



girlfriends

THE DEADLY WEEKEND OUT

a novelette

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BONUS STORY

CHAPTER ONE

“Hey, Tina!” Angie giggles mischievously, “Here’s a velvet Kris Allen.”

“Eww...” Tina groans.

The two friends browse tables covered with arts and crafts for sale. Lined along one edge of a parking lot containing a small liquor and grocery store. Located where Arkansas Highways 14 and 87 meet. The store’s decades-old façade adorned with signs declaring everything from “Live Bait” to “Home of Margie’s World Famous Fifty-Six Flavor Headcheese”. A lonely commercial plot of land surrounded by trees in all directions. As far as the eye can see. The closest thing to a social hub in the area. A steady stream of vehicles comes in and out for booze and food. The elevation of the Ozarks making the August heat slightly more tolerable than compared to Little Rock. A locale ideal for a girls’ weekend out before school starts.

Tina examines a leather wallet. One of many laid out in display on a table helmed by a middle-aged woman. Silent. Letting her handiwork sell itself. Hard lines cut deep in her face contrasting the smoothness of her creations.

“Hey, Angie,” Tina looks up, “Come feel how soft this...”

“Hey, girl,” Angie interrupts, “You gotta come see this.”

Tina moves down two tables. Joining Angie before an array of handmade ceramics. Vases, bowls, and more. All flaunting the same deep red finish. Bold and distinct. Demanding attention. A stark contrast to the lush green scenery everywhere. Organic in a different fashion than the earthiness of unspoiled wilderness. Pieces representing desires both carnal and sinister. Dangerous and inviting at once. Rhetorical symbols of mankind’s most taboo inclinations towards sex and violence that are conservative enough to display for all to see. Because no words are said. Ostensibly, it’s just a color. But everyone knows what is implied and that it goes unspoken.

“Ooh...” Tina looks to the elderly man on the other side, “Is this oxblood?”

“Yes, ma’am,” he confirms, “Just like the ancient Chinese.”

“I’ve always wondered,” Angie chimes in, “It doesn’t contain real oxblood, does it?”

“No, silly,” Tina shakes her head and laughs.

“I know,” Angie shrugs, “It’s just that the term has always bothered me.”

“If you prefer,” the man suggests, “This shade of red is also known as temptress.”

“Thank you,” Angie caresses a tall vase with her fingertips, “I like that better.”

“That’s because you’re quite the temptress,” Tina remarks sassily.

“Oh my God,” Angie giggles, “You’re so weird.”

“Well...” states a male voice behind the girls, “You both tempt me.”

Tina and Angie turn and face a tall man in his forties. Dressed in a green Hawaiian shirt, tan Bermuda shorts, and brown sandals with white socks. He’s the only person wearing a mask albeit below his chin. Slightly balding with the physique of someone who sits at a computer all day. Definitely not one of the locals. A headcheese sandwich in one hand. An oxblood bowl in the other. Grinning like a jackass. Impressed by his pickup line. But he’s the only one. Either he’s oblivious to the wedding band on each girl’s ring finger or he’s not letting a bit of matrimony stand in his way. To be fair, the girls are undeniably tempting in tank tops sans bras and Daisy Dukes leaving little to the imagination. Each a bleached blonde rocking large, fake breasts and a firm, round bottom on an athletic frame. Built to get any man’s motor running. And perhaps make some women curious.

“Come on,” Tina looks towards Angie, “Let’s go.”

The girls turn and walk away. Exiting the parking lot on foot towards a trail leading into the woods behind the store. Carrying brown grocery bags containing booze and food.

“Hey!” the wannabe pickup artist calls out, “You need a lift? My Honda Passport has plenty of room! And it could be a passport to all sorts of adventures!”

“No thank you!” Tina yells back.

“The name’s Micah!” he announces as if anyone cares.

“Nice socks, Michael!” Angie shouts.

“It’s Micah!” he gets defensive, “And what? You don’t think men should wear socks with sandals?”

“Men shouldn’t wear sandals!” Angie laughs along with Tina as they disappear into the forest.

Micah glances to his left to see oxblood pottery man chuckling and shaking his head. He stomps to his Passport. Tears in his eyes. He pulls up his mask and leaves in a rage. Gravel flying as “Everybody Hurts” by R.E.M. blasts out his open windows. The folk-art vendors and other customers witness this spectacle with a mix of bewilderment, annoyance, and amusement.

“Oh my God,” Angie watches from the trees while he speeds like a maniac down the highway, “What a fucking dork.”

“I know, right? Who does he think he is, driving like that? Alice Walton?” Tina sighs, “I just hope he doesn’t come looking for us.”

CHAPTER TWO

The girls walk and converse along the foot trail. Softened from a rainstorm the night before. A path beaten from decades of use as a shortcut from the store to the lake where they've rented a small cabin for the weekend. An idyllic getaway from work, husbands, and kids. A brief respite of rest and relaxation. Of girl time and talk within the beautiful yet mysterious embrace of mother nature. The clean fragrance of their surroundings more than making up for the heat and humidity. And the midday sun is no match for towering pines, oaks, and various other trees. Casting a near-constant shadow on the two friends during their trek. Serenaded by a wide range of bird species singing their respective songs. Keeping an eye out for unwanted company such as snakes, spiders, and ticks.

