

# Stick Shift

*Coming and Going*  
By Rowan Elizabeth

“**F**UCK! Brigid’s gonna kill me!”

I wheel out on my creeper from under the Charger and run to the sink. “If I’m not up at the house by six, she’s gonna have my ass.”

“And what an ass it is.” Darby laughs as she lifts her head from her latest project.

Everyone laughs. Everyone except Amanda. Miss Mandy seems to be in a pissy mood.

“That’s funny as hell,” says Darby.

Dad chuckles. “Just about as funny as you running out of here when Lenore’s in town.”

“Oh, hush!”

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I FLASH THROUGH the turns home, autumn leaves flying behind me. I check my watch and gun the car. I’m gonna be right on time. Ever since September, I’ve been doing my damndest to get in early every night.

I get home and open the door to the warm smell of chili and the sound of Brigid humming. I leave my filthy boots on the porch and head in. In the kitchen, Brigid is by the sink in only her blouse,

panties and bare feet. *Life doesn't get much better than this.* I sneak up behind her.

“Get this shirt dirty, and you’re a dead woman,” Brigid says as she whips around and smirks. Only one button is fastened in the front and Brigid’s full breasts and soft belly glow against the white fabric.

With one eyebrow cocked up, I say, “I’ll buy you another one.” I grab Brigid around the waist, lift her and set her squarely on the counter. I work my way between these lovely legs and lick the swell of my girl’s breast. “How was your day, baby?”

Brigid takes my face in her hands and kisses me with an open mouth. “Very good. The zoo is getting three new breeds of lemurs, and they’re having me do the campaign!”

“And the zookeeper?”

“Is a man, you silly thing. Besides, I heard this morning, Josie is…”

“Could we not say her name?”

“*She* is moving to the Denver Zoo.”

An ornery look takes over my face. “Good. Now let’s get you out of this filthy shirt.” I flip the button with two fingers and the silky material slides off Brigid’s shoulders.

I run my hands up the outsides of her thighs and the soft lace of her panties. I figure I’ll have to buy new panties, too, when I yank at the sides and ruin the pretty little things.

“Bitch,” Brigid teases.

“Damn straight.” And I tweak a nipple.

Brigid gives me one of those kisses that fucking melts my spine. I struggle for control as I weasel my hand between her legs and run

the back of my hand against her cunt. Her kiss turns into a sigh and then a gasp as I flick her clit with my thumb.

I pull her to the edge of the counter and bump her hot pussy against the cold of my belt buckle. Brigid clutches me around my shoulders as I grab her round ass.

“Hold on, baby.”

I kneel down on the hardwood floor and wrap her legs over my shoulders. Nothin’ like a good pussy dive to end a damn’ fine day.

I pull apart Brigid’s lips and expose her to my tongue. Her hips jump. She digs her heels into my back and grinds her cunt into my mouth. But then she stops.

Breathing heavily, she says, “Wait. I bought you something today. It’s in the pink bag on the sofa.”

“Now?”

“Oh, yeah. Now.”

She sounds desperate, so I get up and go to the bag. Inside are a box and a mishmash of black leather straps. I turn the bag upside down and dump it out.

A fucking strap-on. Hell, yeah!

“Put it on.”

*Don't have to tell me twice.* I can't get my jeans off fast enough. All these damn straps start to piss me off pretty quick, but Brigid is rubbing herself hard and I know I want to give it to her even harder.

I turn around to my woman, my thick cock pushing out. I snug up my straps and the contoured base makes contact with my clit. Oh, this is gonna be good.

I can see Brig's pretty pleased with herself. I spit in my hand and run it up and down my new length as I walk back across the room.

"You want this, baby?"

"Uh-huh."

I take my place between her legs. "You sure as hell picked a big one." I nudge the fat head against Brigid's seriously wet hole. Her eyes get bigger and she tenses against the pressure.

"Relax, baby. I'll be easy." I dip my head and bite at her nipple. "Until you want it hard." I grab my dick and guide the first inch or so into her body.

It's incredible to watch her cunt stretch around the silicone cock. I press another inch into her, but stop short when I feel her hand on my hip. "You want me to stop?"

"Oh, God, no. Give it all to me!"

I grab her ass and stroke my whole cock into her and she cries out. For a second I worry I'm hurting her, but she kisses me like that again, and the worry is shot in the ass.

