

*s e l e n a k i t t*



*o n t h e b u s*

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# *On the Bus*

*By Selena Kitt*

**eXcessica *gratis* \* free fiction**

"Do you know why animal crackers have that little handle on top of the box?" Danny asked, nudging his sister with his knee.

"No," Emily sighed, putting her own book down and switching off her reading light, waiting. There was no use doing anything else—he was going to tell her, whether she wanted to know or not.

"They were introduced in 1902 as a Christmas novelty and packaged so they could be hung from Christmas trees," he said, reading from the book in his lap.

"How interesting," she commented, rolling her eyes. It had been like this all day, and now halfway into the night—a constant stream of interruptions with various bits of trivia. She hadn't even made it off the fourth page of her own book!

"How many different animal shapes are there?" he asked, cocking his head at her.

"I don't know," she replied, closing her eyes and leaning her head back against the seat, feeling the rolling wheels of the bus underneath them chewing up the miles between here and California. "Twenty-seven?"

"No!" he scoffed. "Eighteen—two bears, a bison, a camel, a cougar, an elephant, a giraffe, a gorilla, a hippopotamus, a hyena, a kangaroo, a lion, a monkey, a rhinoceros, a seal, a sheep, a tiger, and a zebra."

"Okay, seriously, Danny," she said, shaking her head but not opening her eyes. "Alex Trebek is not going to ask you about animal crackers."

"You never know," he said, sounding hurt.

"Yes, I do," she replied, ignoring the tone in his voice and pushing onward. "Jeopardy asks questions about the periodic table and Queen Victoria, not snack foods."

"Fine." He jerked himself toward the window. "I'll just shut up and leave you alone."

Emily smiled, still not opening her eyes, breathing, "Finally!"

It was quiet only for a moment before he spoke up and asked, "What does the chemical symbol  $\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3$  represent?"

"Danny!" she groaned, slapping her forehead. "I have no idea! I'm not the Mensa member, here."

"Rust," he replied, looking smug. She hit him in the arm. "Hey! I'm just trying to

expand your horizons a little!"

"I don't need my horizons expanded," she hissed, getting up and flouncing off to the bathroom. Emily splashed her face with water, pushing her dark blonde hair out of her face. Her eyes were blue and bright, like her brother's and her mother's, although their hair was dark. She had always been a tow-head—like her father.

This is his fault, Emily thought, scrubbing her hands fiercely. If he hadn't ever moved out to California in the first place...

She sighed, turning the hand dryer on. When she'd agreed to this cross-country trek to visit their father, mostly so her twin brother could try out for Jeopardy now that they'd reached the eligible age of eighteen, she hadn't counted on having to listen to Danny "practice" for hours on end. She loved her brother—but come on! There was only so much trivia one person should be forced to listen to, wasn't there?

He was turned toward the window when she got back, looking at something on his video Ipod. She flopped into her seat, digging through her backpack for her own Ipod.

"I'm sorry," Danny apologized without looking up.

She softened, hearing his hurt tone. "It's okay... I'm just... you know, not looking forward to swallowing the whole Dad and his new wife and kids Happy Family Meal..."

"Yeah," he agreed, rolling his eyes. "No doubt."

"Damnit, I left my headphones in my suitcase," she sighed, tossing her Ipod back into her bag.

"Do you want mine?" Danny asked. "I'm just reading..."

"Reading? On your Ipod?" Emily made a face. "Don't you listen to music and watch videos like normal people?"

"Just more research," he said with a shrug, not meeting her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Dan," she apologized again, touching his arm. "I didn't mean... what are you reading?"

"Porn," he replied, still not looking at her.

She laughed. "Very funny."

"Well, it's not really..." he admitted, giving her a sheepish grin. "It's just an e-book of useless sexual trivia."

"More trivia, huh?" she smiled, shaking her head.

"It's interesting," he said. "Did you know that the tapeworm has the most sexual organs of any living being?"

"Oh gross," she groaned, hiding her face in her hands. "Danny, please!"

"Okay, okay," he grinned. "How about this... How many orgasms do you think was the most ever recorded for a woman in 24 hours?"

Emily cocked her head at him, frowning. "I don't know... nine? Ten?"

His smile grew. "A hundred and thirty four."

Her eyes widened. "Oh my god! I'd die!"

"For guys it was only sixteen... although I swear I've beat that..."

"Danny!" Emily hissed his name, glancing around at the sleeping bus to see if anyone was listening.

