

Cat On A Hot Tin Roof

by Erin Zulkoski

Cat's ass was on fire. The roof was scorching hot. Her clothes were in a pile by the door that led to the roof. She was sitting next to the ventilation duct, her hands outstretched behind her, her knees bent before her. Jim was standing in front of her, unbuckling his pants. He was sweating, and drops were falling into his eyes, his hair stuck to his forehead.

"Christ, it's hot up here."

His pants dropped and pooled around his ankles. He looked at her with a coy smile and ripped his shirt off. Cat could see beads of sweat on his bare chest. Jim threw his shirt at her. He started doing awkward dance moves, humming the song "The Stripper" as he sashayed around in a circle.

She laughed and held out her arms for him to come closer. He dropped to his knees and crawled to her. She wrapped her legs around his sweaty torso, her calves sliding down his side.

They began making out, kissing, sucking, biting. Jim found his shirt and laid it behind Cat so she could be on her back. They went at it, letting the hot sun beat down on them and their bare skin. The moment overcame them, so they didn't notice a huge gust of wind had blown their clothes off the roof.

The sex was hot. The roof was hotter. The embarrassment they both felt was hottest.

Naked. On a hot tin roof. And boy, was it hot.

