

BIRTHDAY GIFT

GETTING THINGS STRAIGHT

Normally a picture of poise, the older, attractive woman paced. Patty Maguire swayed as she walked back and forth, and her hands kept running through her thick, brown hair. She couldn't stop worrying over questions about her son. Something was wrong, and she had to know what. She wanted better for him.

Patty glared at her cell phone. 'Where was his call back to her?' She wanted to hear from him as soon as possible. She had spent enough time wondering about him, and now she wanted answers. Her heels clicked about on the tile of her expansive kitchen, in a house much too large for just herself now.

Billy had been depressed with his break-up from Allison, his girlfriend of three years. Patty knew he had hoped to marry her. His world crashed when she recently broke up with him. Allison had come

to the conclusion she just didn't want to marry and settle down.

Soon, the smartphone vibrated in her hand. The screen flashed Billy's name. She jerked it to her ear.

"When can you get over here?" Her tone was thin and tight.

"Huh?"

"I said I want to know when you can get over here."

She tried reigning herself in, but it wasn't easy with how down his earlier voice mail had sounded. She wanted him to snap out of his funk.

Sure, Billy had mapped his entire future out with the center piece being his marrying and starting a family with Allison. Now, he was devastated. Patty

couldn't figure out why it didn't seem to matter that he was a bright, athletic and attractive young man freshly graduated from college, with his whole life ahead of him. She wanted to straighten that out with him. Wanted him to understand how very much he had going for himself. He just couldn't look past the break-up though.

"I gotta get a work out. So, um, I dunno. What's the rush? And, why so intense lately?"

Patty listened to his response as long as she could, but she still wound up cutting him off.

"Swing by here on the way to the gym. I need a work out, too."

Patty made her way up her stairway to her bedroom to change into her work out clothes. She tucked strands of her coiffed brown hair behind her ear. She pulled her shoes from her closet.

Was she being too tough on him? She got the disappointment and the heartache, sure. But, she knew he'd get past this. He was about to turn twenty-one. Yet, no matter how much Patty had tried to convince him otherwise, Billy stayed inconsolable. A vague intuition made her suspect there was something he was holding back.

"After we work out, we're going to have dinner and talk." She didn't let it sound like an option. She felt good deciding to make a difference with him. She couldn't let him keep moping. He had too much going for himself. Truth be told, she thought he could do much better than Allison.

She hung up with him feeling better she was doing something about it. She would get him beyond this. She knew she could. And, she would.

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DINNER IN THE CITY

Billy gazed at her in awe. He watched Patty eat her salad, while at the same time, she questioned him suspiciously. It would have aggravated him if he hadn't found it so adorable from her.

On the surface, this woman with bright, alluring eyes and smooth, clear skin looked just fine, but he knew her voice and concern showed a vulnerability that she didn't like revealed. To him, it just made her more adorable. Billy knew her calm exterior masked delicate needs.

She took her time with small bites of greens, but she fired off pointed comments between the bites. At a different time, he would have been snapping back at her. Now, he just gave small smiles.

"What, Billy? This is funny?"

"No, of course not. I just think it's cute that's all."

"Cute? You're worrying me sick. It's been a few weeks now. You have to turn a corner here, you know?"

"Yeah, I know." He looked away for a second. His eyes came back to hers. "It just still sucks. That's all."

"Sure, I understand that. But tell me, who was the young man telling me to move on, to get on with life, a year ago when I was getting divorced? Divorced after twenty years of marriage. Huh?"

She gave him a knowing grin that prompted him to grin back. He loved her trying this hard. He considered letting on about a specific problem, but held back at the last moment.

"Yeah, who was that idiot?" He chuckled and she shook her head.

She got his attention and stared at him.

"There's something more, isn't there?"

He squirmed in his seat and looked about the restaurant. He lowered his head and only brought it back up enough to look at her with upturned eyes.

"I knew it. There's something you're not telling me."

He could see her mind race. Had her imagination tried to come up with whatever secret she thought he was hiding? Was she thinking it was something Allison knew, and now he didn't want it out? Could she be worrying that he wasn't even straight?

He didn't want to dredge up the 'Allison' stuff again. All he really wanted was for her to look at him differently. Could she just see him as a young man? That, he knew, would get him past his break-up.

"There's nothing. Really." His voice was weak and unconvincing.

"Bullshit."

"Bullshit?" Billy knew she rarely cursed.

"Billy, don't put me through this. The worst part is that you don't trust me." Her eyes showed disappointed.

"Okay, okay. Listen." His hands lifted and his palms turned open, as he spoke slowly. "Allison and I were supposed to go to the beach this weekend."

"For your birthday?"

"For my birthday."

"And that's it?"

"Well, it's my twenty-first birthday. And, we were supposed to have a great time and all. ..."

