

Crushed

May 2023 – Chapter Two

James is quite a funny guy, isn't he?

Honestly, I haven't dated enough guys to really know if I have a type yet. Trevor was decent enough, but boring and way too into football. Bryan was a bit of a prick, if I'm being honest – always had to one-up everyone else like everything was a fricking competition. And the only other guy I've been with besides them was... well, let me see. Danny? But he was all the way back in high school...

Anyway, James isn't like any of them. For one thing, he's not exactly buff. Or into sports. And he's not terribly confident, from what I can tell. Maybe it's just because I'm two years older than him? But he doesn't really say much – at least, not when I'm around. Just seems to be into music and video games and stuff.

Still, there's something about him that still makes me... I dunno. Smile, I guess. Feel warm and confident. Like he'll listen to me and take me seriously and not mind if I make a stupid mistake. Which, I'm starting to learn, is actually pretty dang rare in a guy. So he definitely has that going for him. Not to mention the fact that he's staying in the room next to mine for the rest of the summer...

I'm grinning quietly to myself as I glance over his homework from this morning. I can practically see it all before my eyes even now: how he'd sat there at our dining room table... shifting and squeaking in that chair... glancing over at me now and then when he thought I wasn't looking... And best of all, blushing every single freaking time.

You'd almost think he has some weird crush on me, wouldn't you? Which would be pretty funny, actually. Nothing like our families being friends for years and only now finding out that he has the hots for me.

Well, I'll try not to let his horrific grasp of trigonometry get in the way. Not everyone can be good at everything. And who knows? Even if he does suck at math, maybe he's good at other things. Like... hmm...

I wonder how much experience he has making out?

And even more importantly, I wonder if he's ever gonna explain what that adult diaper was doing

under his bed? Surely he's not seriously wetting the bed at nineteen, is he? Because... ugh, well. If he *is*, then he doesn't even *want* to know how paranoid Mom can be about leaks and spills on our mattresses...

I guess I'll just have to figure some way of finding out, huh? And if I need to get a bit handsy and flirty with him before he'll tell me... well. So what? I like a good challenge – and it's not like I have much else going on this summer!

"Hey, dude."

"Oh... hey! Um... you wanna? Wanna sit here?"

She's actually doing it! Sitting next to me here in the Zhou's back yard, watching the bats flitting about in the gathering dusk, their wings flickering dark against the velvety twilight sky. Alice is drawing close – closer than I've ever been to her before. She's got that low-cut top, and those short pink shorts, and those sandals that she's working softly back and forth between her clenching toes...

So of course my heart's thudding. And the crotch of my jeans is tightening. And I'm finding it harder and harder to glance her way, even though there's nothing and no one else I'd rather look at.

"Weird question," she begins, and my heart redoubles its frantic pace. *God, she- she's going to ask about the thing-! She- she's gonna find out I'm a freak-* But then, after a long pause. "Umm... are you, like, dating anyone?"

Huh?

"Um, what? Me?" Of all the stupid responses, that's the one that comes out – but fortunately, she thinks it's funny. "Yes, you, silly! Who else is here, huh? So tell me – you got a girlfriend or anything? Or maybe a boyfriend?" "No- no, no, no," I manage, and now I'm shaking my head with the sort of vehemence one might expect of someone accused of some heinous crime. "No, I- definitely not." *Like hell I'm not! I'm free, Alice! Free as a bird. I- I've been waiting for you...*

"Oh!" A short pause. "Me neither." Another pause, and she glances reflectively up at the stars beginning to peep out of the indigo sky. "I, um... it's weird. But I was wondering, if... you know. I

mean..." and here she gives a short laugh. "We're two college kids spending the summer together. Not saying we have to be a thing, of course. But if you're down, and I'm down..."

"Uh, yeah! Yeah, I'd... I'd be, um, down..." *Dammit, why do I sound like such a weeb?!* "I mean, as long as you're cool with it. And your mom-

She bends unexpectedly close. And silences my fumbling lips with a full, luscious kiss that sends my brain stuttering into hyperspace.

