

My New Girlfriend  
Chapter Four

*Great, another standing-room-only ride on the bus. I grabbed the bar and surrendered myself to the emissions of the armpit in front of me, a smell that was neither B.O. nor deodorant, some kind of earthy scent I couldn't place. Best not to acknowledge it; the person belonging to the armpit wasn't anyone I recognized from this route, and he had a weird vibe about him, snake-patterned tattoos up and down bare arms and symbols I didn't recognize across his knuckles.*

*Riding made financial sense and all, and I lived and worked close enough to the stops that it would take nearly as long to drive. I could afford to drive, mind you. Some days I wondered why I didn't.*

*Not today though, because there she was. Blondie. Undersized tank top stretched across a pair of mouth-watering breasts, pink bra straps forcing you to envision the pink cups gifted with the task of supporting them. A tartan skirt today, that either didn't go with the tank top or did perfectly and I just didn't understand fashion. She looked tired already, and it wasn't yet 8am.*

*I thanked the powers that be for sharing a schedule and bus route with this goddess and did my best not to stare. It wasn't easy; after all, these occasional days with Blondie were the real reason I took the bus.*

*My fellow passengers came and went. There was the elderly crone who reminded me of a black version of a Disney witch and did nothing in her dress to disabuse me of the notion. Dr. Crankenstein, the old guy who was clearly a doctor from his lab coat and clearly on his way home from a job he didn't like from the perpetual weary scowl on his face. Hector, whose name everyone got to know because he had a habit of shouting it out due to whatever his condition was. Schizophrenia, maybe.*

*Then, as a few more got off than got on, it came to pass that I was the only person still standing, and a single seat available. Right next to Blondie. I was always nervous around pretty girls like this, all the more so for her being probably ten years my junior. Still, it was growing awkward to be standing when there was an open seat, so I made my way over.*

*"Mind if I sit here?"*

*"Whatever floats your boat, buddy," she said nonchalantly without looking up from her phone. She grabbed a bulging purse and moved it to the far side of her.*

*I sat. I was a bit uncomfortable to be honest; Blondie didn't scrunch up or otherwise make space, so we were sitting there with our arms pressed together so as not to block the aisle with my shoulder. She didn't seem to care, or even acknowledge anyone was in contact with her. Knuckle-tattoo guy, who'd said down earlier, eyed me with a little envy; he'd taken his seat next to a guy who nearly took two seats by himself.*

*Blondie just rode along in silence, aside from the occasional outburst from Hector two rows back. In fact, it was one such outburst that started us talking. "Fuck him!" he shouted suddenly.*

*Such language wasn't Hector's norm, but neither was it all that shocking – it was pretty typical for him to seize on a phrase and drive it into the ground. You got used to it if you rode*

*with him often enough, and so like any other day, his fellow riders politely ignored the poor guy. Witch lady mumbled something disapproving from the tone, but not in any language I understood.*

*"Fuck him! Fuck him fuck him!" he tried again. After a few more repetitions, Blondie and I each hit our are-you-kidding-me thresholds at the same time and couldn't help glance back. Our eyes met as we returned to face front, both grinning like middle schoolers as he shouted it again.*

*"Think he's talking to us?" Blondie asked.*

*I felt my face flush like it hadn't since Rich had pantsed me in the movie ticket line when we were in high school. "Maybe, though I think he's talking about Dr. Crankenstein up there," I said in a low voice, nodding to where he was sitting, scowling out the window.*

*"Oh, well I guess I ought to go sit up there, then," she said, grinning impishly.*

*"What makes you so sure he's addressing it to you? Maybe I'm the one who's supposed to make a move on him."*

*"You better not," Blondie warned, eyes narrowing but the grin fixed in place.*

*"Oh, and why's that?"*

*"Because I don't wanna share," she whispered in my ear. A thrill ran down my spine, and for a moment I thought my imagination had actually become so vivid I'd hallucinated. There she was though, turning herself towards me and crossing her legs in my direction. "I'm Courtney. What's your name?"*

"So this is the much-discussed-but-heretofore-unseen Drew," said the uncannily attractive brunette. One of them. There were three here I'd been introduced to when I arrived, and I couldn't remember which was which. In my head, she was Midriff, because she was showing off her midriff. Glossy-lips and Mole-tit were otherwise engaged.