"How many for you?" he asked, looking at her speculatively.

"I don't know," she shrugged, biting her lower lip. She had the distinct feeling that she shouldn't be talking about this with her brother. "Probably five... maybe six..."

"Lightweight," he said with a wink. "But you guys... or gals, I should say... get to have longer orgasms. A man's climax only lasts 10 seconds, tops... girls have had orgasms for nearly a minute..."

Emily squirmed in her seat. "Dan... let's change the subject..."

"Why?" he asked, giving her a sideways look. "You want to talk about animal crackers some more?"

"No!" she protested. "Ok, fine, tell me more sex trivia..."

"There are only five calories in the typical male ejaculation," he told her.

"Oh good god!" she laughed. "That's a good reason not to swallow!"

"Eh, not really," he said. "Sexual intercourse burns about three hundred and sixty

calories."

"Well, at least I can say I'm multitasking..."

"Did you know a woman's nipple can swell up to twenty five percent when she's aroused?"

Emily flushed. "Is that so?"

"Well, that's what it says..." Danny's eyes moved over the front of his sister's blouse. "And this is kind of neat... there's a tribe on one of the Cook Islands where boys of a certain age are actually taught how to have sex... everything from intercourse to cunnilingus, and methods for delayed ejaculation..."

"Like... hands on?" Emily swallowed, wiggling in her seat.

"I think so," he nodded. "Which, when you think about it, could be really useful..."

She nodded. "I can see that... most of the guys I've been with..."

When she trailed off, he glanced over at her. "Yeah?"

"Well... let's just say, they could have used some instructional techniques."

"Yeah," Danny sighed. "I could have used some, too."

Emily looked at her brother, a little smile on her face. "I bet you do alright."

"I'm a geek," he said, shrugging. "Geeks don't get the girls, you know."

"Ha!" she nudged him with her shoulder. "What about that Sarah girl last year? I saw you guys in the pool that summer..."

Danny flushed. "Yeah? Well... you should have closed your bedroom door when you and Max were... ya know... getting busy..."

Emily felt her face fill with heat. "Dan! You didn't..."

He shrugged, busily studying his Ipod.

"I think we should try to get some sleep," Emily whispered, reaching up and turning off his reading light. The screen of the Ipod still glowed in the dark.

Emily reached under her seat and grabbed the sleeping bag she had packed, snuggling underneath. The rocking of the bus, which should have lulled her off to sleep, seemed to vibrate through her body, making her feel on edge. Still, she

gave it a valiant try, only succeeding in tossing and turning in her seat.

"I can't sleep, either," Danny whispered in the dark, shifting in his seat.

Emily sighed. "Here, do you want covers?"

Danny accepted the other half of the sleeping bag, pulling it over his shoulders. "Are you thinking about dad?"

"No," she admitted.

"Me, either," he replied.

There was a long silence as the bus traveled on in the dark. Someone coughed. Up front, another light turned off.

"What were you thinking about?" Emily whispered.

There was another silence. Then, Danny said, "You."

She closed her eyes, taking a deep breath. Part of her wanted to know—another part of her didn't. "What about me?"

"Remember that time when we all went camping in the mountains?"

"Yeah." Her memory tuned to it, as if finding the right frequency or channel. Ninety degrees in the shade and they were sleeping in one tent, while their parents shared the other. Both of them had slept naked on top of their sleeping bags in the dark, although Emily remembered being careful to get dressed before the sun rose.

"It was so hot... remember?"

She nodded and, although he couldn't see her in the dark, he somehow felt her assent.

"There was one morning when you went down to the creek to take a bath... and I followed you..."

"Danny..." It should have come out as an admonishment, she meant it to, but instead it was just his name, almost tender on her lips.

"I was just thinking..." he whispered. "I don't think I've ever seen anything so beautiful..."

"That was before they got divorced," she said, touching his hand under the



sleeping bag. "Before everything changed..."

"I know." He squeezed her hand. "I love you, Em."

"I love you, too," she said.

"Come here." He pushed up the seat divider and reached for her. Emily moved in to snuggle against him. It just felt right, somehow, in that moment. He held onto her, stroking her hair, and they both drifted off to the rocking motion of the bus.

She dreamed about the mountains. Splashing naked in the creek, the cold water a shock to her body as she splayed herself against the smooth rocks on the riverbed. The rushing water flowed over her belly and breasts, and she spread her legs like she was fucking the whole world, letting the rushing foam pulse between her thighs.

