

Courtney the Crazy Athlete

By daveglenn

Published on Lush Stories on 13 Jan 2011

daveglenn.com

Dave considers a relationship, everything implodes

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/courtney-the-crazed-athlete.aspx>

After a refreshing day at the golf course in which Vince sunk an eighty-yard chip for birdie, we decided to celebrate the shot of his life with a trip to I-Lounge. I had always been a fan of I-Lounge. It wasn't a huge club, but it had a certain dynamic that made it perfect for my style. I loathe bars that are simply one giant room. The animal in me thinks it essential to hit on girls without the whole damn place as witnesses. I-Lounge was different; there were six separate areas where I could work: a smoking patio, a bar area, a dance floor, a bathroom line, a hallway, and a back bar area. Girls in any one area couldn't observe the other areas. Hopping from one space to the next gave me a fresh start no matter how many times I got shot down. I could get rejected in one area, and then slither my way into the next, and no one would know. After four rejections, I made eye contact with a reclusive-but-sexy brunette with fishnet stockings sitting in the corner of the smoking patio. She was sitting next to her two blonde friends who were connected at the mouth to two surfer-looking dudes. The brunette had her purse where an open seat would have been, so after making eye contact, I pointed to the purse. She smiled and quickly put it on her lap. I sat down. Me: "Who are you?" Her: "I'm Courtney. Who are you?" Me: "I'm Dave. Are these two girls your friends?" Her: "Yeah, they've been making out with these douchebags all night. Who are you here with?" Me: "A couple friends. They're inside. Why are you drinking a Red Bull?" Her: "I'm the designated driver." Me: "Aww you're so responsible. Are you a nurse also?" Her: "Huh? What? No, why?" Me: "The last girl I knew who drank Red Bull was a nurse, but she had issues—something about hamsters." Her: "What the fuck? No, I'm not a nurse. I'm currently jobless. What do you do?" Me: "I teach math." We talked for another thirty minutes about jobs, hair, fingernails, bracelets, phone numbers, and living arrangements until her friends got up hand-in-hand with their guys and declared they were leaving. "Get his number and tell him to come out with us tomorrow," one of them told Courtney. She gave me a kiss on the cheek, and we agreed to hang out the next night. Shortly after she left, I received a text from Vince telling me he was leaving. Even though there was still over a half-hour until closing time, I left with him and called it a night. While my break-up with Kelly may have turned me off to the notion of girlfriends, I'm always open to testing the waters. Aside from her striking looks, twenty-one-year-old Courtney was cool as



fuck. When I meet girls like her and can sense a connection, a tingly feeling of excitement brews deep within. A relationship suddenly becomes a possibility. I do want to get married one day and have kids; but I value my independence, and I don't settle. Something inside me was telling me Courtney could be special. Excited, I quickly masturbated and went to bed, drunk. Still buzzed, I awoke that morning at 6:45 because I had to pee. The shitty thing about drinking is that I will always wake the next morning at an unfavorable time like 6:45, which renders my sleeping abilities useless for at least the next half hour. I lay in my bed, exhausted but unable to even doze, for another ten minutes when my phone rang. I looked at the red digits on my alarm clock—7:00 a.m. precisely. Then I grabbed my phone off the bed stand. It was Courtney. Me: "Hello?" Her: "Hello-hello! What are you doing?" Me: "Lying down. What about you?" Her: "No one will drink with me!" Me: "Really? What idiots! I'll drink with you; come over." Her: "Yay! Okay, do you have a community pool or something?" Me: "Uh, no, but I have a spa." Her: "Okay, perfect. How do I get there?" I gave her directions and hung up. Just like that, the "tingly feeling" I'd had for this girl quickly transformed into "just another fuck." Who booty-calls someone at seven in the morning? I didn't think of the causes. I prepared for the effects. I hopped out of bed and went straight to the bathroom to do some touch-up manscaping and take a shower. After showering, I cleaned up my room some, which consisted of me shoving my heap of dirty clothes into a compact wedge in the corner in addition to tossing my four pairs of shoes in the closet, and checking for any leftover female jewelry and condom wrappers. I then threw on my board-shorts and a red T-shirt, and waited in bed. Courtney stumbled out of a freshly washed black Explorer. She looked much sexier than the previous night. She had shed the reclusive look for a look-at-me look. She wore a purple top, an exposed bra, and low-riding jeans—no underwear—while flaunting a tatted left arm along with another tattoo creeping up from her waistline. "Shots!" was the first thing out of her mouth. My mind came up with a few plausible hypotheses for the attractive human being who was about to enter my house and probably fuck me: 1) She hadn't slept, and after dropping off her sex-bound friends, had taken drugs, partied some more, and then driven to my house under some form of intoxication. 2) She had slept but was a raging alcoholic and began drinking as soon as she woke. 3) She was sweet and wanted to spend the entire day with me because she "really felt a connection last night." I immediately crossed off hypothesis 3 because I realized this was real life. Then I crossed hypothesis 2 off because she was too hot to be calling a guy she had just met; she had to have other early-morning fuck buddies. It had to be hypothesis 1. When she got inside, I grabbed a beer and gave her a shot of tequila as requested. "Have you been partying all night?" I asked. "My friends were fucking those guys at the hotel, so I drove down to my friend's place in Newport and partied there for a while." "You haven't slept have you?" "Sleeping's for losers." Three seconds later, she downed the shot. For the next twenty-five minutes in the living room, I listened to nonstop jabbering about how she got a partial track scholarship to USC, but her loser boyfriend introduced her to cocaine, which subsequently sent her life spiraling to the gutter. I could tell she played some kind of sport. Her arms were wiry but well defined, and her stomach was flat; her hipbones stretched her low-riding jeans to create a space down the front. I could just make out the upper stubble of her shaved vagina. When she finally got to the events of the last five hours,

