

Cleavage

by David Russo

I just stared at Stacy's breasts.

Actually, I stared at the letter "Y" that formed at the crest of her shirt. At some point, she probably asked me a question and I probably didn't answer. Eventually her eyes were directly across from mine and remained there for a few seconds before I came to.

"Dennis," she started "exactly what the fuck are you looking at?"

"Your tits" I replied.

Pauli would have had a field day.

