

Kristen and Kevin *A TFD prequel*

**By G. R. Driver**

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Bob said, “Kevin, you have to go. There’ll be tons of hot chicks.”

I shook my head. “The last party had one chick, and she a ton of guys chasing her. I’m not into another sausage fest.”

“This is a Halloween party. Chicks dig dressing up as slutty nurses, or slutty schoolgirls, or slutty—”

“OK, OK, I’m detecting a theme. Alright, I’ll go, but I’m the designated driver this time. You always drink.”

“Cool, hey, I got to go, mom’s calling.” He hung up. Bob lived in his basement and mooched off his parents.

The United States Marine Corps had been kind enough to allow me to take terminal leave. Last week I signed out from the base and drove home. Barring a national crisis, I would stay on leave. They would mail my discharge paperwork to my home of record. I had big plans. Finish college, get an engineering job, and cash in on the American STEM dream. Before I could cash in, I had bills to pay. Fortunately, two contracting companies wanted to hire me for temporary technician jobs. The contracts might be erratic, but the pay looked good.

In a box on a shelf, out in the garage, lay one of my old Halloween costumes. I wore it to a high school Halloween dance. They threw me out shortly after my arrival, but the costume got me noticed by some of the girls. Would it still fit? I dug it out, there wasn’t much to it. I stripped down and pulled on the leather briefs. Hell, it fit even better now. I looked in the mirror, yeah this would do.

Bob hadn’t even started with his costume when his mom let me in. She stood back and blushed while checking me out. She asked, “Are you a stripper or something?”

I smiled, I loved Bob’s mom as if she were my own. I said, “I guess you’ve never seen the movie, ‘300?’”

A wretched zombie shambled up from the basement. It growled a greeting, “RRRaaawwrr—Holy shit, Kevin, that costume should pull in the chicks.”

“Hey, your mom digs it. That’s good enough for me.”

Bob and I rolled up to the party in my new pickup truck. The host had things rocking. We walked into the sound of Def Leopard’s “Pour Some Sugar on Me.” A pair of slutty school girls strolled by, and Zombie Bob shambled off in pursuit. I took my time and surveyed the field. Several slutty nurses and slutty vampiresses played beer pong. Back in the family room, I spied a short, busty brunette slinking about in a skintight cat woman costume. This cat woman had fake kitty ears, a mask, and a black bullwhip. At about the same time I noticed her, she looked my way and smiled. Her free hand came up, checking her hair and ears. We gave each other a nod of awareness.

Over the next half hour, I caught glimpses of her. A couple of times, I’d see her bent at the waist talking to someone, and I’d just admire her rear view. That costume fit every curve as if painted on. Cat Woman must have been psychic because she always turned and caught me looking. I would just smile and nod in appreciation.

I took a bottle of water out onto the porch. The night air felt cool, and the breeze smelled like we might get some rain. The front door opened and closed behind me, and that bull whip settled around my neck. Cat woman’s hand snaked around my waist, and her fingers slid across my stomach.

Cat Woman said, “They’re real, your muscles! I couldn’t tell inside.”

I turned towards her; she rocked the black mask and fake cat ears. I said, “You make me wish I wore a Batman costume.”

“Whatever you're dressed as is fine with me.” Her hands slid over my chest and down past my abs. “Are you supposed to be a soldier or something?”

“Something like that.”

My new friend stepped to the side and leaned back against the porch railing. The slight arch in her back emphasized her breasts. “What are you doing after the party?” she asked.

“Probably going home.”

“You got your own place?”

“I do.”

“Good.” She said, “Take me with you. My names Kristen.”

“I’m Kevin.”

“I know who you are. I checked you out—before I checked you out.” Then she slinked back inside.

The rest of the evening we kept bumping into each other. While watching the beer pong game, she slipped in front of me and brushed her ass against the front of my leather shorts. I found Bob taking a break from chasing slutty schoolgirls and hung out with him for a few minutes. Kristen walked past and wrapped her arms around me. The fingers of one hand “accidentally” hooking onto the front of my leather shorts. Bob saw this and gave me a high five. Later, Kristen took my hand and pulled me into the host's laundry room. She hopped up on the dryer and kissed me while wrapping her legs around me. She worked my shorts down far enough and pumped me with both hands. I kept busy and as far as I could tell there wasn’t anything but Kristen under her costume. One of the slutty vampire chicks came in with some dude and yelled, “Times Up!” I had a hell of a time stuffing it back into those tight leather briefs.

