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**Quick 'n Dirty  
&  
Slow 'n Sexy**

by  
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# Dex

“Open the goddamned door!”

Impatiently, I bang my fist against the door for the umpteenth time, pounding hard on the cream-colored wood. Nothing. Not even one footstep or small sound coming from inside, proving that there’s life behind the closed front door. What the hell is going on?

My foot impatiently kicks away a few pebbles lying on the sidewalk while I angrily dig up my cellphone and call Kai. He doesn’t answer his phone. This is taking too long. Usually he answers any and all calls immediately. I don’t bother leaving a voicemail and walk around the back, getting more irritated by the second.

I open the unlocked gate, head for the yard and stroll in large strides across the lawn, where two small soccer goals are placed strategically on the grass, facing each other. In the lower part of the huge yard further in the back is a gigantic Jacuzzi, ready for us to use. I can’t help but grin as I remember all the things we’ve done in there. Let’s say we’ve spent some steamy and relaxing hours in there, with the scores of girls my friends and I shared. I’m sure I don’t need to paint you the picture of our good times in the water.

The back door is locked; the sliding terrace door is shut tight too, of course. Basically, I still can’t get in. When I peek through the glass, there’s no one in sight. The last option is the smaller

pantry door facing the yard, but unfortunately I'm caught out there too. That door is as firmly locked as the others.

Again I grab my cell. Liam's odd voicemail message tells me he's doing a whole bunch of other things I don't really want to know about. After him, I try to reach Collin. Again, no luck: he isn't answering either.

Nice bunch of friends I got, I think sourly. They knew I was supposed to move in today. All three of them have abandoned me, I conclude. *What a bunch of useless idiots.*

Leaning against the pick-up truck that I borrowed from Kai for my move here, I figure out I need to track down my new house key. Only problem is, I have no idea where I put it. In the end, I find it, stuck in a small pile of clothes thrown carelessly onto the passenger seat. Relieved I can finally get in, I slide the key into the lock and turn it, entering an empty hallway.

"Hello?" I call out, realizing immediately that there's nobody here. If those so-called friends of mine had been here, they could have helped unload my stuff. But no, they left me to my own devices.

*Where the hell are they?*

I walk back and forth a couple of times, carrying my scanty belongings from Kai's pick-up truck and bringing them into the house I'm going to live in. After ten minutes or so, all I own in life is there, in the hallway. It's not much, but enough to get by on.

In the living room, I sigh deeply as I sit down on one of the huge, black sofas. Not because I'm tired of carrying stuff into the house, but because there's junk all over the place. The living room table is stacked with empty beer bottles, remote controls, a huge pile of old and new magazines, and an open half-empty box of condoms. Typical, I think sourly.

The kitchen hasn't been cleaned either: the counter is loaded with empty beer cans, pizza boxes and other smelly stuff I don't care to think about too much right now. This place is one big mess. I knew what I was getting myself into and I'm not really the type that cleans up all the time either, but this is just way too much.

Sudden sounds behind me make me turn around. Roars, laughter and the smug faces of my friends, who throw a surprise bucket of confetti over me, is the last thing I'd expected right now.

"Dex! Welcome to house WWW!" Kai blows more confetti into my face. The asshole actually pulls back my pants and shoves some tiny slivers of paper into my boxer shorts. I can feel them slide down my butt crack and inwardly pray for them not to find their way into my ass. I can't get away; Collin grabs me from behind as soon as I try to flee the scene.

"Get lost, man," I grunt.

With all the power that I have in me, I try to pull myself loose, but Collin is a lot stronger and holds me back. That dude could easily keep two men at bay at the same time if push ever came to shove. He's a goalkeeper: strongly-built and firm. His hands are huge, as is his physique. There's no escape possible from him.

Liam blows a party whistle, almost deafening me since he's standing so close. I'm actually surprised he's not wearing the matching hat that goes with it. After a couple of minutes, the fun is over and the three of them collapse onto the other couch almost simultaneously, exhausted - or so it seems - by my arrival.

"Fun times." Liam props his legs up onto the cluttered living room table and pushes all the soccer magazines onto the floor carelessly. The rest of the mess doesn't seem to bother him.

“Right back at ya, Sanders. You didn’t think we’d *help* you move that crap of yours into the house, did you?” he smirks.

I remove the confetti from my clothes, stopping myself from sliding a finger down my crack to fish the last parts out. “I’ll remember this next time you need *my* help, Mansell,” I grunt. Piece by piece I throw all the confetti onto the floor, since the room needs to be urgently vacuumed anyway. “You guys were seriously hiding upstairs like little kids? How childish,” I smirk. “I thought I’d receive another kind of welcome, to be honest.”

A pillow is thrown against me. I catch the black-and-white checkered fluffy thing with one hand and shove it underneath my arm, as if I want to hold on tight and never let go.

“We’ll be throwing you a decent and official housewarming party, Dex,” Kai says, wagging his eyebrows. “We have girls lined up for you and everything. Nicky will be there and she’ll bring a lot of her horny girlfriends. You’ll get what you rightfully deserve.”

