

# Agreement

# Chapter 1

1.

Julia Steed shook her head and wondered how her life had turned into this. She and her husband had started with just love and passion, wanting to conquer goals and build a life. Now, at forty, they had conquered goals and built a beautiful outer life, but there was no passion at all between them.

Why? Why?

She pushed her seven-series BMW harder through traffic, worried she was running late to meet her son for lunch. For a second, she thought about running this by her son, but that thought quickly passed. How would Trevor ever understand? Everyone thought she had things just as she wanted. After all, she had worked so hard.

The daily working-out and eating right served her well. The hours of diligence she gave to her interior design business had paid off well. Her charity work with the City Women's

League gave her satisfaction and got her outside herself. Why then couldn't she just accept things as they were?

She checked her lightly touched make-up in the rear view mirror, and she liked how her blonde hair gathered up neatly as she had hoped. She didn't really worry about forty. The hint of lines showed beside her eyes, but her feminine appearance remained distinct. But she did worry about the fact she had to please her own ever increasing needs, when her husband couldn't be bothered to even touch her. Focusing on her clear blue eyes one more time, she asked herself what more she could do about this on her own.

The gentle questions put to her Bill hadn't worked. Suggestions about couples counseling were rebuffed. She had even brought up exotic vacations they could take. Nothing registered.

She was glad she was having lunch with her son. He was a younger, more aggressive version of Bill, and it would be a nice break for her. Wasn't sure why, but getting together with him always seemed to lift her spirits. She could at least

divert herself onto his life. She admired him and they were close.

At least she had that.

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2.

Trevor Steed saw her across the crowded restaurant, and at once, his heart raced. Damn, how does she do it? Always looks fantastic. His eyes stayed glued to her as she glided towards the table. Her chin up and her eyes level, an even poise always impressed.

When she got to the table, he stood and embraced her. "Hey, how are you doing?"

"Doing well, thanks." Her easy smile flashed to him.

Moving around behind her, he helped with her chair. As he came back to his seat, her eye brows were raised.

Her voice lightly cooed. "Well, haven't seen that from you before. Impressive."

He grinned back at her. There was a lot she hadn't seen. Just as he had thrown himself into his new start-up business with his buddy, Julio, he had likewise decided to work on improving his ways and manners. If he could get serious about business, he'd also get serious about how he acted socially and with women. May as well try his new ideas with her.

He liked how he felt very aware of his six-one, 195 pound frame as he sat in the cozy restaurant. His workout had been a great one earlier, and now he had a certain calmness that resulted. It made everything easier for him.

They talked easily, catching up. She seemed to want to ask him about his social life right away, and it was hard to deflect her with his usual vagaries. He went ahead and leveled with her that he was in no hurry to get a new

girlfriend right now. He expected she wouldn't like it, as she usually pressed him to 'find a good girl.' Today, there was none of that.

"Good for you. Have some fun." She only shrugged.

He relaxed back into his chair. "Huh? Wait," he kidded, "where is my mom, and what have you done with her?"

They both chuckled.

Carefully, he placed the focus back onto her and how she was doing with a couple of questions, and he noticed something. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but she seemed a little less upbeat than her normal self. Her shoulders slumped and her eyes didn't quite gleam like usual.

"Hey, is everything alright?"

She batted her eyes a couple of times. "Yes, of course."

Reaching across the table, he put his hand on hers. "You're not telling me something. I'm worried about you."

Her eyes studied his a moment, glanced at his hand atop hers, and then peered back up. "Guess I've been feeling a little flat lately," she forced a smile, "But I'm fine."

She looked back to their hands and turned her hand so that the palm was up. She gave a quick squeeze and then started withdrawing it.

Sitting this close, it struck him just how attractive a woman she looked, right there across from him. Instinctively, he leaned in and put his hand back on hers, stopping it. He drew a couple of fingers over her palm and then lightly circled about it.

"It's weird, but," he worried how this would come out, "I feel so strongly... care so much about you. I... it's... I just want you to know that."

She blinked a couple of times. Then, to his surprise, she leaned forward, too. "Trevor, that is so sweet. Thank you."

Their eyes held a moment. Suddenly there was a lightness about him he had never known. He couldn't help but start to grin.

"Well," she pulled back and sat up straight, "lunch was great."

He took care of the check and walked her out. Staying close by her side, he told her how he wanted to see her again later in the week.

She nodded. "Okay."

When they reached her car, they hugged goodbye. As they parted from the embrace, he pecked her cheek. He didn't think he had ever done that before.

She stared at him a couple of moments before finally driving away.

Part of him thought he may have pushed his luck. Another part of him didn't care. The adrenaline rush of having pushed and gotten to her was everything.

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3.

Julia couldn't help but be aggravated by everything Bill said or did that night. She tried talking with him and engaging, but he showed no interest. It wasn't that he was mean or rude. It was worse. He couldn't care less.

He read and surfed online. Asked her nothing really. Didn't really even react to anything he read either. What's wrong? She wished he still went to the gym and took better care of himself.

At dinner, she brought up her lunch with Trevor. Yes, she told Bill, Trevor seemed to be doing fine and was in good spirits. But, Trevor worried she wasn't.

"What did you say?" Bill asked.

"I said I was fine, of course."

Bill continued right on eating.

She shook. "Bill, are you having an affair?" Her voice came with a shrill, but she couldn't help it.

He first froze before taking a forkful of the chicken marsala, and he stared back at her. "Of course not." The forkful then continued on into his mouth.

She dropped her own fork onto her plate, letting the loud clanking resonate about.

His voice came level. "I'm going into counseling."

She sat still in her chair and tried to absorb this. "What?"

"It can't hurt. Figure I'll see what's up."

Emotion welled in her throat. Bill didn't go to doctors, or really any professionals. Except his accountant. He saw his accountant often.

She kept her tone low. "What is going on?"

"Nothing really. Honestly... it's just hard to give a shit about anything anymore."

"Are you depressed?"

"Julia, I'm not depressed. But, I'm not anything. Who knows? I'll see what's going. Don't worry."

"Don't worry?" She laughed just a little too loud. "I'll go with you."

"No, you won't."

She stared down at her plate, and then tried to glimpse him closer.

He wiped his mouth and stopped his meal. "I don't want you to worry. This is just something I'm going to do. I'll let you know what happens."

She searched for words, but he was up and taking his plate to the kitchen before she could react.

She sat there and tried to process why he felt he needed to go to counseling. He was right it couldn't hurt. But why couldn't he just talk to her? But if that was what he wanted...

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Later, they were in bed, both reading from their tablets. She didn't get how they had stayed quiet ever since dinner, even though he knew he had surprised her. She wanted more.

"Trevor seemed different today." Her tone sounded more concerned than she intended.

"How so?"

"Hard to say, really. Nice, of course."

Bill stayed ensconced in his book.

"There was this vibe between us. Can't put my finger on it."

"A bad thing?"

"No, not really."

"I'm sure it's fine."

And with that, he turned in.

She first started to roll over and go to sleep, too. Then, she reconsidered. "I'm going to go read some more."

She was up and out the door, almost forgetting her tablet. She was anxious to get to the couch in the den and to get comfortable. Knowing herself, she anticipated just the position she would take downstairs alone, and just what relief she would get.

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4.

Normally, Trevor trusted his instincts completely, but this situation with Julia was nowhere near normal. Exhilarating, yes. But way, way out of the ordinary. He got that.

He picked his moment and his words carefully with Julio, because he wanted his best friend's take on this badly. But he didn't want any judgment or shame. That he could supply on his own. Or not.

During a break at the office, he caught Julio by himself. Julio loved his afternoon walk outside to clear his head, so Trevor decided to join him. Julio welcomed him along.

Thankfully, the men shared the same kind of intense interest in women as they did for business. They had so very much in common, and he was glad. Especially today.

He opened up to Julio, but couched his interest in being with an 'older woman' without daring say who. This sufficed, and he kept going with the circumstances. Julio nodded and listened patiently as he gave details.

This older woman really attracted him and was beautiful, but there was a serious hitch. Julio pointed out that there always was. Nothing was ever perfect. Trevor agreed that this was especially the case with this woman.

They walked a trail out beside a beautiful lake, but now Julio glanced towards Trevor and away from the lake. "How so?"

"Well," Trevor looked ahead and treaded carefully, "I know it's a really bad idea, but she's married."

Right away, Julio shook his head. "Bad, bad idea, man. Guys get killed for that kind of shit. You know?"

Trevor kept his steps going even though hearing this gave him pause. "Um, I don't think that's the kind of thing here. But, you're right. It's serious. And... you never know, I guess."

"No. You don't know. But a dude finds you're bedding his wife, he can lose his mind. I'm telling you."

They walked on for a moment, and suddenly the whole thing grew even more worrisome for Trevor. He wasn't changing his mind, but he got much more how bad things could get. He realized he may as well share even more. After all, maybe he should let Julio try to talk him out of this.

"There's more." Trevor looked at Julio who immediately furrowed his brow at this.

"Something more than her being married? She's older, married, and now something else?"

Trevor ran a hand through his hair. "This woman, she's been a friend of my family, like, forever."

Julio chuckled.

"I know, I know. This probably sounds like some crazy shit."

"Crazy, dangerous shit, brother."

"Julio, she's attractive in ways I can't even describe. I've seen---been around---this woman for years. But lately... . I see her, and it's like I'm seeing her in a way I've never, ever seen before. Really. My fucking blood boils thinking about seeing her."

"Wow."

A few more steps and they were making the way back to the office building.

"Trevor," Julio struck a gentle tone, "there's no getting around how the 'off-limits' shit is that much more appealing. It's just the way it is. It, like, magnifies things. Ten times or so."

Trevor nodded.

"But, let me tell you, man. You're dealing with some explosive stuff. This kind of thing can go so very wrong. People getting hurt. Maybe losing relationships with people who love you if your family knows her. You know?"

Trevor looked to him and drew deep breaths.

Julio broke a long, slow smile. "She must be gorgeous."

Trevor smiled back. "There's so much about her. Very feminine. This delicateness to her. But, you can tell the waters run deep with her, too. There's a side to her I want to see. It's like with her there's some ultimate level or something."

Julio shook his head. "Hey, you already get so much pussy as it is. Why risk it?"

Trevor returned his look.

"But that's just it, isn't it?"

Trevor focused on his words.

Julio lowered his voice as they paused before re-entering the office. "This is so very special, she's so very attractive, and this is so very not supposed to happen. You can't resist."

Trevor arched his eyes and a small smile formed. His friend got it.

Julio put his arm around Trevor's shoulder. "I know. You're going to do it anyway. Just do me a favor."

"Absolutely."

"Be damn careful."

"Damn careful."

Julio held him up before he could open the door for them.

"One more thing."

"Sure. What's that?"

"You know you're going to get it. We both know it."

Trevor's mouth fell open. "Uh, I don't know about this one."

He loved his buddy's confidence and the chance it might really happen electrified him. Then, Julio's last encouragement pumped him even more.

"Oh, and Trevor... give her the kind of fucking that she'll never forget."

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5.

Prizzi was one of Julia's favorite restaurants, and she knew Trevor had heard her say that before. Nice, quiet ambiance mixed with lots of white table cloths and candlelit tables. It had been forever since she'd been there, and she was glad he had suggested it as he did.

As the valet left with her BMW, it sunk in what Trevor was likely up to. He must have picked up on some melancholy from her from the other night. Now, he probably looked to boost her up. A warm reassurance set in for her, as she made her way to the doors. At least he's trying to come through for me.

Once inside, the restaurant was as cozy and as impressive as she remembered it. Candles flickered and soft jazz hummed, as she walked the distance to the maître d'. Luckily, he had arrived in advance and thought enough to leave her name so she could be showed to the bar.

When she reached the bar, he stood and she slowed. Her hand went to her throat and then pulled her white, crisp blouse to straighten it. Maybe she should have worn a dress instead of the skirt and blouse. And, what was with Trevor? He didn't look like her twenty-four year old son but rather some dashing, lean actor or someone.

"Hi." His voice sounded deep as they embraced. He held her for a long moment and then they sat. Inwardly, she admonished herself for likely blushing. He's your son.

The plans were for a drink after working out, but he graciously offered to get them a table. She appreciated it, but said they could stick with drinks. He already had a chilled Peroni in front of him, and she opted for a glass of Chianti.

He smiled broadly at her. "You're looking great."

"Yeah?" Get hold of yourself, dummy. Do not act giddy whatever you do. "No, you're very polite. Thanks."

"No, I mean it."

She couldn't help but do a slight double-take. He was being very thoughtful. He's just being nice because he's worried about me. How sweet.

"Good workout?"

"Yeah. It was."

Some small talk led to talk of her work, and his questions were specific and considerate. The thought crossed her mind that no one else ever asked about these things. Trying not to go on and on about her projects, she did let him know what was going well for her. She found herself wanting him to admire her efforts.

The Chianti was perfect, just like the restaurant and just like... . Trevor?

She tried to change the subject back over to him. "How's the new business going for you? Everything working out for you and Julio?"

Watching his blue eyes in the soft light, the quick widening there was distinct when she brought up Julio's name. He nervously stammered at first, the only time he had done so that night, and a playful grin appeared at his lips.

"Yeah. Actually, everything's great. He and I get along really well, and the orders are streaming in."

"Excellent."

They both sipped their drinks and his hand came to her arm. His touch felt soothing and his wide hand easily covered the width of her bare arm. Hopefully, he didn't notice some goosebumps that may have raised.

"Thanks for meeting me out like this." His words flowed.

"Well, thanks for asking me to join you."

"Sure."

His fingers traced over her arm before coming back to his leg and his eyes stayed on hers.

She gently spoke, her fingers tapping the rim of her glass.  
"Is everything alright?"

His brow tensed and then released. "Sure. Sure, it is. Is it with you?"

She half-smiled. "Yes, but... . I mean, us having drinks and all. ...We just had lunch on Tuesday."

He slightly nodded. "Uh, true. I just wanted to see you. I mean, I really enjoyed lunch."

She lowered her head a bit and peered up to him. Her tone softened. "I think I know what you're up to."

He had taken a drink of his beer, and he almost spit it out.  
"You do?"

She leaned closer. "I think so."

He put his hand on the back of her chair and edged even closer to her. Close enough for her to smell some expensive mix of blonde leather, amber and cinnamon. His face this close and the musky scent made her lightheaded.

His lips looked full as he murmured to her. "You figured me out?" He gave a slight grin.

She grinned back and nodded. "You're trying to lift my spirits. You think I've been down. It's very kind of you, but... I'm fine. I am."

He flinched and when he did, it brought him back in his seat some. Part of her regretted they weren't still huddled like there was some secret, but they shouldn't be kidding around like that anyway.

"Ahh. Yes, you figured me out."

She straightened back somewhat herself. "Trevor, I love you. You're the best for caring, but really things are fine."

He drank a full swig of his beer and then he tilted towards her once more. Not as close as before, but towards her.

Much to her surprise, he raised a hand to her hair. He stroked once along her cheek. The tenderness caused a warmth to pass over her.

"You've seemed... well, lonesome. I sense you're not exactly, um, happy."

She winced some. "I wouldn't say unhappy. Or... well, I don't know."

He straightened and his hands went back to the bar. "I want you to know you can talk about this. Don't keep it all inside."

Don't. "Well, it is sort of touchy. I shouldn't go into some things."

He turned to her, almost facing her in his stool, and his body opened more towards her. His broad chest expanded with one of his hands propping onto his leg and the other hand close to hers on the bar. "Sure, you can. We've always been able to talk. To share. You know? And I'll tell you something else."

His voice trailed and he looked down at his shoes a moment. Not sure what to make of his gesture, she grew concerned. "What's that?"

His face lifted slowly to look up at her. His blue eyes caught and held hers. "You are such a beautiful and amazing woman. You work hard. You take care of yourself. You deserve to be happy."

A lightness gathered about her and a broad grin curled her lips. "Thank you, Trevor."

She reached for him and he stood to get closer so that they could clinch.

As they broke their embrace, she finished her wine. "I better get going."

He took care of the bill and then they left to get their cars. Waiting on valet, he closed to her again. Once more they hugged, and when they withdrew, she noticed he didn't pull completely back.

His eyes stayed on hers, and her car could be heard approaching. Both his hands came to her face, and a whirl of thoughts and feelings swept her as his face neared hers. She almost stopped breathing as she watched his lips descend to hers. Without thought, her eyes closed, and the meshing of softness at her lips lingered. After a moment, she pulled away.

"Trevor."

He stood still in front of her.

Her voice was too shaky as she half-whispered to him.  
"What are you doing?"

His face gradually went from side to side. "I don't know. I can't help it. You... you move me. I've never felt so... wild like this."

The valet stood and waited nearby.

She brushed her hair to the side and sucked at her lips. She tried for a stronger tone, saying goodbye. "Trevor, uh, we can't be acting like that. It was great seeing you. It really was, but... I hope you understand."

She pivoted from him as he still seemed to be considering what to say. Rather than waiting any longer for him to say anything, she took her keys from the attendant.

I have to go.

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6.

Julia drove home in a daze. Surely, she had misunderstood. That could not have happened. Impossible.

At home, the lights were already out, which meant Bill must have already turned in. Up the stairs, she clutched the rail not trusting her equilibrium. Did I mistake all of that somehow?

Sure enough, Bill was already in bed and turned away. She struggled to undress in the darkness, replaying some of the night in her mind. Nothing led her to believe it was exaggerated.

The eerie quiet of the house seemed to only make it worse for her. As she eased onto the bed and under the covers, even the slight squeaking of the mattress unnerved her. She

needed to vent this, and she might as well break this to Bill. There wasn't a peep from his side of the bed.

On the way home, the fleeting possibility of keeping this to herself crossed her mind. She loved Trevor immensely and didn't wish him harm or conflict. After all, it couldn't have been easy for him to open up to her about something so weird and troubling. He had to have made the decision to trust her.

Just as well, Trevor knew her, and if nothing else, she was honest. Everyone knew that about her. She couldn't imagine keeping something like that from Bill. She would not want it kept from her.

For about the thousandth time, she tried to come up with an explanation for how she misunderstood. Maybe, he was confused. Perhaps he had meant nothing... sexual. But, the kiss? His saying he was "moved" by her? No, it was abundantly clear.

There was also the consideration for Bill's reaction. Even though he had been so damn aloof and seemingly uncaring

lately, something like this would anger him. How would he react? She didn't worry about some physical violence, but there could be quite the emotional hell wrought between them. Bill was quite capable of that.

Back and forth her mind spun, and she was tiring of thinking about it. Maybe she should wait until the morning, and just see what her thinking was then. After all, this could be a huge rift in her family.

She turned onto her side, and as she did, a queasiness stirred in her. It was familiar, and it had also happened recently, too. Her eyes squeezed shut, as she tried to suppress her feelings from when he tried to kiss her. How she had anticipated him at first, how she had waited to speak, how she had stirred then, too.

"Bill... ." She must get this out in the open. "Bill!"

He shuffled in the covers beside her. "What?"

"We need to talk."

"It can wait until the morning."

"No. No, it can't."

"Damn it, Julia. I was asleep. I got a long day tomorrow."

"It's about Trevor."

He turned over to rest on his back and kept his eyes closed, but managed a response. "What is it?"

"We met for drinks tonight."

"I know that."

"He... ."

"Is he okay?"

"Uh, yeah. I mean, he's okay. But... ."

"Julia, c'mon. If he's okay, then all's good. Let's get some sleep. Shit."

"Bill... he made a pass at me."

A moment passed in the dark bedroom with absolutely no sound.

"He what?"

"We were having drinks. We were talking. Everything was normal. Then... I don't know. We went to leave and he tried to kiss me."

"Julia. I'm sure he didn't mean anything by it."

"No, he did. It wasn't like you're thinking. He tried to, like, really kiss me."

"Julia, you're losing your fucking mind."

"No, I'm not. And don't be an asshole about this. This is hard enough for me. Please know that."

He brought his hands to his face and rubbed his eyes hard. "Hey, maybe he was drunk. I bet he'll feel like shit about it tomorrow. Cut him a break. He's a good guy, right?"

Her head shook back and forth on her pillow. "No. No, he wasn't drunk. It wasn't that way. He meant it. He's a good kid, alright. But he's also a grown man. I don't know how to make this any clearer."

More silence passed, and Julia could not even imagine what was passing through Bill's head. At least she was the object of affection. Bill could easily take this in a horrible way. Or at least he would have ten or fifteen years ago.

"Listen... ." Bill shifted about in the bed. "You're sure this wasn't some misunderstanding?"

"Bill, I'm telling you. This happened just as I've said it. He even said... ."

"What?"

She regretted bringing up more. "He even said something about me 'moving' him. He was very intentional."

Bill sighed hard. "Moving him?"

"Uh huh."

Julia wondered if he might jerk his phone up now and confront Trevor. She braced. He drew a deep breath before his tone came evenly.

"You know, it's crazy as shit, but... . He's a passionate guy. I think he's confused. Maybe some older woman somewhere spun his head around, and now he's transferring that to you or something. Hell, I don't know."

She squinted. Was this her Bill?

He continued. "Think it over. Maybe you go with it. See what happens. This once. Try to figure it out."

Her breath caught in her throat, and she waited for him to say he was kidding, but he didn't. He started turning back onto his side and away from her.

"WHAT?" She squealed.

Still on his side, he snapped back at her. "Either you're mistaken, or he's just posing. Or... something. He's not serious. He's just not."

Her hand went over her mouth. "Bill! Bill, you're wanting me to... what? 'Go with it?' What does that mean?"

He didn't answer.

She mumbled words she could barely say out loud. "You're saying I should what? Go out with him, or something?"

He turned only slightly to speak over his shoulder. He made his words plain. "Yes. Go out with him."

She gasped. Her hands covered her face. She waited on him to say something else.

He didn't say a word.

After a few more minutes, he got out of bed and went to the bathroom. He stayed away from her a good while, but even after he returned, he said nothing more.

He went to sleep.

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7.

Trevor drove himself hard during his early Friday morning workout. Even after tossing and turning overnight, the pent-up energy fueled him. Fifty minutes of cardio, pumping set after set of weights, sustained stretching, and all of it didn't calm him. Hopefully, the bustle of the office would divert him.

Sticking with task after task, he whipped through things he needed to get done. No small talk and no breaks for him. But inside, he let himself try to sort out how he felt from his drinks with her.

What the hell was I thinking? He had stuck to all those things he planned for his time with her. The occasional touches, the eye contact, and the sensitive listening, all were things he truly felt, but they all had been considered by him in advance. The truth was that he wanted---needed---the kind of connection these efforts could bring. He had given it a lot of thought.

Now, the morning after, he detested his lack of self-control. He should have been more careful. Blurting out how he felt about her 'moving' him or her making him feel 'wild' were

mistakes he knew better than to make. Now what was he to do? There was no ambiguity for him to try to use. He had clearly made a pass.

That kiss.

That moment from when they kissed was almost enough to have made his lapse worth it. His taking his time. Her not stopping him. The incredible tenderness. He felt himself engorge just thinking about it.

