

Nasty No Chaser: Erotic Storytelling

Trips and Dips

Your Inner Nasty takes flight when you're packing.



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Author: Nasty No Chaser

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A Nasty No Chaser erotic short story

Quentin had all the intentions having his best friends back , but can't believe the hype that is spreading about his friends' Fiance. Rumor has it that she is a ten, which is in total contrast to his friend Greg, who is often unlucky in love. When he visits he finds they were true and the infamous Christa is a stunner. Quentin is also stunned by his actions as the trip leads to an unforeseen meet and skeet.

Quentin got off the elevator and made his way down the hall towards his longtime friend Greg's apartment. He lugged his travel case behind him; he was exhausted from the four-hour flight, which only preceded a two-hour layover. It had been a six years since he had last seen him. Their college years had brought the two of them together for a lasting friendship. Although they had not seen each other, they had stayed in constant contact. They had shared almost every detail of their lives like long time female friends.

It had been exactly seven months earlier that Greg had called him, ecstatic. It was 3 a.m. when the phone rang, and Greg was on the other end.

“Hey man, you aren’t going to believe this.”

Quentin drowsily tried to engage in the conversation “Believe what man, what time is it?”

Greg blurted out, “Man, Quentin, I met this girl tonight. She was so fine, I was at attention the whole time we were talking. I don't know if she noticed, then again, maybe she did and that's what kept her interest in talking to me and giving me her number.”

Quentin was disgustingly awake now and replied, “Man, you haven't got anything better to do than call me at three a.m. talking about how your dick was hard? I'm going back to bed and hope I don't think about that shit.” Quentin hung up and went back to bed.

The next evening he called Greg back to discuss their previous evening’s conversation. Greg answered the telephone in an overly excited tone. “Heeey, Quen, I'm still on ten from last night.”

Quentin could see a repeat of the previous conversation approaching and chimed in, “Listen, you know you’re my boy and all, and your good news is my good news. Real talk though, that mess you called me with last night was an outright abuse of this friendship. My damn number is not 1-800 my hard dick or nothing remotely like it.”

Greg laughed boastfully and said, “I know that man, but dude, when I say this woman was fine, I’m talking ten plus ten plus ten.”

Quentin sat the phone down briefly, taking a moment to shake his head. When he put it back to his ear, Greg hadn't missed a beat and was still going on about how fine this woman was. Quentin picked the conversation up at “She looked like Janet Jackson's baby sister Finassa.” Greg was laughing. “You get it, man, she was a fine as A.” Quentin was used to Greg’s corny jokes; he had heard them all through college and the six years thereafter.

“Brother, I'm happy you had a good night, but what are you going to do now?”

Greg replied, “I'm going to call her, I got the digits.”

“Well, call her up get the ball rolling. She could be the future Mrs. Hall.”

Quentin's last statement tickled Greg so much, he laughed himself into a cough and then a choke. Quentin took that as his cue to end the conversation. "Well, man, I'm gonna get off this phone and let you pull yourself together. I'll talk to you later."

Over the next month, their every conversation was primarily consumed by talk of the infamous Christa. Quentin had heard the name so much it had become annoying at this point. Quentin knew his friend was head-over-heels for this lady, but was nonetheless surprised when Greg said he had proposed. Although he was happy for his best friend, he couldn't help but feel skepticism. Greg had talked Christa up into the sexiest woman known to man. Greg was nowhere near good looking. He was a good fifty to sixty pounds overweight. He had never had much luck with getting or keeping women. Since their days in college, Quentin had to endure the multitude of heartbreaks that Greg had suffered. Most of them from women he never even dated, but merely taken a liking to. When the sentiments were not shared, poor Greg would carry on like his heart had fallen out of his chest. This woman Christa had been on the scene for the longest of any woman. It made Quentin wonder what was wrong with her; did she have some medical affliction, mental illness or what?

Greg was a good guy with a great paying job as an engineer working in renewable energy. He was easy going, had a great sense of humor and was a giver. The giver part was what got him into the most trouble. Women liked to use him and use him fast, then they would get to getting before they gave up any of their goods. Greg was a good guy for the right woman, one who could truly love and appreciate him.

It was the fact that Greg had carried on about how attractive Christa was that made him wonder, if she really was that attractive, what her angle is. She could be one of those black widows that married man after man for insurance and Greg could find himself six feet under in Mount Dumbass Cemetery. He was glad he was getting the chance to feel her out before they actually walked down the aisle. If it wasn't on the up and up, he was here to do an intervention, give his boy a heart to heart and wake up call.