Nicky’s name conjures a broad smile onto my face. That girl’s never too shy to go down on me, no matter when or where. Which is mutual. We fuck without any strings attached; it’s always been like that.

“Can’t wait,” comes my genuine response, with me already salivating at the thought of a skillful blow-job.

“You look like you could do with a beer.” Kai - who works at Williams ICT Consultancy, his father’s company - gets up and heads towards the kitchen. He’s been my best friend ever since I picked the seat next to him on my first day in preschool. Our friendship started simple and easy, and it has always stayed that way. He was born and raised in the spacious duplex we are sitting in right now. His parents moved out recently and he’s now renting the house from them.

Liam has lived here for barely two weeks and Collin will be next, once the attic has been renovated and prepped for him. Liam and Collin are college students and play soccer in the same local team as I do, nicknamed WWW. The three letters stand for: *We Will Win*. I haven't come up with this name, by the way; it's been like this for ages. Let's say that the person who invented it must have been pretty ambitious.

I work for a demolition company. Not because I wanted to, but because I needed to earn my keep. I couldn't afford to go to college, since my family didn't have the money for it. Work was the only option for me and I've gotten used to it. Kai opens four cans of beer and hands them out. I slug mine down at once.

"You're up to run errands for your first meal with us," Kai says. He flops onto the couch next to me and wraps one arm around my shoulder. "But first, you're obligated to drink a couple more beers with the boys."

I check the state of my bank account on my cell. It's pretty much empty, just like my stomach. Hopefully I'll get my pay check one of these days. I'm always broke, a bad habit that I just can't seem to shake off.

I put up the collar of my black leather jacket as I leave the house, in order to protect my neck from the cold. It's the beginning of December, meaning the temperature will drop from here on in. It's getting colder by the day.

I pull the hoodie of my sweater over my head; my hands are stuffed inside my pockets. I walk past the huge fountain in the middle of the plaza, with several shops surrounding it. This is where I need to pick up groceries for dinner.

I never, ever go to supermarkets. My mom or little sister were the cooks in our little household. Now that I've left Mom's house,

I need to start taking care of myself, which I remind myself of as I head inside with my heart in my shoes. I don't really like places like these; I wouldn't even know where to begin.

Pushing a shopping cart in front of me, I make my way past the shelves, unsure of what we should have for dinner. I decide on the fly to go for a simple macaroni and chicken breast, adding some sauce or something. What was it that Kai's mom always added to her meals? Pesto, peso, pesto ... Yeah, that's it: Pesto! I've always liked that flavor quite a lot. Conclusion: I need to find a jar of pesto on top of the other stuff I need to buy.

I walk past the cookies, tea and coffee shelves in a hurry, as there's no need for any of those. When I turn around the corner into the next aisle, I bump into an empty cart, which immediately bumps into someone else. That person turns her head towards me while reaching for a pack of macaroni, which is exactly what I need too.

My gaze catches two fierce, blue eyes and within one second I realize that I want *her* too. A huge wave of long blonde hair cascades down on either side of a very delicate face. It feels to me as if time itself is coming to a stop.

"You're going against traffic," the girl says with a big smile on her face. I run my hand through my hair after I remove my hoodie.

"I'm not driving a car, am I?" I ask, surprised. Suddenly it becomes a lot hotter in here.

"Just stay on the right when pushing your cart. Didn't you get the supermarket roadmap at the entrance?" The corners of the blonde's mouth slowly curl up.

I'm confused. Do I have to go back to the aisle I just came from? Is there something like a supermarket map that defines the route in this place? Are people really bound to unwritten rules?

Her smile broadens at my confusion. Pushing her cart forward, the blonde passes me by, leaving me standing there. I look over my shoulder at once; she does the same.

Surprised by this unexpected encounter, I briefly shake my head and reach for the same pack of macaroni she took earlier, trying not to think about her anymore. Which I utterly fail to do. Some time later, there are fresh vegetables, eggs and two large chicken fillets in my shopping cart, as well as a jar of pesto. After paying at the checkout, I put the groceries in a large, firm bag Kai gave me before I walked out the door.

I'd looked at the hideous, yellow thing with an expression of disgust. Kai had held it by the handle as he gave it to me, while offering three twenty-dollar bills at the same time. "Knowing you ..." He shook his head in amusement. "Even ten cents are too expensive to waste on a plastic bag to put your groceries in. You do realize you'll need too much to carry in one haul, right?"

He's right: I'm quite careful about how I spend my money. Squandering money isn't my thing. I can't afford splurging either, as I barely have a dime in my bank account anyway. With the bulging, yellow monstrosity in my hand, I leave the supermarket and immediately bump into her again.

*Blue Eyes.*

She's sitting on the edge of the fountain, her head leaning forward. For a moment, I believe she's throwing up. When I stare down at her hands instead of her face, I can tell she's holding a camera. It's impossible to ignore this beauty, I think. I gaze at her in awe as I walk past. She notices me, too.

