

Chapter One

Perched on the edge of the sofa in her friend's living room, Kelly Anderson sat stiffly as she scanned faces at the small, drunken gathering. She gave a deep sigh, her brow knitted tightly. As the already too loud music was cranked up even higher, she closed her eyes and pressed her fingers to her throbbing temples.

Kelly had generally shied away from partying during her time at the Adirondack Heights Girls' College, preferring to invest her spare time in her studies. She also enjoyed working as a volunteer for the school paper, but after constant peer pressure from her class mate, Mandy—who suggested she might find an interesting story if she chatted to the girls at her party—Kelly had reluctantly agreed to go along. She was now bitterly regretting that decision, as her hopes of finding anything newsworthy were wearing increasingly thinner.

Having spoken to practically everyone in attendance, Kelly couldn't believe that none of them had anything even half interesting to share with her. She had been shocked to find that some of the girls were already extremely drunk when she arrived at only seven p.m. As she got very little sense out of them, she eventually gave up.

Kelly breathed a sigh of relief when someone, thankfully, turned the pounding music down to a more bearable level. Seconds later, a plump, red-haired girl dropped into the seat beside her. "Hi, are you enjoying yourself?" she asked cheerfully.

Kelly smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Hi, Mandy. Can't you tell how much fun I'm having," she replied, an edge of sarcasm to her voice.

Mandy smiled brightly. "You might loosen up a bit if you have a drink," she suggested, holding out a glass of white wine. "You're so tense. Just try to relax—and put that damn notepad away! You look like a vulture, ready to pounce on its prey. No wonder some of the girls are reluctant to talk to you!"

"Sorry," Kelly said, sighing as she tucked her notepad and pen into her bag. Looking at the drink, she took out her bottle of water and sipped from that instead. Glancing around the room at the semi-conscious students sprawled on the furniture and floor, she politely declined the alcoholic drink. She certainly didn't want to end up in a similar state at the end of the night. She had a busy weekend ahead of her and didn't want to waste it nursing a hangover.

As the glass was again thrust towards her, Kelly pulled a face. "Oh, okay, Mandy, but just one," she told her friend. Reluctantly accepting the offered drink, she took a small sip. "Mm, that's nice," Kelly noted with surprise, taking another mouthful. She enjoyed a glass of wine at home with her parents on occasion, but she had incorrectly assumed the alcohol at the party would be cheap and unpleasant tasting.

"Chill out," Mandy urged, sitting back on the sofa.

Shuffling backwards in her seat, Kelly closed her eyes as she sipped the sweet tasting liquid. "I had hoped to get some material for the school paper tonight, but all these girls want to talk about are their boyfriends and what they intend to do with them when they go home at mid-term. That's hardly appropriate reading matter," she complained, taking a large swig from her glass.

Mandy nodded. "Yes, but it does get so frustrating with no boys around here. I personally can't wait to get home. I miss Brad so much when I'm at college," she pointed out, smiling as she leaned forward and picked up a wine bottle from the table to top off Kelly's glass. "When I get home, Mom and Dad will insist on a big family dinner. I'll have to tell them all about what I've been up to in college, while all the time I'll be thinking about nothing more than riding Brad's hard cock."

Mandy grinned when Kelly gasped, her cheeks reddening.

"He's really well-endowed and does amazing things to me, but I guess you don't want to know that," Mandy added with a smirk. Kelly gazed wide-eyed, her cheeks flushed bright red, as she took another large mouthful of wine.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" Mandy asked. Kelly breathed a sigh of relief at no longer having to listen to the sordid details of her classmate's love life. Shaking her head, she frowned as the noxious substance made her head spin. As the sensation was not entirely unpleasant, she took another swig before responding.

"I did have a boyfriend, Scott, but we split up a couple of months before I came here," Kelly replied, sighing despondently.

"Are you still a virgin?" Mandy asked.

Kelly's eyes widened at the bluntness of her friend's question. Smiling, she shook her head vigorously. "No, I lost my virginity to Scott, but I didn't really care for sex with him. I couldn't see what all the fuss is about, to be honest," she admitted. "Every time we did it, I

longed for him to hurry up and finish. At least that was one good thing, he was always quick," she said, sighing deeply. "That was part of the reason we didn't work out. He said I was unresponsive and didn't stimulate him enough, that and the fact he was sleeping with my best friend." Kelly shrugged, trying to appear unaffected by that admission.