Patty looked somewhat relieved. "So still go to the beach. It can still be special, just have a good time there without her."

"Uh, nahhhhh. It won't be the same. Nowhere close."

"You're wrong. Of course, it can be. You just have to adapt, that's all."

"Adapt?"

"Yeah, Billy. Adapt."

"No." He wiped his hands together and gathered his plate and napkin, getting ready to leave. "I've got no other plans made. Won't work."

"Ask one of your buddies. Ask Jack."

"Nah, won't work. Won't be the same."

"Yes. Billy, you're going."

"No. I'm not."

"Yes, you are."

Billy vigorously shook his head back and forth.

"C'mon, Billy." Patty cooed the words and leaned towards him. "Do this. I want you to. Go, have some fun."

He looked at her a couple of moments quietly, before he answered. He finally offered up what was on his mind.

"Okay, I'll go."

"Good." Her reply was immediate and she perked up.

"But there's one thing I want."

"What's that?"

"I want you to go, too."

"Huh?"

"I want you to go with me."

"Me?"

"Yep. You. You have to go, and you have to go have fun, too."

He saw her flinch with some surprise and give it some quick thought.

"You want me to go to the beach this weekend with you?"

"Yes, I do."

Her brow bunched and then loosened.

"Um, okay. Sure." She shrugged.

He suspected that maybe she took it that he wanted her to pony up some of the expense.

"Billy, a heads-up, okay? You'd probably have more fun without your mother around, don't you think?"

It was his turn to lean towards her, as if conspiratorially. "Know what? I think you're cool. You're fun. I may not have always thought so, but I do now. I actually love being around you." He saw her mouth open in shock at hearing these things. He took it a step further. "I want you to go, or I'm not going."

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah, I am."

"Alright then." She swayed a bit as if dazed from his remarks. She braced and took in what he'd said.
"I'm going then."

"Yeah?"

"Sure. I mean, I'm going to the beach with you. How can I say no?"

"Alright!" He started beaming. He saw her react with shock. He saw what he thought was her being flattered that it meant this much to him.

His face brightened. He was openly cheerful. He acted playful and lighthearted like his old self again for the first time in a long time. He saw her notice it all.

When he dropped her back at her place, they hugged.

"Hey, glad to see such a difference in you." Her sound was sweet.

"It's because of you, you know."

She looked at him quizzically, but didn't say more.

"Okay, I'll look forward to this weekend then."

"Me, too. Great, it's a date then." His words lingered with her as she got out of his truck.

She peered back into the passenger side window of the SUV at him. "Huh?" Her lips started to smile,

but even in the dim night light, he saw it was a faint smile.

"I'm happy you're taking Allison's place."

He picked up on her suspicion as she said goodnight and walked away.

BILLY DRIVES THEM TO THE BEACH

Any day at the beach was a good day. It had been sudden, learning Billy wanted her to go along on this trip, but it worked out. Now, she'd just go and have fun with it.

She also still wanted to help Billy get over Allison. This was the perfect opportunity to do that. Allison was crazy for letting Billy go. He was an attractive, bright and caring young man. Any woman would be very lucky to have him.

The trip started great. Patty saw right away that Billy zoned in on everything with her. Walking her out to the car. Packing her bag into his truck. Opening her door each time. Looking to her often. He was very present with her immediately and stayed that way.

It just seemed like he was making a sincere effort to show her he was glad she was there. She could see he wanted her to have a good time. He was so good-natured and jovial that it lifted her, too.

They had three to four hours of driving. Some of it was interstate but some of it was rural, too. It gave them a great chance to talk.

The conversation started with small talk. He was playful, and she liked his touching her arm here and there to make a point or tease her. It made her feel closer to him. She actually wound up responding in kind.

Early on he surprised her. He told her she reminded him of this gorgeous, lively woman from college—this friend had had it all—bright, attractive and very fun.

Patty grinned widely at that. She suspected he was trying to flatter her, but she soaked it up anyway. He acted so into her.

"Hey, that's just the way I feel about you, too, Billy," her hand traced at his arm, "you have so very much going for you."

He took a long look at her like he was getting it. She was making progress and this made her longingly look back to him. She was getting the effect she had wanted.

After a short pause, he spoke carefully.

"So tell me, how long did it take for you to feel like you were past your divorce?"

The question hung in the air, and it struck her how personal the question really was. She immediately decided against trying to deflect the question. She

was willing to share with him. Even something this intimate.

"Umm, you know it took a while really. Several months. It's something I still work on."

He nodded his head slowly a couple of times, and then raised something totally unexpected by her.

"You went out with Brad, right?"

Patty gulped. It was probably the one thing she was most vulnerable in discussing. She stammered at first.

"Uhhh, yeah. I did."

"I've played tennis with him."

As Billy said that, she winced. She had no idea where Billy would go with this.