she explained how her friends were mad at her for no reason and how some guy named Jeff was “such a fucking faggot.” She repeated the story two and a half times. Then mid-story she abruptly stopped and demanded I heat up the spa. When we got outside, I realized I’d never worked the spa. I went around the side and flipped some switches, but my efforts were hopeless. My roommate and landlord, KG, was upstairs, but like every normal person, he was sleeping on this hot Saturday morning. Courtney sat in a white plastic outdoor chair smoking a cigarette as I toyed with the switches. “Hurry the fuck up!” she yelled. A cackle followed. Fed up and not excited about getting in hot water on a hot morning, I lied, “I don’t think it works.” “Oh my God. Can you wake your roommate? Maybe he knows,” she said, flicking her cigarette. “Okay, calm down. I’ll see if he’s awake.” KG eventually came down on his own time and got the spa working, but it was going to take at least an hour to heat up. In the meantime, Courtney took two more shots. As KG cooked himself breakfast, Courtney babbled the same Jeff-is-a-faggot story to KG, twice. KG fake listened, nodding his head and saying “Uh huh” repeatedly. When he finished cooking an egg sandwich, Courtney snatched it from the plate and asked, “Oh! Can I have this?” Irritated but not showing it, he let her take it. Having sympathy for KG’s hunger, I took Courtney upstairs to my room. I wasn’t stoked on fucking her, but after making out with her, she took off her pants. My dormant sexual desires suddenly went aflame again. Just as I was putting on the condom, she exclaimed, “Wait! I haven’t had sex in five months. Your dick is going to hurt.” “Okay, want me to go slow?” I asked. “Yeah.” She wasn’t lying. She was a small girl and probably a slut, but she blew away my expectations. She had the tightest pussy I’d ever had. I couldn’t even fuck her properly because she yelped every time I went too fast. I had to fuck her so slow that I couldn’t even get off. I finally jerked off on her back—despite noticing a brown particle in her asshole—after fucking her from behind. After sex, insanity ensued. We went downstairs to the kitchen. KG had already taken off, so we now had the house to ourselves. She checked her phone, didn’t see a single message, and then yelled, “Fucking Jeff! It’s all his fault! I have no friends because of him.” I let her be. As she looked around the house starry-eyed, her eyes grazed over me. “And where the fuck am I? Irvine? And I just had sex! With you! Who the fuck are you?” I smiled. “No, seriously, who the fuck are you?” Her body lurched forward. “Uh,” I muttered. “Fuck! I told myself I wouldn’t have sex until I had a boyfriend, and I just wasted it on you!” I made a face as if to show confusion, trying desperately not to laugh. Her eyes darted to the backyard window. “And we didn’t even go in the fucking spa!” she screamed. I listened to another ten minutes of her self-deprecating soliloquies. When she’d finally cooled off, she asked me, “What are you doing today?” It was almost noon at that point, and an annual “Beer Olympics”—a giant day party in Costa Mesa—was beginning in about two hours. When I told Courtney about it, she flipped out. “Oh, so you’d rather play fucking beer pong than hang out with me?” I tried to reason with her but it was hopeless. Then she threatened to leave. Normally, I’d let the girl go, but this girl was far too shit-faced to drive for my conscience to allow it. “You’re not driving; I’ll drive you home.” I took a shower to wash her sex off, leaving the bathroom door open just in case she tried to leave or started breaking things. In the midst of washing my cock and balls, the shower curtain whooshed open, and Courtney began yelling at me again. “Are you seriously playing beer pong instead of kicking it with