But... . Now what?

She had left abruptly. Things couldn't be good. He just sensed it.

Mid-morning, he couldn't wait any longer. He texted her. Keeping it short and sweet, he said he'd enjoyed their drinks together. Hoped she did, too.

He knew she'd have her phone nearby. His text went at 10:18 am. He tried going on about his to-do list, but concentration was difficult. After ten minutes, he worried more. It wouldn't surprise him if his dad was the one who would wind up responding. She probably did the unthinkable.

Finally, at 10:41, his phone buzzed with the incoming text. She thanked him for meeting her out. It was good to see him.

He stared down a long time at the message. What the hell?

His thumbs pecked away. He asked if she was okay.

Against his better judgment, he checked the time again. His text went at 10:43. Great. That was too fast.

This time it was barely a moment before she had responded back. "Still stunned."

"Angry?"

This time, the wait was longer. A good three or four minutes until he got his reply. "No."

He didn't hesitate. And he didn't care how it looked that he wasn't hesitating. "Never meant to offend. Just the opposite."

"I understand."

He finally took a deeper breath. There was hope. He typed again. "We should talk." Before he could hit 'send,' he stopped. He erased the text. He pulled up her number and called her.

As soon as it rang, she picked up. Her voice was faint. "Hello?"

"Hi. Glad you're fine."

"Not sure what to think, really."

"Well... . That's understandable. Let's get together and talk. You and I can sort through this."

She cleared her throat on the other end. "You should know... I told your father."

"You what???" His voice raised more than he wanted.

"Yes, I mean, I had to."

He fought the urge to disagree with her. "What did you say?"

"Um, I just said that... what happened."

"You mean, that we kissed?"

There was a pause, and when she did speak, there was a weakness in her voice. "Trevor, I told him you kissed me."

Trevor stood and started pacing around his office. "Geez."

"I really didn't feel like I had a choice, Trevor."

He bit his tongue and kept pacing.

Her tone turned to more of a plea. And muted, clearly not wanting to be overheard. "I've been married twenty-four years. I've never... done anything. And---"

"Okay. Okay. It's fine. I'll just have to talk to him. That's all. How pissed is he?"

He waited for her answer, and she took so long that he finally checked his phone to make sure the call hadn't dropped off. It still showed them connected. "You there?"

"He, uh, he's not pissed."

"He's not?" He stopped his pacing.

"Strangely enough, no. He's not."

"Wow." His voice was now the faint one. "What did he say?"

"We can talk about that more."

He ran a hand through his hair and finally felt like he could breathe. Something was up, and he didn't like that he didn't have the full story, but a more important question came to mind. Will she?

He spoke up. "I want to have dinner with you. Tonight. We can talk more then."

"We just had drinks last night, Trevor."

"I know, but... . You said, um, he's not pissed, right?"

"Right, but... ."

"Alright then. Let's have dinner. I want to see you. Assuming you want to see me."

"Uhhh, alright."

He froze in place. He couldn't believe this was happening. He stopped himself from asking to make sure she was saying yes, she'd meet him. "We can meet back up at Prizzi. Say, 7?"

There was yet another pause, but he resisted doubting the moment and left it in her court.

Her voice finally sounded. Her words came firm. "Seven works. But, let's not meet at the restaurant. Pick me up at home."

He nervously chuckled. "Yeah?"

"Yes. Sound good?"

He smiled. "Hell, yes. Sounds great."

"See you at seven then." It sounded like she was probably smiling on the other end.

He held the phone out into the air and stared about the office. A goofy grin spread.

I have a date with her tonight.

...

8.

Trevor pulled his SUV into the driveway he had used for years before going to college. Only this time, the situation was foreign. He couldn't be more excited about the chance to see her and take her out like this, but he also couldn't have been more worried about how this would go.

He came to a stop, but then he pondered whether to wait there or turn the car off and go up the walk. So many unknowns weighed on him. He couldn't believe his father was fine with this. No way. Not with her and this.

Given that, how could he just waltz right on up to the front door? What if he answered? What if there was a confrontation? What in the hell was Trevor supposed to say? His stomach clenched.

A glance to his phone prompted the alternative of calling her. Letting her know he was there. Surely, she would get how this needed to go. But then again, it was she who had insisted that he pick her up at home, not meet at the restaurant. What the hell?

He decided he wasn't going to just sit there. He turned off the car. He pushed himself to go right to the door. He hit the bell and then braced. She's worth this. Whatever happens is fine by me.

It was only a moment and the door swung open. She was smiling at him and pulling the door behind her as she ventured on out. "Hi."

"Hi."

He accompanied her down the walkway and over to his SUV and his chest expanded, and his heart ran with him. He shot one, two, and then a prolonged third look at her. She looked stunning. He stopped gawking only when she glanced back at him with a knowing grin.

He slowed down, as he realized she was in high heels. Her blonde hair was pulled up, and her features looked nicely made-up but not too much. A nice red gloss was perfect at her lips. Her black dress hung to her exquisitely, with clean lines and a V-neck that stopped at a hint of cleavage. Diamond earrings topped her look. She spent some time; this is a good sign.

In the car on the way to the restaurant, they didn't talk too much. He broke the ice by telling her how gorgeous she was. She quietly thanked him and glimpsed him from the

side with the hint of a smile. When she looked back ahead, she was still smiling.

"You look nice tonight, too."

His blood surged.

At the restaurant, they had their drinks and an appetizer before any real conversation had started. Only small talk and some pleasantries were bandied between them. He took his time, but finally brought up what they both had to be thinking about.

"He's not angry. And, here you are."

"Here I am." Her eyes squinted at the idea of what she said. Like she was still sorting it out.

Trevor had to ask her something. "You told him I kissed you. Did you say anything else?"

"Well, actually I did. I went ahead and told him that... . Told him you said I 'move' you."

Trevor winced hard. He had meant it last night and he meant it still, but hearing it out loud pained him. "He's going to kill me."

"No, that's not going to happen."

"This is where you lose me. I don't understand."

She took a drink of her wine she had ordered and appeared to be choosing her words carefully. "He was taken back, sure. But, uh, he seemed much less concerned than what I was. He suggested you were going through a phase. Or perhaps transferring some kind of misplaced affections, or some other reason that wasn't to go crazy over."

Trevor fell back a bit in his chair and his shoulders drooped. Totally out of the blue. Never would have guessed it. "He said that?"

"Yeah. He shocked me, too."

"Unreal."

They both drank.

She sat forward and spoke evenly, like she was trying to moderate Trevor's reaction. "Hey, that's what he said late last night. He'll think about it. You know?"

"You think?"

"Um, I gotta believe he'll start running it around in his head. Start having some remorse."

Trevor took a long draw on his beer and shrugged. She added to it.

"He also saw me getting ready. Brooded a bit. Knew I was having you come to the house."

"Yeah, that part was pretty bold."

"And, he knows how I love this particular dress." With this admission, she diverted her eyes and tilted her glass back.

"Yeah, I get it about the dress. I do." He waited for her eyes to return to his before he finished his thoughts. "That's what we called a sex dress in college."

Her cheeks blushed, and her red lips parted. It looked like her breath quickened. For a moment, the composed Julia persona looked unmasked. Her eyes darted about his face as she cooed an unchecked remark.

"I wore this for you."

They stared at one another for a sustained several seconds, and he felt himself throb in his trousers. He called out, "check," grinned at her and then looked about for their server.

Back in his SUV, she spoke haltingly. "This is something we gotta be careful about. This is... over the top."

He glanced over at her. "Did he say anything else? Because--"

Her words came low and pained. "He'll change his mind. Come to his senses. Things cannot have gone too far when he does."

His hand went over to her leg. Not at the knee, but further higher up. Deliberately.

He made his tone low as well, but his words came out certain. "Is there anything you haven't mentioned?"

"Trevor."

His lips slowly curled up, sensing there was something else. "Yeah, I knew it."

Her left hand clasped at his hand above her knee, probably wanting to stop it from edging higher. Her right hand shielded her brow before she answered with the last of what had been said.

"Um, he actually said for me to 'go with it.' To 'see what happens.' 'This one time.' I was floored."

Trevor's mouth fell open and a slight chuckle came. "Well, that settles it."

He drove the SUV into the night. "Wow."

"What?" Her voice cracked.

"He's fine with it. He said go ahead." He slowly shook his head.

"Trevor, it's like I said. He said that at the time, but... . I don't see how he sticks with that. I just don't." She looked at their direction, and her voice raised. "Where are you going?"

"Let's go have a drink at my place."

Her hand came up and covered her mouth. She gazed out her window for a moment. "Hey, it's not just what he's okay with, alright?"

Trevor slowed the truck. "Yeah, true. But don't you want to come over?"

He glanced to her and she looked right back at him. He liked how her eyes danced back and forth at his.

Her tone strained when she answered. "We should leave it with just dinner tonight. This is all pretty... out there for me."

"I understand." He redirected the SUV to head in the direction to take her home.

"Trevor, you gotta level with me about this. I mean, where are you coming from?"

He glimpsed over, and she had turned to him and her face had changed from her composed look to one of real concern.

"It's like I told you the other night. I care about you. Very much. And, I've thought about this." He waited until her eyes were back to his to add, "I've thought about this a lot, and there's nothing I want more."

The traffic required him to pay attention to the road, but he kept stealing glances at her, as she again covered her mouth and studied his face in the darkness.

"You... we are risking so very much, you know."

"Yeah, but, I mean, he said he was okay with it. And, anyway, I'm perfectly willing to risk it. Nothing matters more."

She tucked some hair behind her ear and traced at her throat. "Leaving aside what he thinks, you know... this could change how we are with each other. Change us in any number of ways."

"It doesn't have to. It really doesn't. We've always been close. Always. And, you know, we're both strong people. I don't doubt for a second we can both handle this."

He could tell she did a double-take, and her near hand tugged at his sleeve to make her next point. "You're young, attractive, successful. You can have beautiful women your own age."

"That's not what I want."

With a breathy voice, she said the obvious. "I'm your mother."

He glanced at her, accepted her pleading eyes, nodded, and then answered. "Yeah, but you know what? Nights like tonight---times like tonight---you're Julia to me. You are."

Her gasp was loud and full, her eyes first looking up, then around, and then her entire upper torso shifting to sit back straight in her seat, facing forward rather to him.

"You're serious."

"I'm serious."

It was only a couple of more minutes before he was pulling back into her driveway.

He turned the SUV off. "I'm walking you up."

They took the walkway carefully before she stopped at the front door. "This is fine here."

They both grinned at one another.

A hall light shined inside, but otherwise the ground floor was dark.

He stepped closer to her. "It was great seeing you."

Her eyes riveted looking up at his. "Great seeing you, too."

Her chest rose and fell with heavy breaths, but her eyes didn't waver from his. He stole a quick glance to be sure they weren't being watched from inside, and then he leaned his face towards hers slowly.

Her eyes went from his eyes to his mouth and back, and she didn't move away. He took his time and his hands lifted to her face, cupping her cheeks gently. Her skin couldn't have felt tenderer.

A couple of inches away, he paused and glimpsed her. Her eyes were closed and her lips slightly open. In the seconds of his pause, her eyes barely opened, and while she saw him so close, she didn't move or hesitate at all.

His face closed their space, and their lips joined. Soft and still at first, he lingered. The feel of her moist lips was

exquisite, and the realization they were doing this made his blood run hotter. His middle churned with his arousal.

After a couple of moments, he slightly pulled back, but only away for a second before he came forward again. This time, her mouth slightly shifted. His mouth followed hers and they met. There was the same meshing, but then hers eluded to one side. He didn't hold back. His face stayed close, and his lips found hers again. This time he pressed to hers, and this time she responded differently. She pushed her lips back onto his.

Like some line had been crossed, their mouths now became urgent. His lips caressed hers back and forth, and she met his pace. The sense she was responding caused tingling to fire inside him. Emboldened, his lips parted hers, and his tongue slipped forward. Soon as it did, the unmistakable feel of her tongue touching against his hit him, and everything changed. Nothing had ever jolted him as hard in all his life.

He moaned hard and kissed her more fully. To his dismay, she not only didn't resist, but her mouth opened more,

keeping a hold onto his but also bringing him in. There was a pull that made him think she was sucking his tongue further inside her mouth. His mouth worked at hers, and their tongues danced against one another. Time didn't matter, and he became completely absorbed in the feel of her. They twisted about and his arms held her tight. Eventually, her hand came to his chest, and she eased just back.

His voice rumbled. "Wow."

She giggled. "Yeah. Wow."

They kissed briefly again, and she forced herself to talk. "I have to go in."

"I don't want you to go."

She sighed. "And I don't want to. But... ."

She retrieved her keys, and the reality sunk in of just how crazy and brazen what they were doing was. He struggled to help her get inside. She swept the inside of the house quickly with her eyes, before turning back to him. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

Once she closed the door, he stumbled away, and it seemed he drifted back to his SUV.

He had to see her again as soon as possible.

...

9.

Julia climbed the stairs, quietly trying to get to the bedroom and avoid waking Bill if she could. The perfect end to the night would be her stretching onto the couch downstairs and languishing with her thoughts while she tantalized

herself, but she vanquished that idea. Better to call it a night in bed and avoid any more appearance of things changing than there already was.

Her steps on the stairs were perfect and fully quiet. The dim, distant glow from a nightlight upstairs gave her just enough to get to their room. The bedroom door eased open and he had turned in. No snoring, but there was dark stillness.

Her mind spun from the entire situation. But more importantly, her body simmered from her night with Trevor, an experience she would have never expected until the last couple of days. Tinges of guilt nagged her, but she could not deny a building pull of emotions deep inside her. She wanted to deny it, but the intensity of her connection to Trevor was too strong. As much as there shouldn't be this kind of reaction between them, the truth was that it had developed and that it burned. The more she thought about it the more tempted she became to slip back downstairs and get to the couch.

The outlined lump of silhouette in the bed meant Bill was likely asleep, so she went ahead with changing into her nightshirt. She would leave off her panties. There could still be her sensual reflection. It would just be upstairs.

As she eased into the bed, quick pangs of wonder hit her again about Bill. In the past, he would have become incensed with these same circumstances. Now, his indifference even included her involvement with Trevor. Whether it was a midlife crisis or the attrition of twenty-two years of their being together, the result was the same, and he had been clear what he thought. 'Go with it.' 'This one time.'

In the dark and flat on her back, she still gently shook her head at the improbability of it all. And improbability didn't just describe Bill's reaction. She thought of Trevor and how monumentally surprising he had become in the last several days. The young, dashing personality that evolved in front of her eyes at lunch on Tuesday now matured into this rugged, unpredictable man drawing to her. Parts of him remained recognizable, but another side of him certainly was not.

Memories of his masculine manner and the captivating presence tugged at her. His warm smile and piercing eyes made her question whether there was some underlying comparison she was making still to the much younger version of Bill. That could be part of it, but so could the present distance that existed between her and Bill. Her thinking was interrupted by the feel of her own fingertips tracing at her thighs, with her legs splayed open under the sheets. When did I start that? She betrayed a mischievous grin until Bill's voice sounded from beside her.

"How did it go?"

She froze. "Huh?"

He turned from his side facing away, onto his back, and then rolled over to face in her direction. She let herself glance his way, and was glad his face positioned downward with his eyes shut. Probably half-asleep.

"How was he?" His tone was thin.

Her right hand stayed at her thigh, but her left hand drew her fingers to her throat and rubbed as she thought quickly. How do I put this?

"Uh, he was fine. Nice, very much a gentleman."

"Yeah?"

"Felt really weird of course."

There was some shifting on his side of the bed, but he still faced her way. "He cares about you very much. I'm sure he adores you."

The idea of that made her want to inch her lower hand closer to her middle, but she waited. "Bill, what the hell has gotten into you? You're okay with this?"

He made a breathy sound, like blurted air, that she didn't recognize. He flopped to where he was on his back, facing

up. "Hey, just reacting honestly. That's all. You know, in a general kind of way, I get the younger man attracted to an older woman and wanting what he can't have. Guys are that way."

"Bill, 'general kind of way?' Trevor took me to dinner tonight. He looked at it as a date."

There was shifting again on Bill's side of the bed. His legs weren't staying still. She didn't know what to make of him anymore. His voice dipped just lower.

"What did you look at it as?"

"Huh?"

Out of nowhere, his hand left his side and moved atop the covers over her stomach, a move not previously made for months. Several ideas for jabs at him came to mind, but his talking gave her pause.

His voice stayed low. "He was very into it, I bet."

"Bill, are you sure you're intrigued by this?"

He made the slightest of caresses atop her stomach on the covers, and she decided on a different tack.

"Bill, uh, I couldn't believe it, but... It was like he couldn't take his eyes off me. He couldn't."

A muffled laugh came from his side and it encouraged her.

"He made all sorts of small talk." She paused, wondering whether to mention the concern they had shared about Bill. "He worried about your take on it, of course. I told him just what you said."

"Good."

She shook her head at this, but kept going. "He was glad, actually. Concluded that you approved."

Still silence.

"You're right. He seemed pretty into it."

Bill's words were soft. "And I bet you were into it."

First, she wanted to recoil at his interest, but instead she thought back on her own reaction and the look she had seen in Trevor's eyes. Strong, genuine looks.

Her response was throaty. "Yeah. Okay, I was into it."

"Go anywhere after dinner?"

"He wanted me to come to his place for a drink."

"He did?"

"Yeah."

His hand went back. There was movement on his side of the bed.

"I didn't go, of course."

He wasn't staying still.

She took a chance. "Are you wishing I had?" Her voice ended up, like she was incredulous, and she found herself wishing she hadn't sounded like that.

"Up to you."

"Yeah?"

He didn't immediately answer.

She dropped her voice even lower to where it was barely audible. Thick. "Better be careful."

He smirked.

"After all, lonely woman. Vulnerable. Handsome, strong young man. Hey, no one's perfect."

His hands were moving under the covers, and she fought to control her shock at him so she could keep the teasing going.

"And, let me tell you. Even on my best behavior... . He's got this look about him. It's like I don't even see it's Trevor most of the time. I see this virile, hard man who is, like, almost primal or something."

The covers on his side were moving.

"He'd have an effect on any woman. He just would. I can't help it. I mean, if I wasn't his... ."

"Did he...?"

"Did he what?"

"Did he make a pass at you?" His voice was ragged.

"Uh, yeah. Oh yeah. You mean, after he tried to get me over to his place?"

He didn't respond, but hearing herself say this out loud and getting that Trevor had tried this pushed her own hands to her middle.

"Yeah, after he propositioned me to come over to his place," she was wet, "he brought me here."

There was no longer any subtlety from his side any more, as the covers pushed up and back.

"This guy, my Trevor, he doesn't just drop me off. Walks me right up to the door. Finishing our date right, I guess."

There was the unique patting sound next to her.

"When he got me to the door, of course, I'm terrified. This is all crazy, you know? But he took control and he calmed me."

No response from him. And, her own hands both plied at her and she wouldn't last long.

"Bill, it was amazing how he took his time. Took me in his arms, kept my eyes locked to him. Brought his mouth on mine."

He panted beside her.

"His kiss was beautiful. Tender as it could be."

She was feeling jolts of tingling already. She thought she heard him moaning beside her.

"Well, his first kisses were tender, I mean. Then, then it was different. He actually kissed me like he would any woman. Pushed his tongue in my mouth. And that's when it first hit me."

He began rattling a cry beside her as he started, and she was right there with him.

"When I felt his tongue... that was when I first thought about really fucking him."

Bill's groan grew loud, and then they both shook hard. Waves and waves washed her, as she arched her back, shaking through her release.

She absolutely could not believe this had happened between them.

...

10.

Saturday morning, Trevor woke up thinking about her, and he didn't stop. Their dinner. Her gazes to him. The kisses goodnight. I've got to have her. What did Julio say? 'Give her a fucking she'll never forget?'

At the oft chance a workout might settle him down, he went to the gym. By the time he got there, he figured it was safe to text her. He asked how she was doing.

Up on the stair master, he kept an eye on his phone but got nothing. A hot blonde climbed atop the one next to him, and he didn't acknowledge her. Instead, he pondered his next moves. This whole thing was crazy. He got that.

Even crazier was that his Dad was being cool. But, in a way, he got that, too. During college, he had a girlfriend for a year and a half. Turned down all sorts of other women only for them to break up eventually anyway. As attractive as the girlfriend had been, eight or nine months in, a kind of complacency set in, and he found himself restless, or even at times bored. He couldn't imagine what twenty-two years

would be like. Plus, it wouldn't shock him a bit if his Dad had something going on. It just wouldn't.

Thirty-five minutes into his cardio, his phone buzzed. She said hey, and wondered what he was up to.

He answered about working out and told her last night had been great.

She sent a smile and agreed it had been great.

He broke into a huge smile and let the machine wind down. He'd hit some weights and keep texting her. He checked if everything was still okay at home. Felt he should be thoughtful of how things were going on her end.

Luckily, she came right back with 'fine.'

A couple of minutes passed, and he started some sets. The need to act subdued with her collided hard with his wanting

to line up seeing her tonight. He worried he was about to shock her with what he had taken it upon himself to set up.

Maybe he had screwed up. After all, maybe they had plans for Saturday night. Shit.

He almost dropped a dumbbell at the thought of his worrying whether his parents had plans together. He hit the keys thoughtfully.

"Hey, that play you've talked about. You've still never seen it, right?"

Several moments passed.

Then, "No."

"Bought two tickets. Let's go tonight. Dinner at six. Play at 8."

He drew a deep breath and hit more weights. Maybe he had gone too far. Nope, this is what I want. Might as well put it out there.

It seemed like it took her forever before she responded. "That is so sweet. I don't know whether we should though."

As he lifted more and considered his reply, another text came from her. "Plus, can't be the same play. The one I was talking about is ending. Last shows are sold out."

He grinned broadly. "Bought these tix scalped. Good seats." There.

He couldn't stop smiling.

Another message from her hit. "Didn't think you liked theater."

Probably feeling too confident, he banged out his reply. "Thinking I should go for it, experience something different. Been doing that a lot lately."

Right back, she answered. "LOL. Yes, you have."

He didn't waste any time. "You should, too."

The same hot blonde lingered by him, but he kept to his weights and the phone. Couple more moments passed.

Finally, the buzz. "Maybe so."

He circled around his weight bench and tried to maintain himself rather than fist pumping or some such ridiculous thing. How to reply. Remain calm.

"Will pick you up at six."

He pushed out some doubt. Nah, going strong and staying strong on this. He smiled.

Two more sets and he hadn't heard.

Walking across the gym floor, he decided to stretch and call it a morning. He was into his stretches, glancing his phone in between each move. Nothing.

Questions started surfacing, and he tried to resist them. Has Dad intervened? They already had plans? Maybe, she's too reluctant. She just said she had a great time last night. Her text said 'maybe so' when he teased about trying new experiences. What the hell?

With the stretches over, he toweled off. Time to hit the showers. His body felt damn good after sweating out last night's beers. He shook his head.

Then, that buzz. "Okay. See you then."

This time he did pump his fist into the air.