I pull out and plunge back in. The cock rubs against my pussy as I rock in and out of my baby.

The silverware gets shoved aside and a glass shatters into the sink. Brigid's moaning and grabbing onto anything in sight and ends up with a handful of my hair. Her eyes are squeezed tight.

I'm gonna come, and I'm taking her with me.

I fuck Brigid as hard as I can. Driving my cock and pulling her onto me at the same time. I start to come, hard, and ramp it up by imagining my come shooting into my baby's pussy.

Brigid comes, loud and long, with me inside her and collapses on my shoulder.

"That's my girl," I tell her. "That's my girl."

"You sounded incredible."

"I felt incredible."

"So, the toy? It's good?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

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"GODDAMN, motherfuckin' son-of-a-bitch!" Amanda rants as she marches through the apartment she shares with Doug.

"Jeez, Amanda. Maybe you're spending too much time at the garage," says Doug.

"Fuck off. Maybe I'm just having a bad day. You ever think of that?"

"I'm only saying you usually don't talk like this."

"I'm just ... Shelly's ... and Brigid and ... Fuck, never mind!"

"What, baby?"

"It's just sickening watching those two dykes get all over each other."

"But they're in love, like us. What's the problem?"

“What if I told you...?”

“What?”

“What if I told you she hit on me? Tried to fuck me?”

“*What?*”

“Yeah. She tried her lesbian shit with me. I want you to do something about it.”

“What should I do?”

“Kick her ass. And I’m going to sue the shit out of her. She never should’a made me...”

“Oh, baby. I had no idea. Come ’ere.”

“Fuck off. I don’t want you touching me either.”

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“WHERE’S Amanda?”

“She called in today and for the rest of the week,” Dad says.

“What the hell? We need her.”

“Hon,” Dad says, “We’ll make it.”

The week starts off stark raving crazy. Dad, Culley, Darby and I are running our asses off. I guess I never realized how much Amanda does for us.

I know she’s pissed from me breakin’ it off, but that can’t be it. I should stop by her apartment later to see what’s wrong. But for the time being, I need to beg a favor off Brigid.

I call the house. “Baby, we’re getting creamed with phone calls down here.”

“Oh? Did your little plaything bounce out of there for the day?”

“Amanda was a huge mistake and I’m so sorry to have fucked up even more than I had, but she was a hell of a secretary.”

“And a hell of a piece of tail?”

“I’m sorry. I really am. It’ll never happen again.”

“I know, baby, I know.” Brigid pauses. “Do you want me to make some calls and see if we can get a temp?”

“Actually, is there any way I can sweet-talk you into coming down for just a bit? Then we’ll look into hiring someone else. Please?”

Brigid laughs. “You’ve got yourself in a tight spot, and I’m up to my eyeballs in lemurs anyway. Let me get changed and I’ll be down.”

It’s a crazy fucking week for little Miss Mandy to ditch. We’ve got four rods in the stalls and some new ads Brig designed hit *Hot Rod* and *NHRA*. The phone is crazy with calls, but Brigid slides right in.

By the third day, things start to smooth out. I’m in the Charger’s dog house and tightening up the water pump, when it hits.

“Get that fucking pervert out here!”

I roll my eyes and slowly look around the edge of the car.

Doug shouts, “Shelly! Show your dyke ass!”

Everyone stops working and comes over to my bay. I step around the car and wipe my hands on a shop towel.

“What is it, Doug? What did she tell you?”

“You made her do ... things. Things she didn’t want to do. I’m gonna fucking kick your ass!”

“Doug, now let’s be smart about this. I’ve got a wrench in my hand and you’ve got a chip on your shoulder. I’ve got everybody here behind me. No, Doug. You’re not kicking my ass today.”

“We’re going to sue you, this whole place, for sexual harassment. You’ll have nothing left.”

“Let me give you something that might change your mind about your wholesome Miss Mandy.” I go into my office, run the numbers on my safe and come back with two videotapes. “You see, Doug, with such high-end product, we tape everything. Day and night.”

I hold the tapes out for him to take and he just stares at me. Poor guy doesn’t know what to make of this shit. “Take ’em.” Confused and staggered, he grabs the tapes and takes off for his truck.

Brigid comes up behind me. “You taped your sex and kept it? For what, nostalgia?”

I breathe and say, “I kept them because I didn’t really want to fuck a bunch of chicks when I could get off on the videos instead.”