Mandy took her hand and squeezed it gently, as Kelly drained her glass. Mandy immediately refilled it. "Honey, he's a sleazebag, and clearly a very selfish lover. You're better off without him."

Kelly nodded in agreement.

"What you need is a real man, one who will give you multiple orgasms before taking his own pleasure," Mandy said with a grin, slumping back on the sofa and gazing dreamily into space.

"Multiple orgasms?" queried Kelly, gasping loudly. "Just one orgasm would be nice!"

Mandy's eyes widened, and she sat bolt upright. "You've *never* had an orgasm?"

Kelly shook her head and shrugged her shoulders dismissively. "No," she admitted, "never."

"Damn, girl, we'll have to put that right," Mandy stated.

Kelly jumped out of her seat as if she'd been scalded, immediately regretting her quick movement when she felt instantly dizzy. "No, I don't do girls," she snapped, slowly leaning forward to pick up her bag.

Mandy laughed and gripped her wrist. "Sweetheart, neither do I! That wasn't an offer, merely an observation. Now sit down and relax, you silly thing."

Kelly blushed and dropped back into her seat, feeling foolish over her misunderstanding. She also felt extremely confused. She had always liked boys, but just recently she had been having unwelcome feelings about some of the girls at college. It left her questioning her own sexuality. "I'm sorry, I thought you were suggesting..."

Mandy smiled and shook her head. "No. But sadly there's not much chance of you finding what you need around here, unless of course you fancy jumping the old dean's bones?"

Kelly pulled a face in response. The dean was at least eighty years old. She smiled, thinking she was maybe being a little unkind and adding a few years to his true age, but he was still way too old for her. He probably had even less energy between the sheets than her lazy ex, if that was at all possible.

"There is of course Professor McAllister," Mandy pointed out, with an evil glint in her eye. "But sadly, he's taken. Professor Lindhurst is a very lucky woman," she acknowledged with a sigh.

Kelly purred in agreement. Professor Shaun McAllister was absolutely gorgeous. Color rose to her cheeks as she imagined her sexy teacher mounting her. She was certain she wouldn't be unresponsive then. She couldn't imagine him drunkenly climbing on top of her, yanking her panties aside, thrusting a few times, before grunting and rolling off. *Oh, and don't forget falling asleep and snoring loudly*, she recalled with a shudder. No, she felt certain Professor McAllister would be a really considerate lover.

Sadly, it was rumored the teacher was in a relationship with Professor Amy Lindhurst, although the pair always claimed to be just good friends. That aside, Kelly knew he would not risk his career for a fling with a student, especially not an ordinary looking girl like herself.

"He's the reason I joined the student hiking and bird watching groups he runs," Kelly confessed, giggling. Her eyes were glassy and her cheeks flushed.

Mandy grinned. "You and everyone else," she agreed. "We've all developed a love of the great outdoors now, because he makes it so interesting. His enthusiasm truly is contagious." Kelly nodded in agreement, as Mandy continued. "If it had been the old dean who had suggested we went out with binoculars to look at birds, I don't imagine many of us would have taken up his offer."

Kelly smirked. "No, I guess he doesn't have the appeal of sexy Professor Shaun."

"Pro-feshhhhhh-errr Mac," a voice slurred, as a senior Kelly vaguely recognized shoved between them and slumped down into the seat, "is a saaaa-distic pervert."

Mandy laughed and eased herself up from the sofa, rolling her eyes at the inebriated student. "I need to go and circulate," she said, moving quickly away to join some of her other guests, leaving a tipsy Kelly staring at the drunken young woman who had collapsed beside her.

"Thanks," Kelly muttered, shaking her head as she studied the girl. She had spilled red wine all down the front of her white dress. *You'll never get that out*, Kelly thought, wondering briefly if soaking it in cold water might help. Her mother would certainly know what to do.

"He behaved very in-ah-prope-ree-ate-lee," she drawled, in her heavy southern accent.

"Did he?" Kelly asked, as she looked around in desperation for an escape route. The girl was obviously fantasizing about the only decent male on campus, as many a student did. *But who*

can really blame her? Kelly thought wistfully.

"It was nice to meet you," Kelly lied, collecting her bag and rising from the couch. The young woman grasped Kelly's wrist and frowned. "Please stay and talk to me," she whined. "I thought you were nice," she added, pouting as she looked at Kelly with her big blue eyes.

Feeling guilty for trying to avoid someone who was only trying to be friendly—and *isn't that what I've been desperate for all night*—Kelly dropped back down into the seat beside her. She squeezed the pretty blonde's hand apologetically. "Okay, I'll stay," Kelly reassured her.