...

11.

Her call came at two. He was in his SUV. He lightened when he saw her name on the caller ID. He clicked right away.

"Hey."

Her voice was strained. "Hi. Sorry to do this. But I can't do this tonight."

"What?"

"Can't."

"Damn it." He couldn't help it. His heart sank.

"I'm sorry. I really am." Her voice convinced him.

"What happened?"

"Um, an issue has come up." He wondered whether she was where she could talk.

"It's okay to say if you're just not into going." He meant it.

Her reply was instant. "No. No, that's not it."

"No?"

"It's your... it's Bill." She sighed hard. "He's talked to me, and... he said he doesn't want me to go."

"He doesn't? I thought... ."

"That's what he said."

"Unreal. Fuck." He couldn't remember having ever said that around her before, but now was not the time to apologize.

"Hey, I'm not happy about it either, but... ."

"Is this just about tonight, or the whole thing?"

"Good question. Couldn't really tell."

"You can't talk, can you?"

"Not really. We're both here and all. I think he's upstairs."

"Damn it. Guess it was too good to be true."

"Trevor," her tone grew very concerned, pleading, "please don't feel bad. I don't want you feeling bad about this. I don't."

He sucked his chest full of air. "Hey, don't worry. I'm fine. Really. All's good. Listen," he drew another full breath, "I'm gonna drop these tickets by. They'll be in your mailbox in an hour. You guys go."

"What?"

"Yeah, let's not let them go to waste. This is a chance for you guys to get out. Relax. Have some fun. Go, you should. Have a good time."

"Trevor... . I'm not doing that."

"Yes," he chuckled, hoping he was putting her at ease, "yes, hell, you are. Believe me, I'm fine. Believe me also---I want you to see this play. It's important to you. So, go have fun."

She sighed again hard. "Trevor."

"Call or text me later on."

"Alright."

He clicked off, and slowed the truck. A cantina nearby may have been beckoning, and he thought of drinking hard, and

then taking Uber. Maybe it had all been a dream. Definitely too good to be true.

He shook his head and remembered he needed to drop the tickets by first. He would run them by, drop them off, and then go to the cantina. Wasn't a great plan, but it was his plan.

His phone rang. It said, "Mom Cell."

He was quick. "Hello?"

"Hi."

"You alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Listen, I've changed my mind. We're going. You and me."

"What?"

"Yeah. That's what I want."

"But, he---"

"He's being weird again. I mean, he said he didn't want me to go, but yet, it didn't sound like he meant it. It's like he was just saying he was against it, but wasn't really sure."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Then, I don't know."

"Yes, you do." It sounded like she was smiling. "Do you know?"

He pulled the SUV over to the side and grinned. The teasing in her voice made him throb in his jeans. "I like that sound."

"That sound?"

"That sound of you flirting with me."

A quiet laugh came from her. "Is that what I was doing?"

"Yep."

"Ahh. See, I didn't realize that."

"Well, it's true."

Her tone changed to more of a purr. "Cause I thought it'd be more like flirting if I said something about remembering last night, the kissing, or maybe, missing a feeling from last night."

Now, he laughed. "A feeling from last night? Hmmm. Wonder what you're talking about."

She giggled. Another low purr came. "That feeling of how anything can happen."

All the air pushed from his body and he felt himself bulge. "Is that right?"

"That's right. I mean, anything can happen if... you lose control, I guess."

His hand gripped himself in his jeans.

Her voice turned breathy. "But I can't let that happen tonight. It's only our second date and all. What kind of woman would I be? No, I'll have to be careful."

"You don't have to worry which date it is."

"No?" For a moment, she tried to fake a serious tone. "Are you trying to seduce me?" Then, she let loose another gorgeous giggle.

He laughed, too. "I'm not trying."

She was definitely smiling. "See you later. Oh, and I'll meet you at Prizzi. Not here."

"Okay."

...

12.

Trevor walked into Prizzi and he may as well have been entering another world. The lighting was dimmed, but there were candles and lamps casting a glow. Well-dressed people were placed all around, whether they were diners sitting nearby or the servers floating all about; there was a normal but stilted air about the place. And of course, the hostess sat them at a prominent front table, at once special but yet exposed for whomever they may know.

His heart pounded in his chest. Smoothing his shirt to his chest for likely the tenth time, he made small talk with the server while he waited. This place was great and feeling familiar finally, but this was a night like no other.

He took satisfaction from their returning to Prizzi, because he was sure it was her favorite. They'd just been there Thursday, but she loved the feel and the food. If she wanted to come back there, then hopefully that meant she wanted the evening to be different. He certainly did. He aimed for it being nothing less than the night of their lives.

Julia had treated it the same apparently, and the impression reached him at his core. Her blue eyes beamed brighter and her red-lipped smile dazzled brilliantly when she was shown to the table. He gulped and choked back self-loathing when he first saw her, because he couldn't help taking in the full sight of her. The blonde hair brought up in her dressy way, the subtle but certain make-up that cast a feminine delicacy about her, the effect reached down into his gut and his loins.

When he stood for her at the table, he knew he had gawked at her, but he had absolutely no choice about it. His eyes devoured the black stretch dress that must have been wrapped to her, tight about her like a second skin. It hit him hard how lean she looked. But it also struck him how smart the dress was. There was little cleavage revealed and the dress covered past her knees. At the same time, the dress fit so closely that it may as well have been painted, as there was smooth, thin material showing natural contours of her body with no lines for anything underneath. This meant when he examined her from head to toe he plainly saw the curves of her chest, the flat dip of her stomach, and the rounded tight figure of her hips. He was certain there were no lines anywhere.

He flinched when he caught himself staring, and he hurried to help with her chair, knowing he was likely drawing even more attention to his awkwardness. Hopefully, his dark blue dress jacket and thin trousers didn't betray the bulging hardness that grew immediately from the sight of her. As he got back to his chair, he could've sworn he caught her stealing a glimpse at the crotch of his trousers as he lowered back in his chair. The wool middle there was no doubt tented. Her eyes were wide and arched as he sat down.

They both smiled nervously and said hellos and pleasantries, getting their evening underway with a shared energy that couldn't be denied. Thankfully, there was a lot to be said about the restaurant, the play they were to see, and the arts overall, which she relished. Nothing was said of societal norms, her husband, his father, or the obvious fact that they both considered this a romantic date. Something sang in him about that.

After dinner, he went from the dimly lit restaurant to the majestic, older theater where at least Julia remained by his side to balance out the uncertainty. She was right as she remarked he should go to the theater regularly, even if he couldn't articulate why she was right. It seemed like something he should do.

Their seats were great, and while he was glad for the view, what mattered to him was how impressed she was. Her smooth expression eased into an appreciative smile, as they waited for the play to start, and he loved that. She glimpsed up to him from her seat, and he adored the sparkle in her bright blue eyes.

The first half of the play moved along and was fine. The romantic plot wasn't overdone, and he followed things well. But the truth was he stayed keenly aware of her presence and the way their shoulders leaned together. Control yourself.

Intermission came just at the right time, and he went to the men's room. Afterwards, they got drinks, and started back to their seats. They were almost to the aisle when someone called her name.

"Julia?"

Julia jerked her shoulders where she could view the woman who said her name. It only took a second, and Julia's posture braced. The poised smile returned.

"Gladys! Great to see you!"

A couple of steps behind them was a woman in her seventies and her husband, the woman elegantly dressed

and bejeweled. 'Gladys' had a pleasant enough smile beaming back at Julia, but her eyes were raised, and she did a quick 'once-over' of Julia, unable to hide her surprise.

"You look... stunning," Gladys shot her eyes to Trevor.

Julia struggled to speak, but stammered back. "Th-, this is Trevor, my son."

"It is?" Gladys put her hand to her chest.

"Nice to meet you." He shook her hand and then did likewise with her husband.

Gladys and Julia chatted briefly about the play, but intermission was ending and they soon returned to their seats. Gladys didn't pass their seats out in the aisle so they must have been in a row behind them.

In their seats just as the lights came down, he forced himself to face forward, but he still stole glances her way. Trying to

gauge her reaction discreetly, all he could tell was that she sat straight and also kept her gaze forward.

Unable to resist, he teased by whispering in her ear, "are you wearing panties?"

She looked down, grinned self-consciously, and covered her mouth, before looking back up. Bringing her mouth back to his ear, she whispered back, "No."

With a strained tone, she added, "I can't believe we ran into her. She's in the City Women's League."

"Don't let it bother you."

She breathed a small sigh and then closed her eyes a moment. When they re-opened, she peered at him with only the slightest turn of her face.

She waited a moment and then her mouth was back at his ear. "Are you wearing underwear?"

He chuckled back. "Yeah."

Her hand rose to her neck and then a couple of finger tips drew a line to her chest before resettling back into her lap. Then, her face was back at his ear with another whisper. "Are you hard?"

His breath rushed from him. "Yes. I am."

She gave the slightest of nods. Her lips barely curled up. Her attention looked forward, back up on the stage. He struggled to think of anything but her naughty question to him. She kept surprising him.

After the play, they left without having to engage with Gladys, much to his satisfaction. The drive from the theater started quietly. He headed to his place. As he did, her words came softly from the dark front seat.

"Trevor, what are we doing? This is wrong." Her hands twisted in her lap.

He tried his best not to be affected. "We'll go have a nightcap. I can bring you back to your car whenever you like."

She leaned her arm against the passenger side door window and propped her chin on her hand. Her hand brushed over her face as if trying to wipe away some stress.

"Hey," he tried to help, "stop worrying. Our situation... this... is different."

Her face glimpsed up to his and he saw her eye brows arched.

He kept a low tone, trying to be gentle. "He essentially agreed, you know."

Her eyes batted a couple of times at that.

His words stayed low. "Have you heard from him tonight?"

She pulled out her phone. A quick glance and she was shaking her head.

"He knows where you're at, right?"

Her hands felt at the phone a moment. Finally, she nodded.

The street lights occasionally flashed into the SUV, but otherwise the front seat stayed dark.

She looked ahead and when his hand rested on her thigh, her eyes went immediately there. Her hand stuck onto his and held him from drawing higher. He didn't move away.

He brightened his look and spoke a little higher. "You've been so, um, energized these last few days. You really have."

They remained quiet for some time. Her hand loosened its grip and moved from his hand higher onto his arm, where it touched to him but didn't hold him. He adjusted his hand just higher to rest more at her hip.

Her eyes briefly closed, but she said nothing. She didn't try to stop him. For the rest of the drive to his place, he didn't push it by moving his hand over her leg towards her middle, but he didn't withdraw it either. It just stayed up on her hip.

And the rest of the ride home was silent.

...

13.

Inside his apartment, Trevor put on some music and then went to the kitchen to get them a glass of wine. She lingered in the living room, taking a look at some pictures he had put on his mantle. There had been a recent guy's trip to the

beach, and there were some pictures from a business dinner.

Returning with the wine, he couldn't help but admire how sleek her dress was, stretching from her shoulders down to just above her knees. It was like a second skin on her. There were no lines. Her hair looked luxurious, still up but with a few strands straying from the hold. For the first time all evening, he really took in her black heels and appreciated just how provocative a stance they struck.

"Thank you," she said, taking the glass and sipping the red blend he had brought back. Her eyes searched his as she swallowed, and for a moment, he didn't have a clue what she may have been thinking.

His voice came low. "I enjoyed the play." Straight ahead. I'm going to be myself. This is the night.

"You did?" A light chuckle escaped her. She watched her wine swirl in the glass, as she diverted her eyes from his. Her left arm wrapped around her stomach, and her right, holding the glass aloft, perched onto her left.

He pushed on. "Yes, the actors did a great job. Especially the female lead. She was elegant. I'm glad it ended well for her."

Her eyes came back up to his, and for a moment, her expression seemed doubtful, but it softened somewhat. "I liked it, too. They did a great job."

He took a drink as did she, and when her glass had lowered, he noticed a speck of red wine at the corner of her mouth. Without hesitation, he reached to her face. She froze a second, but when he paused with it near her mouth, she relaxed. In the slightest of gestures, she tilted her chin up, like she was making it easier for him to wipe there.

His finger dabbed the corner of her mouth, but it also went to graze her bottom lip. When he brought his hand back, he drew it to his face. Her gaze fixed on his finger as it went to his mouth. Just inside his lips, he sucked the wine from the fingertip.

A slow grin appeared from her and her eyes blinked. Her head moved back and forth.

The music changed, and the pace went from a jazzy sound to a slow one. He took her glass, set both of their glasses down on the table, and then took her hand in his. Drawing her close, he started swaying them with the beat of the song. She moved with him.

One hand held her hand to the side, and his other hand rested on her back near her waist. Cradled close, her smaller frame first just brushed to him, and then meshed closer. A lovely lilac scent wafted about as his head pulled near her face. Their easy back-and-forth kept time, and their closeness soothed him. It didn't take long, and the song was over.

As they parted, he kept his face close. She noticed and paused, her head angled slightly away. When he moved towards her, she stayed still, her eyes darting to his. He met them and took a second. When he again moved her way, she didn't withdraw.

Her lips felt as soft as he remembered them, and she seemed to kiss him back. The touch lingered and he adored how she felt. His mouth instinctively pressed, and he gave the slightest of moans when she pressed back.

For a couple of moments, their lips traced about one another's. His arms eased around her, and his hands rested where her hips started. Her body brushed about the front of his, while his arms gradually enveloped her.

The pounding in his chest grew stronger until he finally needed more of her. His lips parted hers, and his tongue slipped into her mouth. To his surprise, her tongue eagerly met his and pushed. His arms pulled her tight, and she threw her hands behind his shoulders. Her enthusiasm enthralled him. This he had not seen from her.

They twisted together, and his tongue explored about her mouth. Her tongue lashed back at his. The intensity drove him wild, and by the way she clung to him, the same thing was rocking her. His palms squeezed her ass and pulled her against him, giving her a graphic feel of just what kind of effect she was having on him.

A few more seconds into their kiss, he couldn't stand it any longer. He broke their embrace and grasped her hand. Leading her out of the living room, he rounded a corner into the hall. Neither of them said a word. Her hand felt good, gripping back at his. Three or four more steps, and they were into his bedroom.

His bedroom had light shining in from the hall behind them, and across the room, there was a glow from where a window let in light from the night sky. Otherwise, the room was dark. With the music stopped, there was nothing but silence.

She took a couple of steps toward the window, and was looking out it, as he brought his feet up, one at a time, to shed his shoes and socks. Facing from him, her head angled back in his direction, where it must have registered on her that he was undressing.

Part of him anticipated a question or a concern from her. His intention was clear. Once he straightened from taking off his shoes and socks, his hands went to where his shirt

was tucked into his trousers. He yanked at his shirt, freed it, and pulled it over his head.

The shirt fell to the floor, and he finally saw her move. There wasn't a sound as her hands went from her sides up to the back of her head. Her fingers reached into her hair and tugged at a clasp there. Her blonde hair loosened and dropped down, her hands then teasing it about to get it to relax and go to her shoulders.

Seeing this exhilarated him, and his hands worked quickly at his belt and fly. His trousers peeled smoothly off, and his boxers yanked down to where he could step right out of them. Blood surged into his middle and his dick, now freed, pulsed in her direction.

Sensing him but still standing angled away, her face appeared to wince a bit at his now being undressed with her. He stepped to right behind her. First, he rubbed her shoulders, but his fingers soon moved to the zipper at the neckline on the back of the dress.

His fingers pulled the zipper downward, and he saw her eyes close. They stayed closed until the zipper reached her waist. Where the dress parted behind her only her bare back appeared. With the zipper all the way down, her eyes fluttered open. Holding the unzipped sides of the thin garment, he started drawing it down her, away from her shoulders, down her sides, and over her waist. Three pushes of the tight dress down and it was crumbling to the floor.

Instantly, she brought one arm up and across her chest, mashing her breasts to billow at her front, while her other arm stretched to put a hand to cover her crotch. For a moment, she stood that way, shielded. A deep breath shook her.

Standing behind her, he drew to her back, reaching one arm around her, while his free hand went to her chin. A gentle touch moved her face to the side and his mouth met hers, as he hugged her close. He cradled her to him from behind, as his lips pecked kisses on her mouth. His mouth pressed onto hers, and as it did, something in her relaxed. He turned her to him and embraced her, as he was kissing her deeply once more.

Hugging her, his arms first braced her, and then moved her arms away. Taking them, he put them atop his shoulders and kept massaging his mouth on hers. His erection throbbed between them, and the press of her belly at it gave him an idea.

Still kissing her, he took one of her hands down from his shoulder, and he guided it between them. Her hand didn't go on its own where he intended, so he took her hand with his. One shift backwards gave him the space to put her onto his hard cock. He closed her fingers onto his shaft and she flinched hard.

Breaking their kiss, her face shot to stare down. It lingered and then she was peering back up at him. Her hand didn't leave his cock.

She half-whispered to him. "You're going to have to be gentle with me."

He smirked.

"I'm serious." She blinked. "It's been a long time for me."

"Sure, sure."

He walked them over to the bed and she eased down onto it. Her hips scooted along the sheets and gave him room, while her hands pushed into the mattress lifting her higher to where she'd be at the pillow. She watched him climb on the bed with her, her eyes staying on the sight of his hard-on waving around with his movements. It looked like she swallowed hard.

As he started to get over her, he got his first good look at her chest. While she had never appeared especially large on top, her breasts were now obviously ample. Even more, for the first time, he was seeing her nipples. Light red, they were large, seeming to almost cover the end of each tit. They protruded into points that made him strain even harder.

His lips at once dropped to the softness of her chest, and he drew lines from high on her down into to the cleavage of her. He licked and kissed, finding deep between her globes and then kissing out to get to her nipple. Takin his time with each one, he brushed with his lips, drew it in tight between his lips, and then alternated between sucking and massaging, giving her repeated feels of his wet mouth and tongue.

He fixed on her second nipple, when he noticed. His mouth had parted and gathered a long stretch of her breast and sucked inward, when he detected her legs move. Propped at her side, his hips hadn't quite squared over her. As his mouth was full of her soft, firm tit and the thick nipple was wiped with his tongue, her legs stopped clinging together. Both legs raised barely at the knees, off the bed and separating, following to the sides when her feet drug apart as well.

At once, he shifted to center over her. His knees planted inside her thighs, and then looking in her eyes, his legs spread further apart between hers, making her legs give more space. He held her look a moment longer as his face descended onto her belly. His eyes had to leave hers, when

his lips slid over her stomach. He was planting kisses downward, getting to her waist, when she nudged him.

"Trevor," she shook her head and pulled at his shoulders to bring him back up to her.

His mouth returned to hers once more, but as it did, his hand went between her legs. His hand grazed inside her thigh, and then two fingers met her mound, puffy and sensitive. The feel of light hair and delicate skin twitched at his touch.

"Oh!" Her cry repeated when his fingers eased onto her wet lips there. "Ohhhh... ."

He kissed at her mouth at the same time his fingers traced her slick lips between her legs. Her hips wiggled at his touch. When his fingers made the slightest press, the dampness was apparent.

"Oh, Trevor," her tone was urgent, and he kept his brushes delicate up and down her middle. She was breathing heavy.

His hand left her a second and her body sagged in disappointment. The reason soon became apparent when his hand took hers once more. Lifting it up, he put her hand on him again and then his hand returned to her sex. He liked how she gripped him on her own, holding tight.

"Trevor, Trevor," her throaty tone intensified.

He kissed the sides of her neck, and it wasn't long before his lips went to her ear. His fingers plied her lips at her pussy, her juices feeling like they trickled from her. Her fingers around his shaft awkwardly rubbed up and down on him. When his lips nipped at her ear lobe, her fist tightened. Next, his tongue flicked into the circle of her ear, and she grunted hard.

"Oh shit." Her voice snapped the words.

He made sure his lips still tickled her ear when he whispered to her. "I know what you need. I'm going to give it to you."

She sucked in air at the same giving a shriek. "Trevor!"

He propped himself and brought his hips in close to hers. His face stayed near hers, as he positioned where he wanted to be. He reached between them.

Her hand started to leave his dick, but his hand held hers to him, while also guiding himself. Leaning closer, his hand drug her hand and his dick up and down, finding the crevice of her pussy and letting the smooth head of him glide about her lips. Her wetness coated him as he went about drawing lines up and down her pussy.

"Oh, oh, oh," her breathing came in pants.

He paused a moment, and when he did, his grip slackened. His hips edged even closer to her. She took the opportunity to withdraw her hand. In anticipation, she put her hands up on his shoulders that now poised directly over her. Her legs pulled up to her sides, leaving her pussy tilted further up and at him.

His hand put his cock back at the center of her lips, and she clenched her eyes. The head of him sat perched at her opening, but not inside. His legs braced him aloft as he could feel her squirm under him. When her head lifted back on the pillow as if to look to the ceiling, he didn't hesitate.

"Hey," his tone was stern enough that her eyes opened wide to him, but her head still titled high.

Gently, he brought his elbows to the bed so his hands could go to her face. His palms cupped her cheeks and he eased her face to squarely look at him. Her eyes blinked up at him.

"I want to see your eyes." He grinned.

She grinned back at him as his hands stayed at her cheeks.

Their eyes stayed locked as his body eased forward over her. Her lips yielded to his cock at the same time her eyes

widened, and her mouth fell agape. A slow, long moan came from her throat.

Only a couple of inches of him were inside her, but he stopped. He knew how he wanted to do this, how he wanted to take his time, be gentle. After a second, he drew barely back, and her eyes reacted immediately. A flash of concern.

The feel of her lips there clinging to him was only surpassed by how she felt tightened to him as he pressed back forward. First, her lips hugged him as his direction changed, but with more of him going inside, he pulled her with him. This time he penetrated further, and those same lips distended to follow him inside her.

Her face squinted in his hands and her head pushed into the pillow, as the pressure of his entry worked sensations straight up her body. Her mouth hung open and her eyes narrowed as he had several inches in her this time and her hands dug into the skin at his shoulders.

Still her eyes stayed with his, and he could tell she was already getting the onset of her release. He loved their

connection and intensity together at this moment. She was soaked and warm around his cock, as hard as it had ever been. He again stopped, letting her get used to him.

When his body lowered away once more, she sucked in a breath and started back a low moan. Again, her sex draped him as some of him withdrew, and her legs swayed at his sides. He got to where only his head remained, and he paused once more.

"Trevor," her voice strained.

His hips stayed and his eyes lifted more open, waiting to hear more.

She sucked her lower lip, narrowed her eyes, and then nodded a couple of times.

His hands moved off her cheeks to grip more into her hair, and as he did, he put more weight on his elbows. His entire body shifted weight forward and his hips drifted from back

to front. The effect was to plunge his thickness deeper than before. Now he was mostly inside her.

She grunted hard. "Unnnggghhhh... ." Her legs raised high at his sides.

Her eyes fought to remain open, but they stared up at him. They kept staring as he began a rocking motion. His hips had gone from gradual back and forth to a continuous swinging, and her torso swung with his pace.

