



And next thing I know, we're in an Uber heading for her apartment. The driver tries to start his 5-star rating chat, but either the glare I give him through the rearview mirror or the fact that Charlie's already trying to mount me makes him get the picture. He shuts up to enjoy the view.

Charlie grinds against my hard on the whole drive while she hungrily kisses me. She pries my lips apart and engulfs my mouth, the heat and the taste of her filling my senses. Her lips taste like cranberry, but I don't give a fuck anymore. Because they also taste like her, and right now, that's all that matters. I think Charlie pays the driver or something, because I'm not paying attention and have no idea how we got from the car to her place.

The second the apartment door closes behind us, I attack. I press her up against the wall and kiss her again. Hard. Her lips part and her tongue finds mine, the sweetness of her mouth filling me up as our tongues dance. I lift her hands above her head, pinning them to the wall, savoring the little moan she releases as she tries to struggle.

I'm at least six inches taller than Charlie, and have to tilt my head down. All that means is that she has to tilt her head up, her hair falling away from the lines of her neck. I use that opportunity and pull my mouth away from hers, aiming in on the strong tendons there. I kiss the hollow of her neck, feeling her arch her body into me every time I do. I bite a little harder, and she moans again. "Please," Charlie gasps.

She manages to free her hands and they find my lower back to untuck my shirt. I feel her nails as she snakes them up my back, digging into me as she tries to pull me closer to her. There's not much closer I can get though. My weight is pushing her against into the wall as she writhes, pinning her there.

I pull my mouth away from her and look into her eyes. They're sultry and hot, filled with desire and want, a desperate need that I know is mirrored in mine. I have a lot of sex. With a lot of chicks. But something is different here. This isn't just the routine seduction and hookup. I need Charlie. I. Need. Her. I need to taste her. I need to feel her. I need to be inside her.

But I still have some semblance of self-control. "Are you sure you want to do this? This isn't alcohol talking?" I ask.

"Aw, look at you being all responsible, asking for consent," she pants. "Now shut your fucking mouth and use it for something productive." Charlie's eyes narrow into something like a predator's. She bares her teeth in a wolfish grin and puts both hands on my chest, shoving me to the opposite wall of the hallway with surprising speed and strength. Then she drops to her knees, pulling my pants to my ankles in a single motion, and starts going down on me.

Holy. Fuck.

I can't even think as she goes to town. My knees are weak from the sensation of her tongue circling my cock, her lips moving up and down its length. I try to look at this gorgeous image of her engulfing me, but I can't even see straight. So I twine my fingers into her hair, holding on for dear life and just enjoy.

I'm so glad I have practice-built stamina or I'd probably have lost it in those first moments. But that doesn't mean that this is enough. I need more of her. I push Charlie back from me, and as she reluctantly lets me, I see that hunger in her eyes. She licks her lips, helps me kick out of my pants and shoes and stands back up, pressing those bare thighs against my hard on.

"The bed is that way," she says and leaps at me. She wraps her arms around my neck and both thighs around my waist, locking on like a vise. I grab that perfect ass, one cheek in each hand and carry her that way to her room.

Charlie whimpers as we land on the bed. I catch myself on my forearms but let my full weight impact into her pelvis. I kiss her again, holding both of her hands, intertwining my fingers with hers. I shift my aim, biting the other side of her neck now and moving ever downwards. When I get to the top of that stupid Renaissance shirt, I grab it with my teeth and pull it down over her arms. Her perky little tits stare up at me, her pink nipples almost as hard as the steel barbells they're pierced with.

So I continue downward. I kiss one tit. Then the other. I don't know if this can even be called kissing anymore. It's just enjoying that perfect body with my mouth and tongue. I only linger on her nipples for long enough to feel her arch her back and start to grab for my head. Then I continue down. I push that tiny leather skirt up to her waist. If she ever had panties tonight, she lost them somewhere between the front door and the bed, leaving that dripping, pink lusciousness I love on full display. The smell of her sex is intoxicating. I have to taste her. I have to feel her heat and wetness against my lips. I have to hear her yell my name.

So I do. And God, if she doesn't taste even better than I imagined.

I feel selfish for about two seconds as I remember that I'm eating her out for my own gratification and not hers. This isn't some touchy-feely shit about enjoying giving my partner pleasure. But those two seconds are over as soon as Charlie starts moaning. I fucking love this. I love exploring a woman's

secret places and making her squirm. I'm doing that to Charlie, and that ego boost should turn me on even more.

But eating Charlie out already has me at eleven, and she apparently likes it too. She isn't moaning anymore as much as yelling. She's loud enough I can hear clearly through the thighs squeezing against my ears. And have I mentioned that I'm good at this? Because when I put two fingers of one hand inside her while squeezing her tit with the other, those yells turn into prayers. That's what "oh my God" means, right? Prayers? I may have flunked Theology, but I aced Sex Ed.

Eventually, she's just screaming as she pulls my head into her, squeezing me as she comes so hard that I'm afraid she'll crush me between her thighs. Her body arches and writhes in ecstasy as I continue to pump my fingers and flick my tongue. And I don't stop until she's a quivering, panting mass. Like I said, I'm good at this.

I'm almost surprised Charlie lets me pull away, but it's only because she's already reaching for a condom from her nightstand. I see quick glimpses of other things in the drawer, but maybe those can be for round two. Her hands are still shaking too much from the orgasm to open the wrapper and I grin, knowing I did that. So, I grab it from her, open it, and with one expertly practiced motion, put the safety on.

"Yes," she gasps. "Please. Please Jeremy."