"I'm Rachel," the drunken girl slurred, flicking back her long hair. Grinning, she held out her hand. "Raaaa-chel Mack-Millan."

"Pleased to meet you," Kelly said, shaking the girl's hand. "I'm—"

"Oh, I know who you are," Rachel interrupted, laughing. Shaking her head, she looked at Kelly as if she were mad. "You're Kelly...Kelly Ander-shun. You work on the school paper. They sacked me," she scowled, "before you came here."

"They sacked you? Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," Kelly sympathized.

"I'm not, it was so boring," Rachel replied, flopping back onto the sofa. "Oh, what has the school mascot done this week?" she said, in a mildly mocking tone.

Kelly smiled and nodded. It seemed to be the norm for the school mascot's exploits to dominate the paper, but she was trying to get away from that, as it was dull and uninspiring.

"Though I am enjoying your pieces about the history of Ad... Ad-dack... Ad—"

"Adirondack," Kelly offered. "Thank you, I'm enjoying writing about the area, especially researching it. Professor McAllister has been a great help to me."

Rachel frowned. "Be very careful with him," she warned, rolling her eyes dramatically.

Kelly looked puzzled. Professor McAllister had always been extremely professional in his dealings with her. He and Professor Lindhurst had taken a few of the girls camping on many occasions, and she had never heard any hint of him abusing his position.

Despite the girls frequently sneaking out during the night to see what he and Professor Lindhurst were up to, they were always disappointed to find that the pair stayed in their own tents. There were absolutely no signs of the hot, passionate affair that was rumored between them, but that certainly hadn't put a stop to the gossip.

"Would you like a *real* story for the paper, one that will shake the foundations of this establishment," Rachel slurred, pulling herself upright, "con-sherning Profeshor Mac?"

Kelly nodded as another drunken girl lurched over and fell onto the sofa next to Rachel, her head landing in her lap. "Mmm, sexy Shaun is seriously hot stuff. I wouldn't kick him out of my bed," she announced, her tongue lolling out.

Rachel rolled her eyes at the petite young woman with bright pink hair, who suddenly lifted her head and broke into song. As the girl gave an out-of-tune, loud rendition of something that vaguely resembled a popular song, Rachel whispered conspiratorially to Kelly, "We can't talk here. Let's go to my room."

Relieved, Kelly drained her glass, stood up and helped a stumbling Rachel to her feet. Putting a supporting arm around her waist, she led her out into the corridor, as the drunken girl on the sofa shrieked, "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but chains and whips excite me...na, na, na, na, na, come on."

Kelly was grateful to finally escape the party. If she had much more to drink, she would soon end up rolling around, falling over drunk, like most of the others in the room. She already felt very light-headed, and she did not intend to be the subject of the regular Monday morning gossip, where the exploits of drunken girls were discussed by all those who could remember. The shame-faced students were teased endlessly about their behavior—until the next party, of course, when it became someone else's turn to take the limelight.

As they moved slowly through the corridors, Kelly was surprised how unsteady she was on her own feet. She struggled desperately to keep herself and her companion upright.

"Room sixty-nine," Rachel shrieked hysterically, chuckling as Kelly guided her towards her room. "Good number, don't you think?" she asked, grinning as she shuffled slowly along, bumping into walls as Kelly tried to hold onto her.

Finally, they reached her door and Rachel giggled, pointing at the number. "Sixty-nine, I told you." Laughing hysterically, she pulled her key out of her pocket and unsuccessfully attempted to put it into the lock. Jabbing it at the doorframe, Rachel tried to focus her eyes, finding much amusement in her predicament.

Shaking her head, Kelly took the key from Rachel. "Here, give it to me," she snapped, quickly opening the door with one hand, while supporting Rachel with her other arm around her waist. Leading her into the room, she decided to try to do something with her stained dress.

"Come on, let's get this off you," Kelly said, pulling the tight fitting garment up over Rachel's shapely bottom. Kelly gasped when she eased the dress around her waist and saw the

girl was wearing no panties. Rachel giggled, and with Kelly no longer supporting her, she slumped backwards onto the sofa. Sighing loudly, Kelly pulled her up into a sitting position, tugging the dress over her head as Rachel flopped around. Finally, Kelly managed to remove the soiled item, discovering that Rachel wasn't wearing a bra either.

"Hey, do you wanna play?" Rachel offered, grinning and stretching her arms out to her sides, shimmying, causing her large breasts to wobble.