For several moments, he stroked up and back, not leaving far, but not raising far either. More a steady dancing that stirred her. She twisted under him, and he savored the heat inside her when he felt her respond. At first, it was slight, but then it was distinct. Her hips were pushing back at him, meeting his bumping up and back.

He heard himself grunt, and knew her moving with him was getting to him. Her look even focused closer as if she sensed his reaction. The joining of their pushes back and forth drove him to do something more. On his next move up, he thrust hard into her.

"UUGGHHH!" Her breath left her and a grunt came from her throat.

A couple of more sways, and he bucked hard again. Her chest heaved up, jiggling her breasts, and her head jerked up and back to match his thrust.

"Shit." Her voice was tight.

The feel of her wetter, and the moaning sounds she kept up, sparked him. He sprang hard more and more, and soon her head was shaking up and back. Her hands pressed into his shoulders tighter, and a sustained cry came from her.

They locked eyes as she screamed out, shaking and twisting under him, her legs flailing uncontrollably.

"OOOHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He kept up his rhythm inside her, as she rode out her orgasm. For several moments, she shook hard and squealed. Her mouth stretched open wide.

After some heavy pants, her body seemed to settle, and the jerking of her torso changed to quivering. Her hands rubbed at his shoulders vigorously, and her legs collapsed onto his hips. Each foot gathered behind him, relaxing onto the smooth, firm flesh of his bare ass.

He lowered to lie directly onto her and they hugged. One of her hands went into his hair and stroked fervently.

"Oh Trevor, I have never... ." Her voice trailed.

He kissed her several times and then lifted onto his elbows. Her eyes looked up at him differently and her breaths still came hard.

He appreciated the look of her post-climax under him a while, and then started getting off of her. His still-hard

penis slowly withdrew, leaving a void they both felt. When the last of him exited her, a slight 'smack' sounded.

Her tone lowered. "Uh, did you cum?"

He shook his head. "No."

Up on his haunches, he started sliding to the side of the bed.

Her words came tense. "What are you doing?"

He stopped getting off the bed long enough to answer her.

"Getting a condom."

Instantly she responded. "I can't get pregnant anymore."

Sprawled back on the bed, her blonde hair fanned out against the pillow under her head. Her arms hung out at her sides, and she made no effort to close her legs still stretched wide.

Kneeling on the bed beside her, he adored the look of her so sexed, but the message of what she had just said had to sink in, because he was still so damn revved.

"I can't get pregnant anymore."

He translated what she was really saying. "You don't need to wear a condom." Maybe better. "I don't want you to wear a condom."

He growled down at her. "Turn over."

She held still a moment. Her hand went to touch at her neck. A small grin appeared. "What, what are you doing?"

He grinned back. "I made love to you before." He crawled back over to her. "I'm going to fuck you now."

Her face blanched and her eyes went wide. She finally smiled as he started lifting her legs to help put her onto her stomach.

"Trevor... I don't know." She mumbled, as she faced down onto the bed, and raised onto her hands and knees. "I don't know."

"You don't know?" He made it as sarcastic as he could. He got between her legs. His knees made her knees part wider. "Oh, I think you do know."

She hung her head a second, before turning her face to the side and speaking to him over her shoulder. "You mean, you think I do know about getting like this?"

He reached a hand between her legs. He spread his palm and reached further to put it to the front of her mound. He felt the thin mat of pubes there, and then he drug his hand through the middle of her legs, letting two fingers rub straight through her lips, still drenched, only now just open. She squealed at the pass through her, and she wiggled her ass.

"I think you do know how I'm going to fuck you."

"I really don't know about that. But... ."

He gripped his still-hard cock and swathed it up and down her, causing her to flinch hard.

His voice was low. "But?"

"But," her voice was ragged now, her shoulders slumped and her head hung lower.

"Tell me." He extended his hand and took a hand full of her hair, her face tilting back up.

She looked ahead a second, and then turned to look back at him, a hard look in her eyes he'd never seen before. "But, I just know I want you to fuck me."

Her words had barely hit him when he pushed inside her. He held her hips and thrust. He wasn't completely in, but he was deep.

"AAAHHH!!!" She screeched it and tensed fully.

His hands pulled at the cheeks of her ass in front of him, and he reared back and rushed forward again.

Her torso jolted and her head whipped to look up. "Fuck, Trevor."

He had never even heard her say the word 'fuck' before, and his balls tightened underneath him.

His hips started a frantic back-and-forth, and his hands held onto her hips. The strong smacking of flesh slapping against flesh sounded about the room. He openly grunted with each thrust into her, and a lightness started with him already. He resisted it.

He looked down at her, and her body shook each time he pounded ahead. Her hands first patted to find some brace on the bed, and then her hands out-stretched, and the

perfectly red-nailed fingers grabbed fistfuls of his sheets. She held on desperately.

His cock felt as engorged and hard as he had ever experienced it, and he knew he wouldn't last much longer. Her thighs were slick with her juices and perspiration, and he fixated on how hot and wet her pussy was deep inside.

He was close and getting louder, when he saw her head peer back over her shoulder again. He was slamming against her too hard for her to bring her eyes to his, but her words came clear between her gasps and groans. They hit him hard.

"C'mon... c'mom... fuck me. C'mon." Her body thrashed about.

Shooting currents began piercing through him, and waves and waves of ecstasy washed about him. Dizziness rocked him. He felt his cock kick and shoot deep in her, as she had saved her best taunts for right now.

"Cum in me. Give it to me. I want it."

He let a loud roar scream from him, as more bursts shot from him and he shook violently behind her. Over and over, he spasmed and stayed lightheaded and reeling. He slowed to a stop still inside her. When he did stop, she surprised him again.

As he kneeled behind her, trying to calm from his orgasm and stop shaking, her hips shifted and then pressed backward. Her thighs tightened, and it was like she was grinding and trying to tighten against him.

Her added moves spiked more jolts in him, and he moaned more. His hands now leaned on her hips and he didn't feel very steady.

His voice was now ragged. "Oh my god."

They stayed in position for a few moments, and he loved how she looked with her bare ass splayed in front of him. His cock was still buried deep in her. Her hands hadn't let go of the sheets.

"Wow." She shook her head slowly.

Even though she continued to stay in place, he figured she had to be weary from being in one position so long. Gradually, he started backing from her. As he left her, her hips inched wider and her head sunk even lower almost touching the pillow.

His semi-hard, soaked dick plopped from her lips, and he couldn't resist taking a long look at the thin string that still connected from his cock to her pussy lips. Those same lips stayed agape even as he backed from her. He slapped her bottom once as he started edging to the side.

She collapsed onto the bed, still face down, her pretty, painted fingers finally letting loose of the sheets.

...

Julia slowly woke in the middle of the night, feeling groggy.

Everything was dark, and it took a few seconds for her to put it together. She was in Trevor's bed, in his apartment, and he was asleep beside her. There was no avoiding an initial wince at what had happened. It was just amazing it had happened to her.

Her head was slightly lifting and then lowering, and his firm chest supported her cheek and face. He must have been asleep. Leaning onto him and on her side, she must have been sleeping draped over him. Her arm still reached over.

Instantly, she got that she was nude, as her left breast mashed onto his torso. She wanted to back away, but she also didn't want to wake him. A small comfort was that her body was apart from his from her chest down.

Many thoughts raced in her mind. The most prominent one was the memory of him filling her as they had sex. Had sex. She clenched her eyes tight and tried not to chastise

herself. After all, she had been overwhelmed by it all. Thrilled. Never been so... ecstatic. I have to hand it to him. I've never been taken so far as that in my life. She drew a deep breath and calmed herself.

He shifted in the bed, and she almost jumped out of her skin. Now, she was almost completely onto the side of her body, and her chest no longer rested on his. Instead though, his movement had brought his thick penis into contact with her stomach. There was no guessing what the smooth solid part of him this was. She was acutely aware of its touch against her skin.

She tried to peer down at it, but the room was so dark it was tough to see. The thought of his penis reminded her more of their lovemaking, and there was a distinct, aching tenderness between her legs. The memory of his eyes locked onto hers as she came made her quiver.

So many emotions welled in her. Excitement started percolating, and so did a warmness. There was no denying that a whole added layer of love had grown for her. Sure, she had loved him already, but now... . Now, she felt so

much more. A different, more intense kind of caring than there had been. Something had stirred in her when he had cried out last night, and she didn't even want to try to analyze it or give it any label.

Her mulling of the situation was interrupted when his body changed its position yet again. His frame stretched high, and the result was to bring his hips and crotch dragging up her stomach to where it paused up on her chest. The shaft of him now poked to the middle of her breasts, indenting the softness of the tit that laid closest to the sheets.

Instinctively, she withdrew back from him, but her retreat didn't completely separate their touch. Her breast still cushioned his dick, only now her nipple connected them, too. A deep reaction inside made her worry this was going to get her started in the wrong direction. She backed the additional couple of inches to disengage from the feel of his dick altogether. His hand reached from his side to rest at her side, as if to want to halt any more movement away.

I should get up. I should absolutely get out of this bed and be on my way. Last night is over. The agreement was for 'this one time.' We had our one time.

She didn't move at all. Memories of his touch, his kiss, and his cock made her sigh hard. Her hand rubbed her eyes as she struggled with many different feelings inside.

Again he shifted, and this time she concluded he had to have been at least partially awake. Already stretched to have his hips higher, his shoulders and back curved up even higher. The effect was to point his face to the headboard and lift his crotch higher up her body. His effort placed his crotch close to her face.

Even in the dark, he was now close enough for her to detect his erection pointing at her. Inches separated them, and it wouldn't take much for his cock to be shoved against her face. He pulsed in front of her.

Now her mind reeled. At once, she thought of how long it had been since she had given oral sex. The mixed feelings

about whether she liked doing it hit her. The fact that this was Trevor rocked her.

I can't go that far. I can't. Agreement was for 'this one time.' Doing... that... is what actual lovers do. That's different.

It took only a second for her to get just how preposterous her thinking was. Last night was more than some casual thing. They had gone beyond casual. Be honest with yourself.

Once more, her mind hit the memory of his going taut behind her, shaking, and screaming out, and that was when she felt it. Down between her legs, there was a wetness she sensed forming. Her eyes closed with the realization of it.

While her eyes were shut and her body stirred, the bed moved with his weight shifting yet again. There was no need to open her eyes at what was happening, and the touch of him confirmed it. Smooth, hard skin tapped first her chin and then her lips. The mattress creaked with another maneuver and his warm flesh now rubbed against her face.

Her hand left her side and her legs barely parted. Her fingers found her slick middle at the same time, her mouth dropped to open. Her mouth stayed open while his hand went to his shaft. The back of his hand grazed her chin while it steadied his cock. It took him one sway backward to let his hand lower himself, and then one sway forward for his cockhead to touch her lips and then ease past.

She thought she might cum from just his head passing her lips, but she kept her fingers still. Her jaws widened in anticipation, and sure enough, his bulbous head and a couple of swollen inches of his shaft filled her mouth. Reflexively, her tongue and cheeks tightened about him, and she inhaled to suck at him.

Above her, he moaned hard, and the distant memory of a strange power returned. Years ago, there had been times when she had marveled at how even slight things done with this act elicited such strong reactions. To her, there was nothing else like it.

Oh my god, I can't believe I'm doing this. This is beyond any agreement. ...But this is what he want. And... what I want.

Her face pulled just up, and when it very slowly descended right back, he put a hand into her hair. Her mouth stayed wrapped to him and when it came higher again, she sucked him hard.

His voice was gravely. "Oooohhhhhhh... ."

Up and back. Up and back. Her pace stayed gradual, but his hips rotated about. His girth stretched her jaws full, and concern rushed about her, thinking where this was leading.

It had been years since she had done this at all, but even in the past, she had rarely wanted to have the guy finish in her mouth. Rarely.

They were settling into a steady back-and-forth when he bucked once. The extra poke sent him into her throat, and when he met the back of her throat, she coughed hard. Her

face whipped back from him, and a couple of more gagging coughs shook her before she could calm.

"Sorry," he half-whispered.

His body stayed still, as she breathed normally again. Nothing else was said, and she didn't hesitate. Her face came back to him, and her mouth opened wide again. Her lips circled over and past his head, and she returned to a rhythm like before.

There was no doubt he was straining and pulsing hard, and she expected he wouldn't last much longer. The groans up above her grew louder and his hand tousled her hair about. Her own hand drove herself closer and closer.

The shooting spasms and waves of pleasure broke in her, and at the same time, she decided to animate her efforts. As she shook, she also bobbed on him, pushing back and forth against him and grunting unlike she ever had before.

Her muted squeals were drowned by his, because he started screaming when his cock kicked in her mouth. The salty milk shot down her throat and also erupted out of her lips, forced spurt after forced spurt shooting away in her mouth.

She tried to swallow quickly, and the warm pungent taste overtook her. The shock of it actually happening fired a second and third wave of exhilaration through her. Her body jolted through the orgasms.

As the dizziness swept her, her mouth relaxed. Though disoriented, the distinct knowledge he was still cumming stayed with her. Her mouth had relaxed, but he was still fully inside it, and the gobs of his semen rolled over her lips and cheeks. She figured it was everywhere.

Several moments passed before he was able to calm. He panted and shook, with his hips trying to hold still. Finally, he collapsed backwards, and his cock left her mouth.

Struggling to straighten from the bed, there was dampness everywhere it seemed. Her mouth, her chin, her cheeks, her

chest. An anxiousness fueled her, as she pushed to get to her feet and rush over to the bathroom.

Inside, she flicked on the bathroom light. She almost yelped when her reflection stared back at her. Her blonde hair pointed out in several directions, and there were strands closer to her face that looked wet. That same wet look soaked at her cheeks and lips. Her hands quickly came to her face to start wiping.

When she saw one particular white string of fluid traced from the corner of her mouth out over her chin, she froze. In disbelief, she watched herself move a finger to wipe up the trail of him. Her finger gathered up the thick stream.

Her eyes stared at that same finger disappear into her mouth.

...

She awoke to his soft peck at her forehead and his lifting from the bed. Her eyes squinted back awake to glimpse his nude behind traipse into his bathroom. A distant voice chastened her, but she grinned at that.

Who am I kidding? After everything we did.

Flashes of memory passed from his pushing into her, to her on her hands and knees on the bed, to the taste of him in her mouth. The sight of him striding nude in and out of view over in the bathroom mixed with her thoughts to make her middle react once again. Never had she found herself so aroused so many times in such a short time.

Never.

The faucet's pour sounded out, and from behind she watched him as he brushed his teeth. At one point, his eyes reflecting in the mirror noticed hers watching him and he smiled back at her.

"Good morning." His voice sounded very cheery. She was glad.

She tilted onto her side facing his way and with just the thin sheet to cover her naked form. Propped on an elbow, she gave a throaty response back. "Good morning."

Still on her side, she took a quick look at her phone. Bill had texted. He was asking how she was. But... there was an additional text where he said he wanted "a lot of details later."

Her brow knitted and she chuckled, and when she did, she saw Trevor had been watching from the bathroom mirror.

His voice changed from cheery to concern. "Everything alright?"

She smiled back at his reflection, and slowly she nodded. "Yeah." Her words were still gravelly.

"It was him." Trevor went about rinsing.

"Yeah, but... ." What do I say and how do I say it? Should all that wait? I'm not even sure what 'all that' even is.

"He's wondering where you're at?" He toweled his mouth, still facing away at the sink.

"Oh, he knows where I'm at."

"He does?" Trevor stared into the mirror and at her.

"Yeah, but it's not what you think."

"No?"

"Uh, he actually said he wants details later."

Trevor's eyes went wide in the reflection. "No!"

He pivoted and started walking her way, and when he did, her attention went straight to the middle of his nude, full frontal. He bounced there with his steps, a thick, flaccid trunk of a cock that was still several inches dangling there, even though not hard.

Did I really have that inside me?

He came to stand directly beside her bed, as he took the phone and brought it up to read himself.

Still propped and on her side, her face was inches from his bare crotch and part of her had to resist just moving her face towards him. She smiled to herself, and between her legs she dampened. Trevor's eyes passed from the phone down onto her face, but her eyes didn't leave his heavy cock right in front of her.

His voice purred mischievously. "Let's make some more 'details' to tell later."

Her eyes glimpsed up to his so she could watch his expression change, as she lifted the sheet from the bed to put it behind her and expose her nude prone body.

"Let's."

She smiled.

## Chapter 2

1.

"I have no idea why this excites me so much. I wish I did."

Bill Steed half-grinned and shrugged. The absolute silence in his therapist's office gave him pause. The therapist's voice, Dr. Kahn, a gentle but firm male voice, did provide some solace.

"Well look, we know several things. It's not like you're out there hurting anyone. Your wife loves you. I mean, she's

told you so. And, everything else in your world remains the same. It is this one issue. Right?"

"That's exactly right."

"No one has complained. No one else has even raised an issue. You know this, yourself, to be extraordinary. You're here to talk. To explore it. To understand it."

"That's right."

A stillness and silence stayed constant in the office, as Bill tried to make himself share as much as he could. The doctor's tone stayed level.

"Okay. You left off at that morning afterwards. You knew she had spent the night with Trevor, is that right?"

"Yes, that's right. I did."

"Carry on."

"Okay," Bill drew a deep breath and pushed on, "She knows I play golf on Saturdays. It's what I do. I'm always gone by nine, and at nine, she hadn't gotten home. We weren't around each other that day. That night we went out to eat, and... just avoided it."

Dr. Kahn made notes. "Did she act strange or upset?"

"Not really." Bill rubbed his face and then shook it as if to try to change his approach. "Doctor, I really think this is something that... can be just fine, so long as... we all just look at it a certain way. It's worked out as something different. Enticing. Provocative."

"Why is it so 'provocative' to you?"

Bill couldn't help a grin. "You gotta know Julia. She's so damn nice. I mean, you'd look at her, and never-never in a million years-think this woman is actually fucking her son. That's what makes it so thrilling to me. It seems to go against her nature. She's so womanly, and appears so

wholesome, yet... there's this. And believe me, she doesn't want to admit it, and would never admit it, but she's thrilled, too. I can see it."

The therapist tried to ask his next question carefully. "Do you feel anything besides the thrill of it? I mean, there's no jealousy that surfaces at all?"

"Listen, I've got no ego in this. None at all. Maybe I should make that clear to them, too. Julia and I have been together forever. Forever. And... we just don't have passion that way with each other anymore. She'd agree with that."

"Yeah, but having sex with someone else. That's pretty different from just things being routine or something. Then, throw in that it's Trevor, and... well, it's just a huge minefield."

"But it doesn't have to be. It doesn't. They're both healthy, secure people. Long as we're all honest with each other. In fact, I think I'll talk with them both, make sure they understand. I'm not about ego on this. I want everybody

fine with it, and only doing it if they want. If they really want."

"And you're pretty sure everybody is happy with this? Really?"

"Look. Trevor is doing some sort of ultimate thing here. He's probably more than happy that this is happening. Way more into it than me. And Julia, hey, I haven't forced her here. Hell, I haven't even encouraged any of this. I just... um... went along."

"What else could happen from here? Where does it go? What do you see?"

"I wanted to ask you about that. There's something I am craving, but... . This is sick, I know."

Dr. Kahn shifted in his chair, but kept an even look about him.

Bill continued. "It's been, like, mesmerizing to hear about this. To see her afterwards. But I got to have a better experience of it."

"Huh?"

"I gotta be there when it happens. Actually see it. That would be the ultimate."

"Is that something you think they'd ever agree to?"

"Well, it's a wish I have. And, it's like a genie has granted a couple of wishes already. I think it'd be okay."

"We have to be careful with our genies."

"What? What do you mean?"

"Be careful with the genie, once it's granted the wishes."

Bill tilted his head. "Huh? So... what does a genie do after it's granted the wishes?"

The therapist leaned forward and tried to strike a compassionate look and tone. After drawing a deep breath, he spoke softly.

"Whatever it wants."

Bill flinched.

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2.

Trevor's voicemail froze him in place. "Trevor, this is your dad. Let's grab a beer."

When he first got the voicemail, Trevor had stared at his phone for some time. His hand wasn't steady when he

called his father back, and they set the meeting up. Had to happen, he guessed.

Marlowe's was a good bar to do this. Low key. Sports-themed. A smattering of people. Cold beer and enough space where they didn't have to be heard.

His dad smiled when he saw him, and Trevor needed that. Everything could be fine. This could work out. Just relax.

A handshake together with a half-embrace, and then they perched at a high-top. Bill faced towards the bar and the bank of television monitors, and Trevor did the same. It was a relief they wouldn't be staring right at each other the whole time.

The sight of them likely screamed 'normal.' Bill in his button-down dress shirt and some casual trousers. Trevor in his worn jeans and a t-shirt.

An attractive young server wasted no time saddling right up to them. She gave Trevor a flirtatious look and grin that

Trevor happily returned. Bill ordered a Miller Lite, and Trevor a 420.

"I swear, you're totally me, when I was your age. A younger version of me." Bill shook his head, chuckling.

"Yeah?" Trevor smiled back.

"That server's hot. You should go for that. Don't hesitate. As you get older, that becomes clearer. Life's short."

"Yeah, well it's not always as easy as it looks either, right?"

They shared a look, before Bill focused them.

"You know. Me seeing myself in you probably accounts for some of where I've been coming from on this."

Trevor braced a bit. "Okay... ."

They both drank from their beers. Trevor drained more of his. This is damn weird.

"Hey, your mom and I have been going through some... stuff. Probably more me, actually."

Trevor kept quiet and listened closely.

Bill continued. "After twenty-something years, things get... sort of settled. Low key. It's, uh, easy to stop trying, really."

Bill held up his hand and laughed softly. "Hey, I'll be the first to admit it. I'm guilty."

The server came around, and both of them declined to order any food. The server let a sexy smile linger at Trevor. When she moved on, Bill slapped at the tabletop and was quick to his point.

"See that? That's cool. That's exciting, right? Some flirting, some sexiness. That's fun."

"Okay." Trevor sipped more beer.

"I guess I'm just saying your mom's been this same, easy-going way for years, and I've been letting things coast along forever, and neither of us has been exactly daring or really trying."

Trevor shifted on his barstool. He nodded. Part of him bristled hearing his father talk about this, but a deeper part of him could tolerate it, if it meant this is what it took for him to keep seeing her the way he was seeing her.

Bill drank some and shook his head. "I figured if she absolutely didn't want anything to happen, she could have said so."

Trevor's blood raced with this thought, as Bill kept talking. How true-she could have easily said no. She didn't.

"Hell, you are going for everything you can, and what better conquest than her, right?"

Trevor again braced at the truth of this. Bill kept riffing.

"So, I figured 'this one time.' This once let's see pretty, poised Julia have her world rocked a bit. You know? It's enthralled me, really."

Trevor finished off his beer rather than saying anything back.

Bill squared his shoulders and finished his, too.

"So, it's just this once. It's for fun. A physical thing. And, I hope you do get this part-emotionally nothing's changed. I mean, she still relies on me, and we're there for each other after all these years. I know, myself, she gets that. And that's really the most important thing."