"So, that weird Mitchell guy back there or Kris Allen?" Angie asks, "I mean, if you had to choose?"

"Umm... Neither," Tina scoffs, "Eww!"

"Or what about both at the same time?" Angie sasses, "Tag team, baby."

"Double eww!" Tina shakes her head, "They're all yours."

"But let's just say you're getting DP'd by them," Angie pushes, "Which one gets to fuck you in the ass?"

"Oh my God!" Tina laughs, "You're such a dirty fucking bitch."

"You know you like it," Angie sticks out her tongue.

"Oh baby," Tina makes a kissing face at her then looks ahead, "Ooh... There's the mill. Let's check it out."

The girls make their way to what's left of an old mill on the lake's edge. Two adjacent sides of its gray stone façade still standing two stories. The other two reduced to rubble. Its roof and interior components long since disappeared. The land slowly being reclaimed by mother nature. Various plants attached to what remains of the structure. The lake flows south from the waterfall further up the trail. A strange calm present in the air. The building is dying a slow death, yet it is anything but painful. Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. Stone to silt carried southward. The sort of peaceful demise most want for themselves when the time comes.

"Watch out for snakes," Angie cautions as they enter what's left of the mill.

"Don't forget poison ivy," Tina walks slowly among the remains and snaps photos on her phone, "And poison oak."

"Man, I'm getting hot," Angie sets down her brown paper bag and removes a bottle of water. Head tilted back. She pours water down her neck. Soaking her white tank top. Now clinging to

her skin like plastic wrap. Hugging every curve of her breasts. It's no match for her nipples as they stand at attention. The fabric now so transparent that she may as well be topless.

"Fuck, Angie," Tina takes notice of this spectacle, "Why didn't you say you wanted to have a wet t-shirt contest?"

"Why don't you just take a photo?" Angie lifts her tank top, "It'll last longer."

"Ooh... Yeah, baby," Tina gets the shot, "I'll add that one to my spank bank."

"Hey, get one on my phone," Angie pulls her phone from her pocket and tosses it to Tina, "I want to text it to Nate."

"Except we don't have service out here," Tina captures Angie's pose again.

"That's fine, silly," Angie pulls down her top, "I'll text it to him on the drive home. Maybe that'll get his motor running."

"I know what you mean," Tina gazes at the first story window opening, "Hey, get one of me on my phone through the window. Maybe that'll inspire Brody."

Angie takes Tina's phone and walks around the standing walls. Watching her step. Careful not to stumble over stone debris and vegetation as she descends to the shore. Turning back to look up at Tina standing in the window.

Okay, girl!" Angie frames her shot, "Show me your girls!"

"Ta-Da!" Tina strikes a sassy pose while lifting her pink tank top.

"Got it!" Angie heads back, "Girl, you are so hot!"

"So are you!" Tina returns the compliment.

The girls grab their bags and continue up the dirt trail now running alongside the lake. A stone footbridge runs along the other side. Gradually rising to allow hikers an overhead view of the waterfall further up the way. The two friends prefer the seclusion of walking through the forest. Especially with Angie in a soaked tank top hiding nothing. But they also enjoy the privacy of the lush foliage around them. Further insulating them from the outside world as they engage in naughty girl talk. Lamenting the hesitancy of their husbands to ever join them on their getaways. Only the untamed wilderness is around to eavesdrop. Guaranteed to keep their secrets safe as it has with every piece of juicy knowledge acquired since the dawn of man. The trail elevating further and approaching waterfall growing louder with each step.

"I don't know what it is with Nate," Angie ponders, "It's like he's worried what his friends might think if he truly let loose with me. But it's not like they'd ever know, so what's the deal?"

"It's peer pressure," Tina opines, "It's such a big deal for guys. But I don't think it gets talked about how influential and oppressive it can be."

"I think you're right," Angie surmises, "It just gets so frustrating at times."

"I know what you mean," Tina concurs, "So many times it's clear that Brody wants to break free and follow his muse. But he always pulls back at the last second."

The conversation is placed on hold as the girls now stand in awe before the waterfall. Overflow from the reservoir created by a stone dam. Unlike the mill, this structure remains high and

mighty. The previous night's rain now resulting in a wide and thick sheet of water racing down the side of the dam. Thundering upon a rock outcrop and spilling over to create a two-tier effect. While the water flowing over the top tier stays tight against the wall, there is space between the water and outcrop comprising the bottom tier. The friends stand on an adjacent outcrop draped in vines and other green cover. An offshoot of the trail wraps around this and leads to the shoreline. The stone footbridge on the other side terminates high in the air. Overlooking the waterfall and surroundings. No one is there or anywhere else in the vicinity. Surprising for a Saturday afternoon. Perhaps they didn't want to brave the heat. Or maybe they're caught up getting ready for back to school. Either way, the girls take note of all these details.

"It's still flowing like crazy down there," Tina points to the edge of the bottom tier nearest them.

"The coast is clear," Angie glances around before looking at her friend, "I'm game if you are."

"Fuck yeah, I'm game," Tina sasses, "I've always wanted to go behind a waterfall."

"Me too," Angie enthuses, "Let's do it, girlfriend."