She looks sad, but nods and gives me a strained smile. “It’s going to take a while, but we’ll get it.”

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WHEN DOUG GETS BACK to the apartment, Amanda is gone to an appointment with the best attorney they can afford. Not much, but he’ll think about the case.

Doug pulls the curtains and paces the room. God knows what’s on these tapes. That lezzy pervert. He’s got to know. Amanda won’t tell him much, and this could give him the ammunition they need for the attorney. He pops in the first tape and sits back on the couch.

The scenes are dark, but easy enough to see. The first one has Shelly standing by the desk and talking to Amanda.

“Are you sure this is something you want to do?” asked Shelly.

“Oh, yeah. I’ve always been curious. No one will find out right?”

“Hey, I’ll play by your rules until you’re ready to play by mine.”

The scenes change. Amanda’s wearing no panties under her skirt or leaning her rich cleavage over for Shelly to get a good look. Shelly walks past and Amanda pats her ass or ‘accidentally’ runs her arm across Shelly’s tits.

Doug is more than surprised by his Amanda’s behavior. She’s never mentioned a curiosity about women. At least, not to him. Evidently, she’s saved all that information for Shelly.

The tape rolls on and everything changes. Amanda is leaning way back in the office chair without any pants on. Shelly kneels between her open thighs and begins fingering her. She rubs Amanda’s clit with her other hand for a moment before pressing her mouth to her plaything’s pussy.

Doug is confused. This stuff is supposed to be sick, but the stirring in his cock has something else to say. And when Amanda starts groaning like he’s never heard, he catches himself rubbing his hard-on through his jeans.

The videos continue. Amanda eating out Shelly, and sticking fingers in her own snatch. Shelly, with Amanda bent over the desk and pounding the hell out of her with her hand.

And then they stop. Doug has to see it all again. He starts the tapes up again and, this time, pulls his heavy cock free of his jeans. The tip is moist and Doug spits into his palm and wraps his hand around his length. At first, he’s stroking to get back the feeling from

watching the first time, but, as the moans and sounds increase, he strokes harder.

It's a scene where Shelly has two fingers up Amanda's ass that tightens his balls. He shoots his load all over the front of his jeans with the image burning in his brain.

Doug is in the bathroom cleaning up when he hears the door to the apartment close.

"Baby? I'm home."

Doug subdues his confusion long enough to say, "Hey. What did the lawyer say?"

"He thinks we have a pretty good case 'cause she came on to me and 'cause I never did anything with her."

"Nothing, huh?"

"Thank God, I didn't."

"You know you've had a rough couple of days. Why don't you take a shower and then I'll give you a massage?"

"Great!"

Clean and freshened up, Amanda stretches out on her stomach on the sofa. Doug has, along with his massage oil, a hidden tube of KY. "Roll over, Mandy." And delights in using the name Shelly used, and in the slight catch in Mandy's breath.

Lying on her back, Mandy seems to be avoiding Doug's gaze, so he sets to his task. He tries to be patient and rub the oil into her arms and belly and legs, but rushes to oil up her soft breasts. As Mandy shuts her eyes, Doug cruelly pinches her left nipple.

"Ow! What was that for?"

“Just trying something different. Relax.”

Mandy shuts her eyes and lets go to Doug’s fingers tracing their way to her mound. Doug remembers how Shelly touched his girlfriend and he weaves his fingers into her folds and presses into her opening.

Mandy’s breathing becomes jagged with anticipation, and each of Doug’s thrusts is accentuated by his thumb on her clit.

With his other hand, Doug frees his cock and slides his jeans down over his hips. Grabbing Mandy by the hips, he pulls her up his bent thighs. He grabs his dick, lubes it up and aims at her ass. He stops massaging long enough to flip on the video.

The screaming sounds of Mandy and Shelly fill the room. Mandy’s eyes fly to the screen. Shelly is pumping her in the ass and she’s moaning for more.

Doug nudges his bright pink head against her bud and slips an inch in. “Is this what you want? Is it?” With a deep breath held, he slides his cock to the balls into Mandy’s ass.

“Doug!”

He starts to pull out. “Is this what you want? Or do you want me to stop?”

Mandy pauses for a mere moment.

“No—don’t stop.”

Doug crams his meat into her waiting asshole, and pumps furiously.

“Mandy, is it? Mandy?”