Had she known he was watching? In her dream, she knew. He was standing there, transfixed, looking at her like she was a goddess, and that's just what she felt like. Letting her long, blonde hair fan out in the water behind her, she gave herself over to it, to him, to everything, opening herself to the world.

"Emy..." It was a whisper, his pet name for her, leftover from when he couldn't quite say his L's.

In her sleep, she shifted, the Birkenstocks she had worn in honor of their California trip left somewhere on the floor, her long skirt riding up her thighs as she snuggled closer to him in the dark.

"Oh, god, Emy..." His breath in her ear made her shiver, and she came out of her dream in a haze, finding herself curled around her brother, her breasts pressed against his side, her thighs over his.

"Danny?" she whispered, realizing she was practically sitting in his lap. His hand was resting on her knee, his other arm holding her close. He didn't answer her, and she gazed at his sleeping face, knowing he must be dreaming.

She kissed his cheek, smiling, wondering what he was dreaming about. His expression was almost pained in the dim light, and he whispered her name again, shifting and pressing his hips up in his sleep. That's when she knew. He couldn't hide anything in the sweats he had worn for the long trip. When she felt his erection against her bare thigh, she gasped softly, her eyes widening.

Emily flushed, moving slowly, trying to disentangle herself from him in the dark. He instinctively held onto her tighter, his hand sliding further up her leg, gripping her thigh. Her heart raced, and she didn't want to admit it, but there was a slow heat growing between her legs where the edge of his hand was resting. His face

was buried in her hair, now, his breath hot against her ear, making that thick pulse between her thighs even more insistent.

"You're so beautiful, Emy," he whispered, his lips moving over her cheek, and now the hand between her legs moved, too, fingers moving lightly over the damp crotch of her panties.

"Danny," she whispered again, and for the second time today, words that should have been an admonishment came out as something else. It sounded like a plea. *Oh my god, what is he doing?*

She shifted, trying to get away or get closer, she wasn't sure which, and he pulled her fully into his lap, settling her bottom against the saddle of his hips. She could feel his erection—my god, he felt huge, like steel heat against her behind. He cradled her like that, kissing her neck as his fingers edged aside the elastic edge of her panties.

"We... Danny, we..." Her whispered words were lost as his lips found hers. This was no brotherly kiss. His mouth was hot, slanting across hers, his tongue probing gently, like his fingers between her legs.

Trembling, Emily tried to force herself to resist, to get up and run to the bathroom, and found that she couldn't. Maybe it was the way his finger began nudging the swollen bud of her clit, or the way his tongue flicked at hers, sending shivers down her spine.

But that wasn't really it, and she knew it. It was the heat of his cock against her ass, how incredibly hard he was. He had been dreaming about her, she knew it, and the thought excited her. His fingers moved around her clit in lazy circles, and she spread her thighs a little, giving him more room.

When she slid a hand down between them, pressing the head of his cock against his lower belly, Danny groaned softly, his breath hitching in his throat. It made him bolder, and his finger slipped down her smooth, shaved crevice, seeking entrance. Emily worked her fingers past the elastic edge of his sweats and under the top edge of his underwear, wanting to feel him. She had to feel how much he wanted her.

"Oh god," she whispered against his cheek when his fingers slipped inside of her and he settled his thumb against her clit. "Oh yes..."

"Yes," he murmured, making a soft noise in his throat as she wiggled in his lap, her hand finally reaching its destination and squeezing the head of him. The shock of it in her grasp sent a jolt through her whole body—she was holding her brother's cock in her hand!

His fingers began to move slowly in and out of her wetness, making a soft, squelching sound. Emily glanced around, worried that someone would hear or see, but the man across the aisle was snoring, his head propped on a pillow resting against the window. Danny's thumb rubbed over her clit as his fingers probed her flesh, making her rock in his lap.

"Faster," she whispered in his ear, trying to grasp more of his cock, but the angle was too awkward. She had to satisfy herself with rubbing the wet head with her thumb.

Danny began pistoning his fingers in and out of his sister's pussy, and she spread her thighs wider, her breath coming fast. Emily surprised them both when she untied the top of her peasant blouse, reaching in and unfastening her front hook bra, and presenting her brother with one pink-tipped breast.

"Suck it." Her voice was barely audible, but he didn't really need any instruction. His tongue made circles around the hardening flesh, and Emily let out a shaky breath as he sucked her nipple deep into his mouth.