CHAPTER THREE

The girls stash their brown bags behind some rocks just off the trail. Then strip off their clothes and place them in the bags. Naked and giggling while running down the trail offshoot and into the water. Between the outcrop and overhanging vegetation. Until they're standing behind the waterfall. A refreshing escape from the summer heat. Soaking wet as they take in the view from behind a cascading wall of liquid glass. Filtering the natural landscape before them into an exciting dream world. One free from the trappings of so-called polite society. A world in which liberty rings true. Inhibitions are shed. Self-expression practiced without shame or ridicule. A place where two naked friends can share everything with each other. Experiencing this same revelation as each takes the other's hand into her own.

"I've always wanted to make love behind a waterfall," Tina confesses with her heart racing.

"Me too," Angie shakes with anticipation.

In one fluid motion, the girls turn and fall helplessly into a passionate kiss. Lips locked. Tongues dancing in sapphic decadence. Bodies pressed tight. Breasts against breasts. Busy hands exploring the warm, soft curves within their reach among the cool, jagged rocks. Angie throws her head back as Tina kisses and licks her neck from one side to the next. Angie returns the favor. Tina stroking her friend's wet hair. Sighing from the sensation of delicate lips and tongue on her tingling skin. They resume their oral embrace. More aggressively this time. Angie's fingers teasing Tina's pussy. Massaging her. Making her wetter and sliding inside. Tina's fingers do the same to Angie. Moaning as they kiss harder without stopping for air. Until mutual giggling sets in and eases the tension for a moment.

"Damn, girl," Angie gushes, "I've missed our playdates."

"Oh, me too," Tina squeezes her friend's tits, "And I've missed these."

"Ooh... Baby. They've missed you," Angie guides her friend's mouth to her right breast, "They've missed your amazing mouth."

"Mmm-hmm..." Tina hums while licking and sucking Angie's hard, pink nipple. Made harder by Tina's masterful tongue. Warm, soft, and wet. Twirling and dancing. Moving to the left and repeating the oral ecstasy. Gazing into Angie's eyes the entire time.

"That's right," Angie moans aggressively, "Suck my titties, you naughty girl."

"You make me naughty," Tina coos between flicks of her tongue.

"Oh, I'll show you naughty," Angie pushes Tina back and buries her face in her friend's tits. Grabbing her right breast. Sucking her nipple hard while rapidly flicking her tongue. Then moving to the left. Tina tilts her head backward. Closing her eyes. Focusing on the sound of falling water and the caress of Angie's enthusiastic nipple kisses.

“Oh my God,” Tina exhales before giggling, “You are such a dirty fucking bitch.”

“Fuck yeah I am,” Angie runs her tongue down Tina’s stomach while dropping low into the water.

Tina sets her left foot on a rock and places her hands on either side of Angie’s face. Guiding her friend’s mouth and tongue onto her pussy. Hot and throbbing in anticipation of being pleased by her sexy friend. Angie gazes upward into Tina’s eyes while teasing and pleasing her. Circling and flicking her clit. Sucking her delicate lips. Sliding her tongue inside. Devouring Tina’s warm sweetness. Making her juices flow even more. Fingering her while sucking her love button. Tina’s moaning grows louder. Taking in all this debauchery. Constantly looking to see if anyone is around. The possibility of being caught engaging in public girl-on-girl lovemaking both scary and thrilling. She guesses it would all depend on who catches them.

“God damn!” Tina orgasms on Angie’s face, “Your turn, baby.”

“Ooh... Are you going to be my dirty fucking bitch?” Angie switches places with her friend.

“You have no idea how fucking dirty I can be,” Tina guides her friend to turn around, “Bend over that rock.”

“Mmm...” Angie giggles, “Someone’s feeling kinky.”

“You make me kinky,” Tina sasses, “But you can also help me keep an eye out for people.”

Angie bends over a large rock. Feet spread wide. Tina squats behind her. Spanking and squeezing Angie’s bubble butt as they giggle. Tina spreads her friend’s cheeks wide open and dives tongue first into her pussy. So warm and comforting on her face that’s beginning to feel cold behind the waterfall. Licking and sucking Angie’s swollen clit. Eating her friend’s pussy from this position not only helps her keep watch but also affords her the chance to look at Angie’s tight, sexy asshole. So pretty and pink. Tina has long wanted to please her friend’s backdoor with tongue and fingers. Eating ass is her unrequited fantasy. Attempting it on Brody once. Only for him to freak out and hide in the bathroom. Fortunately, she has another sexy ass to feast on. Literally in her face right now. Surely Angie would be receptive to such affection. If only she could work up the nerve to try it. Maybe not right now, but they have the whole night ahead of them. Tina lets her imagination run wild while tongue fucking her friend’s sugar walls deep and furiously. Consuming her sweet juices rushing uncontrollably. All the while face to face with that inviting asshole. It’s too much for either girl to bear any longer.

“Oh, fuck!” Angie cries as her body shudders from an intense orgasm, “Someone else is coming.”

“Oh yeah,” Tina moans in anguish, “You taste so fucking yummy.”

“No,” Angie laughs, “I mean that someone is coming up the bridge.”

Tina breaks away from her pussy and asshole paradise to see a figure well off in the distance. There’s still time to make a break for it. She and Angie slip behind the overhanging vegetation and quickly return to the safety and seclusion of the forest. But not quickly enough. Micah watches through a telephoto lens as the wet and naked girls race out of the water and into the trees. Snapping as many photos as he can of their bronzed, shapely bodies. Camera on a tripod.