Greg had taken the day off to await his arrival; they were going to take some time to hang out and be boys before he introduced him to his Fiancé. Greg would say the word with panache every time, like it was music to his ears. It had become deafening to Quentin's. Quentin reached condo number 6A and rang the doorbell.

Greg opened the door and they both said in unison, "Heeey, old buddy, old pal" and burst into laughter.

Greg belted out in his typical overjoyed voice, "Quen, my man, I'm so glad you made it." They briefly embraced and then went into their old college handshake. "I've got my best friend and my Fi-an-ce here." Quentin thought *fiancé here, now*, he scoped the room and saw a woman standing at the kitchen counter, cutting fruit. He had not expected to meet the fi-an-ce this soon. He looked quizzically across the room; his emotions were totally out of whack, trying to process the moment and the scene. The woman was not hard on the eyes, but hard on the dick.

Quentin was instantly aroused. The woman was every bit as gorgeous as Greg had proclaimed. She was a chocolate dream. She had a big ass, as in big apple bottom, ba da dunk ka dunk big; he could see it protruding from across the room. She was one of those women who were sexy and knew it. She had a natural, soft, loose, curly afro. Her skin in Greg's well-lit condo gleamed like a midnight sky. Quentin thought to himself, "What the hell is Greg doing with this African Goddess?"

Greg chimed in, breaking him from his train of lust. "Get on in here and say hello..."

He was talking and reaching for Quentin's suitcase as his phone rang. He answered it. Quentin said hello and waved across the room to the woman. Greg hung up the phone and relayed to him that the call was his job, requiring him to come into the office immediately. He reached for his keys and, with one foot out the door said, "Have a seat, make yourself at home. Christa will take care of you."

Quentin was terribly uncomfortable. He did not like this introduction. It felt awkward, all the more with him standing there with a hard-on at the sight of his best friend's soon-to-be wife. He set his bag down by the door and quickly made his way to the couch to sit, placing his hands into his lap in an effort to conceal the predicament of his hard dick. He did not understand why he was so nervous; he was not shy around women. He assumed it was more of a discomfort and embarrassment over his reaction to this beautiful and oh-so-unavailable woman.

He looked across the room and noticed she had been watching him. "Thanks for having me."

The woman smiled and walked over to the couch with a plate of fruit, placing it onto the table before sitting down by Quentin. She did not speak right away, making him uneasy.

"I hope you don't mind me leaving my bag by the door for the moment." He said.

She smirked and seductively said, "I don't mind that. But, I will tell you what I do mind." She picked up a grape and ate it. Quentin looked at her with a degree of uneasiness. She looked down at his crotch, then back sternly into his face and broke her silence. "Well, Quen, what I do mind is you having a party in your pants and not extending an invitation."

Quentin swallowed so hard he thought his Adam's apple had gone down his esophagus. He sat perplexed, unable to respond verbally. However, his physical response was over-whelming. He started to perspire.

The woman took a napkin and dapped at his forehead before saying, "My my, someone's a bit hot and bothered. So, what's up with that invitation? I guess I have got to crash the party on my own." She took her hand and caressed Quentin's chest.

Quentin reached for her hand and tossed it aside. "What are you doing?" he asked. She moved in closer, putting her hand back at his chest.

"Listen, Sweetie, we don't have a lot of time, so let's just keep this party going." She kissed him, pulled his shirt out of his pants and caressed his bare chest. Quentin was hella turned on and

returned the kiss. He groped her breast. She pulled away from the kiss and said, "See now that wasn't so difficult, was it?"

Quentin thought to himself, *No, it wasn't, but it should be!* This was his best friend's woman. The thought lead to no rectifying action. He reached around and grabbed that fat ass and squeezed her buns like a bread maker kneading dough. She kissed him and reached down, unbuckling his belt. Quentin repositioned himself so she could have easier access to his swollen dick.

She pulled it out and caressed it before saying, "I've heard so much about you," talking to his dick rather than him." Quentin thought, "This is it, this is the problem; she's a damn freak." He had finally figured out why she was with Greg, a freaky freak of nature.

Quentin rose up off the couch and let his trousers fall, exposing himself fully. He pulled his shirt over his head and asked her, "So how much time do we have?"

She replied, "About 45 minutes to an hour."