I hadn't had a girl come on to me so aggressively since, well never.

Bob got lucky with one of the slutty school girls. Her tartan skirt barely covered her ass, and I approved her choice of white cotton briefs to complete the effect. Kristin held my arm as we watched them stagger outside.

Kristen said, “She is such a slut.”

“For the school girl outfit?”

“No, the school girl costume is cute. She's a slut for fucking two different guys in the downstairs bathroom. Your friend makes number three.” I must have looked surprised. “You didn't know? All the girls knew about it.”

Bob and his new girlfriend made it to her car, and she sat on the trunk and kissed him. “I think Bob might get lucky if he plays his cards right.”

Kristen said, “I think Bob's getting lucky right now.”

Sure enough, the slutty school girl’s car began to rock up and down.

The leather briefs might have saved our lives. Kristen tried, in vain, to blow me while I drove.

Kristen didn't expect me to have a house. I surprised her when I backed into my garage. I gave her the nickel tour: kitchen, hallway, and bedroom. She wanted to do it, kitty style. Which is a lot like doggy style, but she left the cat ears on. I didn't care; the ears looked cute. We fucked twice before she had to go home. I thought she might invite me in, but no. She gave me two smoldering goodbye kisses: one on my lips, the other on, "Not-so-little Kevin." She jumped out, and I watched her run up to her door and slip inside.

Kristen called me the next day and asked if I could meet her for coffee. I had the time, and we ended up back at my house. She had a belly dancer's control over her pelvis, and if I allowed it, she could fuck me senseless. The trick was to put her into physically limited positions and then to pound her. Once I pounded her senseless, I could control her better. Kristen dug it when I controlled her.

Our relationship continued like that. Kristen calling at random times, sometimes daily, other times a few days went between. We usually hooked up during the day. My condom use skyrocketed, and I considered buying stock in Trojan. We saw each other often, but our relationship never felt like anything more than a casual hookup. I couldn't complain, she knew how to fuck.

Over three weeks, Kristen opened up about her needs and fantasies. At times, it felt like riding a tiger. I held on tight, and enjoyed the ride. One time, she had me choke her out while I pounded her. Our pillow talk consisted of discussing our fantasies. She had this thing: she wanted me to tie her up, gag, and blindfold her, then force her to orgasm, over and over. I never considered doing something like this, but what the hell, if it made her happy. The internet gave me several ideas, and I ordered some tools.

Bob called. We hadn't talked since the Halloween party. His relationship with the slutty schoolgirl ended last night. It turned out she was a real sixteen-year-old slutty school girl. Not that Bob cared; he considered her tender age, and relatively low mileage, to be more of a bonus. He had snuck in through her bedroom window, and her mother caught them shagging. The girl's parents had her on lockdown and called the police. So far, the girl hadn't given him up, but Bob sounded worried.

He wanted to know how things worked out with Cat Woman. I gave him an overview, and he told to check because she might have a husband. This came as a surprise, but the more I thought about it, the more sense it made. She never answered the phone when I called, and never invited me to her place. We never made plans other than a vague, "See you soon." I had to think about it. The pussy was great. If

Kristen had an inhibition, I hadn't found it. She could suck a golf ball through a garden hose. The week when Kristen had her period, had become anal week. But, if she had a husband, that would give me morality problems.

The next time she called, I asked her about it. She admitted to it but told me they had separated. So, everything should be cool. We hadn't hooked up in three days. She mentioned her little kitty ached and needed not-so-little Kevin to stretch her out. Could I pick her up?

I picked her up.

Kristen wore a little denim miniskirt and a low-cut spaghetti strap top. She looked like a reward for a job well done, and I told her I couldn't wait to get her into bed. Halfway back to my house she took off her thong and pulled my hand under her skirt. Talk about smooth; she must have gotten it waxed.

In bed, she rode me in a reverse cowgirl. We fucked three times. I never thought about the magic wand vibrator, and she never took the mini skirt off.

I might have set a record and gone for four, but some guy rang my doorbell. He introduced himself as Kristen's husband and wanted to know if I knew where he could find his wife.

