

Some kind of Freak

Nicole Swan

<http://nicoleswanbooks.com>

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When my room mate Scott introduced me to his girlfriend my tongue nearly fell out of my mouth. She was the hottest girl he'd ever brought home. I looked her up and down several times, trying not to be too obvious. She was wearing a short black skirt and high-heeled boots that came up to her calves. She had a solid body and owned that outfit. I think she must have noticed me staring at her breasts, because she folded her arms, looked down and blushed slightly.

Scott didn't seem to notice. "Hey, Tom, this is Ellie."

I held out my hand and she looked at Scott before shaking it as if asking his permission.

She had that hot Britney Spears' thing going on—straight mousy blonde shoulder length hair, blue-grey eyes, accentuated by heavy black eyeliner and mascara. That's why it confused me the way she acted. A girl like that usually had a ton of attitude to match, but she was coming across as such a timid little thing.

"How old is she?" I asked when she got up to get a drink.

"She's 21, why?"

"She looks real young," is all I said.

They had a while before the movie, so they hung around for awhile. She was still being a little shy, yet her eyes kept locking with mine. What was with that? It was kind of sexy though.

They went out to the movie and I found myself think-

ing a lot about this girl. Maybe it was the way she seemed embarrassed to be around me and how every time I looked at her she looked down or away. It wasn't even like I was leering, but my attention did seem to fluster her. I wasn't a bad looking guy, nothing special, I was in good shape from spending time at the gym and certainly dressed better than Scott. Still, it confused the hell out of me.

I didn't have to work the next day so I had a few beers, watched some television, and by the time Scott and his date got home I was feeling pretty relaxed.

They smiled at me, and sort of waited around aimlessly. I wondered if they wanted to make out on the couch or something, so I gathered up my stuff.

"I'll let you guys have the lounge, I was just going to bed."

Scott patted me on the back. "Thanks, man."

I stood up and stretched feeling how drunk I was. I went over to Ellie to shake her hand, just because I wanted to feel her touch again, and she kind of backed away. It was an odd feeling, having this girl so intimidated by me.

"It was really nice to meet you," I said anyway. I smiled at her and she nervously half smiled back. She looked delicious like that, trembling. I don't know what it was, but it turned me on, a lot.

About half an hour later, lying in my bed, I heard Scott's bedroom door click closed. I could only imagine the type of sex they would have, Scott with his boy scout morals and Ellie with her almost crippling timidity. But you know what they say about the shy ones—bobcats in the sack. I waited to hear some clunking about, a sigh, a moan—anything, but there was nothing. I almost wanted to put my ear against the wall to get a taste of the action, but I'm not some kind of pervert, and mostly I didn't need to be hearing any male moaning coming from Scott. I still had to live with the bastard.

Still, the thought of that girl's legs . . .

The next morning, I was kind of disappointed to see only Scott in the kitchen but I took the opportunity to dig for some details. This was his first girlfriend after his breakup with the girl he dated all through college, so this was a pretty big deal for him.

"So . . ." I waited for him to give me some kind of asshole smile and let me know something had happened between the two of them. He didn't let on a thing, so I casually said, "Where's Ellie? Did she spend the night here?"

"She's in the bathroom."

I looked over my shoulder to make sure she wasn't coming out just as I was about to say something personal.

“So everything went . . . well?” I normally wouldn’t ask but this girl, she had me in knots. I don’t even know what that was about, but there it was.

“I slept on the floor,” said Scott.

“What, why? What did you do wrong?”

“Nothing,” he said defensively.

“Why did she sleep over, if she won’t even let you in the bed?”

“None of your business.” But I stared him into awkwardness. “She’s got this thing,” he finally blurted out.

Expecting the worst, I scrunched up my face. “A thing—what kind of thing? She’s messed up?”

“No, well, kind of . . . She’s in S.A.A.”

I raised my brows, not understanding.

“Sex Addicts Anonymous,” Scott explained.

I almost burst out laughing. “That’s a real thing?”

He nodded with a serious look.

“Shit.” I ran my hand through my hair. “I don’t know what to say, man. Good for you?”

“She’s off limits. I can’t touch her. She’s on her third plant. I want her to get a dog, then she can have me. You know the rules, plant, pet, boyfriend.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m familiar with the rules. I thought that was only for recovering alcoholics.”

Scott got a beer out of the fridge. “Apparently not.” He cracked open the bottle and down half of it in one go.

“So you two have never—”

"Nope."

"Not ever?"

"Nope."

"Not even a little—"

"No."

I stood in the kitchen, musing over what he had said without even realizing. It occurred to me she was attracted to me and that's why she was acting so strange around me.

"Well, it's probably for the best," I said out of nowhere. "You know I don't like you going out with girls I haven't fucked first."

"You're an asshole, Tom."

He thought I was kidding.

Ellie was coming out of the bathroom as I was heading to my room wearing the same outfit from the previous night. I stopped and said, "Did you manage to get the tap on? We have to turn it off pretty tight so it doesn't drip."

"I was just about to ask Scott." She had a sweet voice.

"I'll get it for you," I offered. I went in and turned on the tap, glad that I had enough strength so I didn't look like a dick. I deliberately waited for her to come in, just to make her uneasy. I backed away from the sink only a little, so she was forced to stand really close to me while she stooped over washing her hands. I felt like a real creep but an opportunity like this only comes around once in a life time. She glanced sideways at me and I smiled down

at her stupidly. The way that black mini skirt hugged her curves made me want her more.

“Turn it real tight,” I told her as she went to turn off the tap. My hand brushed hers and she fumbled for the hand towel. It was very amusing. I knew I was standing far too close, but that was the point. I smiled at her again.

“You seem kind of nervous around me.”

She shook her head a little, embarrassed. “I don’t think so.”

I glanced at the bathroom door, I hadn’t heard any foot steps down the hall. I looked at her and I moved forward a little and looked at her backside, making it obvious. She froze.

“You’ve got a hot little ass. I can see why Scott’s in to you, well, you know what I mean.” I don’t know if she got my hint that I knew about her problem. She didn’t say anything. She just stared at the floor. “Very nice ass. Nice tits, too.”

Still nothing out of her, but her face flushed red. There was something arousing in that. Having the power to make her blush so easily without a word of protest went straight to my head. I reached behind her and took a handful of her ass, it felt deliciously soft and full like a young girl’s should. I squeezed it and rubbed up and down a little.

“Very nice.” I sighed. Looking everywhere but at me she backed out of the bathroom and left me there as if

nothing had happened. I was a bit nervous, wondering if she would tell Scott what I had done, but something told me she wouldn't. I followed her out. She was putting on her coat, ready to leave.

"Hey, Ellie. Do you want some breakfast or something?" Scott called from the kitchen.

"I have to go," she yelled back, looking at me as a damned soul might watch Satan. She could see into my dirty mind. I stayed passively polite, pretending everything was fine, loving how uncomfortable I was making her. It was electric, the way she looked so frightened and yet did nothing to stop me. I wondered how far I could go.
