

Twisted Sex and
Happenstance

by

KyAnn Waters

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales, is entirely coincidental.

Twisted Sex and Happenstance

COPYRIGHTÓ 2008 by KyAnn Waters

All rights reserved. This is an "unedited" as is title. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the author or The Wild Rose Press except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews.

Contact Information: info@thewildrosepress.com

Cover Art by *RJ Morris*

The Wild Rose Press

PO Box 706

Adams Basin, NY 14410-0706

Visit us at www.thewildrosepress.com

Publishing History

First Scarlet Rose Edition, 2008

Free Read

Published in the United States of America

A knock sounded. "Katy, it's Mick. Open up."

Katy jumped from the couch and rushed to the door. Mick, her best friend, lived in the adjoining duplex.

"Hi. Come in." Hot wind whipped the door from her hand, slamming it against the wall. She yanked Mick into the house, and forced the door closed. Then she scrambled back to her spot in front of the television. "Are you watching this?" Katy picked up the remote and turned up the volume.

"Have you looked out the window? You're living it! I've never seen a storm come up this quick."

On the television, a weatherman stood in front of a map of the state of Kansas...specifically southwest Kansas...home.

In the distance the blare of the tornado sirens from the local fire station alerted residents to seek shelter. "Grab what's important, Katy. We need to get into the storm cellar."

Lightning struck close to their duplex. The thunder caused her to shriek. "That was close." Electricity tingled the hairs on her arm.

When a person lived in tornado alley, they learned to live with the sirens. She suspected people who lived in LA waited to see how bad an earthquake was going to shake the house before scrambling to a doorjamb. "Well, I have a lot of stuff. How much time do I have?"

Katy squatted in front of the TV and grabbed her parents' wedding album. The twenty-five year old photos were all she had left of them. During her senior year, they'd died in a car wreck after a New

Year's Eve party. Drunk driver.

But she still had family around...and good friends. She stood and turned to Mick. He happened to be hot as hell, not that she cared. Dark hair, clean shaven, he'd be a pretty boy if he didn't have such a strong jaw and cleft chin. And he always dressed to perfection. Years ago she'd come to the realization that she was not on his radar for possible involvement. Yep, sad but true, they were friends...*not*with benefits.

Mick usually dated brunettes with big boobs. Not that Katy didn't have a good figure. She filled out a bikini in all the right places, kept her sandy blond hair in what she thought was a sexy, kind of windblown style. Okay, so most of the time she was a bit of a mess, but she was never one to primp in front of the mirror. More of a wash and go kind of girl.

"Do you have anything you want to grab from your place?" she asked.

Mick opened the door and stared out into the horizon. Wind whipped his collar length locks. He combed his bangs from his forehead with his fingers. In the distance the sky turned from a dark and stormy gray to an eerie green. Debris spun in the air. "We don't have time." Clouds churned, a dangerous vortex of circular motion. "Oh, shit." He turned toward Katy. His green eyes darkened. "We're in trouble."

Katy swallowed the lump in her throat. Mick was always in control and rational. If he was worried...she'd panic.

She grabbed her purse and her photo album, and joined him at the door. The wind gentled. This was what people meant when they talked about the calm before the storm. She didn't feel close to calm. "I'm scared." She clutched the photo album to her chest with one arm.

Mick grabbed her hand, and they rushed out the door. "We'll be safe in the cellar." They scurried down the porch and ran around the corner of the building. Thunder rumbled. Humid air dampened her tank top.

She stared at the blackened skies while Mick fumbled with the latch. Finally the door swung open. "There should be a flashlight." He bent down and picked up the industrial light and flipped the switch. "Hurry." Mick slammed the heavy door closed and slid the metal braces into their locked position. Then he put his hand on her back and followed her into the dark, musty windowless room. "We'll be safe in here."

Mick took two candles off the shelf and dusted them off.

Katy set the wedding album on the small cot. The only time she'd ever been in the storm cellar was when she was shown the small seven by seven foot room when she'd rented the duplex. The floor was hard packed dirt and roots threaded through the dirt walls.

"How long do you think we need to stay in here?" Katy was quickly discovering the confined space increased her level of anxiety. Not to mention the bugs and spiders that had to be lurking in the corners. Katy hated creepy crawlers. She sat on the edge of the cot.