"The same," I said, extending a hand to her and the guy she was with, a salt-and-pepper-haired fellow who exuded money. All of the guys here fit into two categories – seemingly wealthy and imperturbably hot. Well, and there was me. I was trying to think of myself as the happy medium.

"Courtney's posted so much about you, I have to say I've been pretty curious to meet the man. She's always pretty particular about the guys she dates, and the way she raves I half-expected you to fly in through the window instead of taking the elevator," said Midriff.

Erika, whose name I remembered because she'd specifically clarified that it was spelled with a K, laughed, but it was a pleasant laugh, not the snide sound I'd heard from several already. "There's wings in there somewhere, I bet. Have you seen Courtney, Gina?" Gina, that was Midriff's name. "She looks amazing – I've never seen her so happy and put together."

Something in her tone gave me pause. "Oh? What's that now?"

Erika patted me on the forearm. "Oh, you know, with the... well, I mean, you know how she is. Right?"

"Right, yeah," I said, though I had no idea what she actually meant. Here, surrounded by her friends, I was fast learning how much about her I didn't know. For instance, that she was

allergic to shellfish – I'd found out when I handed her a cocktail shrimp and someone gave me a look like I was a halfwit before educating me as to why.

We made the same introductory small talk; Midriff (whose name I already forgot) was a model, like Courtney and Erika and most of the girls here. Her fiancé was president of a local bank. Because of course he was. Erika cheerfully pointed out that I was in finance too, and I quickly pointed out that I was just a financial planner.

Before long, Courtney came back from the kitchen to rescue me. Ironic, considering this whole party had been my idea. She immediately clasped my hand to reassure me that she was there and reassure herself that she could still touch me.

With her at my side, we made the rounds. I was clearly a bit of a curiosity to many, just as I'd sort of anticipated. I know Courtney gushed about me on online; I'd asked her to tone it down some after reading a post that said *don't think I'll be able to walk right after this morning – but it's a good excuse to stay in bed like I was hoping to anyway lol*.

Still, even restrained, Courtney's feelings for me were clear, and as I snooped through her history I discovered a dividing line I couldn't miss. It was on the day we'd met. After that, she posted frequently on her newfound happiness, how much she loved spending time with me, a veiled reference to fantastic sex. Before that, she was a casual user at best; most posts were her being tagged in someone else's picture or reposting a meme. Nothing that really told me about her life before me.

So finally, eager to learn more about this woman I'd mysteriously but delightedly snared, I pressured her into having this party. Now people were filing out, saying their farewells as I made final failed attempts at remembering which one was Desiree and which one was Melody. I was relieved. I'd braced myself for something like this, per Courtney's forewarning, but it had been draining suddenly moving to the cool kids' table and trying to fit in with prom kings and the girl whose daddy owned the factory your daddy worked at.

As Courtney saw the last few folks out, I went to the restroom myself. As I dried my hands and opened the door, I heard a soft conversation. Glancing out, I saw Courtney was seated on my sofa with Erika. They were the only ones left.

Sue me, I left the door a crack open and eavesdropped. I wanted to better know my girlfriend, and learning about her was like pulling teeth. Only instead of scraping my gums and asking me if I flossed, she sucked my cock and thanked me for the opportunity.

"...just glad you're all right," Erika was saying. "You dropped off the radar for a while there. Longer than usual."

"I know. I've just never met a guy like him before. It just kind of hit me like a tidal wave, and it hasn't let up."

There was a long silence – or they were talking too low to hear. Then Erika's voice, "Look sweetie, he doesn't have you on anything, does he? Arman was bad enough. Tell me you're not at it again."

"I'm clean, Erika. In fact, I've never felt better."

Another pause. With guilt over my snooping mounting, I had the door halfway open before Erika spoke again and stopped me in my tracks. "Sorry, Court. I've just been worried about you is all. You quit your job, move in with this guy and all but disappear off the earth except to rave about how happy you are all of the sudden. You never fall for guys like this."

I couldn't tell from inflection whether she meant Courtney never fell for guys like me, or Courtney never fell so hard for anyone. Probably both, given what I'd just seen at that party.

Then Erika asked the question that had been burning in my mind since that first day together on the bus. "What do you see in this guy?"

"I ask myself that all the time, Erika. I just need... oh, hey there, sweetheart!"

