop until it covered all that I was. A small bereavement from the pain as it soothed it away. I’d won. I knew it. She knew it. Her fist lowered slowly, but not before igniting her gaze in a hate bearing glare.

“Stoppable-San cannot run forever.” She reminded me, the voice that had charmed me and so many others now seeming laced with poison that yearned for my blood. I didn’t flinch, knowing that I could only plan so much. She attacks and I defend myself.

“I’m getting stronger every day.” I reminded her. And made a point of flexing the power so carefully nurtured inside of me. Blue light illumined the otherwise dark room casting stark shadows across her Asians features. I allowed the power to continue for a full second before continuing. “And unlike you, I fight for something more than honor. What I fight for, what I’ve always fought for, has been
the simple right to stand by Kim’s side.” The meaning might have changed a bit, but it’s still no less true. “And compared to that you don’t stand a chance”.

Yori stood silent, hands flexed at her sides. “Then perhaps it is easier to remove Stoppable-san’s distractions, if that is what keeps him so stubborn.” So casual, and light. Like she hadn’t just threatened the life of my existence. For that single moment, the blank void of my face reached my eyes, their brown color dimming in the impossible consideration of a world without Kim.

For so long I have said that would do anything for Kim. For her smile, for her laugh, for anything she desired so long as it was in my power. But what have I actually done to prove that?

No more. I will do anything I must, so long as it’s for her. Even if that means becoming the very thing she hates.

The blue fire flexed, but it was different this time. Around me the various baubles and toys that marked the life of a boy long since gone rose into the air. I could feel the power closing around me smoothing me. But I didn’t relent and soon I could feel it wavering edges solidity into something tangling, seeping into my muscles and legs.

This time she didn’t me coming.

If I had any mind to look I would have noticed a bright blue tail of energy hanging out the small of my back. But all of my attention was centered the woman who’s throat now resided in my clench fist.

Natural instinct took over and her expressionless face broke into a grimace. Along my forearm I could feel her nails biting me, desperate to claw away the pain. But the layer of energy protected me from any damage, the truth of what Monty sought all those years ago finally coming to fruition. Finally her eyes settled on my own, alive with a kind of fear that was too honest to be anything but.

“If you hurt Kim,” My voice, so different from my own sounded in low, base sounds. “If you touch so much as touch her I will make it my life’s mission to do everything in my power to see to Yamanouchi’s destruction.”

I watched Yori’s eyes widen, but not enough. The steel that glared at me was still there, still daring to plot to steal from me the only thing that mattered. I watched the lines of blue lift from under my skin in a disturbed blue vein as my fist tightened around her throat. Her cheeks, once so pale, seemed to be turning a dark purple. She no longer bother to attack me.

“I will break the man who gave you these orders,” clench, “tear down the buildings that housed the people who would think to take what’s mine,” clench, “and kill everyone that has even the smallest link.” Clench.

By this point whatever stubbornness I’d though I’d imagined in her expression could no longer exist. Not while the hazel color of her eyes was swallowed by the swollen black pupil. And they rolled towards the heavens. But still I continued, knowing that she was strong enough to still hear me.

“I will bring your precious school down from its mountain and watch it crash against the earth. And only then will allow you feel the pain of your life being forced from your body.” But not today. And so, before I could allow the white noise in my brain to completely silence my own rational thoughts, I forced my hand to let go. Allowing the Asian to fall to the floor.

A single desperate gasp filled the air. But I had already turned away back toward the one woman in my life who could watch such an unbridled display of violence and grin like it was the most arousing
thing she’d ever seen. Even now I could feel her heated gaze take in my monkey powered state, fighting the urge to mount me then and there. But before she had the chance I willed the power to dissipate back into the air.

The strength and power and freedom it filled me with disappeared in a single moment. And in its place left naught but pain and the fear of what I’d been so close to doing to wash through me. But I didn’t let it show. Back and shoulders straight, I marched towards the pile of unconscious ninjas.

Flinching only once, I picked them up one at a time and threw them at Yori’s direction. By the time the last one landed on the soft carpet of my floor, Yori’s breath was already back to a semblance of what it had been. But her eyes now watched me with a new kind of fear remained, drawn and hesitant.

Good.

“Leave.” Not a request, no pretty please, but an order. One that made me think that perhaps, in another life maybe I really could have been a Master Sensei. Just not this one. “And stay away from me. I’ve given you my answer. There is nothing you can do to change it.” Arms crossed, I waited for Yori to collect her fellow students and hop back out the window. So you can imagine my fear when that didn’t happen.

Still caressing her throat, she picked herself up and frowned. “Stoppable-san knows that is not within my power to decide.” she sounded raspy, a testament to much damage I must have done. Despite myself I felt myself flinch back. For both reasons. Alternately, Shego seemed to preen.