The added sensation threatened to send her careening over the edge, and she arched her back. Emily tried hard not to cry out as her brother's fingers, driving into her wet flesh, brought her to the brink of orgasm. She succeeded, for the most part, making a small, squeaking noise in her throat as she came, her whole body shuddering against him. Danny held her tight, one hand on her hip, the other bringing her off with such force she nearly bucked off his lap.

"Danny," she gasped into his ear, and he kissed her, drawing her tongue deep into his mouth, his fingers still probing the sensitive flesh between her thighs.

"Emy, I want you," he whispered, kissing her cheek, her neck, her chin. She bit her lip when his fingers slipped from between her legs, and watched, her eyes widening, as he licked them. "God, you taste good."

In the wake of her orgasm, she had a moment to think clearly, and felt a flush of shame. This was her brother! Danny rubbed his wet fingers on the tip of her breast, making her shiver. His cock was still pressing up hard and insistent against her behind, and when she rubbed her thumb there, he made a low noise, his eyes closing for a moment.

"Please, Em," he whispered, rubbing his finger over her mouth. "I want you so much."

She had never been able to say no to him, and she couldn't start now. Emily kissed his palm, and then took one of his still sticky fingers into her mouth, sucking gently. She squirmed and adjusted for a moment, reaching under her long skirt and tugging off her wet panties. Part of her couldn't believe she was

doing it, but another part of her wanted it beyond reason as she straddled him in the dark.

"Is this what you want?" Emily whispered into his ear, glancing again at the sleeping man across the aisle. He had shifted position, but was still snoring. Danny's fingers were fumbling with the front of her blouse, freeing both of her breasts to his gaze, and his touch.

Danny just nodded, his thumbs flicking over her nipples, making her squirm in his lap. Emily reached down, tugging at the edges of his sweats, and he helped her, moving them down far enough to free his cock. It rose like an exclamation point against her belly, she could feel the heat of it against her mound.

"Do you want to feel your cock inside of me?" she whispered, meeting his eyes. They were full of a dark, hot lust. He nodded again, his breath coming a little faster as she reached down to stroke him against her pussy. He groaned softly when she rubbed the head up and down her slit, finally aiming him, and slowly beginning to settle herself down.

"Ohhhh fuck," he whispered, his hands under her skirt, grabbing onto her bare hips. He pulled her in tight, and Emily watched the look of almost unbearable pleasure move over his face.

Something occurred to her, and she asked, "Have you ever fucked a girl before?" She kept her mouth right near his ear, afraid someone might hear them if she raised her voice above a whisper.

He shook his head, his breath short and his hands moving over the smooth, rounded globes of her ass, his hips already thrusting slowly against hers. The shock of his response made Emily dizzy with lust, and she squeezed her pussy around him, like a reward, making his fingers dig deep into the flesh of her behind.

"Come on, Danny," she murmured, rhythmically squeezing him, now. "Fuck me."

He groaned softly at her words, rocking his hips up to meet her. She knew it wouldn't be long, but it didn't matter—just knowing that she was the first girl her brother had ever fucked had already sent her teetering toward that edge. His movements were awkward, and she took over, rolling her hips on him, using the wet heat of her pussy to pleasure the head of his cock that was now buried deep inside of her.

"That's it, baby," she crooned softly, feeling the gentle tug in her lower belly beginning. "Fuck me good... fuck your sister's tight little pussy 'til she comes all over your hard cock."

"Oh yeah," he growled into her ear, thrusting up hard into her wetness, the tight heat of her pussy beginning to spasm with her climax. "Oh, Emy, I'm gonna cum!"

The sound of her pet name in his mouth, the baby name he'd always used, while her brother's cock exploded inside of her, made Emily cum even harder. She arched her back, taking all of him, feeling the thick, incredible bursts of heat in her belly as he filled her with his cum.

Still trembling and breathless, they snuggled close, pulling the sleeping bag fully around them as the bus rumbled on in the darkness.

Emily kissed her brother's cheek, pushing a curl off his forehead. "Wanna tell me some more trivia? Practice for Jeopardy?"

Danny's eyes were closed, but he smiled. "I think I've found something I like practicing more."

*The End*

## ABOUT SELENA KITT



Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company ([www.excessica.com](http://www.excessica.com)) and in her spare time, she worships her devoted husband, corrals four kids and a dozen chickens, all while growing an organic garden. She also loves bellydancing and photography.