"I'm not interrupting, I hope," I said, cursing myself for not having better mastered the art of stealth.

"Not at all. We were just talking about you," she said, patting the seat beside her invitingly.

"Good things, I hope." She kissed me by way of response, and kept doing so as Erika rolled her eyes at our display and excused herself to the bathroom as well.

We availed ourselves of the opportunity to make out – she looked incredible tonight, easily the equal of any of her friends and better than most – before she stopped me with a gentle hand on my chest.

Before I could ask why she was pushing my lips away from her for the first time, she whispered her reason. "Do you want to fuck Erika?"

Well there was the objective answer: yes, obviously. The girl was sex on legs. It was like she'd been built as an argument as to why we might lose something if all women looked like Courtney. Erika was a little shorter, just a little wider across the chest and hips, but everything was still beautifully proportioned, as or more so. Courtney was fair-skinned and blonde, Erika's a lustrous black wave of soft curls, her complexion a tawny shade of ambiguous ancestry. Full lips you couldn't help but imagine kissing, or something better.

Of course I wanted to fuck her. Every straight man who saw her wanted to fuck her.

"What? Why would you even ask?" I said instead.

"She's really pretty. And you seemed like you two were getting along well enough."

"Why would I ever want anyone but you, Courtney." I kissed her again.

She was happy enough to kiss me back for a moment, sliding up to plop herself down in my lap. "If you say so. But if you want, I think I could talk her into it. She and I... well, we have history."

Then Erika rejoined us. Their history would have to wait for another day. As she chuckled at the sight of us. "If I don't know Courtney better, I'd swear you've got her wrapped around your finger."

"Who says I don't," I said. Knowing how much Courtney always seemed to enjoy being displayed as my preferred fuck toy, I put one hand on her smooth thigh and slid up until I could just feel the heat of her sex on my hand. She squirmed a little, then clenched down on my hand to keep me from pulling out.

She sat down across from us, apparently not perturbed by the added heat in the room. "Hey, far be it from me to rob a nice guy of his delusions, but if there's one thing Courtney's good at, it's making a guy feel like her king while ruling him as his queen."

With my head swimming a little from alcohol, and a little from Courtney's ass squirming into my crotch, I had several thoughts going through my head.

First, there was the part of me that wanted to just spread Courtney's thighs and fuck her. In front of Erika if she stayed, privately if not.

Second, there was the part of me still thinking about that “history” they had, and Courtney’s offer. Surely it wasn’t cheating if she suggested it. And Erika was so fucking hot.

It was the third instinct that won out, and it was the one that had set up this little soirée to begin with. That was the voice telling me that I needed the help of people who knew Courtney from before to try to understand things now.

“Well, I do *feel* like her king, that’s for sure.” Erika no doubt couldn’t see my hand cross that final half-inch and make contact with her clit, but the sudden gasp of Courtney as she clutched her tits in her hands and collapsed backwards against me was unmistakable.

Erika just watched for a moment as I slowly rubbed her off, my girlfriend writhing and whimpering at the teasingly slow pace. It was true I seldom made her wait. “You sure seem to know how to work a girl,” the dusky woman commented after a bit.

“Oh, Courtney does most of the work. I’ve never seen a tongue with so much stamina.” Courtney giggled, a sound that cut short and became a high-pitched yelp of happy surprise as a pair of fingers entered her.

Our observer chuckled. “Now I *know* you’re full of it. Courtney hasn’t sucked a dick in her life unless she had to, and unless you’re more than just a boyfriend, she doesn’t ‘have to.’”

She was being conversational, but there was no missing that watching her friend get fingered only a few feet away was getting to her. Her nipples were tenting out her sheer white top, even through the bra, and she was rubbing her thighs together slowly as she watched.

“Wanna bet?” I responded, giving the barest pinch to Courtney’s clit, which as ever set her off with an indelicate groan of delight.

Erika watched until her friend calmed down before she spoke. “You serious?”

“I’m serious if you’re serious.”

“What kind of bet?”

“I’ll bet you that my baby here will do absolutely anything she can to make me happy.” Courtney just licked her lips and squirmed her hips, seemingly not even noticing she was being discussed.

“Heh. And the stakes? What do I get when I find something she won’t do for you?”

“Well what I want right now isn’t really yours to give. No offense.” She looked hard at Courtney, and I could see what it was she had in mind.