One hand on the shutter button. The other down the front of his shorts. Taking in every second of the awe-inspiring view before his subjects disappear from sight.

“Well, well, well...” he gloats to no one, “Everything is coming up Micah.”

The girls return to their stash and quickly dress.

“Do you think they saw us?” Tina wonders out loud.

“I doubt it,” Angie assures her, “Unless they have a camera with a telephoto lens.”

“I guess we’ll find out soon enough if the sheriff’s department comes looking for us,” Tina muses.

“That’s fine with me,” Angie sasses, “I could go for some manhandling.”

“Oh my God,” Tina laughs, “You’re such a hot mess.”

“Yeah,” Angie looks at her knowingly, “But I’m your hot mess.”

The friends grab their brown bags and continue down the trail. Both now looking like they’re in a wet t-shirt contest. Tank tops stuck to damp skin. Denim soaked and heavy. Walking briskly while trying to avoid slipping out of their sandals. The sound of the waterfall becoming fainter with every step. The shade of trees above getting thicker. Shadows growing darker. No birds singing. The silence deafening. Even the girls don’t speak for the first time on their trip to the store and back. Spooked by the eeriness of the world around them right now. Consumed not by fear but the excitement of wanting to feel afraid. The thrill of placing themselves in a potentially dangerous situation. Like calling on Bloody Mary to appear in the bathroom mirror at slumber parties. They’ll have their chance to relive that childhood experience as they come upon their cozy, two-bedroom cabin rental. Its sturdy logs and metal roof painted hunter green a welcome sight for two naughty adventurers needing a rest. They enter their safe confines and take a break from the seductive haunting of the woods.

CHAPTER FOUR

Angie gives her friend a devilish smile and gestures towards the bathroom. Tina turns on the shower. Stripping off their drenched clothes while the water heats. They giggle and make out while washing each other. Each girl making a point of giving special attention to her friend's tits and ass. This leads to more giggling. Followed by passionate kissing. A tight embrace. Showering each other with affection as a hot shower relaxes their muscles. Enveloped by the steam building all around them. The room made even steamier by breathless lip-locking. Spanking and squeezing of each other's butt. Tina feeling confident enough to let her middle finger "accidentally" slide between Angie's cheeks. Brushing against her forbidden love tunnel. Either she didn't feel it or wasn't turned off as her carnal appetite for Tina maintains insatiability. Angie presses her breasts even tighter against Tina's. The girls rubbing their nipples together. Continuing their oral embrace. Until they finally come up for air in a mutual fit of giggling.

"Wow!" Tina gushes, "You even make going to the store exciting."

"It's all you, foxy buns," Angie gives her friend's ass another smack, "I'm just trying to keep up."

"You passed me," Tina reaches down and shuts off the water, "Shall we eat?"

"Ooh... You wanna do it in the tub?" Angie teases.

"No, silly. I meant food," Tina passes a towel to Angie before grabbing one for herself, "Dinner first," she pauses to flash her own devilish smile, "Then dessert."

"I like how you think," Angie dries herself off and wraps the towel around her body, "Let's do it, baby."

Tina kisses Angie and takes her hand as they step out of the shower together. Heading into the neighboring kitchen. Angie digs into the grocery bags. Removing a container of fresh strawberries and a bottle of Korbel.

"It's a little warm now," Angie laughs.

"Good thing I thought to chill the glasses before we left," Tina retrieves them from the fridge.

"Well, aren't you just always thinking ahead?" Angie playfully antagonizes.

"Watch it, missy," Tina smacks Angie's rear.

"Ooh... Baby. I like it when you're rough," Angie giggles along with Tina as they head into the next room with their goodies. It's also one of the two bedrooms. The sparse and unremarkable interior design apropos given that the aesthetics outside are what's to be appreciated. Sunlight pours in through a large side window overlooking the queen-size bed. Tina disappears into the adjoining bedroom. Quickly returning with her phone and a Bluetooth speaker. Pulling up her

Def Leppard playlist. Angie pops the cork on the bubbly and pours two glasses to the opening riff of "Photograph". Handing one to Tina as they sit on the edge of the mattress.

"To the best girls' weekend out ever," Angie clinks her glass against Tina's.

"That's right," Tina takes a sip along with Angie, "The guys don't know what they're missing."

"Isn't that the truth? I'd have an easier time pulling teeth from Nate than excitement," Angie takes a bite of strawberry and continues, "He acts like such a broke dick dog when it comes to having fun. Which is crazy because he has the biggest dick I've ever encountered. Like, take advantage of that gift."

"You encounter a lot of dicks, Angie?" Tina laughs with a mouthful of strawberry.

"Watch it, bitch," Angie shakes her head, "I'll go find that creepy Matthew guy from earlier and give him your number."

"Yeah, things could be worse," Tina ponders, "We could each be married to some loser like that."

"No doubt," Angie nods, "Still, I feel like it's the right time for a bitch session."

"I agree," Tina takes a sip, "And nothing said here goes beyond this room."

"Absolutely," Angie also takes a sip while collecting her thoughts, "Of course, I love Nate to death. But he has such a hard time coming out of his shell. He's seen me eat your pussy and he's all like, 'That's pretty hot, I guess.' And I'm like, 'What do you mean you guess?' He's a guy. He's supposed to be all about girl-on-girl. That used to be the only porn he watched. Now he doesn't even do that."