Her e-publishing credits include: [\*Rosie's Promise\*](#) published by Samhain and *Torrid Teasers* #49 published by [Whiskey Creek Press](#) featuring two short stories, *French Lessons* and *I'll Be Your Superman* in 2008. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: [Coming Together: For The Cure](#), [Coming Together: Under Fire](#) and [Coming Together Volume 1](#) and [Volume 3](#). Two stories, [Sacred Spots](#) and [Happy Accident](#), have been published by [Phaze Publishing](#), and her novels *Christmas Stalking*, *Blind Date*, *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus* are coming soon. She has also been published online in [The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality](#), [The Erotic Woman](#), and her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind" (without author's name available.) She can be reached on her website at [www.selenakitt.com](http://www.selenakitt.com) or email [selena@selenakitt.com](mailto:selena@selenakitt.com)

If you liked ON THE BUS, try:



## **NAUGHTY BITS**

By Selena Kitt

**David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?**

*Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.*

EXCERPT from NAUGHTY BITS:

If my mum and dad found out about my collection of porn in the shed, I knew they'd both kick-off and I'd be sleeping under a bench in the Underground, buying papers to keep me warm—instead of buying them like I was now, looking for a job. As it

was, they were on at me to find something, and fast. I didn't get why I had to figure it all out, what I wanted to do with the rest of my life. What was the rush?

My sister, Dawn, got to preen around the health club at her summer job. So why was I supposed to find something "responsible?" Dawn had been living at home since she finished school, aside from a couple of disastrous attempts at living with a roommate that my parents had ended up paying more for in the long run, anyway.

My parents made all sorts of exceptions for her. I had hoped that her laziness, or as my mother put it, her "lack of focus," might pave the way for me to spend some time loafing off after I finished school, too, but no—apparently, Dawn got the welcome mat, but I got threatened with the boot. I didn't get it.

I shut the back door and looked up at the sky. We didn't get days like this in Surrey very often—so bright and blue and clear. We spent most of our time walking around in the usual London grey, looking at a hazy kind of film over the sun. Days like today made me remember being a kid, endless summers with no responsibilities, no cares, no worries. So much for that, I thought, flopping the paper down on the patio table and glaring at it.

I sat in one of the folding chairs and took a highlighter out of my pocket. The first thing I circled was a construction company. Maybe I could find something working outside—get a tan, build some muscle. That might lead to getting a girlfriend, I thought hopefully. That got me to thinking about Julie Entwistle, the girl rumoured to wear nothing under her skirts in sixth form. She sat right next to me in English, but I never did see anything—not that I didn't try. For a girl who was supposed to be a slag, she sure kept her legs together a lot.



Thinking about Julie's skirt, and more importantly, what might be found under her skirt, made my jeans uncomfortably tight. I shifted in the chair, shoving at my crotch and turning the page of the newspaper, re-focusing my efforts. The ad that caught my eye read: Exotic dancers wanted to perform at private, solo, and bachelor parties... I snorted—so much for trying to focus. Now my cock was officially hard. I glanced over at the shed, thinking of the boards my dad stored in there that “might come in handy” some day. They came in handy for hiding my porn collection.

I folded the paper up and tucked it under my arm, heading toward the shed. My dad's toolbox doubled as a step stool and was perfect for sitting on. I dug under the boards, pulling out my meagre collection. Two Playboys and a Penthouse, although the latter was a “Letters” edition, and the stories were pretty hot. The last one was my favourite, a magazine called Naughty Bits, which was way more hardcore than the others. I'd never seen another one before or since, although believe me, I'd looked.

I opened it up to my favourite page, and there she was. Blonde, although clearly dyed because her pubes were dark, a full-breasted and full-bodied girl—really unusual for most spreads nowadays where the models were like stick figures. This woman was, well... a woman.

The next best part was the layout itself—a girl all alone on her bed looking at porn. Did girls do that? I loved how she rolled over and spread her legs, revealing that there was nothing under her skirt. She started masturbating, and would you look at that, next page, here comes her brother. Probably it was her boyfriend, but I had this fantasy in my head that it was her brother. And the next thing you know, she's sucking him off.

God, how I wished it was that easy. Hi there, whoops, didn't mean to interrupt, but since I'm here, zzziiip, flop, here's this hard cock you can suck...

I unzipped my jeans and tugged them down a little, slipping my hand into my boxers. Nowhere near as big as the guy positioning his cock at her pink little hole (I loved that picture, her fingers spreading herself open for him like that. Gah! Did girls do that?) but respectable enough—nice and thick, and most definitely stiff. She did it for me, every time. I started masturbating, my eyes skipping from the wet pink of her cunt to her thick, dark pink nipples. I spent some time there, wanking away and staring at the slit between her legs. She spread it open with both hands, and there was a little hole there, right where I wanted to slide my cock, a small dark hollow leading to heaven.