"Why do you say that? He didn't say how long he'd be. He's done this before?"

"That's enough about Greg. What I want to know is what *you've* done before."

She stood up and started taking her clothes off, revealing more of what he already knew; this chick was dope. He now understood why Greg was hooked on day one. He grabbed her and rammed her up against the nearest wall. They engaged in a hard lip-lock. He sucked at her tongue, lips, neck, earlobes and cheeks. He wanted to taste and savor every piece of her body. She moaned in enjoyment.

He took his finger and placed it in her. She was tight; he fingered her gently as they stood against the wall. She wrapped her arms around his neck and head rubbing his head in a slow circular motion. Her pussy felt good and wet. He inserted a second finger and finger-fucked her. He let the palm of his hand pat her pussy as he poked at her until she creamed his hand. He pulled his fingers out and licked them as if they were a delicacy.

She threw her head back and laughed a moment before asking, "Is it good Sweetie?"

He smiled and said, "Don't play, you know damn well it's good."

She giggled childishly and said, "Well, in that case have some more." She pushed him downwards with her hands at his shoulders, driving him towards her pussy. Quentin started licking her like he was a kitten at a bowl of milk. She squealed in delight at having him adhere to her demand.

She gyrated her pussy in front of his face in a teasing manner as he chased it in an effort to continue licking her. They played cat and mouse for a few minutes before Quentin took both of her legs and slung them over his shoulders. He rose to his feet as she straddled his face up against the wall. She was six feet off the floor and getting her pussy eaten like never before. It felt amazing. She climaxed and Quentin let it slide down his bare chest.

She moaned and groaned before saying, “Damn sweetie, you are strong. I’ll bet you do this to all the girls.” Quentin didn’t even want to stop to chat; he wanted to lick the damn cat.

He brought her down easy, letting her slide gently down against the wall. When her ass reached his mid-section, he let his dick massage her vagina before putting himself into her.

She moaned out in delight, “That’s right, take it Baby.”

She felt like heaven on the inside. He did a slow sensual entry in her pussy while he held her up against the wall with his dick and thighs. He quickened his pace to a steady gallop.

She moaned even more. “That’s right, get her, tear the pussy up.”

She needed to say no more; Quentin brought her down to the floor and raised one of her legs up across his shoulders, letting the other lie flat across the floor. He leaned down into her, making her ass raise and his dick sink further into her. He took one hand and grabbed her hair, tugging it lightly, while letting the other grope her raised butt cheek. He increased his stride to a manic pace, pounding her pussy. Her body bounced back and forth like a rag doll. She had no complaints, only increased screams. She looked into his face and could see the look of an ejaculation approaching. She put her hand down between his legs to interrupt his stride.

She said, “Although, you are amazing and fucking the shit out of me, I think it’s time I took over this rodeo, so lay your ass down so I can saddle up.”

Quentin obeyed. He turned over onto his back. She got on top of him, gliding over his dick back and forth sensually. She took her hand and massaged his testicles gently before gripping them tightly. Quentin groaned in both pain and pleasure. He did not resist, as he could tell it was her way or the highway. She released them, grabbed his dick and let her body slide down onto it in a slow wind. She began to fuck him slowly, humping up and down. She moved into a rocking motion, letting her body fall back between his thighs and arms fall behind her for balance. She didn’t have to worry about him falling out. He was long and huge.

She said, “You like that, don’t you?”

He replied, “Yes.”

She replied, “Well then, get ready for this.” She rose up, keeping him inside of her and leaned forward, taking his head into both of her hands. She clutched it tightly as she gritted her teeth and said, “You are about to get man fucked.”

She went into a fucking frenzy. Quentin thought his dick had to be three times its normal size from the abuse and the ecstasy. He felt like he couldn’t stop from busting a gut, let alone a nut. She was yelling like a banshee, moving at what seemed to be the speed of light and cumming just as hard and fast. Quentin felt doused in her fluids. He looked down to see her thrusting and gushing. He had never experienced anything like it. He felt faint as he erupted and she erupted with him. She

rolled over, lying next to him as both of them breathed hard. They lay there on the floor, catching their breath as he thought, *I've just fucked Greg's woman.*

He looked at her and said, "We can't let Greg know this happened."

She laughed and extended her hand as if they had agreed on a deal. Quentin took it as she said, "Hi, I'm Trista, Christa's twin. Christa will be here soon."

The Nasty End