"Tell me about it," Tina sighs, "Brody is so hot, but he's obsessed with measuring up to all the other gym bros. I don't get these guys who spend all their time nitpicking other guy's bodies. It's disturbing. I think he looks amazing as it is. But he's more worried about impressing his friends than he is his hot wife who will gladly jump his bones at any time."

"I'd kill for Nate to dance with me," Angie gazes into space, "Just that one little thing."

"Brody would rather die a slow and painful death than dance," Tina stares at the strawberry in her hand, "Or feed me strawberries. Just little romantic stuff like that."

"I'll be romantic with you, baby," Angie touches a strawberry to Tina's lips while "Pour Some Sugar on Me" plays. Tracing them with the tip. Softly. Tina closes her eyes. Trembling as she opens her mouth. Biting it off at the stem. Opening her eyes and gazing into Angie's. Beginning to chew when she leans towards her friend while pulling her closer. Their lips meet. Tina passes the partially chewed fruit from her mouth to Angie's. She breaks it down a little more and passes it back. They repeat the process until having consumed the berry between them. Slowly pulling apart.

"Oh wow!" Angie exclaims, "That makes me lightheaded."

"Me too," Tina smiles, "Champagne?"

"Oh yeah," Angie takes a sip and pulls Tina to her. Locking lips as the friends push a mouthful of bubbly back and forth between their mouths until every drop is swallowed. Arms around each

other. Embracing tightly. Both girls trembling with excitement from their kinky display of affection. And shaking in anticipation of what's about to come.

CHAPTER FIVE

“If that was dinner,” Tina exhales in ecstasy, “Then I can’t wait for dessert.”

“You can’t, huh?” Angie inquires sassily, “Well, you don’t have to wait.”

Angie stands and motions for Tina to do the same. Without warning, Angie snatches her friend’s towel off her body and shoves her backward onto the bed. Before Tina can process all of this, Angie is also naked and on her friend in a sixty-nine. Sitting on Tina’s face. Grinding her pussy all over her lover’s mouth. Tina covered with Angie’s gushing juices faster than she can lick and suck them. Letting her tongue slide in and out while Angie humps her face and does all the work. Taking the moment to focus solely on savoring her friend’s sweetness. The coolness of the comforter underneath contrasting with the scorching hotness of Angie’s body on top of her. Both in temperature and aesthetics. Tina can’t get enough of making love to such a gorgeous and kindhearted girl.

“Oh my God!” Tina yells excitedly, “Your juices are so fucking sweet!”

“Aww... Thank you,” Angie responds between tongue lashes, “I can’t enough of your yummy juices.”

Angie buries her face in Tina’s soaking wet pussy. Rubbing her face all over. Covering herself in her friend’s warm sweetness as they both giggle. She resumes her elegant tongue dance on Tina’s swollen clit before penetrating her friend’s sugar walls. Mood enhanced by the rich tones of early evening sunlight falling across their bodies. The chill of the air conditioner on her back contrasting with the scorching hotness of Tina’s body beneath her. Both in temperature and aesthetics. Angie can’t get enough of making love to such a gorgeous and kindhearted girl. The hard-rocking strains of “Let It Go” filling their ears. And they do just that. Let go into each other. Happily falling helplessly into hedonistic infinity.

As Tina ravishes her friend’s pussy, she can’t stop her eyes from continually getting lost in Angie’s asshole. So sexy and delicate. Beautiful and enticing. Perpetually winking at her. First inviting her tongue inside. Now demanding it with increasing intensity. She’s shaking more than ever. And not only from the passionate kisses on her secret lips she’s receiving. While Angie moans and giggles, butterflies fill Tina’s stomach. She’s longed ached to taste her best friend’s asshole. Hungered for it. The mere thought of experiencing this sweetest taboo makes her impossibly wetter by the moment. As does the fear of that unknown. And the excitement that fear generates within her.

“Ooh... Baby!” Angie coos, “I love it when you squirt in my mouth.”

Tina figures it’s reasonable to assume that Angie’s backdoor is fair game for affection. Still, she worries about going too far with her friend. Not that she believes Angie wouldn’t find it

pleasurable. But what if Angie freaks out and recoils in horror because she does enjoy it? Tina wishes things didn't have to be so complicated. But if they weren't, then there would be no excitement. She just wants to eat a sexy ass. The sexy ass in her face most of all. And she doesn't expect Angie to return the favor. For all she knows, this could be her final chance to cross that naughty rubicon. Fuck it. She has to know. And now is the time as "Comin' Under Fire" instigates this burning desire within her to become a sexy reality. Slowly, she moves her tongue upward to the subtle ridges of her friend's taboo pleasure center.

"Oh, fuck yes! Eat my ass, baby!" Angie shrieks with unbridled delight while reaching back, grabbing her friend's head, and pushing it between her firm, round cheeks, "Tongue fuck my asshole, you dirty fucking bitch! I love it!"

Tina is so enthralled by Angie's response that another orgasm washes over her. Once again, Angie is doing all the work. This time riding Tina's warm, wet tongue with her tight butthole. Allowing Tina to bask in the monumental experience. She can't believe how delicious her friend's asshole tastes. Sweet like candy. She always knew it would be amazing, but she never imagined an experience this magical. Tongue-fucking her friend's ass. Deeply. Insatiably. She can't get enough. Faster. Harder. Coming up for air and licking the length of Angie's crack back and forth. Gently kissing and licking her yummy backdoor before going deep and hard again. Face smothered between firm, round cheeks. Loving every second of it. Angie's anguished moans and explicit words of encouragement motivating her even more.

