

A DIFFERENT TIME AND PLACE

Cathy took a moment at the mirror. Her skin still looked smooth, her eyes alive and sparkling. How much longer, she wondered. How much longer could she consider herself attractive? Desirable? Really desirable? She smiled to herself.

She had taken her jet black hair and brought it straight back tonight. She'd been told in the past that it was a sexy look for her. Now, here she was resorting to it, like it was an old standby she could rely on. While she thought it looked okay, she had no idea herself whether it was that attractive or not, much less 'sexy.'

She slightly shook her head. What difference did it make anyway, she asked herself. She was at a business conference and she was having her son come over to visit, as he was attending college not far from where the conference was being held. Even if her look prompted interest, with her son there what difference would it make.

Cathy jolted herself with the question. Why was she even asking that? Had it come to the point of speculating about a man showing her interest like that? She was married after all. Happily and for twenty years. She scolded herself for even thinking like that. She just wanted the attention, she told herself. Still, there was no denying what was missing for her. Though she loved her husband and their life, it'd been a long time since they'd been physical with each other, much less passionate. They'd eased into a level of acceptable comfort long ago.

She adjusted the tight black dress that hugged her and told herself the fact it was strapless was not too much for this dinner and dance. Besides, there was only the hint of her ample cleavage, not a showiness to it, she rationalized. She watched herself in the mirror as she turned to leave. She liked how the dress was somewhat thin and moved easily with her.

The dinner and dance was a lot of fun. It was the last night of the conference and everyone was letting their hair down, having drinks and having fun. Todd was having a good time, she could see. The women sure took notice of him, Cathy saw. He was solidly built and handsome in a man's man kind of way. She was enjoying their spending the night hanging out together, and she liked the ease with which they talked, laughed and danced. They were being together in a relaxed way that they never had before, where it was much more like they were friends than were mother and son.

He often put his hand to her back, almost assuringly, and she liked that. She would look up at him at times and smile, and it seemed their gazes would hold. There was an easiness she liked.

A woman Cathy's age had asked Todd to dance and Todd did. It was not until several moments later that Cathy realized that she had not ventured off, but had stayed nearby as Todd and the woman had danced. Now, she felt she had been clingy and she

felt embarrassed. Todd only danced the one song, and he was back to Cathy. She started to speak, to say something self-deprecating about how she had stood waiting around for him, but before she could, he took her hand and pulled her out for the dance to the slow song playing.

He held her close and they seemed to mold together. She let her mind drift, soaking in the evening's drinking and dancing. Cathy's face was next to Todd's cheek and she felt his voice close to her ear.

"Did you miss me?" He teased.

"It was obvious, wasn't it?" She played along.

"I think she may be jealous of us," he said.

"Yeah?" she answered.

"Well, she said we seemed like a close couple."

They danced, and she was quiet for a moment as she weighed this.

"I actually liked that," he told her, trying to goad a response.

They swayed gently as he held her close.

"Well, we can let her wonder," Cathy said softly.

"That's something that's fine by me. We can just be here like a couple."

"Oh really?" Cathy was disbelieving.

"I think that is something you would like as well."
He said it almost teasingly.

"In a different time and place." She said coyly.

"This is a different time and place," he replied assertively. Even though her head was facing away as they danced, she could tell he was smiling. She grinned to herself.

His hand was at her side. He rested it at her hip. His other hand was at her mid-back and held her to him, with half his hand pressed to her bare skin there.

The music came to a stop. She hugged him to her, and whispered to him.

"I better call it a night." She said it and pulled apart, grinning to him and feeling like they had shared a secret.

"Yeah, let's call it a night." He smiled back.

They left the dance floor and the room and headed to the elevators of the hotel. They didn't say much, and she thought about him walking her to her room as he was. There was something that made her a little giddy about it, whether it was the drinks, the dancing, their flirting, or all of it. They quietly made their way to her room, and she tried to make sense of what she felt.

When they got upstairs to her room, she fished in her handbag for her room key. Nervously, she took it from her purse and he reached to it, taking it to open the door for her. She let her hand go to his arm and she felt him take her hand and hold it, as he led them inside the hotel room.