"Yeah." Trevor again nodded and wished he had one more drink of his beer. He wasn't quite getting or agreeing with his dad altogether, but hey, that was up to them.

He was just glad his dad wasn't pissed.

...

3.

Julia stared at the television, but she didn't have a clue what was on. Alone and past her usual bedtime, she let her mind spin and tried to settle down. She had muted the sound low, and turned out the last lamp in the living room.

Her phone waited on the table next to her. Bill had gone upstairs forty-five minutes ago. Go ahead, you know you want to.

He hadn't texted or called. Trevor had met his dad for a couple of beers, and since then, he hadn't tried to reach her. Bill treated it as having gone well, but wouldn't he do that in almost any case? Bill had let on no specifics, just that "everything was fine." Then, he had wanted to ramble about

emotions and nothing changing. She had listened dutifully, just as he expected.

Lying there on the sofa, her bare legs and feet were propped at the other end, sticking from her loose white robe and swaying back and forth restlessly. She sighed and glimpsed her phone. Go ahead, you know you want to.

She had a busy day planned for the next day, and she should go on to bed. She was sure of it. But would she really sleep? What had her husband said to her son? What had her son said to her husband? And why wasn't either of them telling her?

The thought came to her. Trevor may not know whether I can talk or not. She reached over and snatched up her phone.

She pulled up the text icon and then changed her mind. A couple of clicks later, she was calling him up. She sucked at her lips and waited. Twice, it rang.

"Hello?" He sounded groggy.

"You can't be asleep." She realized her tone was playful, but controlled. He no doubt picked up on it, too. She resisted a grin.

"Nah, maybe drifting."

"Did you and your dad decide what to do with me?"

They both chuckled.

"Uh, no. Not at all."

"Wish I could have been a fly on the wall."

"It was weird. Cool, respectful. But weird."

She gave a small grunt. "I bet."

"Where are you?" His voice tightened a bit, like he was more focused.

She paused. "Downstairs. About to head to bed. ...Where are you?"

"Um, I'm in bed."

"What did you guys discuss? What did he say?" I sound too concerned.

"Uh, I don't know. Just talked, really. What are you wearing?"

She smirked, but didn't make a sound that would betray it. "Trevor, I want to know what he said. This is serious, you know."

"He just wanted to talk. Said this was just a thing, a one-time thing. That the two of you hadn't changed, like, emotionally, but that this was a... just a physical thing."

"Really?"

"Uh huh."

"Unreal. He didn't say, like, 'don't do it again.' Or, 'That's it.' Something like that?"

"Hmmm, that's a good point. No, I guess he didn't. He never actually said that."

"Actually? C'mon. Did he say anything close to that?"

A moment passed. "No. He really didn't."

There was some silence, and she smoothed the top of her robe. There were distinct points where the thin silk covered her chest. When she spoke again, it was more of a coo. And that's how she intended it.

"My favorite pink, satin kimono robe."

"Huh?"

"Before... you asked me before what I was wearing."

There was rustling on his end of the call, and she figured he was positioning in bed.

"Sounds nice."

She kept her voice low. "It's not nice. It's not nice at all." Her hand slowly pulled at the sash, and the sides eased open. They didn't fall completely away, but they opened to reveal a line of bare skin from her chest to her crotch.

His voice was thick. "It's not?"

"No, Trevor. It's not. It's not 'nice.' "

"I was trying to be complimentary. I-"

"I'm lying on my sofa, talking to my son, and I'm barely covered by this thing. So, it's not nice."

His voice dropped deeper, and it immediately stirred her.

"No, it's not nice."

She drew a deep breath. "There's something I'm wondering about your talk with your dad."

More rustling. "Hold on, I'm pulling down my boxers."

Her face burned, and her fingers slipped underneath the top of her robe. The fingertips circled one of her nipples.

His voice rumbled on the other end. "There."

She bit her lip. Could barely move. "Did you tell him?"

His ragged breathing came across on the phone. "Tell him what?"

Her fingers circled again, and then drifted lower over her abdomen. "Trevor, do you have your cock out?"

He grunted and mumbled. "Shit."

"Are you stroking your cock?"

"I can't believe you're asking me that."

Her fingers reached her waist and didn't linger.

His voice rumbled again. "Do you need it again?"

She pulled a deep breath, and immediately regretted that he could probably hear her.

He asked her again. "You need it, don't you?"

Her voice came back raspy this time. "Did you ask him?"

He panted on the phone. "What? What are you talking about?"

She took another deep breath, and her fingers found her wet folds. "Did you ask him about fucking me again?"

He groaned, and though he sounded close, he pushed out his reply. "No. Because... I'm going to fuck you anyway."

She gasped hard, her fingers pressed at her clit and rubbed, and she cried out.

He started moaning loud, too.

They let each other hear their release.

...

4.

So much for having relief from it all, she thought. Wednesday morning had barely started at work, and her mind was whirling about again. What's wrong with me?

Julia worked through the day, deeply distracted and just as restless. Her mind kept turning to the time she was spending with Trevor. Her nipples ached in her bra.

During the morning, he had texted to say hello, and see how she was doing. Her interest piqued, she was ready to trade barbs or thoughts with him, but then there was nothing. Over and over, she checked her phone and saw nothing. What in the world is going on?

At midday, she heard from Bill. She chastised herself for being let down. It shouldn't be a letdown to hear from your husband instead of your lover. What have I come to? The truth was that this was how she really felt. She just wanted to hear from Trevor. Is he thinking about me?

She replied to Bill, confirming that she still had her City Women's League meeting that night. Maybe this was what she needed to get herself back on track. Return to the reasonable, clearheaded wife and businesswoman she had always been. Not... this.

Her white, pencil dress hugged her slender hips admirably. The v-neck was modest and her necklace sat easily. But all day long, her stringy blonde tresses kept wanting to come down.

As the day wore down, the thought teased her. Text him. Check on him. Of course, it wasn't how she wanted it. She wanted how he had been that first weekend, when he didn't let an hour pass without some word or flirt. Him trying. Now where was he?

Finally, at four-thirty, she couldn't stand it any longer. She squirmed in her chair and stared at her phone. Her fingers were ready to peck at the screen, but what? What could be interesting, but subdued?

Her phone suddenly buzzed, and she half-jumped, sitting there. The phone alerted her, "Trevor." A text.

She warmed and grinned. Finally. She opened it.

"How's it going?"

She paused for the briefest of moments, and then replied.  
"Well. Getting ready to leave."

"Still have your meeting?"

"Yeah."

"Thinking of you."

She shifted about in her chair. Her fingers tapped to the bare skin at her chest, as a burning stirred inside her. Part of her wanted to admit-confess-she had been thinking of nothing else but him. Of course, she didn't.

"And I am of you."

"Yeah?"

She smiled and her hand patted her hair in place. Really? You really don't know? Her tongue wet her lips, as she hit the keypad.

"You're surprised?"

"You should stop by tonight."

Her eyes closed at the thought. Her pulse raced. Her thighs drew closer together.

"Wish I could."

...

5.

Julia stood to address the City Women's League meeting, having just checked her phone to see if Trevor had texted again. After trading texts that afternoon, she had thought maybe he'd follow-up with his suggestion for her to stop by. Maybe she was just hoping he'd surprise her. Maybe she was bored with her meeting. Whatever it was, the result was the same-she'd heard nothing more.

He knew she was attending this meeting. And that she would soon be leaving. She cleared her throat and then spoke up.

"Thank you all for being here. It's a great night to recognize the social committee's efforts for the fundraiser." She stood straight in her pencil dress, with her hair gathered up and her make-up perfect. "Let's give them all a warm round of applause."

The room all politely clapped, and she chided herself for glancing down at the phone on the table in front of her. The clapping faded, and she drew a deep breath. Maybe he's gone out.

She continued into the microphone. "The next dinner with the chamber members is Friday a week from now. Please rsvp by this Friday." She thought of his voice the last time they had talked. How full and thick it sounded as he had flirted.

"Now, this concludes tonight's meeting. Please feel free to finish your drinks and conversations, and we will see you next month."

Chairs could be heard shifting back, and voices started clattering with goodnights being shared. The others at Julia's table politely said their thank yous and goodbyes. Julia gathered her purse and phone, and she was discreetly making her way out.

"Julia, Julia?"

Julia turned to see Martha Stuggart at her side.

Martha grinned tightly. "Some of us are going to have a glass of wine, and talk more about the fundraiser."

What if he calls? Texts?

Martha motioned off to the side. "We're right over here."

"Martha, I'm sorry. I have an early day tomorrow. I have to go." She smiled a tight smile back. "Goodnight."

Julia didn't even pause. She turned and headed on out. Down the aisle and out the foyer, and she had escaped. Her black high heels clicked along the pavement as she made her way to her BMW. The car chimed as she entered and started it, and once more she glanced to her phone. Nothing.

She started the car in the direction of home, and she wondered about Bill. She was quite sure he had finished dinner, and by the time she reached home, he may already be in bed. Had Bill talked again to Trevor? Could that explain the silence from Trevor?

Halfway home, her shoulders sagged and she sighed. What am I thinking? He asked about tonight. I was the one who said I 'wished I could.' Why would he call or text?

She kept her eyes on the road, but her hand reached next to her and lifted her phone. Her hand slowly clicked away at the phone and put it to her ear. Her breath held in her throat. I can't believe I'm doing this. How is it going to sound me calling him now?

On the second ring, Trevor picked up. "Hello?"

"Hi."

"How was the meeting?"

"Boring. How are you doing?" Her hand clutched hard at the wheel.

"Good, good. Just hanging out."

She bit at her lip, and part of her wanted to simply say okay and then goodbye. Stop acting like a schoolgirl.

She asked the only thing she could think of to say. "Did you hear from your dad?"

"Uh no. Sure didn't."

Her mind spun through what Bill could be thinking, but she really didn't know. What a damn mess. After a couple of seconds, she realized there had been silence on the phone with Trevor.

"Uh, ahhh-" she stammered.

He spoke up. "Want to drop by?"

Her eyes batted a couple of times. "I'm close to home now."

He said nothing.

She squinted, and she sighed again. "Alright. But it will have to be quick. I have to get home. I really do."

"Okay."

They hung up, and she changed the car's direction immediately. It meant twenty more minutes of driving, and she was already tired. But she had to admit it to herself. It didn't matter how much more time it caused. She was going.

...

6.

Outside his apartment, she paused in the car a second and checked herself in the mirror. Her hand mussed at her hair to make sure it was still in place, and she dabbed a bit of gloss to her lips. Her eyes looked like shit, she thought. Tired. She shook her head and pushed on.

At his door, her hand raised and held before knocking. What am I doing? This is so stupid, so crazy.

Her hand went ahead and rapped at the door a couple of quick times.

Another couple of seconds passed, and the door swung open. Trevor was backing away with it, and she walked inside. He closed it behind her, and she stayed right there with her back at the door. She went no further.

He circled back in front of her, and she gulped. He was bare-chested, barefooted, and only dark sweats clothed him from the hips down. His pecs tweaked as he motioned his arm towards the living room. His skin looked so smooth it reminded her just how much younger he was. Part of her winced and part of her churned.

"C'mon in."

"Uh no. No, I can't." She wasn't really breathing and her voice came tight. "I can't stay."

They stared at each other a moment. He put his hands on his hips, and she resisted looking lower. She caught herself gazing into his eyes with her mouth agape.

He grinned.

Her middle swirled and she felt panicked. She abruptly turned to leave, putting her hand on the door knob.

His hand reached past her and kept the door closed. Still facing away from him, her words came softly.

Her voice trembled. "Did you talk to your dad?"

"You asked me that before. No, I haven't. I'm not going to."

He slowly turned her to him. They were close. She detected a vanilla, but musky, scent about him

The room was absolutely silent, as he raised his hand to her face, and a couple of fingers moved strands of her hair to the side. The fingers then traced her cheek before going to her chin. His fingers tilted her chin up, so her face was looking up at his, as his face moved closer to hers.

Her whispery voice sounded out. "I... I... ."

His lips almost touched to hers, but stopped. Her lips were parted and waited. Another second, and his softly pressed hers. Her eyes closed, and she savored the exquisite feel of their kiss.

He lingered with his lips on hers, and then pressed closer. Her lips responded with the same and their faces moved together some. His lips then opened hers, and the tip of his tongue followed. She put hers to it.

His mouth moved again, and his kiss grew firmer. More of his tongue entered her mouth, but it just paused there, his lips meshing and rubbing to hers. A warmth washed her,

and her lips held to his. Her mouth closed tighter to his tongue and then pulled at it. Her cheeks drew in with her sucking on his tongue.

His hands went to her dress, and his palms clenched fabric, and they started hiking it higher. He bunched it into his hands, and the sleek fabric easily raised into clumps in his fists. Her hands started to where his fists were, but then stopped. They instead came up to his shoulders and gripped.

He broke their kiss, and descended at once. Her face looked down to see his hands take the sides of her now-exposed panties and start unfurling them down her legs. They easily slipped over her legs, though the crotch of them stuck for an instant in the middle before falling fast.

She saw her thin, white panties pool atop her black heels, before his hand lifted one shoe and brought the panties under it to clear it to the side. He stood back up, and with his eyes burning at hers, his thumbs hooked the waist of his sweats and yanked them down. A couple extra tugs had to

clear them over his bulge, and then his cock bounced into the open.

Her eyes fixed on his hard dick, and the memory of the trunk-like thickness swirled back for her. Her middle flooded. She gave a small moan they both could hear.

His hands roughly reached around behind her and cradled her ass. He leaned forward, pressing her up against the door and then his legs flexed to push up, moving his hands and arms to her off her feet.

"OH!" She shouted, as her feet dangled in the black heels and his hips worked between her hers. "Oh, OH!"

His hands pulled higher, and the effect was to start her legs out to the sides of her hips. The momentum wasn't enough to get her legs up, but despising herself for it, she jerked her legs higher herself and brought them further around his back.

"Oh, Trevor," her tone was shrill, as he still maneuvered to get lower under her, and to get her higher up. Her legs clutched to him and pressed up, helping her higher up the door.

His hand went to his cock, as his voice came in a growl. "You couldn't wait to get over here, could you?"

She grunted as his fist steadied his shaft under her.

His snarl increased. "Tell me you couldn't wait to get over here."

His fist managed to get his head to her drenched lips, and the sensation of his hardness at her pussy made her snap her head backward, banging it against the door.

"AHHH!" her wail was from her throat.

"Tell me-"

She blurted before he could finish his words. "I came over here for you to fuck me."

His hands dipped her ass, at the same time he thrust hard forward, and she screamed out.

"AAAAHHHH!!"

Her legs wrapped tighter around him, and he started bucking at her. She felt impaled on him, and full. Her back slid up and down the door hard.

He kept a hard, steady pace deep inside her. Her arms desperately clung to his shoulders, as she held on. Her head popped up and down in time with his thrusts. In her periphery, she could see her black heels still harnessing her feet and bouncing up and down in the air.

Waves of sheer ecstasy started deep inside her, and as the first spasms swelled, she brought her mouth to his ear. Small grunts kept coming with the pounding he was giving her, so she didn't know if she'd be heard by him.

She half-whispered in his ear. "This is what I came for. I came over here for you to fuck me."

He started yelling and writhing in place, and she was sure he was cumming. Her own body shook, and currents shot about inside her. She wondered if she would pass out.

He kept her pinned against the door as he settled, and her legs stayed tight on his waist. She liked how he still felt stuffed inside her. How he still wrapped his arms about her, holding her close. They both panted. Soon he was easing her down.

"Oh my god," was all she could manage.

She felt incredibly wet on her inner thighs, and she even looked down, wondering if there may have been some pool on the floor. There wasn't, but she did eye her panties in a clump there.

He smoothed her dress back down, he pulled his sweats back up, and then he surprised her. He swept her panties up in his hand, and then he put them in the pocket of his sweats.

She chuckled. "I need those."

He smiled mischievously. "No. You don't get them."

"I don't?"

"No. I want you to drive home without them. Think of me. And then, go in that house without any panties on."

He grinned, and she could swear she had impossibly dampened again.

...

7.

In the dark of the night, Bill tossed and turned in bed. Once again, he checked the clock. Where is she?

Sometimes she stayed after the meetings and had a glass of wine with some of the other women. It was probably that. But... .

There had been nothing the last couple of days. She hadn't mentioned a word about Trevor. Of course, neither had he. But he expected she would at least have said something. She had slept with Trevor. They couldn't just leave it at that.

At long last, the front door opened and closed. He heard her ease up the stairs as quietly as she could. She entered the darkened bedroom without a word.

As she undressed, he laid there and tried to keep quiet. Impossible.

His voice was low. "How are you doing?"

She flinched just barely, her silhouette jerking and then returning to her dress. "Okay. Really tired."

"Was starting to worry."

He tried to glimpse her, but she hurried with a slip she pulled over herself, and then was headed in the direction of the bathroom. He managed to get his question out before she reached the bathroom.

"Did you see him?" It was a hunch, but he tried it anyway.

Inside he stirred, as she froze in place for a moment. "Yes." She continued on into the bathroom.

He shifted about in the bed and many questions came to mind. His boxers seemed to tighten on him, and he figured she was formulating a strategy while using the bathroom.

She took a while, and his hand went ahead to his crotch. Did she really see him? He wanted details.

The bathroom door opened and the light clicked off, and she made her way into bed. He gave her the chance to relax, but then he spoke up.

"Did you actually go by there?"

The dark room was quiet a long moment, before her soft reply broke the silence. "Yes."

He felt his blood rush. "He called you?"

Again, she delayed, and for a moment, he worried she would try to shut him down.

"I called him."

"You did?"

Her hand rubbed her eyes.

He wanted to make sure he got this right. "You called him on your way home from the meeting?"

"Yeah."

"Did you ask him about coming by there?"

Her answer was quick and her tone tight. "No, of course not."

"Oh, okay." His hand at his middle confirmed he was swelling. "But... you called him."

She sighed. He wasn't sure how to take it. Something happened.

He gently went further. "He wanted you to drop by?"

"Let's talk about this tomorrow, alright? I'm exhausted."

"Julia, don't do that to me. You can't leave me hanging." He shifted again in bed. "He wanted you to come by, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"And honestly," he drew a breath, "you knew he would when you called him, didn't you?"

The room was quiet and still before she squeaked her reply.

"Yes."

"You wanted to go and see him, I bet."

She half-whispered. "Yeah. I did."

"Had you already thought about it?"

Her head nodded on the pillow. "Yeah."

"And... were you already wet before he opened the door?"

"Bill-"

"Were you?"

Again a half-whisper. "Yeah."

He felt himself harden and his hand gripped his shaft.

His voice lowered. "Had he already gone to bed? What was he wearing?"

Her hand raised to her forehead, and it was as if she was shielding her eyes.

She tried, unsuccessfully, to sound nonchalant. "He must've been in bed already. He had on sweats."

"Sweats? You mean, sweat pants? No shirt?"

"Bill... ."

"You look at his chest?"

"What?"

"Did you look at his chest? Did you notice his chest?"

Her hand stayed on her eyes. He didn't let up.

"I'm thinking you did. I bet you took a long look at his chest. You didn't expect to see him like that, I suspect. And you know what?"

Silence.

"I bet he wanted a reaction from you."

"Bill... let's talk tomorrow."

His hand eased up and back down on himself.

"I bet he got a reaction from you."

"I didn't... . I didn't say anything."

"Hey, I bet you didn't have to, Julia. I bet he saw your eyes take him in. You know that?"

She stayed quiet.

"You know what that probably did to him, right?"

"Bill, stop it. I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't-  
"

"C'mon, Julia. Don't bullshit either of us. You know good and well what you did. Your eyes scanned his bare chest,

and when he saw you gawk, he got hard. You know it, admit it."

She rubbed her eyes.

His voice tightened together with his grip on himself. "You got him hard. And, you also knew already what was going to happen, didn't you?"

She gave a long sigh. His hand moved a little quicker.

"Julia, if you're honest about it, even honest with yourself, you went over there knowing-"

"I knew." Her words came sharp.

It was his turn to sigh. "You went over there knowing-"

"When I went over there, I figured he was... going to... ."

"Going to fuck you. That he was going to fuck you, Julia."

"That he was going to fuck me. I went over there... if I went over there he was going to fuck me."

"You actually went over there to fuck him, Julia."

He tried not to make any noise under the sheets with his pumping, but it was impossible.

Her tone came weak. "Bill, what are we doing?"

Bill wasn't sure how much longer he'd last. "You go with him to his bedroom?"

She shook her head on her pillow.

He paused. "Huh?"

"We didn't go to his bedroom."

He chuckled and pulled hard again. "Oh. You never made it to his bedroom."

She tugged the sheets higher with one hand, and her other hand covered her mouth.

He softly asked. "The couch?"

Her head shook again against the pillow.

Bill gently chuckled in disbelief. "You mean to tell me you guys... on the floor? He undress you?"

Her words came from her throat, and he was sure that even she was affected by telling this now. "I was against the door. He... uh... he bent down. Pulled my panties off. He stripped off his sweats. And he propped me against the door."

He couldn't get his words out, as he panted on the edge. He wanted to speak, but he couldn't. She half-whispered still, now wanting to tell.

"He had me up against the door. In his arms. He lowered me onto him. He was very hard. He... he fucked me. It was... I don't know. I've never... ." She drew a breath, like maybe she should stop, but she didn't. "I've never been so just taken like that. Fucked like that. It was amazing. It really was."

He started shaking and spasming, and the waves of pleasure rolled him fiercely. He couldn't contain his grunting aloud. As he kept cumming, she added to it.

"He came in me over and over and over again, Bill."

The pulsing pleasure struck even harder at him, and it took several moments for him to return to anything close to normal. When he did, he hoarsely got his words out.

"Wow. Wild."

Her hands rubbed her face once more, and she slipped further into the sheets.

As his breathing leveled off, he choked out his thought. "I have to see you two together-in person."

Her words came back muted. "We can't do that." She turned onto her side and away from him.

Sure we can. He grinned in the darkness. Sure we can.

...

8.

Late Thursday afternoon was the perfect time for a social mixer. Bill drifted about the neighborhood wine tasting, mingling with other guests, but also keeping an eye on Julia. Smiling, chatty neighbors stood about on the deck of the neighborhood clubhouse.

The early spring evening was glorious, and the wines were delicious. Even Trevor seemed to be enjoying it, though he had never known Trevor to really be a wine drinker.

Bill had brought him over for the get together, surprising Julia who had already arrived and had a glass in hand when she saw them enter. Ever the graceful guest, she didn't even flinch as she hugged them both hello and welcomed them. Probably only Bill noticed that her next two wine selections had gone down quickly.

For his part, Bill carefully paced himself. Alternating between sips of some reds and water, he didn't dare want to overdo it. After all, he was driving. It would be up to him to take Trevor back over to Trevor's apartment. He smirked, and expected Julia wouldn't mind going with them to take him home.