"Brad's a good guy. He's about twenty-five, isn't he? Was it fun?"

Patty watched the road go by on her side of the SUV and then looked to Billy. She saw he had a mischievous grin. She grinned back.

"Brad was a 'rebound' kind of thing really."

"Oh."

"We went out just a few weeks. It was nothing serious."

"I see."

There was a silent couple of minutes where she thought of how to change the topic, but he followed up.

"Let me ask you something," he put his hand on her leg, making contact just where her shorts stopped and her bare leg started. The contact felt electric to her. "Are you glad you did that? Went out with him? Maybe I need a 'rebound' kind of thing."

Patty felt her face flush. "Guess I'm glad. It's just something that happened."

"I think I need that." His tone was genuine.

They glanced at each other. She noticed a look about him she hadn't ever noticed from him. His voice got lower. "Badly."

They both chuckled at the implication.

She tried to be reassuring. "Give it time."

"Can I ask you something else?"

"I don't know."

They laughed some more now that she was apprehensive. He didn't hesitate.

"Just between us." He added.

"What's that?"

"Did you like going out with a younger guy?"

She took a deep breath.

"Hmm... I did. It was something really different for me. At that time and in that circumstance, it was the right thing."

When she saw him getting ready to pose another question, she beat him to it.

"What about you, Billy? You going to take some time now? What kind of woman are you going to be looking for when you get to that place?"

"Me? Well, I'm actually interested in dating an older woman."

"An older woman?"

She turned in her seat to face more towards him. She was taken back by this.

"Yeah."

"Why? You've never even dated an older woman, have you?"

"No. No, I haven't."

"Then why do you even think that?"

"They just seem so... very feminine and ...desirable."

Patty sat stunned. "I just never would have guessed that from you."

"Your turn." He smirked.

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't even thought about it."

"Would you date a younger guy again?"

"Would depend on the guy. But, yeah, I guess so."

She lifted his hand that had been at her leg, and she held it in her own hands right at her leg. Her two hands looked very small and delicate cradling his big paw-like palm up. She took a long look at his out-stretched hand, and spoke softly.

"You sure want to know a lot about me today."

She was still fixed on his hand as he explained.

"You fascinate me."

She kept holding his hand in hers, but she looked up into his face.

"Fascinate you? Me?"

"Yeah," he shrugged, "you. Why wouldn't I be?"

"I'm really straightforward. There's not much to know."

"Hah! There's several layers to you. I can tell."

That froze her. She couldn't remember anyone saying such a thing to her.

"Several, huh?"

"Yep."

"You're giving me too much credit."

"For example," he shifted a little in his seat, "tell me something surprising about you. Something I wouldn't ever expect."

She slowly moved his hand to his own leg, and shook her head.

"No, no, no. We're not going there, mister."

She realized she was struck by how different he seemed now on this trip. He'd been considerate of her, inquisitive, and so much more mature than she could remember him being. She started to appreciate just how much of a well developed young man he had grown into. But she saw a cunning side, she thought, too.

They got closer to the resort when they both decided to make one more stop before they arrived. It would be a chance to get gas and use the restrooms. She needed the break.

When they got back in the SUV, he had opened her door for her and come on around to his side. She had her shoulder seat belt fastened, and unlike earlier, she became aware of how the harness divided her chest just so, accentuating her breasts to where they were made even more prominent.

She was about to try to do something to lessen the effect when he pulled himself into the drivers side. He reached across her, getting very close. She could smell a rich aftershave as his face moved within inches of hers.

He opened her passenger door again, and he slammed it harder, making sure it was secure. He was then easing back to his side. As he withdrew, his arm brushed fully against her chest. There was considerable rubbing against her breasts, and when he sat fully returned in his seat, she looked down.

Just as she suspected, her large, thick nipples were pointed there in her thin blouse. It was very obvious. She looked right to him, and he stared openly. He then looked at her face. An instinct told her to fold her arms. She shocked herself when she didn't.

He looked down again, and then reluctantly made himself put his attention back to driving. Nothing was said, but something had been shared. Even more, she was physically affected by it. She cursed herself inside for not being more defensive and for feeling the reaction she was feeling between her legs. But, there was no denying it.

It stayed quiet as they rode along their last distance before getting to the resort. She found herself fighting some strong emotions. She had gone from worry about Billy to concern now about keeping their relationship healthy. It was good he was getting over Alison, but now there was this strong vibe existing between she and Billy. She needed to guard against that. Keep it appropriate.

She pulled out her phone. As she readied a search, she wondered why she hadn't already anticipated checking to see what accommodations Billy had made. She quickly brought up the webpage for the resort they were about to check into.

She practically held her breath, as she frantically searched to try to get a separate room if it was available. Of course, she said to herself. There wasn't.