"Don't worry about her right now," Alice murmurs, and my her hand is closing on mine. "Let's just have a bit of fun getting to know each other on the down low, okay?" *Getting to know each other- Kissing- Making out-* It's as if one of my fantasies has come to life, and I'm practically shaking with nervous delight. "Um, yeah..." and I give a tentative kiss back. Expecting a simple soft smooch in return, of course... but receiving a tongue-holding, mouth-invading, mind-blowing, twenty-second oral make-out session in return.

Holy fuck. Alice is- she's-

"Let's go inside before things get out of hand," she giggles, and now we're rising together, half-jogging toward the back door. I suddenly remember that her mom said she had some committee work this evening, and I'm silently blessing that nameless committee as we enter the darkened kitchen and head for the stairs. *Is- is Alice going to take me to her- her room...?*

But no. "In here," she smiles, and now we're in their guest room – the room I've been given. Closed goes the door, and on goes the lamp, and down go the blinds with soft finality. "Now, why don't we get you out of those warm clothes, mister?" she teases, and even as she begins tugging playfully at the waist of my jeans, I'm fumblingly taking them off. *Christ, is she- she's really serious-!*

A minute later, and I'm laying on the open bed, shivering as Alice winks and runs her hands suggestively along my now-bare thighs. "Aww, looks like you're pretty excited," she observes, and I follow her gaze down to the painfully visible bulge in my boxers. "And that's before I even start undressing! What do you think, huh? Shall I... take some of this off?"

She's coyly rising beside me, her fingers tugging suggestively at her top – and of course I agree. "Uh, yeah! Yes, please... Alice? You- you're so pretty..." "Hmm?" she returns, her tone momentarily muffled by the top she's slipping over her head. "You were saying?"

I'm transfixed as she rises to her knees with a giggle, the beautiful curves of her bra and bare waist and naked shoulders filling my vision. "My eyes are up here, buddy!" she teases – even as she begins unzipping her shorts. "But I guess if you really think I'm pretty – and if you really do want to see more..."

And down they come. Not just her shorts – but her panties with them.

"What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?" she giggles, and down she's pushing me back down off my elbow and flat onto the sheets, clad in only her lavender bra and a roguish smile. My boxers are tenting, my cock straining at the flimsy material as the full weight of the situation washes over me. Alice and I are in bed together. She's literally just taken off her panties and shown me her pussy. And suddenly, I'm terrified: not of her not liking me, but of the very real possibility that I might cum right now... before even having the chance to- to enter-

"Let's see how you like *this*." And down she settles, her hips thrusting forward against mine. I can feel the insistent pressure against my erect cock, and now she's working up and down along its length. She's grinding on me... grinning down into my eyes... her mouth opening in breathless delight... before she leans back down and kisses me with lusty abandon. *Oh, god! I- I can't-*

I end up cumming right there. In my boxers. While she grinds and kisses and murmurs against me, her beautiful warm body so terrifyingly, heart-stoppingly close that I just might faint.

"Oh- oh, that's-" She's panting now, rising above me and settling back onto my sticky crotch. "I- I can't hold back! I- I'm gonna lose control-" "Do it," I'm begging, even though I've already cum. "Yes, do it, do it, please-" "I- I will!" she pants, and she's shifting her weight. Rising further. My eyes are squeezing shut in mute delight, my heart galloping, my entire body thrilling...

And then, I feel it. The hot wetness. A liquid splashing down over my crotch, soaking through my boxers. Then comes the sound: a hissing, streaming rush, growing and intensifying with every second. My eyes dart open involuntarily, and I find myself staring, petrified in uncomprehending horror, at the unforgettable sight...

Of the half-naked Alice squatting atop me. Releasing a full stream of urine over my crotch, the warm flood soaking through my boxers and puddling in the sheets below. While all the while, she's gazing down at me with an expression of mingled relief... and arousal... and slyly grinning pleasure.

What the actual fuck has she just done?

(To be continued!)