That smile of hers will stay with me forever, I swear.

After dinner, which I prepared haphazardly with a lot of help from our in-house chef Liam, Collin helps me take my stuff

upstairs. I stash everything away myself in the furnished room and then call Kai's mother to thank her for the new, double bed and the huge closet that has just the right amount of space for all my things. She's a sweet woman, who has helped me financially and emotionally during my teenage years. With her by my side, everything always felt better somehow. I know this place by heart, thanks to Kai and his fantastic mom.

The house has a large, modern open-plan kitchen with all possible appliances and utensils you can think of. In the smaller pantry, there's a washer, dryer and an extra fridge that contains water, sodas and of course: loads of beer. At least, that's what I noticed earlier this week as I was taking a quick tour around the house.

On the first floor, there are three large bedrooms and a bathroom with toilet. The attic is being renovated and Collin can move into Kai's room once it's done, because Kai will move one floor up and occupy the largest space of the house.

After taking a shower and putting on a clean shirt and jeans, I bang around on my guitar in my room. I jot down the lyrics and melodies that come up while I'm jamming on a piece of paper. A new song is composed in no time.

"Sanders, your party has already started!" Liam peers into my room through the half-open door. "We thought you were still getting comfortable." He pulls me off the bed. "Come on, Dex. The ladies are already lining up for you."

Downstairs, I am immediately jumped by my soccer teammates. The house is huge, and it's packed with people; familiar and unfamiliar faces of guys and girls. Loads of girls. Suddenly, Liam lifts me up, assisted by a very strong Collin. Kai stands before me, smiling broadly. Then he starts to address the crowd.

“Everyone! I’m pleased to welcome Dex in Casa “*We Want Women!*” There’s clapping and cheering all over. “Since we have a new roommate as of today, we need to celebrate this in style, of course.” With a bottle of beer in his hand, Kai turns around to see if everyone’s paying attention. “A toast to our WWW top scorer and now ...”

A loud and resounding “We Want Women!” is shouted by at least fifty men and women, followed by: “We Will Win! Dex will win us the cup!”

I’m not doing this alone, mind you. Soccer is a team sport, but as a center forward, it’s your job to get the ball where it belongs: in the opponent’s goal. Truth be told and I don’t mean to brag here: I *am* top scorer of the current competition. Over the past seasons, it was pretty much always like that.

Liam and Collin put me down. The next hour I’m shaking hands and kissing people like crazy. Everyone claps me on the shoulders; many female lips touch the corners of my mouth briefly but hotly. I just let it happen, while enjoying some cold beers in between chats. Nicky walks over after everyone has congratulated me. She’s wearing a tight, short skirt that makes her ass look even hotter. The sleeveless top with tiger print is tight around her breasts and is cut out so deeply, I’m surprised her tits don’t just spill out all the time.

“Hey, hot stuff.” She kisses me with her lips parted. Nicky is easy; Nicky is eager. I respond to the kiss, keep her by my side for the rest of the evening and enjoy my new life here, at WWW.

The next morning, I wake up after a few hours of sleep. The alcohol-induced headache isn’t all too bad, but I still manage to feel like crap. Kai is sitting at the dining room table with three girls. Yesterday they were also at the welcoming party, I vaguely

remember. Yapping like crazy, they're devouring their breakfasts without paying attention to me.

"Morning," I grunt. The strong content of the pot of hot coffee will hopefully be able to rouse my barely-alive brain. I hope.

"Morning, Dex. If you want some coffee, you'll have to get it yourself." Kai smiles, obviously in a pretty good mood today. Usually his mood sucks, this hour of the day. The girls just giggle. I pull the basket with dark brown bread towards me and slather butter on three slices, followed by thick blobs of jelly.

"How is it possible you slept alone in your new bed?" Kai asks, winking at the girls. "Wasn't Nicky allowed to spend the night?"

"I fuck girls anywhere and everywhere. Sleeping, I do alone." I slug down a cup of coffee before biting into my first slice of bread. "Nobody spends the night in my bed."

"Not even me? I'm not allowed to sleep in your bed either?" The hot chick sitting next to me puts her hand on my upper leg. I look at her over my coffee cup. Long, blonde hair spills down her chest, clad in a red, tight tank top. Her nipples are staring at me through the thin fabric. No bra, of course, and her long legs are bare - no pants or skirt. When I look down, I can see a hint of a red thong. Eager, willing and ready to go.

"Not even you," I state. Her friends giggle at my rejection, but I'm not finished yet. "You can use and abuse me in all sorts of ways, but you're going to have to sleep alone after that."

"Oh, in that case ..." She comes closer and whispers in my ear, after sucking my earlobe, "we can take a shower together."

"Maybe." I press a chaste kiss to her cheek and finish my breakfast.

Ten minutes later, as we stand together in the shower, the girl wastes no time helping me get rid of my morning wood. Kneeling