

Left Behind

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Always a reason why I can't go. That's ok, it's cool this time. I lay across the bed as he hurries, excited, to pack his overnight bag. To bring in this New Year, the guys have created a special Boys Night Out. I know he is expecting me to put up a fuss, to beg him to stay, but it won't happen. This time the joke is on him. "No sense in pouting." Dante explains as he rushes around the room. I don't respond. "I'll be back tomorrow night so it's not a big deal." Still no response from me. "Have a few girls over, it will be fine." My mind is on planning. Soon as this "buster" is out, my party begins. I have been ignored by him for too long, and tonight it ends! I walk him to the door, kiss him, and he happily jumps in his ride, backs down the drive, and off he goes. Hours later, decorations are up, the back yard set up with a firework display. Food, I pull the appetizers from the freezer and get them warming in the oven. Some of my girlfriends arrive with more food....this New Year's - sleepover, is a new beginning. The guests start to arrive. Our theme, "A Very Sexy New Year". While the girls are finishing the set up, I go get myself together. Mist still circles my head as I pull the shower curtain back. I reach for the baby oil, to moisturize my body while the droplets of water still run off of me. I take special care of my pubic's, after all, this is a New Year. Hopefully attention will be paid here. After drying off, I go to the mirror to fix my face. Underwear, what! Not tonight. I pull my black elastic tank top over my well endowed boobs. A knee length, double sided split, black skirt, I pull over my hips. I slip my feet into a high pair of Ankle boots. I spritz myself with my favorite perfume, and I am ready to join the party. Back downstairs the guests have started arriving. One of the girls had the punch spiked, and set as a centerpiece on top of the loaded bar. Food sat in warming trays. We were ready. I grab one of the toothpicks on a bite size appetizer, and pop it into my mouth. Turning away from the table, I run into a VERY handsome man. "Hi Tracy, long time." he states before picking up a plate nonchalantly filling it. I chew what is in my mouth before asking. "And you are?" He stops and looks at me as if upset, "Now you know you ought to be ashamed. I know it hasn't been THAT long!" Still no clue, I try to scan his face for some familiarity. "You gonna identify yourself or not?" I ask. He goes

back to filling his plate. "Nope, it'll come to you." My girlfriend motions me to the kitchen, I leave him to stacking his plate as I go to assist her. "You want the cake to go out yet?" Francis asks once I'm there. "No, lets leave it til after the countdown. Girl, who was that guy I was talking too?" "Who Shawn?" she asks as she checks the oven to make sure it's off. "I KNOW THAT wasn't Shawn!" "Loading his plate, ahhh -yeah. I thought I told you I invited him?" "Wow, he is gorgeous! No you didn't tell me, when did you run into him?" "Out shopping. Yeah he do look good don't he!" she laughs. "Had I of known he was going to look like THAT as he gotolder in age, I would have never turned him dounduring ouryounger years." "Yes you would have. Shit, if you didn't I would have had to beat your ass. He was busted!" We laugh together, but I continue to keep my eye on him. Hours later the party, in full swing, we turn on the projection T.V. for the New Year's Eve countdown. Oncecomplete,the fireworks complete, hugging and kissing take over the atmosphere. Bar still in full swing, liquor has began to settle within a few of the party goers. Blankets are bought out onthe deck forthose who want to lay them out in the backyards lounge chaise and/or on the grass. Musicemits fromthespeakersmounted on the deck, from within the house. Thevibe is just right. I getswept up intomusic. My real feelings,thoughts of how my life should be, start to come out. The liquormellows me out and starts totake control. I pull my boots off my feet, and climb up on my half dividing wall inthe living room. The column's oneither side becomemy dancing partners. I go between both columns, walking along the wall as ifonabalance beam. People around me are clapping, hooting and hollering.One of my girlfriends try to coax me down. I am nothearing it. Iam free, happy, drunk, and right now "don't give a fuck"! Shawn, also a little tipsy dances just a few inches below where I stand. He side steps with me, him from thefloor, me upon this ledge. My arms are stretched wide, fingertips barely touching the columns. His handsrun up and down my legs. The music has taken me over. As he moves further and further up mythighs and to my hips, I lift my skirtand place hishead under it. He doesn't fight to pull out. He continues to move with me. His hands are now grasping my ass cheeks. Ifeel hisbreath warmly blowing at my clit. That is when I remembered, I DIDN'T HAVE ON ANY UNDERWEAR!!! I throw my head back in laughter, Itry to grasp at the columns to keep from falling. Shawn feels me losing my balance, and pulls me into him, tight. I lean forward, and over his head, spreading my legs a little wider to regain balance, that is when I feel histongueentermy pussy. Knowing it already has gone too far. I play it off, regain position on the ledgeand continue to side-stepwith him as heresumeslicking my clit. I push at his head trying to, but not really wanting too, dislodge himfrom my twat, without beingnoticeable. People are dancing all around us. After a few minutes of trying to stop him, I realize no-one either noticesor cares whatwe are doing. There are a couple people on the couch, making out. I see a pair of feetsticking out from behind thecouch, positioned only in a way of either humping or fucking. Glancing aroundthe vibe has turned into somewhat of anorgy. I didn't see any of my girlfriends in view, who could talk meout of what I did next. Wanting to cum, and verybadly, I hoist my skirt over my hips, bringing some muchneeded air to Shawn, I'm sure. Baring my ass to the world,Iplace one of my long legs onto his shoulder, ashe responds by grasping my hips with his forearms, his palms at mywaist, as I wrap my other legaroundhis neck. His head and tongue rotate opposite my grinding pussy. He carries metoward and

slams me against the nearest wall, holding me mid-air as one hand feverishly grasps at any kind of traction I can get from the wall, and the other pulling his head into me. I grind at him, and he pushes against me just as hard. When I finally cum, and hard, he knows it and is VERY proud of himself. He lowers me back to the floor, and presses his lips against mine. When we break for air, he continues kissing down my neck, turning me on. I am definitely feeling him, as well as wanting to try him out in my bed. "Let's go to your bed." he draws. Before I get a chance to answer, one of my girlfriends comes out of nowhere, grabbing my hand and pulling me with her, "I need you." she utters while dragging me behind her, as I pull my dress back over my hips. When we get in the privacy of my pantry, she turns and faces me; "What are you doing!" "I'm having fun. I need this, Tami. You know this!" "Well you don't need to look like a slut in the process." "I don't give a fuck what I look like. I appreciate your concern, but I'm getting mine." I turn around, and head back into the living room. I search inside and out, for Shawn, but he's nowhere to be found. I'm hurt that he's gone, why would he just leave? Hours later, the next afternoon, guests are gone, the house is a wreck, Dante returns. I'm half dressed lying across my bed. "Dag, babe. You could have straightened up a bit." Groggy, I rub at my eyes. He goes back downstairs. "Babe! What the Fuck!" he yells from downstairs. I rush down to see what is wrong. Standing in front of the open toilet, I stand beside him and glance down to see a used condom floating on top of the water. He turns, angry, looks me in my face, "Exactly what went on at this party?"