Yeah, it got awkward.

I said, "Aren't you two separated?"

He replied, "No, at least not yet."

Kristen squeezed past and said, "Let's go Roger." They got into his car and drove away. I didn't hear from her for a week. Several people who I barely knew called me. Over the next five days, I learned all about Kristen.

Kristen started her career in serial infidelity the same time she started chasing boys. There had been frequent fights over her as far back as grade school. She married a boy within weeks of turning eighteen and cheated on him. He divorced her, and she married again, this time to Roger. She hadn't been any more faithful to Roger. I visited my doctor and got tested for STD's.

I thought about her a lot, who wouldn't, but didn't expect to hear from her. Then she called and asked me to meet her for coffee. It had been drizzling all morning, and I used paper towels to dry off our

outside chairs at the coffee shop. Kristen looked good in tight jeans and a sweatshirt, her brown hair pulled back into a ponytail.

She started off by asking if I had missed her and I replied that a part of me had. She giggled and said she could guess which part. Kristen got right to it; she had fallen in love with me. Probably from our first night together. Her marriage to Roger had been a mistake, and she shouldn't have allowed him to talk her into it. She would divorce Roger. Then we could get married. Wouldn't it be wonderful?

I didn't expect this. I looked Kristen in the eyes and said, "No, it wouldn't work. I like you, but I don't love you."

"Well, you loved fucking me!"

"True that; you're the best I've ever had."

"Well, if that's the way you feel, you won't be getting it anymore!" Kristen stood up and threw her coffee at me. But she threw like a girl and most of it missed. Then she stomped off towards the parking lot. I enjoyed the view as she stomped away, then went to the bathroom and cleaned up.

She called and left voice mail nearly every day for weeks. Threatening, pleading, crying, and laughing. Some days she begged others she threatened. She accused me of infecting her with various STDs. My tests had come back clean, so I had no worries. The only time I took her call, she told me she tested positive on a pregnancy test. I told her to prove I had been the father, and then hung up. The contractors found jobs for me, and I secured my house with an alarm system for my away times. The calls from Kristen came less often.

My friend Bob called and invited me to his wedding. Janice, his sixteen-year-old fiancée, missed her period and tested positive on a pregnancy test. I suggested he hold off on the wedding and request a paternity test first. He said he'd consider it.

Bob and I stayed in contact. My contracting work picked up after the first couple of jobs, and I wasn't home much. Bob offered to keep an eye on my house. He and Janice lived with her parents and they intended to buy a house of their own, after they had a down payment saved up. I bought a used travel trailer and towed it from job to job. The online college classes went well, and I burned through the courses while on the road.

Bob and Janice had their baby in July. He remembered my suggestion and asked his doctor for a discrete paternity test. The Doc understood his concern, and the results confirmed Bob as the father. I sent a card. Kristen still left an occasional voice mail. Mostly saying hi and not making crazy threats. Some nights it took more willpower than I'd like to admit to not call her. Bob told me I needed to follow his example; find a good girl then settle down.

The End

### **Author's Note**

I wrote this back in December of 2016. While working on chapter five of TFD, I thought about the things Aunt Deborah could do. Nothing was off-limits for her. She'd search his drawers and closets looking for evidence of his nefarious intent. Aunt Deborah would strike ex-girlfriend gold when she replayed the old messages on Kevin's answering machine.

So, I needed an ex-girlfriend for Kevin. For an ex to be an ex, there had to be a reason for the breakup. I decided Kevin needed a psycho-girlfriend. Poor Kevin, he never heard the rule: "Don't stick your dick in crazy."

Google is my friend and I discovered some doozies. The big two were girls with Borderline Personality Disorder and the female psychopath. The female psychopath won. If you haven't read about either, do so. I think schools should teach boys about these in health class.

This version of Kristen has many traits of the female psychopath. Most readers don't like her. For that matter, this earlier version of Kevin has some rough edges. He's adapting to civilian life and hasn't found his footing yet.

As I wrote TFD, I realized Kristen needed to change. She became less psycho and more normal/high maintenance. Now, she's a girl with a tawdry past who's kind of envious of Kevin and Rebecca's relationship. In Andrew she found a man who knows nothing of her past and treats her like a lady. Andrew gives her a chance for redemption. I like how Kristen turned out.