I got myself good and worked up before starting to turn the next page, because it was my favourite, and it was the image I always came to—her ass up in the air, his cum sliding down her asshole and cunt. I was looking forward to that image, still staring between her legs. I only stopped for a moment, breathless, to turn the page, and I saw something that made my cock jump and my heart race. There was writing in the margin, near the page number. An arrow toward the girl (god, look how that thick cum slid down that pink slit!) and the words, “She looks like me.”

That was Dawn's handwriting—the fat, curly letters, the heart over the “i.” My sister had been looking at my porn? Why, I wondered? If she wanted to get me in trouble, she could have taken it to my mum. Instead, she just wrote in the margins. And what she'd written! I flushed. I knew the girl looked remarkably like my sister—the dyed blonde hair, the full body, the mischievous eyes, the slanted smile—that was Dawn. Was she just making an observation? Was she implying that I lusted after her?

I didn't have any more time to think about it. Someone was knocking on the shed door! I stood, tucking my cock back in and zipping up, shoving the magazines back under the pile of boards.

"David!" It was Dawn. Of course, who else? My parents wouldn't be home for hours—it was only ten in the morning.

"What?" I called, trying to sound impatient. I tucked my paper back under my arm, grabbed a can of insect spray off the shelf and opened the door.

She was standing there in a white bikini, the flesh of her breasts spilling over the top. My cock, with barely enough chance to wane as it was, jumped to life again at the sight.

"Jesus, Dawn!" I made a face. "Put some clothes on."

"It's gonna be sunny and warm all day." She put her hands on her hips and drew my eyes there. "I'm spending my time catching rays!"

"Whatever." I stepped out of the shed into the fresh air.

"What were you doing in there?" She smirked, peering into the dim shed.

I waved the insect repellant at her. "Big-arse spider out on the patio table."

"Sure there was." She moved toward the lounge chair where she had spread a towel. How long had she been out here, I wondered?

I put the can on the table. "There was. It's obviously crawled off somewhere. Maybe it's on your lounge chair."

She stuck her tongue out at me. "Quit being such a pain in the arse. I'm in a good mood and you're not going to spoil it."

Dawn positioned her chair, looking up toward the sun as she did, and then crawled on. Her bikini bottoms rode up between her cheeks and I flashed on the picture in Naughty Bits that I'd found the writing on—her arse up in the air, cum sliding down her slit. I sat down at the table, putting the paper in my lap to cover my erection.

"What's got you so perky?" I scowled.

She was lying on her back, now, and she lifted her sunglasses to look at me. "It's my first day on holiday, you git! Two whole weeks off work!"

I turned my chair away from her, opening my paper back up. My cock was still throbbing and watching her oil herself up out of the corner of my eye wasn't helping. She was slathering lotion all over, rubbing it into the creases, even between her toes. I could smell the stuff, like coconuts, as if a tropical smell was supposed to make you turn darker.

"You find anything in there yet?" She dropped the lotion next to her chair and leaned back. Her breasts jiggled in the white bikini top when she did, and I couldn't help watching. Seeing real flesh move was different from looking at a picture in a magazine. I found myself wondering what it would feel like to touch her there, just the top of her breast, all shiny from the oil. I flushed.

"No." I turned my eyes back to the paper. "There's nothing out there."

"Well, mum and dad won't let you scrounge off them forever, you know." She threw an arm up over her head.

"Sod off!" I rolled my eyes. "I'm not the one who's still living with my parents at twenty-five."

I stood up, deciding to go into the house. Maybe take another shower. I felt hot and sweaty, although it wasn't really that warm out here, yet.

"Hey." Dawn lifted her sunglasses again. Her eyes were soft, and so was her smile. "You wanna do something for me?"

"If it involves lotion and your back, forget it." I reached for the back door. "I'm your brother, remember?"

She stuck her tongue out. "If you're going in the house... maybe you could bring out one of dad's bottles of wine?"

I raised my eyebrows at her. "The good stuff?"

"Yeah." She grinned. "Why not? Let's celebrate my holiday..."

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## **ESCAPING FATE**

By Selena Kitt

**Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she’s a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it’s no wonder! But it isn’t just Karma she’s curious about... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.**

**When Sam’s job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam’s interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish – will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?**

**When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she’s been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!**

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.