“All right, if you find her limit with me, you can have her to yourself for a night. How’s that sound to you Courtney?”

“Mmm, s’fine, doon’t stop,” she managed shakily.

Erika grinned wolfishly. “All right. And if you win?”

“*When* I win... I want the same. From you.”

Erika watched as I finally brought my girlfriend to a full on shrieking orgasm. By the time she was calm enough for us to be able to speak over her again, she was collapsed with her head on the couch and her butt still in my lap, staring at an upside-down world with a dizzy grin.

“If you’re so good you even can win this bet, sounds like it’s win-win for me. You’re on.”

I reached out my hand to shake on it before I realized it was still dripping from Courtney’s pussy, but Erika didn’t care. She grabbed it, shook, and licked her own hand clean.

“All right Erika. You said Courtney doesn’t like to give blowjobs. How about we begin there?”

“Sounds good for starters,” she said.

“Courtney,” I said, “Erika doesn’t think you like to suck cock. Is that true?”

Her dazed smile faded as she processed my question. “Well... I used to not, I guess. So I can see why she thinks that.”

“But you like sucking *my* cock, right?”

That smile returned in a flash. “Ohmygosh YES! Can I?!” She didn’t wait for a response as she dropped to her knees in front of me in a blur.

“You may,” I said, smirking at Erika. I was honestly a little self-conscious having my girlfriend practically rip my pants off and whip my dick out in front of another woman, but Erika didn’t seem displeased with what she saw. Perturbed a bit by her friend’s enthusiasm as she lovingly licked up and down the length of me, but not displeased.

Then Erika came over and sat beside me – right beside me, in fact, her arm pressed right up against mine. “Didn’t like the view from behind?”

“I have to make sure she’s not faking, don’t I? Otherwise this could all just be some elaborate setup for you to get in my panties.”

“You wore panties, eh? Courtney hardly ever does with a skirt – just in case. Right babe?”

“Mmmhmm,” she managed around my cock. Her pace was somewhere between eager and frantic; she seemed to understand this wasn’t a time for leisurely blowjobs.

Erika let her work for a few minutes, scrutinizing for signs of a farce. “Grab her ears,” she instructed me.

“Pardon?”

“It’s one of the things she always said she hated – guys who use a girl’s ears like handlebars so they can fuck her face. But hey, I’m sure with you, she’d take it as a compliment. Right...?” She grinned.

I shrugged, then stood up carefully, Brittney’s mouth following me up without ever breaking the seal of her lips around my shaft. Grabbing the ears themselves seemed a bit awkward, but when I put my hands on the back of her head to hold it still as I started thrusting. Courtney just kept her teeth clear and did her best to make sure of her tongue while I plowed that pretty mouth of hers.

“You really don’t mind this, do you Court,” she said, watching her friend closely. Courtney couldn’t respond of course, nor did she react when Erika reached out and tucked a strand of blonde hair back that was obstructing her vision, patting her cheek softly.

“Sure feels like she likes it to me,” I said, gritting my teeth a little. Having an involved audience – especially a beautiful woman, not just Rich and Stu – was playing with my stamina.

“Getting close?” Erika asked, picking up on it. Clearly a woman who knew her way around a cock.

I just nodded, not up for chit-chat. It was going to be happening, and soon.

“Courtney... make him cum on your face.”

She barely had time. Courtney fell back on her heels, and her hands had only time enough to seize my cock and aim it before the first spurt flew. It went wide, grazing her cheek and landing mostly in her hair. From there, as she coaxed more and more out of me, her aim

was true. When I fell back on the couch, my shaft deflating, Erika was staring in a mix of wonder and delight at Courtney, who was peering out of her one unglazed eye at the two of us.

“Satisfied?” I asked her.

She chortled derisively. “Hardly. One quickie blowjob and a facial is hardly proof she’s turned over a slutty new leaf for you.”

“All right, but just remember, if you lose the bet, I expect you to give just as good as Courtney here.” My girlfriend said nothing, just licking her lips to slurp up a little gob of cum that was plastered across them.

“Don’t you worry – I’m not squeamish about cum. And don’t start counting chickens yet, lover-boy.” She turned to address Courtney, eyes narrowing to scrutinize her as if trying to decide if this cum-plastered face could indeed be that of her friend. “So Courtney.”

“You’re just loving the hell out of this, aren’t you, Erika. You’re gonna lose, you know.”