He led them into the room and then turned to her as the door closed behind them. The room was dark as they stood with him facing her. He stepped to

her, and she froze wondering what to make of what was happening. She was acutely aware that neither of them had turned on the light, and there they stood in the quiet darkness. The drinking from the evening and the dancing did give her the kind of feeling like she was at the end of a date. She reminded herself that this was Todd.

"Todd," she said in a half-whisper, starting to speak but felt his fingers go to her lips. His fingers lingered there.

His fingers moved to her cheek and then he cupped her face with his hand. She breathed heavily at the quiet, the closeness, and the unexpectedness of it all. She saw his face move closer and instinctively closed her eyes.

His lips pressed to hers and she thought about how they felt soft and tender to her as she kissed him back. He pulled back and then kissed again, this time kissing her a little firmer. His lips pressed to

her's, and when he parted his own lips, the movement parted her's. The tip of his tongue passed her lips touching her own tongue. She felt warmth come over her.

Cathy jolted back to reality and withdrew from him. Startled, she took a couple of deep breaths. As she tried to compose herself, she felt very guilty when she realized her physical response between her legs.

"Todd, I...I... ." She stammered.

He held her at her arms and tried to comfort her.

"Sshhhhh," he said softly. "Stop, it's okay."

"No, it's not okay. What are you talking about?" She heard herself sound almost angry.

"It is okay. It's between us."

"Todd, what are you saying? This kind of thing is wrong. Very wrong. You know better than that."

He brought his hands down her arms slowly until he was holding both of her hands. She grasped his hands tightly, and he knew she was unsettled by this. He had worried at first when they were coming up in the elevator just how she might react if he acted on what he felt. But, with how she looked in her dress and how she felt close to him, he had decided it was something he had to do.

"Listen, we're close. Always have been. We've been having fun tonight."

"Well, that's one thing, but what was happening was... ." She didn't let herself say more.

"Yeah?" he half-challenged her. He smirked with her. "What was happening was okay. I'm okay with it."

She shook her head slightly.

"No, Todd. You know better, you do. I am" He noticed she didn't finish.

"Listen, will you hear me out?" He took a firm tone with her. He could tell she was breathing hard. Even though it was dark, he could see her head nod to him.

"Like I said, we are close. Am I right?"

"Of course we are." She answered him slowly and softly.

"Well, we are also adults, you know?" He tried to anticipate her response, but she just looked down. He released her hands and they went to her side. His hand stroked at her bare arm, as he tried to figure out what she was thinking.

"Are you upset that I said this to you?" He asked her.

In the darkness and standing close to her, he could tell she looked up to his face, concerned.

"No, no. I mean, well... no." She thought for a moment. All different thoughts went through her mind.

"I want to ask you something, okay?" He waited for her answer.

"Okay." She sounded hesitant.

"But I want you to promise me something," he said.

"What?" She was puzzled.

"Well," he paused to let her focus. "I want you to promise to be completely honest with me. And, just go ahead and answer me. Don't think about it."

She didn't respond.

"Will you?" He was direct.

She looked up at him in the darkness.

"Yes," she replied softly to him.

"Okay," he paused. "I want to know honestly. Do you want me to leave tonight?"

She froze, and the question hung in the air between them. Then, just slightly, she moved her head back and forth.

"No. No, Todd. I don't."

He stood for just a moment before turning from her. He slowly walked the three steps to where the door was, and she could see his outline in the dark. His hand moved to the latch at the door, and she watched him turn it and heard the click of the bolt lock into place. Her body tensed and she felt herself react below her waist.

She closed her eyes as he walked back to her. His hands pulled her into his arms and she rested against him in his embrace. Her arms went over his shoulders and she hugged him, trying to make herself stop thinking. His chest felt solid against her own as her breasts suddenly felt very sensitive in her dress and pressed against him.

He wrapped his arms around her and gave a quick lift of her, causing her feet to come off the ground. She dangled awkwardly for a second, and he brought her up again moving a hand under her bottom as he did. He now had her up in his arms and she moved without thinking of what she was doing really, clenching her legs to his hips to brace herself for support.

She felt him walk forward with her held aloft by him. The power of him doing this was exhilarating to her. When he stepped, she felt a hardness at his waist. She whimpered aloud at the thought of what she was feeling.