As discreetly as he possibly could, he studied his wife while she enjoyed the tasting. She chatted her friends and neighbors as would be expected, but she also frequently let her eyes track over to her son, watching who he talked to and how he handled the wine. Her pattern was to spy on

Trevor and then next look to Bill. Once Bill picked up on this, Bill made it a point to never let Julia see him watching her. She needed to be able to act as unguarded as she would.

Julia stood and listened attentively to her friends, as she held the glass aloft in her right hand. Her left arm crossed her middle and served to support her right, as the glass always dangled close for easy access. Julia really appreciated wine, and this was the perfect social for her.

Bill drank more and more water, letting his minimal wine sampling dissipate. Eventually, he made his way back over to where Trevor stood with some people, all the while knowing Julia was keeping tabs on them. He took his time saddling up beside his son.

"How are you doing?"

Trevor smiled. "Great, thanks. You?"

"Oh, just fine." Bill managed to glimpse Trevor's eyes closely, and noticed Trevor loved his wine, too.

"Still wanting to hang out some more?" Trevor shifted on his feet.

"A while longer, sure. Hey look, I want you to do a favor for me."

"Yeah? Absolutely. What is it?"

"Well, later when we go to take you home, I'll make sure your mom tags along."

Bill watched Trevor shoot a look back off to where Julia stood. Bill didn't dare glance that way. If both of them looked, it would be obvious to her they were talking about her. It was enough that Trevor looked himself. Then, she could suspect.

Bill continued. "On the way to your place, we'll all be probably feeling no pain, and... put on a little show with her. Let's have some fun."

Trevor's eyes darted back to Bill's and looked shocked. Julia probably noticed that, too. Bill just smiled back at Trevor. He shrugged.

Bill kept a level voice. "All just good fun. No worries."

Trevor stammered a bit. "Are you sure?"

Bill gently smiled. "Yeah. Look, she's up to it. She wouldn't want to admit it. But she is."

Trevor slowly nodded. "Oh, okay. Sounds good." He took a long drink of the red he was holding.

Bill wandered on off.

...

9.

Julia stayed focused on what the older man in front of her was explaining. It wasn't easy. The delicious, rich red wine had numbed her. The breeze in the early evening dusk soothed her. But she stayed attentive. As the neighbor finished his story, Bill emerged beside her.

"Oh hey, Bill." The older man took Bill's hand and shook. "Was just catching Julia here up on the HOA news. Great party, huh?"

Julia felt Bill draw close.

Bill answered politely. "Yes, it really is. This is a great way to start ending the week."

The older man tilted his head towards Julia, while still looking at Bill. "You've got one great woman here. Claire and I think the world of her."

Bill slowly nodded, and he hooked an arm behind Julia to bring her close. Julia tried her best not to recoil.

"I sure do." Bill said. "She takes good care of me. Works her business, and keeps our Trevor straight. She does it all. All while working out, and looking gorgeous."

Julia looked up at him, and she politely smiled. He went to kiss her, and she slanted her cheek to take his buss. They both looked back to the neighbor, as Bill closed the conversation.

"Great seeing you, Ed. Have a good night."

"Good night."

She and Bill pivoted away, and the sway of their move made her lightheaded. Great wine.

He tried walking them with his arm still around her, but she loosened and separated. She spoke to him from his side, as they made their way from the deck and the crowd.

"You... you're so smooth."

"Ed's a good guy." Bill offered.

"Bill, what are you up to? What's going on?"

"Nothing at all, sweetheart." He shot a quick glance at her.

As they cleared the crowd, Bill caught Trevor's attention across the way. Bill gestured his head towards the parking lot, and Trevor started moving their way.

Julia's voice slurred slightly. "We're taking him home?"

"Yes. Let's give him a ride."

Bill guided her away with a hand at her back.

...

10.

When the three of them reached Bill's black Suburban, Trevor went to open the back passenger car door, and Bill walked a step just past him. As Julia came to the truck, Bill made a point to hold open the back passenger door for her, so she could follow Trevor into the backseat.

Bill spoke up. "Go ahead and ride in the back."

Her voice almost shrieked. "What?"

"Yeah, go ahead and ride in the back."

She stood still and glared at him a second.

He acted exasperated. "Oh, c'mon. Let your hair down, and relax."

She shook her head. "What do you think you're doing, Bill?"

Her shoulders drooped, but she stepped to the truck. One foot raised to the floorboard, her other foot followed, and she was in the backseat. Bill hurried around and climbed into the driver's seat.

He had started the truck, and adjusted the rearview mirror, when she was talking again.

"You see Trevor, your dad and I used to have this special little shorthand with each other."

Trevor tilted his head and listened closely.

She looked into Trevor's eyes and then tried to strike a certain tone. A delicate one.

"Years ago, your father would say to me 'let your hair down' when he was in the mood for sex."

Trevor smirked. But his eyes were wide.

She slowly nodded. Her eyes stayed on Trevor's for a second, and Bill wondered whether she was trying to decide something in her own mind. She took a deep breath and then launched forward.

She continued in a lower voice. "And see, he knew that, if I started pulling my hair down," her hands went into her hair, and first one pin and then a second released, "that was my way of signaling back to him that I was ready, too."

Trevor's eyes darted from her hands in her hair right onto her eyes, and she kept staring at Trevor, as she pulled at her hair, untangling it, and letting it fall loose.

Bill struggled to keep his look in the rearview mirror, while at the same time keeping his eyes on the road.

Julia turned her body more in the backseat to face Trevor. Trevor's eyes were glued to her. Bill kept glancing into the rearview mirror. Traffic crawled as Bill steered them towards Trevor's apartment.

Turned to her left to face Trevor, Julia propped her arm against the seat, her elbow resting on the leather while her hand angled back to cradle her face. Her eyes darted about Trevor's face focused on her. Her words purred out.

"Your father wonders what we're like together."

Bill saw how her white dress clung to her, and it was clear Trevor was enthralled. He didn't hear Trevor say anything back to her. She brought her free right hand up to his face, and stroked Trevor's cheek.

Her voice lowered even more. "I wouldn't blame you if you didn't feel comfortable... ."

Trevor's hand came into view, and it met her hand at his cheek. His face slanted into her palm, and he pecked a couple of kisses there. Then, his hand moved hers down and out of view. Bill saw her face look down into Trevor's lap, and then she instantly shot her eyes over to see if Bill was watching.

He heard her eek out, "Trevor."

Bill could see the top of her arm go back and forth. Trevor's hand no doubt moved hers in his lap. Her look was fixed there.

Trevor leaned his face over to her, and his lips dragged about her face as her attention went from staring down to gradually tilting back up to meet his lips. Soft presses back and forth alternated, until the two of them joined their mouths. Then, it appeared Trevor pushed more, and her mouth opened.

Bill couldn't believe his eyes. He gripped the wheel hard and could barely tear himself from the mirror to check traffic. He could feel his pulse race. His blood raged to his middle.

Trevor's left hand now cupped her face against his own, and it was obvious his right hand was occupied with hers in his lap. Her eyebrows lifted with her eyes still shut, and her impassive face conveyed how intensely she was being

kissed. Bill was stunned that he was seeing Trevor doing this, and even more, that Julia was accepting it. Impossible.

Bill glimpsed back ahead and saw a side street he was familiar with. A slight turn of the wheel led the lumbering SUV into the side street. Bill searched for a discreet place to stop. He checked back to them again, and this time there was more active movement.

Trevor had leaned her back against the seat with her facing forward, and Trevor was turned away from Bill, his mouth apparently still on hers. His upper arms worked at her sides, and it didn't take long for Bill to figure out that Trevor's hands were maneuvering inside her dress. His hands were working Julia's panties down. At one point, his face left hers, her head tilted back as if she was peering up at the ceiling, and Trevor's lips swept at her neck.

Bill found an industrial building to the side and he veered into its parking lot. He heard Julia sound out a little squeal and he wondered what Trevor had done. Since it was after-hours, the parking lot of the large building was empty. Bill

saw where there was an alley behind the building and headed towards it. He stole another look in the mirror.

Trevor was now positioned with his back against the seat and faced forward. His hands jerked about the sides of his shorts and was bringing them down. Julia was watching him intently.

Bill guided his SUV around to the alley way, and he was glad he saw that the alley continued on back behind the building. If it was necessary they could always simply drive on back around the building, and leave on the other end. He pulled the truck over to the side, shifted the gear into 'park,' but he didn't turn it off. Immediately, he twisted about to see the back seat. He could only be seen himself from his shoulders up, but his vantage point gave him the complete view of the back seat.

Trevor had stayed sitting back and slightly lowered in the backseat. He had pulled Julia over him, and she had lifted her knees to the seat, so that now her torso was high and angled over Trevor. Trevor's hands were under her dress,

and Julia's right hand was out of sight and must have been between them.

Bill couldn't believe this was happening, and he also couldn't believe just how turned on he had become. His hands went to his trousers and frantically went about opening them. His eyes scoured about to keep a lookout, and saw no around.

Some jostling about in the back pulled his attention back to the backseat. Trevor's hands were now visible on her waist, and he was moving her. It took Bill a couple of seconds to orient, as his own hand reached inside his opened fly, hidden where Bill leaned against the front seat.

Bill figured out that Trevor was turning Julia around. Julia had been sitting with her back to Bill, but now Trevor had put her facing forward. Her eyes only met Bill's for a second, before she was batting them, and looking down to where Trevor had his hands. Trevor's hands bunched her thin dress up and up, and finally it was clear Trevor had stripped her panties off. The white gauze cotton of her

sundress edged up over her waist, and there at her mound was a narrow blonde-brown trail of her pubic hair.

Bill blurted reflexively. "When did you trim it like that?"

Julia didn't even try to answer. Her head rolled from side to side as one of Trevor's hands slipped between her legs, dipped right through her middle, and then widened her stance, so that one her knees was outside his right leg and her other knee was outside his left leg. His hands pulled at her waist to bring her back towards him, and that's when Bill first saw Trevor's engorged cock. He's thick.

One of Trevor's fists steadied himself between her legs while his other hand led her middle to sit up over him. Julia struggled with her balance, her right hand bracing onto Trevor's leg and her left holding back against his hand where it supported her. Her eyes were squeezed shut, and her lips pursed tight.

When Trevor's hand pulled at her again, bringing her very close, her eyes squinted open and caught Bill's. Bill saw just how dazed with her arousal she was, and her eyes again left

his. Her face was drifting down, when it at once jerked back level. Her eyes widened open and her lips circled out.

Bill shot his eyes to her sex, and Trevor's cock had plunged into her. The head of him had disappeared and a couple of inches were already inside her. A heavy gasp escaped her. Her hands gripped hard.

"Oh, oh, oh-" Close to a cry, she sounded desperate.

Bill's hand worked at himself, and he roamed his eyes around, making sure they were still safe. Before his look got back, she had groaned aloud.

Trevor's hand grasped and tugged her waist, and she was still groaning as she eased just lower on him. The dress stayed swept up and to the sides, and she and Bill could both see where her pussy was impaled onto the stalk of him. She panted.

Trevor's hand glided upward, and her hips drew up with it. There between her legs her lips clung tight to him, and the

shiny wetness of her glistened from his shaft. He didn't bring her very high, and then his hand was taking her back down. Her head tilted just back, and her mouth fell further agape.

Bill was glad he couldn't see Trevor sitting behind her, and he was especially glad neither of them could see his hand pumping away at himself. He didn't know how long he would last.

She struggled, and her eyes swept about, trying not to meet Bill's.

Julia swayed from the pushing Trevor caused underneath her. He moved in and from her, with wetness coating the smooth skin of him there. Her hands searched for a good grip to keep on him.

Not slowing at all, Trevor kept pumping in her, but his hands took her sides and helped her to recline back against him. The effect steadied her, and it also made her even more exposed to Bill's hungry gaze. She was draped back onto Trevor while Trevor pushed up in her from his seat.

His thighs flexed with each stroke of him. His feet must have been planted in the floorboard, and his hips thrust off the seat's leather.

Her eyes flashed at Bill for a second. The thrusts were tossing her blonde hair about, and her chest in her white sundress jiggled from the pounding. Her eyes narrowed and batted.

"OOOOHHHHH, yeah," her raised voice became urgent.

Trevor sounded right back from behind her. "Yeah, yeah, YEAH."

Bill felt a strong one building within him, when he noticed a change in how they were moving. He wasn't sure what it was at first, but he looked at her hands brace onto Trevor's forearms at her sides. They tightened. Then, he looked to her hips, and he saw them moving faster, and not just bouncing up with Trevor's thrusts. She was pushing back at Trevor.

The tingling in Bill started at seeing Julia forcing down at the same time Trevor plunged up into her. Her eyes squinted almost closed and her lips trembled. Her words singed him.

"That's it. ...Fuck me. Fuck me right." Her hair tossed as she kept bouncing.

Trevor moaned hard under her, and it only enthused her, as she didn't slow her pace at all. Her face tightened, her panting thickened, and she rode faster.

Trevor blurted in a desperate tone from behind her. "I'm gonna cum."

Her response was quick. "Yeah. Yeah."

Bill shot his eyes to where Trevor's cock was pumping in and out of her. She was still bouncing hard, as Trevor cried a continuous moan. Bill watched at where her lips held his shaft working up and down, and suddenly white strands of

fluid seeped out of her and down his shaft. More and more spilled out, as Trevor grunted hard over and over.

Trevor's grunts grew louder, and Julia's eyes clenched tight. Her mouth fell completely open, and guttural groans sounded out from her, too. She started shaking.

It became too much for Bill, seeing more white cream slide out of her, and Bill let go. His eruption in his hand shot everywhere-the seat, his hand, his shirt. He was rolled with wave and wave of ecstasy, his torso bucking, and was glad Julia didn't notice and Trevor couldn't see. It took several seconds to calm, and he started straightening himself.

A couple of more pats at himself, as he settled, and he was making himself turn back forward to the wheel. He glanced about, and with huge relief found they hadn't been discovered. He put the truck in drive. He could hear Julia and Trevor catching their breath and untangling from one another.

That was incredible. So fucking hot.

He had never seen anything like it. Certainly not in person and up close like that. He wiped his hand on his trousers over and over, trying to rid himself of the sticky wetness there.

All the way over to Trevor's place, the truck was absolutely quiet. Bill glanced in the rearview mirror a couple of times, and Julia was draped onto Trevor's side and staring searchingly off to the side. Trevor's head laid back on the seat.

Once they pulled up to Trevor's apartment, Trevor started getting out of the back. Trevor kissed Julia, and the kiss lingered. He then eased from the truck, saying goodbye to Bill as he did. Bill said goodbye back to him.

...

11.

Bill shook his head and started the trip back home. Julia's was collapsed in the back, her head leaned flat against the leather atop the backseat. Bill knew he should say something.

"That was so intense."

Julia blurted a laugh. Then, her face angled to where she could watch out the window off to the side. It was hard to make out her face but every few seconds when they'd pass a streetlight. It was quiet a while.

When she did speak, her voice was low and troubled. "We can't keep this up."

He looked in the rearview mirror and her face still stared off to the side.

Bill dragged a hand over his face. Why does she have to fuck this up? Complicate it?

He tried to strike a calm, reassuring tone. "This doesn't have to be complicated. A big... problem or something. I'm very understanding that-

Her voice pierced through. "He's not a prop, Bill."

Bill fired right back. "And neither am I."

A second passed, her face didn't move, and her words floated out softly.

"I'm in love with him."

# Chapter 3

"I'm scared about how this is going to turn out."

Julia Steed braced in her chair, and searched for reassurance in her therapist's eyes.

"Well listen, we take it a step at a time. This is so very involved. Bill's in therapy, you're in therapy. Trevor probably should be in therapy. You're in an emotional mess, you know?"

"I know. But Bill still believes this can all be managed. That it doesn't have to be 'serious.' I don't think he gets it."

Dr. Morales jotted notes. "Here's the thing. You've got a layer of very important relationships. Mother-son. Father-son. Husband-wife. And you're taking those relationships, and you're mixing in much different, and much more hazardous, circumstances. Physical love and emotional love. Roles. Expectations. These are all things difficult to manage on their own. Put them with your family dynamics, and there's a recipe for chaos."

"I know." Julia rubbed her eyes. "I sense that. I get that. I mean, Bill's right in a way, I guess. We're not at that point now. But... ."

"You're not at that point now? You told me when you first got here that you didn't feel comfortable with how things are right now."

"Me, myself, no. I mean, it's not like anyone is angry or upset with anyone else."

"But?"

"But, I can't just have sex like this... with... my son. And not feel something from it."

"And, what do you feel?"

"Several things."

"Several? Interesting."

"I know what you're thinking." Julia stared a long moment. "How can she even do this? I get that. I still get that. And there's no easy answer."

Her attention went off to the side, as she chose her words before continuing.

"I'll say this though. Couple of weeks ago, it hit me that he's a man now. A grown, mature man... not like before. Absolutely nothing like before. But a big part of this is from Trevor himself."

"How so?"

"When this first came up, and I was shocked, inside I decided to let him follow-through. Surely, surely, I told myself, he'll see this as ridiculous at a certain point. He'll get to a point where he'll not want to go forward. I fully expected that."

Dr. Morales wrote on her pad more.

Julia continued. "And then... he didn't stop. He didn't let up. He didn't get turned off." Julia's eyes narrowed and wandered, as she appeared to contemplate yet again what she was about to say.

Then, her eyes returned to the doctor's eyes. "He didn't lose interest at all. He actually pushed harder for it to happen"

"And," the doctor's tone dipped, "your interest did change."

Julia gulped. Pressed forward. "When Bill didn't object... ." She sarcastically chuckled. "When Bill agreed... I stopped talking to myself about it in a way. I decided to react."

The doctor didn't try to interject.

"I've sure reacted---that much is certain---but let me tell you something else. I learned something I never, never expected."

The therapist arched her eyes.

"Over time, I've had some pretty intense experiences in my life. But there is nothing---nothing---that compares to the times I have been with Trevor." Julia leaned forward. "When you take the male-female aspect of it, and you add in how much I already love him... . It becomes absolutely overwhelming."

The doctor shifted in her chair.

Julia slowly shook her head. "Each time... I felt like I might pass out at the end. Each. Time. I'm not exaggerating."

More notes from the doctor.

Julia straightened back up. "But for me, as a woman, I've developed these other feelings. And this scares me. I think about him all the time. I want to be with him all the time. I care very much what he thinks of me. What he thinks of us. It's silly. Actually, it's stupid. But... I can't help it."

"And you've told Bill about it?"

"I did. I told Bill. I actually said, 'I'm in love with him.' I told him that this week when the car thing' happened."

The doctor struck a firm tone. "I want you to understand. There's not a lot of literature on exactly your kind of circumstances, but the case studies overall are strong about usual outcomes. These things seldom end well. They just don't."

"Why?"

"Different reasons, but think about this. You're changing from a nurturing and non-physical role over to a romantic and physical one. You're in your forties and he's in his twenties. What happens when the affair part of it ends? How will everyone feel?"

Julia's head slightly nodded, and she peered down a second. When her face lifted again, she dabbed at her eyes.

"I understand. I get it."

"We're about out of time today. You mentioned you also told Bill you didn't want, um, things happening in front of him?"

"Yeah. But, I know he's not going to let that go. And there's this ridiculous side of it that makes me think about him going along with all this happening. That somehow this justifies him getting to... ."

The doctor pursed her lips.

"But there's one other thing, too."

The doctor returned to her pad.

"I did some reading once this all started. Trying to learn about taboos and all. Well, I also wound-up reading about

different kinds of sex. Different 'kinks.' Haven't ever really explored that."

The doctor jotted again.

"It's hard for me to talk about this, but it's something I have to deal with."

"What did you learn?"

"I found a very strong appeal with some of what was being called... power exchange."

"Power exchange?"

"I know, I know. With what I have going on, the last thing I need is to go there, I guess."

The doctor again arched her brow, but before she could respond, Julia added more.

"It's just that, of all times, I'm feeling the one time and the one person I can most trust to explore anything like that would be him."

" 'Him?' Trevor?"

Julia nodded. "Trevor."

"I don't know. That would---"

"That's part of what I'm scared of. Not only do I have this huge emotional thing now. It's also, um, that I want," she closed her eyes and reopened them, "that I have to have this experience with him."

"This experience?"

Julia looked down for a long moment. When she looked back up, she bit at her lower lip before answering.

"I want to surrender to him. Completely. Have him take me."

The doctor's mouth opened, but no words came yet.

Julia made it clear on her own.

"Have never felt this before. Never felt something so strongly."

Her hand nervously played at the pendant at her chest.

"It scares the hell out of me. But I'm certain of it."

The doctor tried to strike a reassuring tone.

"Listen, think about all this. Take your time. And whatever you do, you must---have to---talk through this. Talk to Bill. Talk to Trevor. Your family, the future of your family, is on the line. Don't throw that away."

Julia drew a deep breath and nodded. She gave the doctor a polite smile. "I understand."

...

2.

Driving from the doctor's office, Julia wasted no time, and she immediately dialed up Bill. The talk with the therapist buoyed her.

He picked right up. He sounded cheerful, of all things.

"Hey! How did it go?"

She remained calm even though her instinct was to snap at him. "Went well, thanks. I mean, you know how it goes. They want to talk. They want you to talk. They want us to talk. And meanwhile, they keep getting paid."

"Yep, exactly. But Julia, it really goes back to what I said before. This is all up to you, me, and Trevor. We're all mature about this. Secure. It doesn't have to be some crazy thing."

She weaved her way through traffic, and glanced the clock. Just past six on a Friday. At least it was the weekend.

"Bill, I really feel weird about the three of us ever being around when... . That just is a problem."

Bill sighed. "Let's not try to sort all that out now. Instead, I did hear from Trevor."

Julia braced. "Yeah?"

"He couldn't reach you. He wondered what we were up to tonight."

He did? Right. Bill, that's a stretch.

"I told him you were in an appointment. And, I hope you don't mind," he sounded like he was likely smiling, "I told him you guys should go hang out tonight."

Julia shook her head hard, fighting to pay attention to driving while also trying to sort through Bill's tactics.

"Bill, you did what? You should let me handle that sort of thing."

"Well, I can call him and tell him it's off. I was just trying to--"

"No, no. That's alright." She shook her head, hating that she felt she was giving in in a way to Bill's plans to try to control the situation. "What did he say?"

"He wanted to catch a movie."

"He did?"

"Yep."

"Where am I supposed to meet him? It's already six-twenty. What time?" She hated how she probably sounded all eager now.

Bill didn't hesitate. "Oh, he's coming here. Will be here at seven-thirty."

Julia froze. "There? He's meeting me at home?"

"Picking you up."

She blinked a few times and struggled to figure out right away why she felt perturbed with this.

Bill was starting to hang up. "See you soon?"

"Yeah. Almost home."

She clicked off the phone and slung it into the seat beside her.

...

3.

Julia rushed around the bedroom, changing from her office clothes to her jeans and white blouse. A strong mix of thoughts whirled inside, and she kept reminding herself just to get ready. It'd be easy to snipe at Bill, but she needed to focus. The last thing she wanted was not to be ready when Trevor got there. This was weird enough already.