"Please what?"

She manages to roll her eyes out of the back of her head and looks at me with that same hungry, desperate need. "No more games. Just fuck me already."

I was a gunnery sergeant. I'm good at following orders.

She's so wet I slide into her like a dick pic into DMs. That's a terrible analogy, but my brain is fucking gone right

now. There's no more thinking. There's just moving together. She grinds against me as I pound her, fingernails digging into my back as we go faster and harder. This is raw, desperate, need. This is sex like there's no tomorrow. This is sex on the deck of a burning Viking boat, that hardcore, no holds barred fucking for the end of the world that'll start and end with screaming.

It doesn't last nearly long enough. I'm so turned on by this entire day of foreplay that it's only a couple minutes of actual fucking before I lose it. But either I'm on my A-game tonight, or Charlie is sober enough to convincingly fake it at the same time (yeah, that's right, again). I've seen faking before. If Charlie's faking, then this is a convincing fucking fake, because she bites my shoulder so hard she draws blood.

And then I collapse into a sweaty heap on the bed. Because holy fuck, while I might be on my A-game, if this wasn't Charlie's, then I'm not sure I'd be able to survive it. We're both gasping for breath, limbs tangled, sweating all over each other. Part of me wonders if her neighbors have called the cops on us yet.

Oh, who gives a fuck. We'll probably give them a reprise later.

"So," Charlie manages to eventually gasp, "was it good for you too?"

My head is dizzy, and all I can focus on is the places where our skin is touching. She's wrapped her legs around one of mine, curling into me, and my hand is still squeezing one of those perky tits. "Yeah, let's go with that," I manage to answer. My throat is dry and my lips are parched. But I'm in no shape to be able to go get water. I'm barely even able to move.

It's a new feeling as we lie there on the sweat-soaked sheets. Sure, Charlie's the type of chick I usually go for, but

this situation most certainly isn't. This is going to get really fucking complicated tomorrow. I'm usually really good at avoiding complications. I know the type of girl who goes for me, and I know how to play the game to get them. But there's never any doubt in either of our minds that it's only anonymous sex. It's empty, it feels good, and it disappears as soon as I do, which is what both of us want.

That's why I'm amazed that after Round 2 (just as hot, thank you very much), I fall asleep. When I wake up, I'm legit spooning with Charlie, my cock against her perfect bare ass, my arm wrapped around her, cupping one tit. I can feel my cock trying to get hard again for her, but I also have to piss like a racehorse.

I slide my way out of bed as quietly as I can and pick up the spent condoms before realizing I should probably get some more ready for later. When things get going, it's always a pain in the ass to start digging for them. I go into Charlie's nightstand drawer, and lo and behold, there's a bowl with condoms individually wrapped and ready to go. There's also a pair of fuzzy handcuffs and some fun little toys. That gets me thinking. I take an interesting gray and black number and tuck it under my pillow. Could be a good surprise for later.

I get to the head and flush the dead soldiers along with my very carefully aimed stream, then splash some water on my face. I start to take a drink from the sink, but Charlie probably won't mind if I go to the kitchen. After the night we've had, it's not there's a whole ton of boundaries right now.

The clock on the microwave says it's 03:59. Damn, that's a surprise. I actually slept for a few hours, like, soundly. And that's unnerving.

I go through the cabinets, finding plates, spices, and towels before I hit on the remains of three mismatched sets of glasses. Heh. Not everything about Charlie is perfect, apparently. Then I pour water from the sink, guzzle, repeat. Dehydration's a bitch. I should know. And I'm definitely going to need my strength for when Charlie wakes up. I should call in sick for work tomorrow. But what should I tell Josh? I'm sick with exhaustion? Dehydration? Raw dick from too much fucking his cousin? Yeah, probably not the last one, even if it's going to be the most accurate.

It's 04:07 when I fill the glass for the third time. This one I sip on a little slower, taking some time to admire the apartment. It's nicer than I expected. It's got new carpet and paint. The furniture looks like it's stuff she brought from home or got handed down. It's not the second-hand IKEA shit you'd expect for someone just out of college. The whole apartment has that kind of homey feel, like Charlie put a lot of effort into making it comfortable. There's a lot of photos around the place, and one wall has a ton of different sized frames organized like some kind of modern art collage.

Most of these photos look like family pictures. There's an old wedding photo from the 70's with a lot of big hair, and a black and white snapshot of an extended family on someone's porch that might be from the depression. There's another one of Charlie as a teenager with braces and a sunburn holding a tennis racket and standing with a douche-looking guy wearing a cowboy hat. But the one that catches my eye has her wearing a cap and gown, holding a diploma with someone who looks exactly like her. I look closer. The diplomas say Charlotte Trent and Rachel Trent.



Holy. Shit. Charlie has a twin. This is a fucking dream come true.

Then I pause and look back at the tennis picture. I recognize that douchey cowboy hat. The last time I saw it was in Brazil. And suddenly I'm no longer aroused.

Charlie's still sleeping when I get back to the bedroom. I sit on the edge of the bed and look at her. God, she's sexy. The curve of her back as she lays there is so elegant as it sweeps down toward that heart-shaped ass. Part of me wants to wake her up right now with my mouth. Eat her out until she comes again, then use some more of those condoms I just set out. Maybe even the handcuffs. But this time, I'm able to turn the safety on my sex drive.

"Charlie," I whisper as I put my hand on her shoulder.

She groans with sleepiness and rolls toward me, those nipple barbells reflecting the moonlight. "Mmmm, ready for more?"

"Let's talk first."