“Yeah!”

“And you fucked her. A lot.”

“Yeah!”

Doug works his cock into the tightness of Mandy’s ass and comes hard.

“Mandy!”

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“DAMN, girl! What the hell have you drug us into?” Pop asks. “I’ll call Campbell and see what he thinks.”

“Dad, I’ll go see him and see what we should do. Only I can answer his lawyerly questions. But first I’ve got to get some time with Brigid.”

“Go easy, girl. She’s a little fragile,” Darby tells me.

Brig has been real quiet all day. “Want to come up to the house and we’ll talk about all this?”

“I think that would be a good idea. Maybe a walk-though.”

We hold hands and walk up the curved slope of the gravel road next to the shop. For the longest damn time, not a peep outta either of us. Then she hits me with it.

“The secretary? You had to fuck the secretary, and possibly ruin everything?”

“Man, I know. She was there and all ready to rock. It wasn’t going anywhere.”

“Did she know that? That you weren’t in love with her? Because I could tell the first time I met her, she was sure as hell in love with you. And she hated me.”

“Well, she’s fucking crazy. I know those videos freaked you out. But I think they might just save the shop.”

“Just never tell me what’s on them, okay?”

We get to edge of the property with my old cabin on it and Brig squeezes my hand. “At least you didn’t get into it with Darby and Lenore. That would have been too damn much.”

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IT’S BEEN TWO WEEKS since Doug got the tapes. And, in that time, he’s done everything to Mandy that Shelly did. Some things twice, and added his own twist with his cock.

They’ve rented videos full of lesbian sex, and then straight sex. And, finally, found a happy medium.

“Babe, you’re bisexual. Face it.”

“I am not! She did this to me!”

“She did no such thing. I’ve been online and read some stuff. You are like this because you are, and it’s no one’s fault.”

Mandy drops her gaze.

“Besides, which actor in *Night Trips* did you like the best?”

A grin plays along Mandy’s lips. “The pretty blonde girl with the curls.”

“And what scene did you like most?”

“All right, all right! The one with her and the other girl on the big bed. You win! Happy?”

“Not quite.”

“Wh ... why?”

“Because, you’re blaming your lust on someone else. Do you really want to ruin her?”

Mandy’s voice dips. “No.”

“Then, right now, you’re calling that damn lawyer off, and then we have a drive to take.”

“But...”

“And, if all goes well, we’ll just keep driving and head down to the strip clubs in Louisville. We’ll go to Lenore’s club. Maybe she can introduce you to a little cutie.”

Mandy just beams.

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POP IS INTERVIEWING a fella for the desk job. It’s more of an apprentice position. Dad got the idea from watching *Miami Ink*. “You’ll catch all the calls, do the scheduling and help clean up the shop. Along with a fine pay, you’ll learn the tricks of the trade. We grow, you grow.”

The guy, Brad, is shaking Pop’s hand when Doug and Mandy come tearing around the corner.

*Fuck. Here we go.*

Doug climbs out of his truck while Mandy just sits there like a lump.

“Mandy, get out of the truck,” he tells her.

She scoots across the bench seat to the driver's door like she's too afraid to get out on her own. She huddles up to Doug and finally lifts her eyes, which dart around to each face in the shop.

Doug nudges her forward. "Don't you have something to say?"

Mandy chews her lips, rocks back and forth on her feet and finally stands up straight. "Shelly, I'm sorry. You, too, Mr. Price. I was ... I was mad." She looks at Brigid and quickly looks away. "Anyway, I dropped my lawyer, and hope you guys can forgive me."

Doug hands me the video tapes. "These belong to you." He puts out his hand to shake mine.

"You know, you can keep those, I've got copies."

Mandy grabs them back in a flash. "Thanks!"

This time when everyone laughs, so does Mandy.

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"THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL, you know," Brigid tells me as we sit on the back deck. She's got a glass of her red wine and I've got my beer. She has those pretty painted toes resting in my lap.

"Yeah, I know. But at least it's all out in the open now. Forgive me?"

"You're a pain in my ass, woman, but you are forgiven."

"Anything else I need to know about you?"

"Nothing we can't work with."

"Like what?"

"Josie didn't get the Denver job. She's staying with the zoo."

“You’ve got to be kidding me.”

And with a shit-eatin’ grin, she says, “Yeah, I am.”

**END**