"Hopefully not too long." Mick lit the candles and turned off the flashlight, returning it to the floor near the door. Firelight flickered, casting shadows against the walls. "Listen to that." Even below ground in a windowless room the wind howled.

“What if a tornado strikes the house?”

Mick approached and sat next to her. “We’ll be safe in here.”

Katy rubbed her hand over the photo album then set it to the side. “What if the house is destroyed? You didn’t grab anything important.”

Mick cupped her cheek and turned her face to his. His calloused fingertips grazed her flesh. “Yes,” he said. “I grabbed you.”

Ripples tightened her stomach. They’d always been friends, nothing more. Even when she’d fantasized that maybe there could be something more, Mick never made a move. She didn’t want to cause their friendship to be uncomfortable, so neither did she. But winds howled, threatened to destroy their home. What if she never had another opportunity to tell him how much she cared for him? Hell, she’d been in love with him for half her life.

“Mick,” Anxiety spiked her heart rate. Words she’d only dreamed of saying caught in her throat. To hell with it. She’d show him.

Katy gripped the front of his shirt and lugged him toward her. He laughed as their lips crashed. She flicked her tongue against his mouth and he parted his lips. For the first time she tasted him. Spicy, masculine, more than she imagined. His tongue boldly curled around hers, drawing her into his mouth. Lips meshed. Her heart pounded.

Heat surged into the sensitive parts of her body. Her nipples tightened into hard buds beneath her bra and her pussy clenched. Wet heat dampened her panties. Like the lightning that flashed in the sky, she tingled and was instantly aroused.

Blood roared in her ears, or was it the rumbling train of the tornado drawing closer? She didn’t care. Mick’s cabled arm wrapped around her and pulled her onto his lap. His other hand slipped under her top...under her bra.

“Ahhh.” She moaned when his thumb grazed her nipple. A shiver snaked up her spine. She adjusted, pillowing the hard length of his erection between her cheeks.

Mick shifted, trailing wet, sucking kisses along her jaw and down her neck. He kneaded the firm globes of her breasts then slowly drew his fingers down her sternum. Her tummy quivered as he inched lower, a feathering touch until he met the waistband of her shorts.

She pulled back, stood from his lap, and tugged the snap. The metal sound of the zipper teeth unlinking increased the anticipation.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

Katy dropped her shorts and whipped her tank top over her head. Standing before him in silky black panties and a lacy bra, she watched his eyes track over her curves. “Are you?”

Mick gave a snort. “I can’t live next door to you anymore.”

She glanced up. “You might not have to if our house blows away.”

Mick chuckled. "You know what I mean." He leaned forward and grasped her hand in his. He tugged until she stood between his wide-spread thighs. "I don't want to pretend to be friends."

"Pretend? We are friends." She threaded her fingers through his hair. "But I want to be your lover." She sighed as Mick pressed a kiss to her navel, inhaling deeply, then flicking his tongue against her naked flesh.

"God, I've wanted you for so long." His grip tightened on her hips.

"Then have me before we get sucked away and I have to click my heels together to get us home."

Mick slipped his thumbs beneath the elastic of her panties and inched them over her hips. The scrap of silk slid down her thighs then dropped to the floor. As he caressed up her leg, he traced patterns with his fingertips along the back of her knees. Then higher.

Katy couldn't believe this was happening. Mick, her hottie best friend, the one she thought would never be more than a wet dream, had his hands on her in a very non-platonic way. His touch caused a riot of butterflies to swarm in her tummy.

Heat radiated from her core and an ache built deep in her womb. She desperately wanted him inside, stroking, thrusting, with his hands, cock—and, "holy fuck," —he parted her folds and licked her swollen clit. She shuddered and fisted her hands in his hair for balance. Lifting one leg to the edge of the bed, she spread herself wide for his greedy mouth.

He groaned, cupping her buttocks, and delving deep into her wet heat. Stabbing his tongue in and out of her hole, then working her clit between his lips.

Katy gyrated her hips against his mouth. Pressure built. "Oh shit, I'm going to come."

His deep sexy chuckle filled the dark, musty room. Mick slid two fingers into her channel, pumping, stroking, gathering her cream. Then he spread her cheeks and lubricated her rosette with her own juices.

While he nibbled her clit, fucked her with his tongue, he massaged the rim of her anus. Her heart pounded and her breathing grew rapid and shallow. She clenched her teeth, nearing the precipice of climax.