It damn sure didn't help that Bill was busying himself right there in the bedroom with her. He fussed with some dry-cleaned shirts to hang back up, some laundered clothes he could put away, and some changing himself, but she knew better. He was watching her get ready.

She'd scold him later, she figured. In the meanwhile, she got some mischievous delight out of it. She changed into a pair

of black panties first, and then paused, before changing instead to a pink, satiny set. Her favorite designer jeans slipped on easily, and then she made it a point to toy with her blouse.

Standing in front of the mirror at their dresser, she buttoned the blouse all the way up first, and then immediately her fingers went back to the top of the blouse. The top button easily slipped apart and she glanced at it. Without looking over to Bill, she could still tell he wasn't moving about any more; he was watching her.

She reached inside her blouse and had to pull out her diamond pendant so that it was visible where the one button was undone. For a quick second, it rested on the blouse, but her hand shot right back to the blouse. Her fingers undid the second button. There was no movement still from Bill, but the sight of more skin and the pendant sitting at the hint of cleavage made her shift from one foot to the other.

What will Trevor think?

With a small inhale, her hand returned to the blouse. Her fingers undid the third button. Much more cleavage came into view, and the divide of her pale breasts continued on down to where her thin, white bra cupped her. There wasn't much separation of her breasts, but there was a deep enough gap there that shadowed her skin and prevented seeing her flesh all the way.

She glimpsed the reflection in the mirror, and in the background, Bill gawked.

Her hand reached to the dresser, lifted her most expensive perfume, and she moistened her cleavage. The pendant fell higher than where the bra started. She re-did the third button, the pendant was still fully visible, and she thought she could hear Bill exhale.

He tried to return to his pretext of clothes, but she knew he still paid attention as she touched-up her makeup, glossed her lips, and patted at her hair, pinned nicely up.

The doorbell rang.

They shot looks straight at each other.

Neither said a word, as she snatched up her purse and left.

Her stomach did little flips as she hurried down the stairs to go out.

I cannot believe I'm doing this. This is a date.

She could barely breathe.

...

4.

The drive from her house to the theatre was difficult. Over and over, she tried to calm down. It seemed impossible.

Trevor wore jeans and a polo shirt, and he could not have looked any more ruggedly handsome. He looked casual but also perfectly groomed, so she sensed he had tried, too. His eyes flickered when he looked to her, and she deliberately avoided hers staying on his. She barely spoke the whole way over. He tried making small talk, but she just couldn't seem to engage.

She swung wildly, from one point to another. Her mind screamed that this was Trevor and this was all crazy, but then her heart purred with the realization that he had wanted this---wanted to see her tonight. This fact alone created butterflies for her. Get hold of yourself.

They walked from the SUV to the theatre, and then on inside, with her keeping up her quietness. He bought the tickets, offered to get them something to drink, and she warily looked around to see if there was anyone they knew. She thanked him but said no, and they went on to the particular showing.

Going from the bright hallway into the darkened screening immediately soothed her. The previews were already

starting, and for the first time, she finally felt she could breathe fully. They didn't go very far down the aisle and his hand came to her mid-back. He guided her to a row, only three or four rows from the back.

She walked down the row, glad there was no one to have to step around, but also noticed there was no one sitting in the rows behind them either. They had the row they were on to themselves, no one behind them, and the nearest people were a couple of rows ahead. At least I can relax that we're not going to be noticed.

They were settling in about halfway down the row, when he brought his mouth to her ear. The closeness conjured his rich vanilla musk scent for her and she found herself grinning.

He whispered. "Everything alright?"

She turned her face to him and it hit her how very close they were. She smiled and nodded. "Yeah. It is."

He kept looking into her eyes, but she turned towards the screen. Their feature was starting. She relaxed further into the chair. Sitting to his right, she let her left leg cross over her right to give him more room. Her body naturally drifted to her left, and the leaning of her side against his was distinct. She didn't shy from it.

Action in the movie unfurled up on the screen, but her mind fixed on Trevor. His arm lifted, went around her, and then came to rest on her chair back. Then, it pulled just towards him to bring her nearer.

She didn't want to, but she grinned. Is he really doing this? She didn't dare look over to see if he'd caught her grinning. Who knew what would happen? Better to keep her eyes forward.

Several moments of the film went by, and she hated herself for being unable to even follow it. I am a damn school girl with him. They were sitting in a dark, quiet movie, and she was keying on everything with them.

Her attention was finally about to focus on the plot when his hand moved. His right hand dangling over her shoulder off to the side had eased over her shoulder and onto her blouse. His arm must have angled back some, because his palm was able to rest against the fabric of her blouse.

No. He is not doing what I think he is doing, is he?

Maybe she was being too sensitive. His hand only sat right at the front of her shoulder. Perfectly innocent. Relaxed.

A sharp noise from the movie, the characters on the screen darted, and the crowd all recoiled. When she recovered in her chair, his hand was unmistakably moved. Her stomach churned and her eyes blinked.

His hand now draped her upper chest, and his thumb spread over to where it connected to her skin. The pendant resting at the start of her cleavage wasn't far from his thumb.

His hand brushed from side to side lightly. His fingertips traced over the blouse, but when his thumb worked back away, it took with it the side of the blouse where the second button wasn't done. Her blouse was more opened.

It's possible he didn't intend it. But... .

She kept her eyes on the screen, but her middle was starting to react decisively now. Her stomach stirred. It wasn't just her stomach. She willed herself not to move.

Seconds more passed, and he moved again. His hand brushed more, but things had changed. His thumb pressed slightly for traction and so did a finger at her bare skin. The tracing was against open skin on her chest, and the effects were instant. She was sure her nipples protruded against her blouse.

Her eyes swept around to double-check their surroundings, and she immediately realized he could detect she was being sure. She felt herself blush. I have to stop this.

His thumb and finger kept rubbing the exposed skin where her blouse sat open. The movie continued and no one was around.

Her skin tingled at his touch, and her crotch definitely had dampened. Her nipples ached in her bra. As long as it stays only this... .

His hand went from drawing swipes back in forth to circling at her upper chest. One circle and then two were modest, and the lightness felt nice. Reflexively, she leaned just back, and the effect was to prop closer to him. She didn't try to straighten.

With her nestled closer against him, his arm lowered over her shoulder. His arm dropping made his hand drift, and in one swift moment, his palm was on her breast. Her breath caught and her pussy drenched. His thumb and his finger now indented barely the cleavage where the blouse met.

Her right hand jumped directly to his hand on her breast, and clasped it. Their hands didn't move, but she didn't try to move it either. Her mind raced and her chest heaved

with her deep breath. The feel of his thumb and finger grew distinct.

The movie continued up on the screen, but her entire body wired through his contact with her chest, and electric currents shot about inside her. Her thighs clenched and relaxed. The brief closeness between her legs felt good.

They stayed poised a couple of moments, and she considered bringing his hand away. It would be easy even to divert it only up a bit. She didn't move it at all.

His hand started again and she flinched. Before she could clasp tighter, his hand drew over her cleavage, managing his other fingers onto bare skin, and then back out away, staying on her skin, and slipping inside her blouse. His fingers didn't stop until two had found her areola. They rested there.

Her hand clamped down, and while her hand stopped his movement, his hand was probably where he wanted it. The only thing she accomplished was pressing his fingers flatter

against her skin and areola. They touched there and then gently squeezed. Sparks fired about in her.

She couldn't help a very low moan, and she pulled his hand from inside her blouse. She held onto it, and she kept it on her shoulder. He didn't react and she didn't look at him. While she considered easing away from where she leaned into his side, she didn't.

She absolutely could not believe how hot she felt inside. A brief thought of going straight to the bathroom hit her. She could go inside a stall and do the only thing that would give her relief right now. She had never been wetter than she was right then in that dark theatre.

But at the same time, she didn't want to leave his side. How is he doing? Suddenly, different ideas swarmed her mind. Ideas that weren't at all like her. He's put me in this condition. I should do the same to him.

She let herself curl even more into him, and he instantly pulled her tighter. His hand tried to descend again, but she kept it at her shoulder. Her right hand kept his hand on her

shoulder, but her left hand angled off the armrest between them. Slowly, it moved onto his side of the seating.

Her arm closest him opened from her side, and it put her hand above his lap. Her face stayed ahead, but she remained keenly aware of where her hand was. In one more second, it found his prominent bulge.

He jumped, startled beside her, and she waited until he had stilled. He sighed hard, and his far hand darted to where her hand was on him. He flattened her hand against his hardness, and then he made a move back and forth to have her rub him. As her hand rubbed, she also grasped tighter, and the recognition by him made him groan as well.

His hand stayed on hers, but it stopped trying to direct her. She could tell his lap was shifting, and he couldn't sit still. Her hand flexed more open, sensed for the curl of him in his jeans, and then pulled on it, to bring her hand out and back. Her hand had gone out and back two slow times, when she heard him begin to pant.

As her left hand caressed in his lap, her right hand decided to tug. She directed his hand closer to her face until it was at her cheek. Her smaller hand then put his hand against her face, the side of it meeting her soft cheek. He flexed his hand and kept the contact, probably too distracted by what was happening in his lap to really be aware of their touch at her face.

Her hand atop his at her face stretched over his. Her fingers caught his first two fingers and then curled in, perfectly normal at first. But then, her fingers kept bringing his two fingers towards his palm, only to divert them before they met his palm. Her hand wrapped the two fingers in her grip, and brought them to her face.

There in the darkness, she puckered her glossed lips, and she kissed his two fingers held by her hand. He jolted in his seat beside her. Her left hand still held him in his lap, but her right hand held his fingers at her mouth. He grunted.

Her lips left and returned for a second kiss, and this time the kiss lingered. His fingers felt smooth and hard to her, and she thought of something else she would do later. He

traced those fingers over her lips, and she churned deep in her pussy.

Lightheaded with all the sensations running through her, she gripped even harder on his bulge while at the same time, taking her mouth off his fingers. She stopped him from tracing her lips, and waited a brief moment. She didn't keep the fingers away for long.

Holding his fingers, her lips returned, and she tried to relax them as much as she could while still not parting her mouth. Her hand eased at his fingers on her lips, and the small push took the fingers past her lips. She didn't open her mouth as much as she pried his fingers past her lips. Her tongue pressed to the underside of his fingers, and her mouth squeezed down tight on them.

She could hear more panting from him beside her, and she decided not to let up. Her face moved more forward, and when his fingers were well inside her mouth, she started pulling back from them, sucking against them as she did.

His reaction was stark. He jumped in his chair, and started lifting himself to stand. His abruptness startled her, and her hands flopped back towards her. Once he stood straight, he reached to her. Taking her by the hand, he led her up and out.

He rushed to get them out of there.

She grinned to herself all the way out.

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5.

The SUV moved quickly in the night time traffic. She felt much better leaving the theatre than she had arriving, even though she could feel her panties still soaked. She wasn't going to worry about that. She expected he was going to get them home as soon as possible.

He chattered nervously. His tight tone thrilled her for some reason. She didn't think she could get to him like this.

"That was wild." His voice cracked. "What got into you?"

She gently laughed.

"That was so unlike you." He stole glances at her as the streetlamps occasionally lit her face.

She murmured a reply. "You started it."

Her playful mood paused. He didn't exit where he should to go to his apartment.

"What are you doing? Are you taking me home?" She couldn't hide the concern.

"Well... dad asked me to bring you back tonight. I---"

"I don't want to go there. I want to go to your place."

"I understand, but I... . I mean---"

"Listen, doesn't it seem weird how he's being? We never would have thought this about him, and now, uh, he's like wanting to be involved. I don't know."

Trevor shrugged. "I know, but all things considered, he's being pretty understanding. I mean, he's not pissed off. He's not making a big deal. I worry if I let myself think about it too much, it'd almost be sad. Then again, hey, if he's turned on by it, then so be it."

She weighed what he was saying.

His voice trailed some. "I just want to be fair about it. Fair to him."

The SUV kept a quick pace closer and closer to home, and there was an extended quiet that he finally broke.

"You okay? What do you think?"

As long as Bill wasn't right there around them when they got home, she'd be fine, she guessed. It was hard to think clearly because she was still in a fog from the theatre. Her wetness remained, and the masculine look of Trevor hurrying them home still stirred her.

He looked back over to her. "Hey... ."

She peered back at him. Her entire torso relaxed back into the comfort of the leather seat. Her face stayed turned to him, and her tone lowered to where it was a purr. He had to keep an eye on the road, but kept looking over at her. His brow tightened.

She lifted her hand and put it to where she could stroke his hair as she spoke.

"Get me home. ...I want you inside me."

His eyes bugged and his mouth fell open.

She kept her soft tone. "That doesn't surprise you does it? That I need... your cock... inside me?"

Her eyes stayed unflinchingly on him, and he kept darting his glances between the road and then to her. She didn't smile or change expression at all. She wondered if she appeared as lustful as she felt. She didn't want there to be any doubt.

"There is nothing I won't do for you."

He swallowed hard and whipped the SUV into their driveway.

...

6.

Her hands trembled, and she had trouble unlocking the front door, but she finally got it open. The house was quiet, and only a hall light gave a stream of brightness across the room. She headed in the other direction.

Away from the foyer and around a corner, there was the formal living room they rarely used. The room was dark with only some moonlight slipping through a large side window. Her feet took her to the middle of the room, in front of a long sofa that Trevor plopped down onto, where he started frantically ripping at his shoe laces and wresting his shoes off.

Her hands moved furiously at the buttons of her blouse, and her gaze towards him went to the framed pictures hanging on the wall above the sofa. Three large family portraits taken at various holidays over the years. Her eyes blinked at the images of Trevor there, even as her hands worked at her jeans and pulled vigorously at them.

Her attention left the wall as soon as Trevor stood. His eyes burned intensely back at hers, as he ripped his shirt over his head and off him. As he tossed it aside, his chest rippled,

and she had to force herself not to glance back and forth from the portraits to his bare, hard chest. When his torso and abs tightened from his hands working his belt, she stopped worrying about looking anywhere else.

By this time, her jeans and blouse were off. Her bra peeled off too easily, and her breasts jutted free right in front of him. His eyes fixed there. Her hands reached down, and in a long, straight pull, her damp panties slid right off.

Her hands already near the floor, she just reached out and collapsed there, right onto the living room floor. She sank her bottom against the carpet, squeezed her legs together, and let her back recline. Sprawled back with her hands to the sides and her knees still bent, she watched him.

His jeans had been tossed, and his hands dragged his boxers on off. He was lowering himself to the floor, and he was no doubt catching her eyes. Even knowing he was watching her, she still couldn't hide it. Her eyes locked onto the sight of his engorged trunk of a cock pulsing not far from her. Oh my god.

He put his hands atop her knees, but he didn't have to move them. Her legs fell away from his hands and open. She studied his eyes go right between her legs. It had to be obvious how wet she was. But she didn't care. Come here.

He bent further down in her direction, and she spread her legs wide. When his hands planted on each side of her, her own hands went to his ribs. She caressed firmly. His skin was so taut, so firm.

His hips maneuvered between her thighs, and as he set himself, one of his hands went to her chest. It scooped her breast into a cone and his mouth fell straight onto it. When his lips locked to her nipple and drew her hard in, she groaned loudly. For a split second she thought of Bill hearing her, but she was well past caring.

Her right hand reached between them and she found his thick cock. Her frantic hand struggled to grip, and then she angled him. Her knees lifted and pulled towards her front. She couldn't suppress a small cry at what she expected.

She hurriedly tried to coat him with her juices at her opening, and his face switched from one breast to the other. The feel of his wet mouth and tongue lavish her pointed nipple ran more ripples of pleasure through her body. He took a lot of her breast in his mouth.

Her hips wiggled back and forth, and she worked his head between her lips. Before she could shift her hips to him, he thrust. She yelled out.

"UUNNGGHHHHH!!!"

He went just back from her, and her hands clutched onto his back. She held on. Her face felt contorted. Before she detected him moving, the feel of her pussy stretching wide hit her. When he definitely was moving over her, her legs jerked out and her middle felt invaded. Stuffed full, her hips tilted off the floor and her head went back and up.

Her mouth was open a couple of seconds before her scream even sounded. When it did, it was loud.

"AAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The shriek made him pause, and as he held there, she started blacking out. Stars in her vision flitted about as she heard herself cry out again. He went back to moving, and his pace was steady. It was like he wasn't withdrawing very much, but he was still stroking in her. She tried to speak but couldn't. Suddenly, it was like the room was fading. Am I passing out?

His face twisted over her and his eyes were squinted. His mouth was open, and he may have been moaning but she couldn't hear over her own grunts and yelps.

Her hands held onto him, and out to the sides, she glimpsed her legs whip about with the pace of him.

They both shook hard and groaned. She felt him pumping his juice in her over and over again. She didn't think it'd stop.

...

7.

Trevor drove his SUV towards his apartment, staying quiet as he listened to her voice stay sharp into her phone. He knew his dad wasn't happy on the other end. He also knew she was adamant. The roads were close to empty, and the only sounds were her piercing tone and the muted squeaking he could hear, but not make out, from his father's side of the call.

"No, not all," her tone was cutting, "you had your way about how the first half of my night went. It was all up to you."

There was a break where she listened, and he winced hard. Is this really even happening? My parents are arguing over my mother going home with me? When it was my dad's idea she and I go out in the first place? He shook his head.

Her voice snapped back. "You planned the date anyway, Bill. Do you get that? You planned on me going out with him. Then... ."

Bill must've interrupted her. She sat quiet a moment longer. Then, jumped back in.

"Hey, you probably came downstairs anyway, didn't you? Did you watch? Did you listen? There's no way you can tell me you at least didn't listen."

She stopped again, and he could hear faint squeaks where his father argued on. She again cut him off.

"That's enough. I'm done arguing. Think whatever you want to think. I'm staying with Trevor tonight. I swear to god---leave me alone tonight."

They were almost to his apartment, and Trevor didn't speak.

His head insisted that this part, their fight over what she did now, was on them. Was up to them. He hadn't deceived anyone, and he hadn't crossed anyone. This was their argument.

At the same time, he was bringing her with him to his place to stay overnight. She had insisted, but he was permitting it. Inside, he felt like he was complicit with her. He glimpsed her, and saw her head looked down and her shoulders drooped.

"Hey," he tried to help, "everything's alright. You should do what you want."

Her face slowly looked his way. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. You were right with him."

Her face brightened. "I was?"

He'd made a decision, saying that. One he didn't regret. He was now certain.

"Yeah. You were."

Her voice dipped low. "Trevor, this should all just stop. I mean, where does it go? Where does it end? It's not like we can all just sit down and have a normal dinner at the holidays, or something. Not if this keeps up."

He glanced over at her. Her cute little grin may have been for the sake of politeness, but he knew the other part of her she shared with him. The part that didn't stay polite. He searched for the right words.

"I don't know. I... ." His voice trailed, and she put her attention back on the street ahead of them.

He tried to think of something smart, something sane for this insane situation. Only one thing kept coming to mind, and it was too corny to be the right thing to say.

Her voice was faint. "It's okay."

This is either going to sound great or fucking stupid.

"All I know is," he looked over again and caught her eyes searching back at his, "you're what I think about when I wake up, and before I go to sleep."

Her mouth fell open. "Trevor... I love that."

She pulled over to him across the seats. She planted a slow kiss to his cheek. When she sat back down, she stayed close to him in the front.

Couple of quiet moments later, they pulled up at his place.

...

8.

Julia loved how soft his sheets felt as she sprawled about in them. Trevor clicked the bathroom light off, and the outside moonlight still lit part of him in the dark bedroom as he crossed over to the bed. His silhouette seemed to

almost float toward the bed. It dangled between his legs as he got closer.

She stared as he got into bed, and she couldn't avoid a smirk. Really? Just proud or doing it for me?

He was getting between the sheets and comfortable, when she couldn't resist finding out.

"Do you always sleep in the nude?" Her sound was probably just a little too giddy, she worried.

He settled onto his back. "Not always, I guess. Mostly."

There in the dark of his bedroom, it felt like one of the rare times when the wildness of what was going on finally caught up with them. Her head eased to his chest, and his arm circled around to cradle her shoulders and keep her close. This position stayed for several moments. I can't let this get more awkward. He just listened to Bill and I fight.

She half-whispered, her face resting on the bare skin of his pec.

"Tell me something."

"What's that?"

How do I put this? "Um, back in the beginning of all this... how did it start for you?"

"I don't understand."

He's not going to make this easy for me, I guess. Her left hand traced lightly at the smattering of hair on his chest and near her face. "When you approached me in the beginning, I mean, that couldn't have been easy. At Prizzi's.

He was silent above her.

She went further. "That night you... kissed me. And, started all this."

"No. No, it wasn't easy. But... ."

"But what?"

He shifted in bed some, and it made her head sway atop his chest. His skin felt warm and solid at her cheek. As he settled again, he spoke a little lower.

"But I wanted to very much."

She instantly smiled. "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

They were both quiet a little longer. Her mind raced. She couldn't even decide which question to ask next.

"Had you thought about it a lot?" Her eyes batted, knowing what she hoped he'd say but unsure what he'd actually say.

"Yeah, a lot."

"You could have really caught hell for it, huh?"

"Really could have."

All this stirred her. Hearing him admit these things. The memory of his having made the pass at her. Her middle started to react and her thighs pressed.

Her voice grew faint. "Guess the daring of it was thrilling."

In her sight line, even in the darkness, she noticed something. The sheet just lower than her face moved. Is that him? We just did it earlier.

She kept her voice muted. "When, Trevor?"

"Huh?"

"I'm curious about when."

He stammered some. "Wh-when what?"

Bracing a bit, she eked out her question. "When did you first think about fucking me?"

The sheet down from her definitely moved this time.

"Uh, really?"

"Oh yeah. Really." Between her legs, the dampness returned for certain.

Now, his voice lowered and for a second, she wondered if he was teasing her. The more he said, the less she thought so. He was just being honest.

"I can, um, remember it. Last summer. We were all going out to this dinner. You had on a black dress that was... hot.

And, I couldn't remember you ever having worn anything quite like it."

She sighed. That dress was a favorite of hers, and she had debated even wearing it that night. She remembered exactly when he was talking about. The thought would have never crossed her mind that her son would have reacted to that dress. Her concern had been for others at the dinner.

"Wow," she mumbled.

Silence for a moment more, and then she added. "Since then?"

In the time before he answered, the sheet looked different to her. Tented?

"Ever since then."

A grin passed her lips as she faced the bulge in the sheets below her face.

"So, I can't help but ask."

"What's that?"

Her hand left her side and went to where the sheet rested above his waist. Her fingers gathered it and barely lifted to drag it down and over his crotch. The shadowy form of his engorged cock appeared. She made sure the sheet was off his crotch and down on his legs.

She could hear his breath catch. Her hand came back to put her fingers lightly on his skin at this waist. Small traces went about where his pubes thickened below his waist.

She made her words distinct. "You said you started feeling that way last summer. It's been some months." Her fingers drew lines at his tender skin. "Have you thought of me and... done it?"

His chest rose and lowered, causing her face to do the same. His cock pulsed at the question.