"Roll up a bit," Angie guides Tina's pelvis forward and spreads her cheeks wide open, "You're not the only one who can be a dirty fucking bitch."

"Holy fuck!" Tina shouts breathlessly as her heart skips several beats. She'd been so hyper-focused on wanting to eat Angie's ass and the associated fears of rejection that she'd never entertained the reverse scenario. She was nowhere even close to being prepared for the sensation of Angie's magical tongue dancing on her asshole. Pushing deep inside. Thrusting in and out. Chills covering her body. Shaking uncontrollably. Ready to come out of her skin. All she can do is keep pleasuring Angie's tight hole. Filling her with the same sensations. The two friends lost within the tight grip of an ass eating sixty-nine to the pounding groove of "Rock of Ages". Lost within the decadence of making time to do as they please to each other. Making the most of their private time together. Yet imagining the eyes of strangers upon them. Entertained and inspired by their daring and free-spirited ways in the right company.

"Oh my God! Your butthole is so fucking sexy. And sweet like candy," Angie gushes between licks, "I've wanted to do this for so long. You have no idea."

"What the fuck?" Tina responds to this revelation with amused shock, "I've wanted to play with your ass forever. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Umm... Excuse me," Angie mock lectures, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Don't change the subject," Tina laughs as she smacks Angie's ass.

"You're such a butt muncher," Angie playfully scoffs.

"Takes one to know one," Tina smacks her ass again, "You dirty fucking butt munching bitch."

“Oh, really?” Angie sasses, “So, what other kinkiness have you been hiding from me?”

“This,” Tina wets her middle finger in her mouth and pushes it slowly inside Angie’s ass.

“Ooh... That’s nice,” Angie sighs in surprised delight, “Your turn.”

Angie returns the favor. Tina exhales slowly. Intense and relaxing at once. The feeling of her friend’s middle finger massaging deep inside her asshole. And the feeling of her finger inside Angie. Her friend’s forbidden love tunnel so warm and velvety soft. She now understands why some guys enjoy fucking girls in the ass. She imagines Brody being here to fuck her in the ass for being such a naughty girl. Then he could do the same to Angie. He could punish her ass while she plays with her friend’s ass. Then they could switch. Angie fantasizes about Nate being here and doing the same. Brody too and they could each fuck both girls. She’s never been one for the swinging scene, but she’ll take any excitement that could awaken the wild animal trapped within her husband. Knowing it’s one step away. Part of her can feel him watching right now.

Tina kisses Angie’s clit while fingering her buttock. Both acts performed slowly and gently. Drawing circles on her friend’s hot button with her tongue. Flicking and sucking. Angie does the same to Tina’s clit. Then moves to her swollen lips. Kissing them. Sucking each one. The juices of both girls flowing like crazy again. Drenching each friend’s face to her delight. The haunting melodies of “Hysteria” filling them with more hysteria. Their longtime passion for pleasuring each other’s pussy as fresh and exciting as their first time together years earlier. Now joined by a shared enthusiasm for pleasuring each other’s ass. The pleasure both physical and emotional. Their friendship growing stronger. The romance burning hotter. A unique combination of love and affection defying categorization. Only making sense to them in the sense that it feels right to them. Making each other feel so alive. It’s all that matters.

“Put another finger in my ass, Tina,” Angie whispers breathlessly and weak with desire, “I want as much of you inside me as I can take.”

“Do me too, Angie,” Tina whispers back desperately, “Put two fingers in my asshole.”

Each girl removes her middle finger from her friend’s ass. Wetting it and her index finger in her mouth. Further intoxicated on the sweetness of the other’s taboo. Giving each other’s buttock more licking and tongue-fucking before sliding two fingers inside. Taking their time. Each girl allowing her friend to relax and take her in deep. Thrusting back and forth while eating the hell out of each other’s pussy. “Run Riot” blasts forth and kicks up the pace. Tina and Angie are enjoying a fuck riot. Tongue fucking each other’s pussy as it grows tighter and wetter. Tina can barely squeeze her tongue within Angie’s sugar walls despite their slipperiness. Angie encountering the same wonderful issue with her friend’s drenched love tunnel. All while buttfucking each other with two fingers. Moans and screams fill the room. Growing dark as the sun begins its descent.

“Oh my God, Angie! Don’t stop licking my pussy!” Tina demands in anguish, “Don’t stop fucking my ass!”

“I can’t stop, baby!” Angie cries in excited agony, “Don’t stop licking my pussy or fucking my ass either! Fuck that booty hole!”

Angie's silly dirty talk is the final straw for Tina. Her body now ready to shatter into a million tiny shards. Her pussy shifting from intense aching to the most glorious pain she's ever experienced. Her ass tingling from two delicate fingers sliding back and forth. It's all too much. Screaming like a banshee and completely letting go. Feeling her pussy squirt like a fountain all over her friend's face. Pushing Angie over the edge. Unleashing a tidal wave of hot girl juices. Tina catching as much sweetness in her mouth as she can. Savoring and swallowing every drop. Angie screaming so loudly that Tina swears she can hear the sound echoing outside. Any ghosts, spirits, or evil dead asleep in the forest are surely awake now. So are the girls. Despite all this shared physical exertion, they're filled with energy. Ready for anything the night has in store.