Erika crouched down beside her, the girls sharing a mutual smirk at their contest of wills. Personally, I had full faith in my girl, but then I had months of experience of her proving this very point to me.

“Courtney, Courtney, Courtney. Do you remember that long weekend in Vegas last winter?”

Courtney’s eyes narrowed suspiciously. “Yeah...”

“Do you remember those two guys Arman introduced us to?”

Courtney’s eyes widened. “You’re not seriously going to...”

“Well how else can I be sure?”

“C’mon, Erika, this is just petty.”

“Hey, fine with me if you guys wanna forfeit the bet.” Erika shrugged and stood up. “So... see you at my place Saturday? Wear something nice, I think I’d like to take you out, show you off.”

“Hey now, what’s this – what happened in Vegas?”

“It stays in Vegas,” they said in unison, giggling at one another as I rolled my eyes.

“Yes yes, you’ve seen a commercial, kudos. Now what happened? I’m not conceding defeat yet.”

Erika looked down at Courtney, still on her knees. “Show him, Courtney. Or tell him you don’t do that kind of thing.”

Courtney took a deep breath, and rose to her feet. The look on her face was all defiance – something I’d never actually seen from her before, and I was glad it was directed at Erika and not me. Then she turned to me, and somewhere in that ninety-degree tilt of her head, all defiance had vanished. The face looking at me now was timidity itself.

Courtney knelt beside me on the couch. “I’m sorry, Daddy, but she’s right. I’ve been such a bad, bad girl. I’m sorry I almost lost you your bet.”

Then she leaned across my lap, one elbow supporting her on the armrest as she hiked up her tight skirt. Once her buttocks were completely exposed, she looked up at me over her shoulder. “Please help me make sure I never misbehave again, Daddy.”

As for how long it took me to realize what was happening, I’ll chalk it up to the drinks. “Hey now, I’m not sure I can... you know.”

“What, you never spanked a bitch before, stud?” Erika taunted. In spite of it, I liked her. It felt like the taunt one issued a comrade rather than an attempt to belittle. “Nobody’s making you do anything – just admit I won and I’ll be on my way.”

I thought about it. Not like I’d never loaned out Courtney before, so the penalty held little threat. But then I took a hard look at Erika, and I remembered why I wanted to win.

I spanked the hell out of her. Oh sure, I was gentle at first, but Erika caught on. Courtney didn’t want to lose any more than I did, and spurred her on. “She’s right Daddy, I won’t learn if I’m not punished” and “I’m not sure that one was hard enough to sink in”. As her cheeks reddened, I even invited Erika to take a few cracks, and with a sinful smile she did. We didn’t count, but I stopped before we left any welts. Hopefully before bruising.

Courtney would’ve spurred me on all night if that was what it took for her to get her prize, though. It was like we were at a carnival and she was dead set on winning me that gigantic teddy bear by hitting all the targets with the baseballs. Except the ball was my hand, the target was her ass, and the teddy bear was her friend’s pussy.

As the spanking game came to a close, Erika trailed her long red-lacquered fingernails across Courtney’s equally red butt cheeks. “Well then,” I interjected softly, “looks like Courtney’s isn’t the only ass that belongs to me now.”

Erika continued her tease across her friend’s skin. “Oh, you think...? Maybe Courtney forgot part of what the guy wanted. Do you need me to remind you, girl?”

Courtney sighed and slowly shook her head. “Daddy...?” she asked in that anxious, high-pitched voice. “You sure punished my bad little ass there.”

“I... um, yeah, I guess I did.”

“Do you still love it?”

“Love what, your ass?” Erika giggled; Courtney nodded dramatically. “Yes, of course I do. Always.”

“Then... could you show me? Pleeeeeease?”

When I just gave her a vacant look, Erika replied for me. “Show you what, baby girl.”

“Show me you still love my ass?”

“Oh. Oh, sure.” Not sure what to do – drinking, OK? – I patted her tender butt softly, gave it a few little squeezes.

“Thank you, Daddy, but... could you... love it? You know, like... make love to it?”

Aha.

“Really, Erika? We just finished swatting the hell out of her ass, and now you want me to fuck it? Where’s the compassion?”

She folded her arms. “Probably the same place hers was when Arman made me go through with it while Miss Dainty here took it easy.”