me?" she whined. "It's not just beer pong," I said. "Well, can I go?" "No, it's an all-guy thing," I lied, still scrubbing my genitals. "I don't mind." "I don't know. We'll see." She closed the curtain door and said, "Hurry up, I want you to fuck me again." When I returned to my room, Courtney was naked, lying spread eagle with a mischievous smile slinking across her face. "Fuck me now," she demanded. I had just taken a shower to wash off her sex, so even though I was tempted, I refrained. "I don't have any more condoms," I lied. "Then find one. I want you to fuck me." "I need a condom." "FUCK ME!!" "I can't. We need to go." "What the fuck? Guys out there would die to fuck me, and here I am begging you to fuck me. Are you fucking stupid?" She sat up. "Let's go." "No, I'm not going anywhere until you fuck me," she said, spreading her legs wider. I got an idea. "Okay, let's go buy some condoms on the way home. Do you have a bed?" "Yeah." "Okay, We'll buy some condoms, and then I'll fuck you on your bed. Let's go." I had done it. She got up and put her clothes on. The Beer Olympics were at my buddy's apartment complex in Costa Mesa, and Courtney conveniently lived in Costa Mesa also. I figured I'd drop her off and have a friend pick me up from her place. Off we went. Even though the outside of her car was freshly washed, the inside looked like a large poker tournament had just taken place. There were dozens of cigarette butts, dirt, old fast food bags, loose change, water bottles, and at least ten empty Cherry Coke cans. Courtney grabbed some CDs from the side compartment and threw on one of her mixes. She skipped over to track six. I was expecting something new and original. Instead, she played that Black Eyed Peas song that had been on the radio for seven months: "Boom Boom Pow." She put it on full blast and started singing along. What a loser. The OC fair was clogging up the freeways, so I took the back roads. Courtney took out a cigarette but had left her lighter at my house. Her crankiness escalated to new levels. Not only did she want condoms, but now she demanded food, booze, and a lighter. I told her not to worry; I'd find her a liquor store. After passing Newport Golf Course, the same golf course that started this crazy chain of events, I made a right toward the 55-freeway into a neighborhood. Courtney freaked out. "Where the fuck are you going?" "Newport Boulevard. There's a liquor store there." "What! You can't go to Newport Boulevard. That has the worst traffic!" "No, it's fine now. We already passed the fair." "No! Are you fucking crazy? TURN AROUND! NOW!" Every ounce of my patience had gone out the window. I snapped. "Okay, you know what? FUCK THIS. I'm out of here." I stopped the car, took the keys out of the ignition, opened my door, and threw the keys on the seat. I walked away from the car. When I turned around, Courtney had gotten out of the car perhaps quicker than I had, and she was yelling. "Where the fuck are you going? I can't get another DUI!" she screamed. "Then call a fucking cab. I'm done." Before I knew it, she was sprinting after me. Suddenly I found myself sprinting down the block also, running in a combination of adrenaline and hilarity. I looked back. She was still chasing me! But I was beginning to separate myself. Two years ago, her USC track body would have probably caught up to me. Now she was no match. Thanks, cocaine. Off in the distance behind me, I heard her final yell: "You fucking pussy!" I never looked back. I made a right turn and hid behind a wall just in case she tried to run me over. A few minutes later I received three texts from her: You could have kicked it with me but instead you chose beer pong. Fuck you! Ur a piece of shit. It took me an hour to walk to Beer Olympics, but I made it intact and had a fine day of partying ahead. And to think, there once was a time when I put

Courtney and the word “relationship” in the same honest thought. Instead, she became the main character of this story.