

# Chapter 1

I was about to go in my room but I put my ear to the door, knowing the code between roommates. My roommate's squeaky bed banged wildly against the bedroom wall. I stood in the hallway intrigued from the noise and listened.

"Bradley, I want it harder," Megan moaned. "I want it faster," she demanded.

"It feels so good," he moaned.

"You better not...you better not!" she pleaded desperately.

"I'm cumming," he gasped. "Sweet!" he shouted in delight.

This wasn't the first time I heard Megan and Bradley engaged in sex. The whole episode lasted only a minute then the room became silent. I felt a little awkward but entered anyway. A purple fluorescent lava lamp cast a kinky glow. Bradley laid on top of Megan covering her body.

"Am I interrupting something?" I asked sarcastically.

"Dude, great game last night!" Bradley said. He seemed unashamed that I had caught him in such a predicament, again.

"Dude, you guys were incredible!" he said. "It was amazing, we got so wasted," he said. I smiled.

The room was filthy like there had been a wild party. Beer cans and malt liquor bottles were everywhere. Dirty laundry was on the floor. There was broken glass by the

door and candles burning down to the wick. I noticed stains on my comforter and the bathroom wreaked of vomit.

“Dude, you just don’t know how happy I am that we won,” he said lying on top of Megan, his hairy ass exposed.

“Get off of me moron,” she blurted looking annoyed and unfulfilled.

Bradley got out of his bed and clumsily walked to the shower. Megan didn’t move, even though her nipples were exposed. She stared at me knowing that I had seen her body. I looked away but looked back at her when Megan began caressing herself on the bed, obviously still horny from her sexual encounter. She cupped her large breast with her hands and licked her nipples.

“Like what you see?” she asked. I ignored her.

“Bradley, man, I can come back later.” I said apprehensively.

“Dude, no problem, I was finished. I shot the pastrami right in the hole!” he shouted drunkenly from the shower.

Megan smirked “yeah right.”

She got out of bed, sexily walked to me and then planted a soft wet kiss on my lips.

“Great game Kevin,” she said. I stood still admiring her perfect body. She looked like a *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit model. Megan was a five ten blue eyed blonde from Connecticut majoring in Journalism. I was aroused. A large swell protruded through my sweatpants.

She noticed, turned and brushed her bare ass against the boner inside my pants and squeezed our bodies closely together.

“Just what I imagined,” she said. A warm tingle of erotic pleasure caused my legs to weaken. I put down the bag I was carrying.

“Dude, you’re more than welcome,” Bradley said watching from the shower. I knew he was giving me the ok

to seduce his girlfriend but I was the one being seduced, I thought as Megan rubbed my thigh with her soft ivory hand.

“You’re more than welcome,” he repeated encouragingly. I was enticed. There I was, Kevin Styles, the best collegiate football player in the country, a future millionaire, standing in the dormitory with my roommate in the shower watching me about to engage in sexual intercourse with his girlfriend. Being the best football player in the country had its perks, I thought.

It was bizarre.

What would my girlfriend Chantel Dupree, a sophomore at Howard University think about me and a rendezvous with Megan? She was already jealous of the way women threw themselves at me. Surely, she wouldn’t have any of this. I better not jeopardize my relationship, I thought. But how would she find out? Clearly, I could get away with a quickie. Athletes like me were expected to participate in these types of exotic encounters. This is how the celebrities do it, I thought. Women throw themselves at them all the time. This would be nothing more than a good old-fashioned college fuck, I reasoned. Seeing Megan’s tight, athletic body made the situation more tempting. But I had never cheated on Chantel before.

Then the telephone rang and I moved away from Megan. It was Chantel.

“Hey baby, I see you made it home safely,” she said.

“Yeah, I just got in, where are you?” I asked.

“I’m leaving BWI airport,” she said. “What are you doing?” she asked.

“Nothing,” I lied.

“I’ll see you in about twenty minutes.”

“Let’s just meet in Bowie, at my mom’s,” I said.

“Why are you breathing so hard?”

“I hurried to get the phone,” I lied.

Megan teasingly stroked my leg.

“What do you want to do tonight?” asked Chantel.

“There is a party tonight. But I’m willing to do anything Chantel, as long as we are together,” I said.

“Ah, You’re so sweet,” she said.

“I’ll see you in a few minutes,” I said hurriedly.

“I love you,” she hung up.

The mood was ruined. There was no way I could cheat after speaking to Chantel.

“Maybe another time,” I reluctantly commented to Megan.

“Definitely later,” she smiled while releasing her hand from my leg.

“I told you, have her it’s, no problem, I only get pussy because I’m your roommate.” Bradley jokingly interrupted getting out of the shower. I looked at him and realized he was piss drunk. He slouched on the toilet and dried off while talking. Bradley was my friend and I couldn’t see myself having sex with his girlfriend.

“You’re more than welcome,” he blurted before falling to the floor. I laughed at him while Megan sat on the bed unamused.

“Bradley, sometimes you can be a real idiot,” she said.

“Whatever,” he replied.

“Is this a cat fight?” I asked. Neither of them answered. I felt tension between them like the air had been sapped from the room. Megan looked at him and rolled her eyes.

“Fucking moron,” she hissed.

“Enough already,” I said, taking control of the situation. “I’m sure both of you will resolve this problem without me. Bradley, can I borrow your car?” I asked, embarrassed about not having my own car.

“Dude, my car is your car,” he said struggling to his feet. “Let me find the keys.” He rummaged through the

mess of clothes on the floor. “I can’t find my keys,” he panicked throwing some clothes into a different corner.

“You probably left them in the ignition asshole,” said Megan. Realizing that she was probably right Bradley replied, “Awesome, Dude, I left the keys in the ignition.”

“I’m going to borrow a few dollars,” I added removing money from his computer desk. It seemed strange, being so popular yet still having to borrow money from my roommate.

“No problem,” he said.

“I can give you some money,” Megan offered.

I shrugged.

She got up and went into our small walk-in closet and emerged with one of my number six jerseys that she found on the floor and her purse.

She eagerly handed me fifty dollars. I took the money and placed it in my pocket.

“Quick six,” she said referring to my nickname.

“I just hope not too quick,” she teased.

“Thanks for the money,” I said.

“I’m sure I’ll get it back someday,” Megan said. Bradley climbed on top of Megan as I closed the door.