"Done it?"

Smart ass. "Have you played with yourself and thought of me?" Her fingers wandered further into his pubic hair and closer to the base of him.

His response was raspy. "Yeah."

The image of him doing that eluded her. "Show me."

"Wh-what?"

"I said, show me. Right now. I want to see what you did."

Her pussy was damp now. Part of her conflicted with being so dirty with him, but the urge won out. This is crazy.

From the corner of her eye, she first saw his hand appear, and it went straight to his dick. His fingers wrapped his base and held a second. His words stayed rough.

"You sure?"

Deep inhale. "Yeah."

His fist moved up his shaft and in her direction, and as it drifted back down, his cock looked like it grew even more. His strokes were gradual. Long.

Her face tilted so she could peck the skin of his chest, and with another deep inhale, she angled her kisses lower. The soft presses followed the slope of his torso down. Her eyes stole glimpses of where his fist kept moving.

A couple of more kisses planted right above his waist and then she paused. The swollen cockhead was directly in front of her as she half-whispered, unsure if he'd even be able to hear her. Her sex felt drenched.

"I want you to say what you said on the way home. Say it again."

"You're what I think about when I wake up, and when I go to sleep at night."

His hand was on a downward stroke, and she rushed her lips to his head. The upstroke pushed his cockhead between her lips. When his fist drifted back down, she let her lips follow onto his shaft. The head of him filled her mouth. Unevenly, she tried to follow his pumping, sometimes his hand tapped her nose. His cock widened her mouth.

His tone groaned above her. "That's it." Heavy breathing. "Suck me."

She moaned around his dick, making sure he could tell his words had registered with her.

He didn't let up. "I love it when you suck my dick like this." Her head bobbed quicker.

His hand reached behind her and pulled at her waist. He positioned her so he could get his hand between her legs. His fingers easily plunged her lips.

She squealed on his penis.

He chuckled. "You are so fucking wet."

Her hips instinctively pushed at his hand. She loved how two fingers were inside her, and how he knew to put his thumb against her clit. It wouldn't take her long with his cock in her mouth. His hips thrust to meet his own pulls at himself.

"Yeah, suck my dick, mom."

She flinched hard. Garbled, she protested with him still in her mouth. "UH UH." It was clear to them both she didn't want that word said.

"You know you love sucking my cock, mom."

She cried from her throat but kept her pace on him. Tingling started firing from his fingers inside her and from her clit. The cries probably vibrated his cock even, she imagined.

"Ungh, ungh, ungh," he started growling. "I'm going to cum in your mouth."

The waves started over her and he deliberately jiggled his thumb on her clit, again causing her to squeal. He started moaning loud, too.

"OOOOHHHHHHHHH," his groan pitched high. "MOM!"

His first spurt hit her hard, shooting into her throat and spilling from her lips. He shot another and another. Some of the salty cream got down her throat. Some didn't. She kept at him until he was finished.

...

9.

The Sunday afternoon crowd in the coffee shop was sparse. Julia liked how she and Trevor were tucked away in their own little corner off to the side. They could talk easily this way. This was perfect for what she needed to explain.

Soon as the caffeine was charging through her, she eased into it. How's he going to take this?

"Hey," she sat close to him and kept her voice low. "I want to ask you about something."

Trevor had his rugged look going that she liked, and he didn't withdraw a bit at her start.

"Sure. Ask away."

"Well, it's kind of weird, really? But I've given it a lot of thought."

He couldn't suppress a sly grin. "All of this is weird, so it's no wonder."

She smirked back. "But this is something that you probably haven't even thought about."

"It is?" She definitely had his attention.

"You know... I really, really trust you. I mean, as much as I've ever trusted anyone."

"Good. Same here."

"And, the last couple of weeks have been, um, very wild."

He smiled broadly. "Yeah, they have."

She drew even closer to him. Her hand went to rest on his leg, and her face was likely close enough for him to smell

the bad of perfume she had dotted to her neck in his bathroom.

"All this between us has sparked something in me."

He slightly nodded. "I'd say. I don't think I've ever seen you like this. Nothing close."

She let that comment slide, because she needed to bring up her idea before she lost the nerve to do so.

"I feel so close to you, and trust you so much, that there's something I've thought about. Something I want to try."

His eyes fixed on her now. "Yeah?"

Her eyes wandered around the room to make sure she could still speak freely.

He was dying to hear this. "Tell me what you have in mind."

"I hope you don't think it's too crazy."

"No, I'm sure I won't."

She stared deeply into his eyes. A month ago, she wouldn't have looked at any man this way. Now, she looked at her son this way.

Her voice was breathy. "I want you to take me."

He squinted a bit. "Take you? I feel like that's what I've done... several times." He slipped into a proud smile. "I thought you liked it."

She nodded and tried to be gentle. "Oh yeah, I have. But... I'm talking about something different."

He understandably was confused.

She clarified. "I want you to make me do it."

His brow tightened. "Make you?"

She kept looking at him a moment, and his face relaxed some as her idea sunk in.

"I want it where you make me do it with you."

He was stunned, but enlivened. "Wow. Uh, okay."

Her face softened, and she tried to appear open to his having any issue with what she was suggesting.

"Yeah? Are you sure you're fine with that kind of thing?"

His face was changing into a look like he was not only fine with it, but ready to try it.

"So, you want to go on back to my place?"

She giggled a little at his enthusiasm. "I should go home and put in an appearance there. This isn't something I had in mind for today. There's a little more to it."

"There is?"

Her hand at his leg crept just higher.

"Tomorrow, while your dad is at work, I'll come home from the office, and be there by noon."

His eyes grew large.

She continued. "The front door will be open. I will be upstairs in the bedroom."

He was breathing heavy, and taking this in. "You sure about this?"

She nodded a couple of quick times. "Yeah, I am."

He looked doubtful.

She half-whispered. "I've already thought about this. A lot."

He whispered back. "Fuck."

She wasn't through with letting him know what to expect.

"Listen, I want you to understand something. I'm going to resist you. It's not like I'm going to give in or something."

"What?"

"Yeah. That's the kind of thing I have in mind."

He seemed dazed as he ran the scenario around in his mind.

"So, is this the kind of thing where you have a word, or signal or something?"

She tried not to laugh. "Yeah. We can use 'red.' But... ."

He was struggling to process exactly what his mother was saying. Her eyes stayed on his.

"Trevor, I won't be saying it. No matter what. I won't be stopping it."

His mouth fell open.

...

10.

Bill took his time at the specialty electronics store. His research online had been very helpful. He knew what he was looking for.

This may be a waste of money, but if he could somehow get the two of them to come into that bedroom, it would be worth it. Just last night they'd been in the living room with him at home. Even though he didn't think she'd seen him

off to the side, she knew he'd been home. She had to figure he'd be there.

The row he needed to access was at the back of the store. He checked his options, and liked what he saw. The prices fit what he expected.

A sales person offered her help.

"No thanks," Bill replied, "but let me make sure. I just set it, click it, and it's good to go?"

The sales person nodded. "Yes. It's motion-detected, so it activates when there's movement in the room."

"Excellent."

Bill picked up the package, and proceeded back to the front of the store to pay for the small video recorder. He'd be sure and tell her eventually. This was heading to where they'd be

upstairs soon. That's what would turn out. May as well catch it. Have it. She'd probably even be glad he did this.

...

11.

Trevor started up the stairs with his heart racing. His steps were slow, and he tried to make them light. Then, he wondered why the hell he was trying to be quiet. Am I supposed to be?

His jeans and t-shirt was comfortable, and he'd worn shoes he could easily kick off. What will she be wearing? She sounded so serious about this. I want this to be great for her.

One more time his mind whipped through his past, and he still couldn't come up with anything even close to this. He'd just never tried 'rough sex.' Maybe I should have.

By the time he reached the top of the stairs, he still hadn't heard anything from her. Maybe she changed her mind. And, what if dad comes home? They'd likely hear him if he did. Plus... Trevor stayed very aware of how hard he was in his jeans.

At the top of the stairs, their bedroom was only a few feet and diagonally away. Their bedroom. This is where his father sleeps with her. This is their bedroom. Why does that turn me on even more?

He started to call her name out, but realized that seemed stupid. Settle down. Stay in control of this. That's what she wants.

Without making a sound, he crossed the hall to the bedroom. Standing in the doorway, he finally saw her as she emerged from the bathroom. When she looked up and saw him, she jumped, startled.

"Trevor! What are you doing here?"

He started to check his watch, as if he may be mistaken about the time, but caught himself. He wasn't wrong about the time at all. She had to be posing.

He was thinking of some clever comeback, when she snapped at him, annoyed.

"You have to leave. You shouldn't be here."

Her words were terse. No smile. No knowing look. Maybe she's changed her mind.

She left from in front of the bathroom and whipped right by him to get over to the closet on the other side of the bedroom. Nothing nice or any banter at all. No sign.

Still dressed in her business clothes of a white blouse and a navy skirt, she had the made-up poise he always found alluring. Looking at her in their bedroom, he still couldn't believe they'd been fucking like they had. The older, out-of-reach image he'd always before seen was back on her.

As he still stood there, she was reaching into her hair to start loosening it and take it down, but she stopped. She shot an icy stare at him, like she couldn't believe he was still in their bedroom.

Something's wrong. This didn't feel right, and he wasn't even sure how this was all supposed to go. He turned on his heels and took a step away. At the doorway, he looked over his shoulder. She'd already faced the closet before her, and had her hands back in her hair.

Looking back out into the hallway, he didn't continue on out. He drew a deep breath. All she has to do is say red. Until then, I'm fucking doing this.

Before turning back to the bedroom, he kicked off his shoes, and his hands worked at his belt. His jeans were quickly undone before he even turned around. His torso turned as his fingers pulled his zipper. The flaps opened, but the jeans were still at his hips as he re-entered the bedroom.

Her face turned to see him coming back, and her hands left her hair. They held up at him, her eyes noticing his undone jeans. Still no smile, no recognition at all.

"Trevor! I told you. Not here. Not today. Leave!"

He kept moving forward, his heart quickening. Her mouth fell open as he advanced. She retreated a step. Her head shook side to side.

"TREVOR!"

He reached for her arms, and she didn't hesitate to step to him and shove her hands into his chest. Her force pushed him off balance. Not expecting her move, he had to steady himself. She tried to get by him.

Getting his feet back under him, he saw her feet stepping in those shiny, black heels she liked to wear. He felt a surge inside. His hand snatched and caught her arm as she passed.

"Hey!" He liked the firmness in his voice.

She pulled from him, but didn't break his grasp. His other hand started to reach around to bring her to him when her shoulders turned in his direction. Her momentum was bringing her at him, and he didn't see her raised left palm until it was too late.

Her full slap against his cheek made the unique flesh-on-flesh smacking sound he hadn't heard in some time. Some stars shot about and there was immediate burning at his face. Instantly, she was yanking from him. She almost got away.

Instead, his hand caught up with hers, and suddenly he had both his hands on her. He tried to hold her still, but she struggled in his grasp. Without a thought, he slung her onto the bed.

He watched in disbelief as she bounced atop the bed. Her chest jostled slightly in her blouse, and her face oriented to look back to him stunned. When he started onto the bed, she scooted hard in the other direction.

Swiftly, he hopped to where he could grab her again. And now her legs swung at him. Fortunately for him, her kick went outside his legs and not between them. Both legs flailed. He didn't waste any time.

He pulled her arms high over her head, and he kept his torso away from her kicking legs. His left forearm pinned her hands above her head onto the bed hard, and her voice went high and shrill with that.

"Stop it!"

His body shifted over and above hers, and his right leg blocked her legs to where he could get between them. He made damn sure to get his left leg inside her legs fast, too, because they didn't stop moving. Her left knee stabbed at his side, but the angle didn't permit enough impact.

Now, he raised his voice to her. "Settle fucking down!"

Her eyes squinted hard at his, and her face twisted. "Stop being an asshole!"

He leaned more weight onto his left arm, pushing her hands securely into the bed cover, while his right hand quickly went to jerk her skirt up her hips.

"NO, Trevor!" Her face opened and her eyes widened.

Reaching to where her skirt had left, he found bare skin. Peering quickly down, he saw thin, white bikini panties. He got his hand to the narrow string holding them at her hip, and he yanked hard.

"OUCH!" Her face showed pain, and for a fleeting second he was sorry they hadn't come off easily.

His hand went inside his boxers, and that was when she started jerking about under him. One of her hands slipped just from his arm, and he had to reach back up. When he did, his hard cock that tented his boxers dragged on her mound. He thought he saw her eyes roll back.

His right hand re-tucked both her hands under his left arm, and he again rested weight onto his arm to hold her in place.

"You're hurting me."

His face moved closer to hers, as his hand brought his cock out.

"Then, be fucking still."

"I want you to stop."

Centering over her, his legs made her thighs open.

He struck his hardest sneer. "I know what you need."

Her face swept side to side, and both arms and feet thrashed about again. She was grunting under him. He had to be careful he kept her in place.

His hand struggled to pull his cock all the way out, and his effort brought his face closer to hers. Soon as it did, her face stopped and stared back at him. His hand held his shaft and started it closer to her, when he noticed her mouth pucker. A second later, her mouth forced open, and she spit his face wet.

"You fucking bitch."

The slightest of smirks crossed her lips, but it dissolved when he wedged his cock into her lips. Now, she winced and braced.

"TAKE IT!"

His hips jerked forward and she yelped hard.

He managed to get his weight more centered, drew his hips just back and then his right hand found her throat. He held it firmly, and her startled face stared panicked back at him. Angrily, he wiped his wet face on hers, and she tried

desperately to resist. His face was pulling back, and his hand still held her throat, when his hips bucked hard up into her.

"AAAHHHH!" Her scream rang out, but he didn't stop.

Deep inside her, he grinded a bit further, at once struck by how wet she was. Fuck yes.

He withdrew again to where his head was inside her, and he waited. His left arm still draped her hands up high, and his right hand kept at her throat. Her eyes went wild back at his. He didn't think it was fear, but he couldn't tell what it was.

A good bit of his weight rested at his hips, and her legs clamped against them. He wiggled around at her pussy, and he thought he felt her hips relax. When he did, he thrust again strongly.

"Oh god." She sucked in breath. "Please... stop it."

He took a long look at her face, and her eyes flashed back. He didn't hear red.

He pushed at his hand to tilt her head higher, and he started rocking his body up and back. Her entire body responded in kind, much smaller and losing resistance, she was being overcome and they both knew it.

"Trevor." She grunted a couple of times, but then went silent when he picked-up the pace. Her loosened blonde hair began tossing about. Her exquisitely made-up face jerked about with his force.

His hips began pushing faster, and a sustained cry sounded from her. Her face started tilting back even further from her own back arching. She was shaking. He didn't slow.

"Oh, oh, oh---"

Again she fell quiet, when his pace went even stronger. Her eyes squinted tight and bursts of air left her, and he pumped his hips furiously into her. The slapping sound of

flesh-on-flesh was continuous now, and it was clapping at his fury.

"AAAAAGGGHHHHHHHH" her scream filled the house and his ears. The parts of her body that weren't restrained flailed about.

His cock kept plunging and pumping her drenched pussy harder, and her gasps alternated with cries. She was pulling air in each time he fell back, and she was crying out with each deep penetration she took.

His body didn't slow, and her wails got loud.

"AAAHHHHH! AAAHHHHH! AAAHHHHH!"

Finally, he started panting hard, and his hips lost just a little quickness, as his balls tightened. Watching her thrash under him and rendered helpless, his dick started jerking and he was cumming very hard.

"OOOHHHHHHHHH!!!" His intensity matched hers, and suddenly he didn't think his cock would stop spewing inside her. Ecstasy shot throughout him like never before, and his head jerked back and forth while he kept pumping cum in her.

Several moments passed before he could calm down.

Easing his eyes open, he saw her staring back up and watching his face. He was still shaking from his climax. She had openly watched his pleasure.

His hand slipped from her neck, and his arm left her hands. He slowly pulled his soaking dick from inside her, and he felt her lips cling to him. Her legs rubbed at his.

They both were regaining their breath, and his torso drifted from over her. He collapsed onto his back beside her. Her hands rubbed her face as her thighs pulled back closer. His hand patted to her and stayed at her hip.

He was catching his breath still when he must've fallen asleep.

It couldn't have been very long when he came back around, but she had dozed by now. He looked to her, made sure she was asleep, and then slipped from the bed. He wasn't really sure how long they had been out. Exhausted, and lying there still.

...

12.

Bill's SUV raced through the streets, and he perched forward behind the wheel. Shaking his head, biting his lip, and he couldn't possibly sit still. He was reeling.

I can't believe I unleashed all this. It's all my fault. It really is.

Never in a million years would he have thought Trevor capable of such a horrible and brutal thing. He hadn't thought Trevor had that in him. To rape. And, her.

The SUV whipped past traffic going much slower to get to Trevor's office. He and Trevor both were going to have to share responsibility for this, but he had to make Trevor understand just how fucking horribly wrong this was. It was on him to make Trevor KNOW. And he wouldn't stop until he thought Trevor REALLY got it.

He checked his phone again to see whether he had any response from Julia. His calls and texts to her drew nothing so far. My god, how must she be dealing with this? Is she okay? Why has she said nothing?

The images flashed in his mind again. Julia slapping Trevor. Trying to fend him off. Trevor throwing her down on the bed. Pinning her down. Raping her.

Rage burned in him, building to where he could barely see.

A yellow light flicked to red as he went under it.

A 45 mph speed limit went by, as his gauge read 70.

Suddenly, his phone started chiming. It read "Julia." He snatched it to his ear.

Pulling into the parking lot at Trevor's office, he couldn't wait to talk to her.

"God, I am so very sorry. I can't believe this."

Her voice sounded distant. "Huh? What are you talking about, Bill?"

Bill couldn't help it. His voice started choking up. "Julia, I'm just so very sorry. This is all so fucked up. And it's all my fault."

He was stopped now in front of Trevor's office. He kept his phone to his ear, as he hopped out of his truck. He headed to the front door.

"Bill, calm down."

His steps went fast. "No, I'm gonna make that motherfucker understand."

"What are you talking about?"

Almost at the door, he blurted his words. "I saw it. I know. I know what he did to you."

"WHAT?"

Bill yanked open the door, and rushed inside. It'd be the first door on the right. Almost there.

"Yeah. I know, Julia."

"You were there?"

"No, no. I wasn't there. I... I had set up some security and... happened to see---"

His hand grabbed the door knob to the office.

"YOU WHAT?"

Her yell stopped him where he stood.

"It was nothing. I was just being careful. That's all."

"You were spying on me."

His hand came from the door knob. Took a step back.

Bill's voice pitched. "He RAPED you. Now's not the time---"  
"

"No. No, he didn't."

Another step backward. "What do you mean, 'he didn't?' I saw it."

She sighed on the other end.

He struggled to get his bearings. "Don't defend him. I saw it."

"You son of a bitch."

It was like he had been punched in the stomach.

"What? Julia, our son raped you, and I'm about to go inside and---"

"I asked him to do that."

Bill froze in place. He felt dizzy.

Her words came tight. "I told him I'd been curious a long time about... about this sort of thing. So I set it up."

Bill swayed on his feet. A couple of people emerged from Trevor's office, considered the unsteady man in front of them, and then walked around him.

Bill spoke through this daze he was in. "You have never mentioned anything at all about something like this."

"Well, I wanted to... with him."

He backed through the front doors to the office building to get back outside. He needed air.

"But, but," he fought to keep from sounding pathetic, "I mean, we could have... I would have tried anything you wanted. You should have---"

An awkward pause before she leveled with him. "He brought it out in me."

The ground felt like it was shifting under him. "Oh, Julia. Shit, listen."

"No. This is bullshit."

"What?"

Her voice cut sharp. "I can't believe you did this to me."

"Wait a minute. Now I'm the bad guy?"

She hung up on him.

He staggered back over to his truck outside his son's office. He'd never felt more stunned. Or more alone.

...

13.

Julia held her phone tight to her ear, keenly aware that Trevor's eyes watched from under her, and that Bill listened on the other end of the call. Her face moved, with her torso, back and forth slowly. Her breath came in short pants.

"Yes, he's here. He's inside me right now." Her voice sounded husky.

Her eyes eased shut and open, as she tried to pay attention to Bill's words.

"Yes," she answered him, "he knows I'm talking to you."

After some more talk on the Bill's end, she spoke honestly to him.

"I don't care what you're doing right now."

She was glad Bill couldn't see her astride Trevor, taking her time, sliding back and forth on his rigid cock. No doubt the shaft shined with her coating it. Her lips there managed to yield to it when she pushed onto it, and tug at it when she leaned forward. She was careful not to let much of it leave her. This morning she didn't want to feel a void deep in her. Not with what she was going to do.

Her left hand planted nicely just beside Trevor's face. For a second, her red nails there caught her attention against the pale, white sheet. Then, his hands clasped her hips, and she didn't hold her thought.

"Oh god." Lightness started gathering about her.

Bill's voice in her ear mumbled wanting "details."

Trevor's eyes were half-shut and gazing back at her. His hair was messed about and framed by the white pillow. His lips were apart.

"Well... we're going very slow, and it's weird." She could barely find her words. "I feel so full... like he's, uh, stretching me."

Bill reacted hard on the other end, and from the look on Trevor's face, she didn't think he'd last much longer either. She knew she wouldn't.

"Listen, there's something I have to tell you."

Trevor was starting to move on his own, when he'd been staying still and letting her make the pace. She felt it every time his hips lifted up. He's so hard.

"Yes, it's about yesterday, but," she didn't want to be cruel, "it's about all of it. I... ."

Bill was going on with his thoughts, and she was focusing on the sensations gathering down inside her where Trevor's cock now pushed on its own. Trevor eyed her bare breasts hanging wantonly over his face. Her nipples poked out taut. A pang of self-consciousness passed through her.

"No, everything's not okay. You violated me, Bill. You did."

Her hand with her delicate red nails pressed to gather some sheet into her hand, because her son had reached to her ass and was pulling at her cheeks, to taunt her as she rode him.

"I've moved my things out. I withdrew half of everything from our accounts. I'm not coming back."

Bill's voice in her ear raised and went fast.

She stared down into Trevor's eyes. "I love him."

Trevor' voice rumbled back up to her. "I love you, too."

Her eyes arched up and tightened with the emotion and the oncoming ecstasy.

Bill's voice grew louder and pleading, but it became distant as all that mattered was Trevor's look back at her, the

intensity of him ravaging her, and the sparks starting to radiate from her pussy throughout her body.

Trevor's head came off the pillow, and as his cock worked inside her, his lips clamped to her hanging breast, his mouth pulled firmly to bring her softness and nipple to fill his mouth. He sucked hard.

The feel of him deep in her, her breast suckled as it was, and the thought of it all combined to overwhelm her. Wave after wave of pleasure rolled over her. And the lightness that had gathered now crescendoed to where she could barely think and just floated.

Her back arched. Her tilted back and she let the phone fall from her hand. She shook hard.

She had never been higher.

**THE END**