"No, thank you," Kelly responded coolly, taking the dress into the bathroom. Filling the sink with cold water, she dropped the filthy garment into it. She wasn't sure it would work, but she couldn't do any more damage than had already been done.

Kelly briefly considered telephoning her mother to ask her advice, but she knew her mom would be able to tell she had been drinking. She couldn't bear another one of those lectures, so she dismissed that idea immediately.

Going into Rachel's bedroom, she searched for a nightgown but could find nothing. "Rachel, where do you keep your night clothes?" she shouted. The young woman giggled. "Here," she announced, jiggling her naked body. Kelly sighed, unsurprised by her response. Finding a long T-shirt in one of the drawers, she returned to her.

With some difficulty, she eventually encouraged the exhibitionist to put something on, but Kelly had to assist her once more when the drunken girl tried to force her head through the armhole. Rachel shrieked loudly, clearly amused at her own antics, as Kelly attempted to correct her mistake.

"You're so sexy, so beautiful," Rachel slurred, as Kelly eased her arms into the garment. "Don't you want to take aaaaaaad-vantage?" she offered, tipping her head to one side and pouting seductively, flicking her long blonde hair and fluttering her mascara-laden lashes.

Kelly gasped when Rachel suddenly lunged forward and squeezed her breast.

"I'm straight," Rachel told her, "but I'd turn for you," she continued, leaning into her and kissing Kelly full on the mouth.

Kelly closed her eyes before suddenly coming to her senses and pulling away.

"No! I came back to your room for a story for the paper, nothing more." She paced the room, her heart racing and her head spinning. She was horrified that she felt sexually aroused by Rachel's naked body. The temptation to kiss her back—and more—had definitely been there. That terrified Kelly. Knowing they would both regret their actions in the morning, she sensibly

chose a seat across the room from Rachel, where she picked up her bag and took out her notebook.

"If you wish to tell me your story, I'm happy to stay and listen," Kelly said, very business-like as she opened her pad and poised her pen over the page. Her hands trembled. "Now, what do you have to tell me?"

"I'm sorry," Rachel apologized. "I normally like men. I've never been with a woman, but you're so pretty." Kelly was surprised to see Rachel's cheeks flush slightly as she lowered her head and mumbled. "I don't know what came over me. I'm sorry."

Kelly nodded. "It's okay. Don't worry about it. How about I make us some coffee?" she offered, desperate to ease the feeling of discomfort between them.

Rachel nodded and lay back on the sofa as Kelly went into the kitchen and put the kettle on to boil. Kelly was grateful for a few minutes alone to attempt to compose herself. Finding a couple of mugs, a spoon, and some coffee, she took the milk out of the fridge and screwed her nose up as the pungent aroma coming from the carton told her it had spoiled. Tipping the lumpy contents down the sink, she decided that black coffee would probably be better for them anyway.

Taking a few deep, steady breaths, Kelly added a little cold water to each, picked up the steaming mugs and returned to Rachel. She was really shaken by her response to the naked young woman and hoped the coffee might quickly sober them both up.

Rachel gratefully accepted the hot drink, lowered her eyes and took a few sips. After sitting in silence for a couple of minutes, during which time the only sounds in the room were the thirsty slurps as they drank their coffee, Rachel once more turned to face Kelly, who had seated herself across the room. "Please, come and sit beside me. I promise I won't bite," she said sheepishly, tucking her feet under her as she shuffled to one end of the sofa.

Kelly sighed, picked up her coffee and went to sit next to Rachel. She took a few swigs of the strong, rich beverage, closed her eyes and enjoyed the warmth as the hot liquid travelled down to her stomach. Her head was feeling a little clearer. Putting her cup down on the table, she held her notepad and pen ready.

Rachel shook her head. "No, I will give you your shhhtory, but letsh chat first?" she said sullenly, pouting and flicking her hair back.

Kelly laughed. "Okay," she agreed, putting her notepad and pen on the table and picking up her coffee cup.

"I have a scorching story, and I will give it to you," she promised. "After you hear me out, you'll understand why I no longer join Professor Mac's walks," she told her. "Too embarrassed," she mumbled, twirling her hair around her finger. "Anyway, back to you. I really admire your work on the paper," Rachel confessed, sitting up straight. "I'd love to get to know you better. Please, tell me a bit about yourself. Let me be your friend," she pleaded, nudging Kelly playfully.

"Okay," Kelly agreed, smiling as she finished off her coffee. "What is it you want to know?"