There was that name again. I didn’t remember being introduced to anyone by that name at the party, but I’d always been bad with names and had met dozens of people tonight.

“Courtney, is this really all right by you?”

She nodded hard. “Oh please, please show me you still love my bad, bad little ass!” Of course that would be her response. She still wanted to get me that prize.

“And if we do this – if she takes it without complaint – you acknowledge she’s changed, right? You take your medicine.”



Erika licked her lips, gave me a little nod. It was obvious she was aroused nearly to her limit.

We shared a smile for a moment, Erika and I, and without further discussion I retrieved the bottle of lube from the drawer in the end table. (There was lube all over this apartment; Courtney didn't like making me wait while she went looking for it when I was ready.) But rather than put it on, I handed the bottle to our guest.

"Do the honors," I said firmly.

She hesitated, then poured a dollop into her palm and slathered it up and down my shaft, keeping at it until I was good and hard. Courtney was still bent at the waist, waiting as patiently as the armrest she was leaning on. I came up behind her, hands passively on my hips. "Guide me in, Erika."

She obediently took hold of me again and directed me to my girlfriend's impossibly tight hole. Once she had my tip pressing against the opening, she kept her hand in place and firmly shoved me toward Courtney with a grip on my own ass, until I was all the way in. Courtney squealed in the girlish voice she was using. "Oh thank you, *groan*, Daddy! Thank you thank you *grunt* thank you thank you! I'm, *oh FUCK you're huge*, so happy you still love my ass!"

Fucking Courtney's ass wasn't anything new for either of us; it was as tight as ever, and I did my best not to upset her poor tender skin as much as I could. Erika, however, had clearly never seen such a thing – her friend, apparently something of a priss to hear her tell it, gleefully thanking her daddy for fucking her ass goodnight after smacking it like his plaything.

"Play with yourself – let me see it," I ordered her.

Erika gave me a surprised look for a moment, but she obeyed. She reached under her skirt to pull down a skimpy little yellow thong, kicking it to the side when it fell to her ankles. Then she sat down on the floor leaning back on one hand, legs spread wide. Her pussy was already glistening, but she gave her thumb and index finger a long lick before putting them to work.

All the while, Courtney kept pleading for more, thanking me for giving it to her, insisting her ass was mine to fuck whenever I wanted, forever. Like she'd told me the very first time I'd fucked it.

We came in sequence. First me, then Courtney climaxing as she felt me spurt inside her, then Erika as she watched her friend cry out in release. Erika was the loudest of the three of us; her skin was too dark to detect a blush, but she looked a little embarrassed by it as she caught her breath, closing her legs and letting me help her back to her feet.

Before I knew it her body was thrust up against mine. She was clothed still and I wasn't, but I could feel every curve of her through her dress. Courtney was behind her; indeed, Courtney had been the one to press her up against me, and now that she was there, held her sandwiched between us. "Tell Drew that you belong to him now."

Erika, looking startled and beside herself with all that was happening, whimpered as Courtney reached under her dress and stroked her swollen labia. "I... I belong to you now, I guess."

She squeaked as Courtney gave her ass a swat. "Do you guess, or do you belong."

"I belong!" she insisted after her delay earned another swat.

"I told you he changed me, Erika. Do you believe me now?"

She nodded. "Holy fuck, do I ever."

"Good girl. Now give Drew your number so he can contact you when he's ready for you."

"S-sure. I mean, unless you'd... he'd, that is, rather do it... now?" She ventured a hopeful smile. I wondered when was the last time she'd been this horny, if ever.

"There's a pad of paper over there. For tonight, I'm going to show my baby that her ass isn't the only thing I love." Courtney's eyes sparkled with delight as she released Erika, and soon the two of us tumbled to the couch, making out like teenagers as Erika jotted down her digits. She said something before she left, I think, but to be honest, I was too focused on the girl I had to hear it. I put some ointment on her poor little butt and made her promise to let it heal up for the next couple days, and she reluctantly agreed as long as I let her suck my cock if she got bored.

She promised to get bored often.

She fell asleep with her body nestled up beside me, and I wondered as ever how I could ever have gotten so lucky. What bizarre confluence of events had transpired to guide this generous, gorgeous angel to my arms? How could this have happened?

I closed my eyes, and the question followed me into my dreams.

*Great, another standing-room-only ride on the bus...*