The leg supporting her weight began to shake. Mick slid his finger into her anus and stars exploded behind her eyes. Convulsions rocked her. "Oh damn!" A rush of cream flowed from her body. "ShitShitShit!" Mick gripped her tighter, plunged his finger in and out of her rosette as he lapped the nectar of her orgasm from her inflamed, quivering pussy lips. "FuckmeFuckmeFuckme!"

Mick locked his arms around her waist and tumbled her to her back on the narrow cot. "Fucking you would be my pleasure." He breathed, feathering kisses to her abdomen, to the sensitive flesh of her hips. "A pleasure I've wanted since I sported my first boner." His gaze met hers.

Damn, his smile melted her already heated core. She widened her thighs, nestling his hips. Mick braced above her with his arms supporting his upper body.

"Since your first boner? Wow, that's a long time. You must have been waiting for the perfect time to make a move." She glanced toward the bolted door. The wind rattled the hinges and the roar of the storm matched the rampant energy coursing through her.

“Just so you know.” The engorged head of his cock nudged her opening. “I’m in love with you.” He slid home.

Katy wrapped her arms around his shoulders and clutched him tight. Rocking her pelvis, she forced him deeper. His cock pulsed in her pussy, stretching her until she felt full. He tensed as he slowly withdrew.

“Feels...so...good.”

He slammed into her wet heat. Again and again. Katy had to hold tight to his muscular back, nails clawing his flesh, while he crammed her full of his cock. Withdrawing until only the head remained and she whimpered, he’d drive into her again.

The raging storm beyond the door echoed the rioting of emotions in her head...in her heart. And oh god, what he did to her body.

The ripped muscles in his arms flexed. He leveraged higher over her giving him nearly vertical thrust into her clenching channel. The wet sounds of their joined bodies blended with the sounds of their labored breaths.

“Oh Jeezus.” She gasped at the exquisite pleasure of Mick buried balls-deep inside of her.

Mick adjusted his arm behind her knees and forced her thighs wider, pushing her knees toward her ears. “Oh, fuck!” The intensity spiraled her mind and body into orgasmic release. “DamnDamnDamnDamn!” She raised her arms above her head to keep from hitting the dirt wall. “Oh fuck me.” The little cot squeaked, threatening to snap under the punishing force of Mick’s thrusts. “Sweet hell.”

Mick clenched his jaw. He jerked. The rhythmic pulses of his cock ejaculating deep in her core brought another orgasm crashing over her. A string of profanity flew from her mouth.

After a final thrust, Mick collapsed against her. His chest vibrated and—holy shit was he crying? He buried his face in her neck.

She tunneled her fingers into his hair. “Mick?” She’d never suspected he’d bawl after sex. She wasn’t sure how she felt about it. Shouts of satisfaction for a superb performance would be tacky, but better than bringing a man to tears. She stroked his head not sure what to say. “It’s okay.” Keeping her tone soft and sweet, she reassured him. Hell, she thought the sex was fucking incredible. So why did his body quiver?

He lifted his head and roared with laughter. He nipped her lips, then swept her mouth with a breath stealing, tongue tasting, curl-the-toes kiss.

She pushed against his chest, breaking the kiss. “You’re laughing? After we have incredible sex, you laugh!” She playfully slugged him in the shoulder.

“My sweet tempered, soft spoken, best friend. The woman I love cusses like a trucker when she comes.”

Katy giggled. “Just wait. More than my mouth can get a little dirty.”

“So our sex life is going to be a little twisted?”

They both glanced toward the door. Mick shifted then sat up. Katy swiveled her legs to the side and sat hip to hip next to him.

“Do you think it’s safe?”

They were both silent as they listened for the roaring wind. “Yeah.”

They quickly dressed.

Mick reached for her hand and together they opened the heavy door and ventured out to see if they still had homes.

A light rain fell from the pale sky. Branches and debris littered the yard.

“Well, the duplex made it.” She squeezed his hand. The storm had blown out most of the windows on her side of the building and the siding was peeled back in some places. Mick’s side of the duplex seemed to escape unscathed. “I’d say you were lucky.”

Mick wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her close. “Yeah, I’d say I got lucky too.” He kissed her temple. “You’ll have to move in with me while the building is repaired. I’d say I’m going to get lucky a lot more often.”

She agreed.

For more titles from KyAnn Waters, visit www.TheWilderRoses.com

Visit the author at

www.KyAnnWaters.com