He liked lifting her and carrying her to the bed. When she let out her muffled cry, he felt himself jerk there, knowing she was so taken by this. He stopped at the bed and eased her down.

She was breathing hard and laid back. He kicked off his shoes, stripped his socks and pulled his shirt off.

"Todd... ." She called to him.

He brought himself over her and moved his face to her's. Before she could speak or respond, his mouth was on her's and he kissed her passionately and fully. His tongue went inside her mouth and he closed his lips to her's, lightly sucking her lips to his. She clamped her mouth and lips to his and he felt her tongue move to his. He squirmed, sliding his torso over her's and feeling her dress shift at will to where he was rubbing against her. He moved his hips forcefully to her's. She let out a groan into his mouth and then surprised him. She shifted her legs apart.

He couldn't stand it any longer and he came off of her. He bent to where he could work his hands to her waist. Quickly, he worked his hands under her

skirt. He heard her inhale fast as his hands moved up her bare flesh to where her panties were. He hooked his fingers to the sides of them and started pulling them straight down. He was yanking them and had them down fast and over her feet, before just throwing them behind.

Her hips wiggled nervously as he ripped at his belt and his trousers. She looked up at the ceiling as if in disbelief of what was happening and she waited. His hands shoved the pants just to his thighs and he urgently moved back over her.

"OOOhhhh," she cried out loud as she felt him work between her legs, his bare hips moving forward and rubbing the inside of her thighs as he pulled himself forward. He wedged between them higher, and she felt him reach down and bring her leg up and back to tilt her hips. She felt him move strongly and felt his breath at her face.

She felt a luridness to her position now as she laid there with her legs tilted up. She jerked at his hand move her thigh further apart, and his hand left her. A second later, she felt it. Hard and smooth, he moved himself against her lips there and for the first time, she realized how he would learn she was so very wet for him. His hips rotated and it caused her legs to fall even further away from each other. He moved his body in one full motion forward over her and she heard herself scream.

"AAAAAhhhhhhh," she knew it was herself but it didn't sound like her. She was impaled by him and he felt hard inside her. She felt herself clinch to him. "OOOHHHHHHH."

He pushed at her and she yelped at his force.

Her hands squeezed his shoulders and she felt him move back. She was very aware of her sex clinging to him as he pulled from her. Without any

indication or pause, he pumped back at her, and her head jerked back at his push.

"UUunnnggghhh," she grunted as she tried to get settled on the bed. He pushed completely inside and then grinded at her as if trying to go deeper into her. She held onto him. It'd been so long for her since having sex. It'd been much longer since someone had been anything but gentle with her. She raised her legs up, and when she felt him sliding backward again, she let her legs open as wide as she could let them.

Like she thought, he pushed back hard into her and the force brought her hips off the bed. His hips stayed pressed against her ass as she felt his shaft buried deep inside of her. She felt tingling and ripples, even as she felt some pressure of her pussy trying to stretch for him. The force and the hardness of him, as well as his domination of her, pushed her over the edge and she was screaming again.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" She couldn't stop as he pumped into her hard. "AAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaahhhh."

She started panting as she came back around, but she still felt the ripples of her orgasms. He was grunting and bucking at her, and she felt her legs toss back and forth.

"Ungh, ungh, ungh," he was grunting as he fucked at her. He started making longer strokes in her, and she felt herself get somehow wetter still as he brought himself out and shoved back in. Her lips were moving with his shaft and her clit again got sensitive.

She held tight and she knew what was about to happen as he tensed and his pace got faster.

She was letting out short cries as she spoke in time to his strokes to her.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," she urged him on, knowing he was about to release inside her.

This time it was him with a scream that came from his throat.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAhhhhhh, fuuuuccckkkkk," he shook, his head tilted back as she watched him cum. His pace slowed but he still moved inside her, as she felt another wave of ecstasy wash over her. Her hips held to him and he held himself to her. She felt his cock pulse inside her still.

He came to a stop and they both caught their breath.

He let himself rest over her, still propped by his arms. She felt him let his cock stay immersed in her. Her legs came down to rest on his bare buttocks. She rubbed her hand on his neck, comforting him.

What had she let happen, she wondered.