### **PAPERBACK ROMANCE**

*By Selena Kitt*

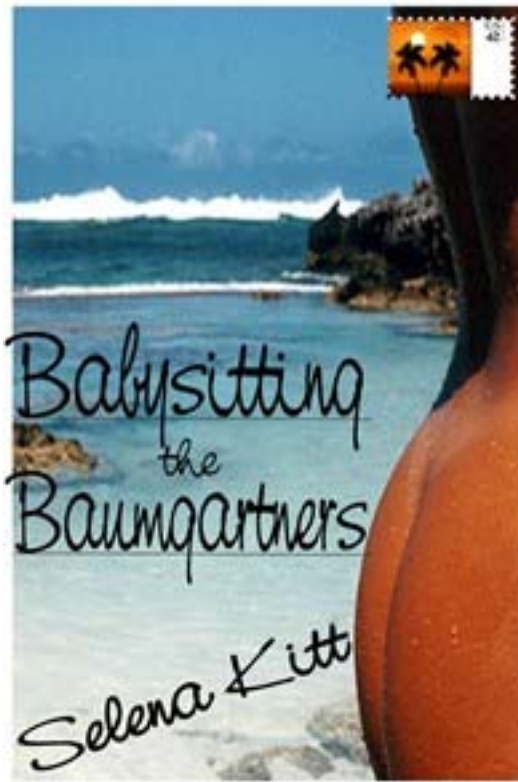
**Maya's heart yearns for romance and adventure, so that's what she writes about - but James Reardon, her college creative writing professor, insists she's wasting both time and talent. Determined to prove him wrong, Maya stumbles onto the fact that her professor's been keeping secrets - not the least of which is his attraction to her. Faced with a choice, she will have to decide whether or not to reveal his secret to the world—and her own desire for a man nearly twice her age.**

### **Manic Readers Review from Nicole**

*"...A heartfelt love story...characters...well developed...the sex is hot and explicit. The professor's secret is a nice twist... Kitt earns a well deserved pat on the back for Paperback Romance."*

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and really hot sex.*





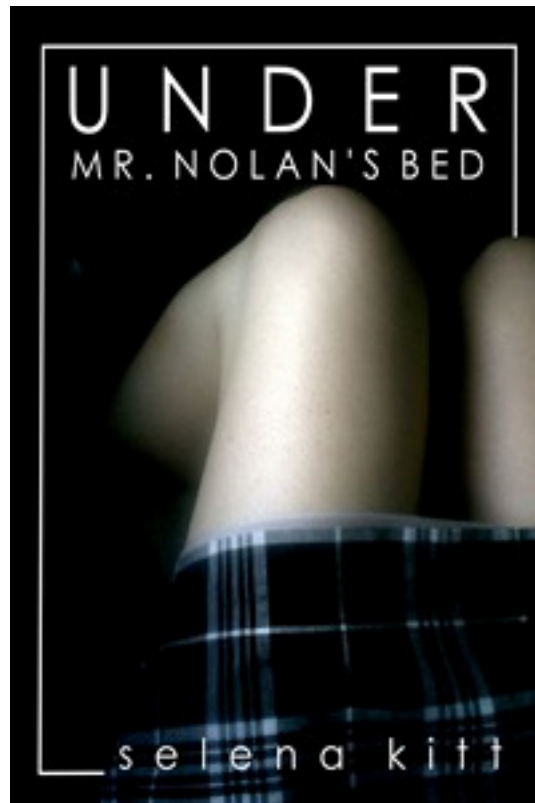
### **BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS**

By Selena Kitt

***A FICTIONWISE BESTSELLER!***

Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with “Doc” and “Mrs. B” under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn’t the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

*Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian, and anal sex.*



**UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED**

By Selena Kitt

**Leah and Erica have been best friends and have gone to the same Catholic school since just about forever. Leah spends so much time with the Nolan's—just Erica and her handsome father, now, since Erica's mother died—that she's practically part of the family. When the girls find something naughty under Mr. Nolan's bed, their strict, repressive upbringing makes it all the more exciting as they begin their sexual experimentation. Leah's exploration presses deeper, and eventually she finds herself torn between her best friend and her best friend's father—but even she couldn't have predicted the shocking and bittersweet outcome of their affair.**

*Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian sex and incest.*



### **THE SYBIAN CLUB**

By Selena Kitt

**Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a the ultimate female pleasure machine – a Sybian – but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...**

*Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian and anal sex.*



## **STARVING ARTIST**

By Selena Kitt

**Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent. Denied help by her prosecutor father, who believes his daughter is wasting her life in art school, Ellie finds herself in a precarious position and surrenders helplessly to her predicament. However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge. Will she take it?**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.*



**ON CHERRY HILL**

By Selena Kitt

**Midwife Anne gets pulled over in the middle of the night on Cherry Hill Road. She's on her way to a birth, but her urgency doesn't sway the unsympathetic officer. When the cop discovers something suspicious on Anne's driving record and insists she get out of the car, she knows she's in real trouble. When he cuffs her and bends her over the hood, things go beyond trouble...**

**But the surprising outcome of this tale gives both Anne and the reader a jolt they never could have anticipated...**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.*



**TICKLED PINK**

By Selena Kitt

**Who says sex can't be fun - or funny? You'll find more than enough amusing mishaps and uproarious situations to tickle your funny bone—and more!—in this delightfully wicked and delightfully sexy anthology from Selena Kitt.**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.*



## **TAKEN**

By Selena Kitt

**Lizzy’s friendship with her older boss, Sarah, turns into something deeper and much more exciting one rainy day after work, and Lizzy finds herself drawn into a world she never knew existed. Sarah has a dominant streak, and as she leads Lizzy into the role of a submissive, the two women become closer than they ever thought possible. But while Sarah, hurt too many times, wears a ring, and tells guys she’s “taken,” Lizzy knows she secretly longs for a man. Determined to find one for them both to share, Lizzy is just about to give up when a dark, handsome, virile answer shows up right under her nose. Lizzy may think she and Sarah are going to seduce David—but she underestimates their handsome co-worker, and David turns the tables on them both. But will he be able to tame the untameable Sarah?**

*Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, a m/f/f threesome and mild bdsm elements.*



## **MERCY**

by Selena Kitt

**Mercy was a typical lesbian in life - at least, that's what her beloved, dearly departed Dee always said - but she's definitely not a typical vampire. Mercy, known as Mary in her former life, is now secretly in love with Angie, her roommate, whose profession as a hospice nurse has taken Mercy on an unusual path in her journey as the undead. Like her acquired name, comes as a dark angel of mercy, delivering eternal life to the dying—but will Mercy's mission of compassion serve to save the one woman she loves most in the world?**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and elements of horror.*



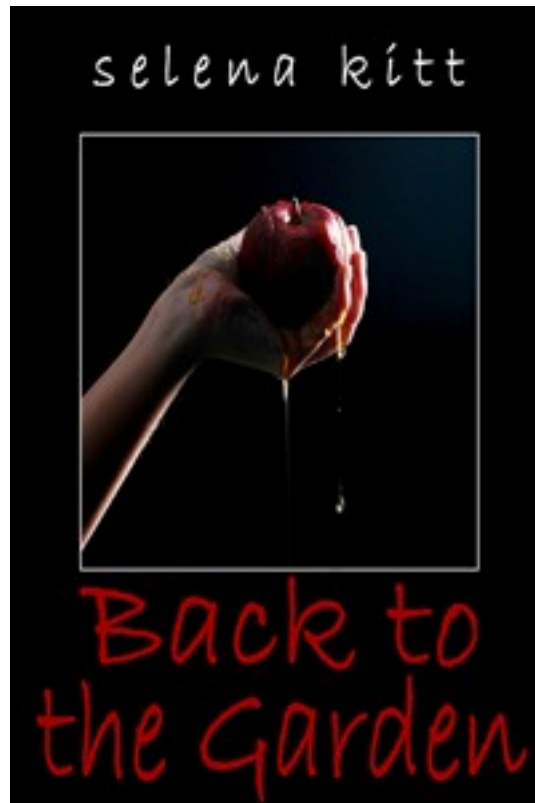


## **SILENT NIGHT**

By Selena Kitt

**Justine has left Bruce for another man, left him all alone with their young daughter - while he slowly goes insane. His building, impotent rage leads to sudden, unexpected brutality. But how far will he go?**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, infidelity, sex and shocking, horrific elements.*



**BACK TO THE GARDEN**

By Selena Kitt

**Discover the deliciously taboo lure of an incestuous siren call with four stories bundled into a wickedly hot anthology that's determined to keep it all in the family! Stories included: Lassoing the Moon, Garden of Eden, Lost Souls and Man of the House.**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and incest.*