“Ooooh, is it my turn?” And to my surprise she actually turned to me for permission. It was right then I realized, if I gave even the smallest of allowance, she would happily pick right back up where I’d left off.

The grime of working with a villain stuck to my skin like syrup. But I tried to ignore the sensation. Instead, I wracked my brain to find a way to finish this without actually going further than I already had. Could I if I had to...? Thankfully, Yori’s cracked voice continued before I was forced to acknowledge the answer burning in my chest.

“Perhaps, we may meet in the middle?” Shego stepped forward, no doubt ready to ignore her completely in favor of getting into a fight. My hand closed around her upper arm. An action the old me would have boggled at. But she relented. No matter how twisted her reasoning, Shego seemed honest in her intentions toward me. She made a sour face, one she aimed in my direction. But she backed down in the end. I tried to ignore how that made me feel.

Yori’s eyes stared at my hired muscle with caution. Seeing me rein her in, she lowered her hand from her throat, the red impression of my hand still clear and visible. Met with silence, Yori took this as a sign to continue.

“Stoppable-San has expressed his… unwillingness to leave Possible-San. Would you consent to proper training if you were able to continue your relationship?” Her tone was polite, gentle, the same bullshit that had fooled me the first time we met. I raised an eyebrow half wondering why she was even bothering now that I knew her little secret. But even more suspicious than that was how good the words sounded. Almost too much to be true.

“I already asked if she could come with and you said no,” I reminded her. Yori’s expression remained and she bowed her head in acknowledgement.

“And that is still so. However, if you will not come to Yamanouchi to receive proper rating and
demand to remain in your home, than you will stay… as will I.” Now I was really taken aback, but she didn’t allow me even a moment to voice my confusion. “Master sensei will deliver the lessons through me, and I will be your teacher until a time comes where you are more willing to cooperate.”

“If that’s an option that why the hell didn’t you tell me in the first place!” I all but yelled. I could still feel her wind pipe bending under my fingers.

“It was our greatest wish to force you to abandon your past all at once so you may study without interruption. However, recent events have shown it may be in our better interest to adjust our plans.”

I stared at her, disbelief chewing at the edge of my sanity. Translation: ‘we fucked up and didn’t know you’d actually put up a fight. And only now that you’re willing to kill us do you get a say in what we do with your life.’ Great.

“I told you I’m not going with you. Why bother training me to be your leader if it’s never going to happen?” Now some of Yori’s fire returned, the ease with which she smiled only making the honest belief shining through her expression that much more unsettling.

“Because it was destined, Stoppable-san. It is not for me to understand. But there is no mistake that you are the one who will inherit the next title of Master Sensei. How it happens, even I cannot say. But it will. And when that day comes, we would rather you be prepared to protect what you so easily claim you would destroy.”

One more time she bowed her head, this time going so far as down to her waist. “This is all that I may offer you Stoppable-san. If you still refuse, than I am afraid you must be willing to take my life. For that is what I stake to fulfil my duty. I did not lie when I claimed to be tied to your destiny. I shall stand beside you no matter what. Even in the face of your own destruction. But you must make that choice.”

I stared at her for a long time. Anger, regret, hatred coursing through me. But none of that changed the word that came out of my lips.

“fine…”

Next to me I could feel Shego slump, no doubt disappointed by my answer. But it was better this way. By almost all accounts. Despite my bluster I really didn’t want to spend my life looking over my shoulder waiting for them to attack. Nor did I want to destroy their school if they actually tried to harm Kim.

But most of all, this at least would keep Yori were I could see her. If she wanted to think some scroll or tablet means that I would leave Kim for anything, than let her. One less thing I have to worry about. Which, lately, was actually quite a bit.

“Will you get out of here already? I seriously doubt you plan on starting right this second.” At least really hoped not. But it turns out she wasn’t done. Not yet.

“Before I go, there is something I must return.” Watching her walk toward me, I raised an eyebrow curious as to anything she could have gotten to. But what she dropped in my hand was anything but clarifying. Small and metal, what looked to be dried blood still clung to its outer shell. I raised an eyebrow wondering what it could possibly be.

“Thanks?” I tried. But Yori shook her head.

“As I said, I am simply returning what I’d already taken. Possible-san may be upset the next time she attempts to find you, only to find your collar missing.” gentle kind, the bite in her tone almost went
over my head. Almost.

“Collar?” I turned back and felt my face curl. Without thinking, my hand reached back to itch my neck only to flinch when I became reminded of the scab.

Wait.

Pulling my hand away, a few drops of blood tinged the tips of my nails. I looked back at the chip and felt my emotions rear up. Yori however continued as though everything were completely the same as it had been.

“Where did you get this chip?” my voice echoed with hollow fear. But Yori was all too happy answer.

“It was close enough to the surface that a small distraction was all I needed to successfully remove it from your body. After all, it wouldn’t do very well to have Possible-san come after you in the future.”