Angie spins around and lies on top of Tina. Face to face. Kissing deeply as "Love and Affection" captures their mood. Lingering upon the mingled sweetness of each girl's pussy and butt on their lips. After what feels like an eternity, Angie lifts her head and gazes into Tina's eyes.

"Your mouth tastes like ass," Angie playfully admonishes her friend.

"And what an ass," Tina spans and squeezes Angie's cheeks as the two friends can't stop giggling.

"Hey!" Angie's face lights up, "Let's go skinny dipping!"

"But then we'll have to shower again," Tina mock laments.

"I know. And then we can do more butt stuff," Angie sticks out her tongue, "Maybe we can incorporate strawberries and champagne."

"Ooh... I like how you think," Tina kisses her.

"Come on!" Angie jumps off the bed, into her sandals, and out the door in one explosive motion, "Surf's up!"

"Let me grab some towels," Tina informs an open door while getting up.

CHAPTER SIX

Angie runs behind the cabin and into the woods. Down a dirt trail towards the lake. Illuminated by a full moon. Enough to see her way to the shore through the trees. Naked and free. Physically and emotionally. The aroma of every tree she passes filling her nose. A symphony of countless insect mating calls at once is music to her ears. The warm and humid air caressing her skin. It's still a little oppressive but will make that dip in the lake even more refreshing. She can't begin her naughty moonlight swim with Tina fast enough. Beside herself with anticipation and excitement. They've experienced so much together already, and they still have the night ahead of them. The morning too. She's never felt sexier and more confident than in this moment. Never so alive.

She's halfway to the shore when she stops dead in her tracks. A shadowy figure emerges from the trees. Standing before her. Angie is frozen in terror. Her mind racing to compute this most unexpected of scenarios. She's proverbial a deer caught in the headlights. If those headlights were blacker than the night. All she sees is black. Except for the blade of a machete. Its shiny metal surface reflected by the moon as it slices across her stomach. The razor-sharp edge cutting through her flesh like warm butter. She drops to her knees. Clutching at her gut in vain. Her intestines falling through her fingers onto the dirt before her. Blood gushing down her thighs. She looks up with her last ounce of energy to gaze upon her killer. Still unable to make out any details. But she feels the cold and searing hatred that motivates her murder. Desperately calling out with her final breath to warn Tina, but her voice is silent. Everything else goes silent as she falls forward.

"Hey, Angie!" Tina strolls past the cabin and into the woods, "Wait up!"

Tina struts down the dirt trail with total confidence. Her naked body bathed by the full moon's glowing approval. She takes in the sounds and fragrances of the forest with an even greater appreciation. The sticky air doesn't even phase her right now. She'll be splashing around in the lake with her gal pal before she knows it. Trembling with anticipation. Butterflies in her stomach. Unable to contain her excitement. She can't believe everything she's experienced already this weekend. And the night is still young. Proud of herself for finally working up the nerve to initiate ass play. Not to mention blown away by Angie's reciprocation. Already turned on by the promise of incorporating food and drink into the backdoor festivities. She's never felt sexier and more confident than in this moment. Never so alive.

She's halfway to the shore when she stops dead in her tracks. Standing before a pile of intestines. Making out the shapes in the moonlight. The blood appearing black. But the smell is undeniable. Her first thought is that a deer poacher is in the area. But she hasn't heard any

gunshots since returning to the cabin this afternoon. Maybe it happened before that. Surely Angie couldn't have missed this despite running down the trail. Perhaps paying it no mind herself. But there's no way she would've let Tina stumble upon this disturbing sight. No, Angie would've turned back. Then Tina realizes there's no sign of Angie as she stands about twenty yards from the shore. No sound of her splashing in the water or calling for Tina to hurry up. Nothing but the sounds of the forest at night.

"Angie!" Tina calls as loudly as she can into the night.

There's no response at first. Then, suddenly, she hears a cry coming from near the cabin. Its anguish and desperation sending chills down her spine. Fearing her friend is in need, she drops the towels and runs full speed back up the trail. Losing her sandals. Enduring the battering inflicted on her feet by mother nature. Trembling now with fear devoid of any excitement. The butterflies in her stomach replaced by dread. Unable to contain her panic. Increasing with every stride. She has no idea what she's running into. Or who. But she has no other option right now. Naked and alone in the wilderness at night. Her dream weekend now shattering into a million tiny shards. A nightmare unfolding. She's not ready for anything this night has to offer. But she must face it no matter what.

A bright glow hits her face when she reaches the tree line. Someone has turned on the white fairy lights strung from each rear corner of the cabin to the trees. An illuminated border for the cabin's de facto backyard. Once her eyes adjust, she's shocked by the sight before her. Angie lies motionless in the center of the grass. Her back to the trees. Tina glances around. The coast is clear. She approaches Angie. Slowly. Cautiously. Her heart beating faster with each step. Hoping for the best. But fearing the worst. Nevertheless, she conjures forth every bit of gumption possible and continues forth.

"Angie?" Tina asks gently, "Are you okay?"

Tina circles around to face her friend. Discovering her bloody and lifeless.

"Oh my God," Tina sobs as total panic sets in.