‘Stop fucking smiling!’ I wanted to growl. Was I seriously supposed to believe this thing had been inside of me all this time? That Kim had put it there!? When would she have even had the chance?

“Why…” I found myself mumbling, but failed to continue. Thankfully, Yori was all too happy come with the answer.

“Possible-san must have simply been worried about you. It is not as though you are capable enough to take proper care of yourself, yes? How highly she must think of you to assume you needed to be tracked like an animal.” Stop. Fucking. Smiling. But no matter how much I wanted to hate Yori in this moment, I couldn’t deny her words as false. Especially as… memories came into mind.

How she always seemed to be able to find me. How she’d known the night of her parent’s anniversary that I was in her bathroom even when her mother didn’t. ‘I’ll give him another day. After that if he hasn’t shown up and he’s not at home I’ll give Wade a call.’ The words seemed to swirl around me, the final nail to solidify the truth of her words.

“Get out.” Yori blinked. “I said get out of my house!” Yelling in her face, she must have seen a spark of blue because the next moment I was staring at air and she was across the room.

“Your training begins tomorrow, Stoppable san. Please say hello for me to Possible-san.” And she was gone, her shadowy visage and the three prone bodies all but vanishing in an instant. I let the silence in the room hang as I tried to rationalize my own thoughts. But of course, when could things ever be so easy?

“Not. Tonight,” the words bit out of my mouth as soon as I felt the familiar hard leather of Shego’s glove traveling down my back. Still behind me, she’d watched the entire exchange without any kind of word. Without Yori, her job was all but finished. So of course she was expecting payment. Unfortunately, for once I wasn’t in the mood.

“I don’t work for free, Stoppable.” Her words were heavy with seduction. I shivered feeling her black painted lips brush my ear, her warm breath crashing against the side of my face. “That little bomb she dropped must have been stressful. Thankfully I know a little activity we could try to work that out.”

She laughed, light and free. And for a moment, I allowed myself to entertain the thought. Of blowing all my anger and rage down the back of her throat with my wad. But I relented. Rather, I couldn’t. Shego must have sensed this, because just as soon she was pushing me away, her eyes were
mocking in that special sneer of hers.

“Wow, sidekick. You put on that kind of performance just to blue ball me now?” she snorted. “And they call me evil.” But I didn’t answer.

A few heartbeats later and I watched Shego’s mane of ebony hair shake with a disappointed motion. She walked towards my window and stepped onto its ledge. Thinking she was about to leave, I was proven wrong as she took the time to give me one last glance.

“You owe me stoppable. You won’t know when or where, but I always collect. And until then…” I raise an eyebrow, only to feel my eyes widen at the sight of my belt still wrapped around her hips. “I’ll just be borrowing this little treat. You’ve got my number,” she winked. And then she was gone. Leaving me alone and in the dark.

I stared at the small sliver of metal for what felt like an eternity. Finally, after what must have been only five minutes, I found myself walking back towards the window to stare at the night sky and think about everything that happened in only the last two days.

It didn’t seem real. But that applied so much to my life that I’d learned to stop questioning it. Instead, I took a long, deep breath and basked in the dim light of the moon that streamed in to meet my equally pale features.

I wasn’t going to let this break me. That’s what Yori wanted. This… this chip changed nothing. What I should remember tonight is that tomorrow I get to wake up to Kim. Tomorrow I get to spend another day with the girl I love.

What had once encouraged me to fight against an opponent I knew I could never defeat, now left my chest tight. With a shaken breath, a fraction of the unease Yori had seen fit to instill in me was replaced with pride.

That’s right. Kim was mine. And even if I had to share Ann, I was still a part of her heart away from her husband. One that even she herself might not recognize. And everything else… well.

My eyes sent a side long glance towards my bag where I opened to inspect my treasure trove. If Kim could have her secrets, I didn’t see why I couldn’t have a few of my own. And there was still much fun to be had I ever had to consider my actions. What I’d said to Yori hadn’t been a lie. My heart and soul belong to Kim. But the rest of me still seemed to hunger for what else the world had to offer.

The whole world was my toy, if I was willing to take it. But for right now, what I have in this bag should be more than enough.

---

**A/N:** Okay guys, I got some bad news. These past few weeks I’ve managed to update pretty regularly, but I’m afraid I won’t be able to continue this bi-weekly update schedule any longer. I desperately wanted to finish this arc of the story, and now that I have I want to focus on a few of my other stories that have gotten fairly popular recently, those being Genjutsu Gone Right and Sense of Semblance.

I understand that a lot of you are disappointed to hear this. But please understand that I have no intention of abandoning this story, nor do I plan to allow the disparity between updates to go back to what it had been. I’ll still update. I just won’t have a schedule.

A big thank you to everyone who’s been reading the story up until this point. And you’ll see me soon, hopefully.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!