A hand reaches out of the darkness behind Tina and grabs her shoulder. She screams and turns to find herself face to face with Micah. He's shaking with as much fear as she is. A camera around his neck. Shorts around his ankles. Left hand over his crotch. Covered in blood from pelvis to socks and sandals. He holds out his oxblood bowl to her with his right hand. Containing his bloody, severed genitals. Blood hemorrhaging from his mouth and nose as he attempts to speak. She stares at him in disbelief. The fleeting thought he might be involved in this had crossed her mind on the dash back. As did a million others. Now attempting to absorb the fact that her friend is dead. Tears fill her eyes as a crushing wave of sorrow washes over her. For Angie. For herself. And even for Micah. He may be a creep, she thinks, but he doesn't deserve this fate.

"Oh, Mordecai," Tina inquires softly, "Who did this?"

"It's... It's..." he struggles to answer, "It's... Micah."

Tina's question is answered when a machete penetrates Micah's back. Bursting through his stomach. Splashing blood all over Tina as she screams bloody murder. The machete removed. Micah's lifeless body tossed to the ground. Tina stands face to face with the monster who killed her friend. Screaming again. This time at the sight of a grotesque, leathery face. Sagging and deformed. Eye sockets filled with blackness. A perfect visual manifestation of the cold and searing hatred exuded in spades by this demon in the flesh. A hatred of beauty and goodness. Of all that embodies joie de vivre. Driven by a fear much greater than Tina's. A fear so overwhelming that it drives someone mad enough to search and destroy under cover of night. Dispatching all that it loathes by the most gruesome means at its disposal. Because it loathes no one more than itself.

Tina summons her last shred of flight. Turning to run but slipping on a pool of Angie's blood. Crashing forward to the ground. She lifts her upper body and turns back to face the killer. Screaming her last breath as the malevolent figure stands above her. Machete raised high above its hideous visage. Bringing down the blade with all its might. Slicing and tearing through Tina's neck in one vicious blow. With so much force that her head flies for several feet. Then landing and rolling on the grass for several more. Her decapitated corpse writhing on the ground next to the bodies of Angie and Micah. Hands reflexively grasping for her face. Jets of blood shooting from her neck. The killer waits and watches patiently as Tina's body goes motionless. It then yanks Micah's camera from his corpse and looks at video he shot through the cabin window of the girls making love.

"Filthy perverts. Serves you right. All three of you," a stern female voice remarks as she removes her mask and the fairy lights illuminate the hard lines cut deep in her face, "Why don't I ever get included in your fun? I'll try anything once."

She tosses the camera on the corpse pile and strolls casually to Tina's severed head. Kicking it nonchalantly over to her body. The killer consoles herself over this impressive haul of skin for her leather goods. Not to mention all this meat for her world famous Fifty-Six flavor headcheese.

BONUS STORY

“Suddenly, She Longed to Taste Her Best Friend’s Asshole”

I wrote this story in July 2019 applying for a freelance writing gig with an adult content provider operating under the name GoSuperb. This was my response to the prompt, "Write in 300 words why we should consider you as a writer." I presented them with exactly 300 words of grade-A filth. But I was supposed to use those 300 words to beg for an opportunity rather than flaunt my skills. Fuck 'em. This story also makes up for the fact that while my bare-all male stripper memoir contains explicit tales of both girl-on-girl and ass licking, it doesn't have any girl-on-girl ass licking. It also got the ball rolling for what would become my hardcore erotic debut novel. Looking back after two years, it's amazing to see how far my fiction writing has progressed. Enjoy.

“Oh my God! Her juices are sweeter than I ever imagined,” thought Tina while tongue-deep inside Angie’s sugar walls.

Meanwhile, Angie lies upon Tina. Her tongue dancing elegantly on Tina’s swollen clit. This had truly become the ultimate girls’ weekend out. Summer in the heart of the Mississippi Delta. The unrelenting AC of their dimly lit suite kept them from overheating as they explored each other’s hot and soaking wet delta.

As Tina devoured her best friend’s pussy, Angie’s asshole continually lost itself in Tina’s blue eyes. So pink and delicate. It was beautiful. Enticing. Perpetually winking at Tina. First inviting her tongue inside. Now demanding it with increasing intensity.

Tina was shaking more than ever. Not only from the passionate tongue lashing she received from her best friend. While Angie moaned and giggled, butterflies filled Tina’s stomach. Suddenly, she longed to taste her best friend’s asshole. Hungered for it. The mere thought of experiencing that taboo made her impossibly wetter.

“Mmmm, baby! Keep squirting in my mouth!” exclaimed Angie.

It was reasonable to assume that Angie’s backdoor was fair game for a little affection. “But would that be too far?” Tina wondered. Fuck it. She had to know how her best friend’s ass tasted. Moving her tongue from Angie’s pussy to the subtle ridges of her best friend’s butthole.

“Oh, fuck yes! Eat my ass, baby!” shrieked Angie delightfully while reaching back, grabbing her best friend’s head, and pushing it between her firm, round cheeks. Tina couldn’t believe how yummy her best friend’s asshole tasted. Tongue-fucking it deeply and insatiably. She couldn’t

get enough. Faster and harder as Angie guided Tina's hips forward and returned the favor with equal enthusiasm. Now, each girl was tongue-deep in her best friend's delicious booty.

Their girls' weekends out would never be the same.

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