FRIDAY NIGHT AND DINNER AT THE BEACH.

Billy felt elated with how close things were between he and Patty. The entire drive down had been great. She had responded to him well the whole trip. Now he had her very close to being with him like he wanted. He could sense it.

They got to the check-in at the resort, and he got them through the process smoothly. It was exciting to him that the attendants looked at them as a couple checking in, but she stayed quiet and reserved about the whole thing.

He figured she probably held strong reservations. She was no doubt confused at this point. He didn't worry. He had already anticipated that. He would just keep following the approach he had planned at the outset. It would work out.

He stole glances over at her. She was gorgeous to him. She was fun, and she certainly was the ultimate challenge for him. That had intrigued him the moment he had started thinking of approaching her like he was.

When Allison had broken up with him, it crushed him. He felt profoundly hurt and betrayed. After the deep pain, he had decided he would prove he was capable. He would have whomever he wanted and leave the Allison failure behind him.

He wondered back then about what was the wildest and most provocative seduction he could try. His sights drew quickly and intensely on Patty. The ultimate test and ultimate success if he could achieve it.

And, she was really the most alluring woman he had ever been around. The absolute most. She had this attractiveness and femininity he had never seen another woman come close to.

She stayed quiet as he drove them from check-in to the beach side tower their room was in. He wanted this to be a gentle segue way for her, and he expected resistance. He would be very considerate with her.

They entered the spacious room, and he watched her carefully. They both were impressed with the exquisite decor and nice furniture. The layout was luxurious. The wall facing the ocean was all glass and a portion would open out to the white sand and blue-green water just beyond. It was perfect.

They both grinned as they walked around taking it in. He could see she appreciated how beautiful it was, but he picked up on the trepidation when she surveyed the huge king bed that centered the room.

She looked at it and then over to him. He smiled slightly. Before he could defuse it, she broke the silence.

"I don't know about this, Billy."

"It'll be fine. I booked this when I was coming with Allison. I think you and I can manage. We can both behave, right? I mean, I trust you."

He giggled at his own humor, and then he started putting things away from his bags. To his great relief, she did the same. He had braced for more push back and thought it still might not be over.

As they settled in, he brought up dinner.

"There's a cool little beach bar. It's a short walk away."

"Yeah?"

"Hungry?"

"I am."

"Good."

Getting her out of the room and over to some drinks and something to eat was a relief for him. They had needed to get out of the room. The resort room was spacious, but the two of them alone there made it seem close-in and intense. He wanted her to have a respite from that.

The beach bar was outside. A cool breeze brought saltiness to them. He loved it. It looked like she did, too.

They talked about how lovely and picturesque everything was, as they looked over their menus. He was wanting to get started drinking right away. He wondered if she would hold back. It would be a real indication of how comfortable she was after all.

Patty liked her white wine, he knew. But he could only remember a couple of times he'd ever really seen her buzzed. He tried to remember other trips they had been on, but drew a blank about her drinking.

"What can I get you guys to drink?"

The server was a young, attractive blonde, who was beaming at Billy. He liked the attention from her, and he was glad he wouldn't have to pull out his fake ID for one more venture.

"Hi. We're pretty thirsty. What's good?" He couldn't help flashing a warm smile back at the coed. She was definitely hot.

"People love our Margaritas. They're the best."

Billy looked over at Patty. She looked uncertain. She shrugged. "Why not."

He looked back at the server. "Two of those."

"Cool. My name is Angie if you need anything."

Angie took a long look at Billy before walking off. When Billy looked back at Patty, she sat chuckling and shaking her head. He laughed back.

"What?" He tried to act perplexed.

"Ha! You work fast."

"Huh?"

She laughed and poked a finger at his arm. "We just got here, and you're in with the server already. That's impressive, Billy."

"Nah, she's just priming me for a tip. That's all."

Patty was shaking her head. "Right."

"I like seeing you jealous." He stared to her, as she shot a puzzled look back at him.

"Jealous? Is that how I seem? I'm not jealous." She tried not to act defensive, but she was caught up in checking herself.

The drinks appeared quickly. They also ordered some chilled peel and eat shrimp. Angie focused on Billy again, making them both burst with laughter as soon as she left their table again.

"Well, well. My Billy has got a way with women, I see." Patty said it proudly.

"You sound surprised."

"I shouldn't be." He noted her voice sounded a bit lower.

Her look was contemplative, and his was just confident.

"What a young man you've developed into."

He leaned her way. "I think I've surprised you today." His voice was deep and direct. His moving closer to her gave it an intimacy.

When she leaned towards him too, he was happily surprised back as well. He hoped he didn't show it,

but he was. He listened to her next words cooed to him, and relished them.

"I better be careful with you, hadn't I?"

She held still with her face just inches from his own. It was bold coming from her, and he liked it so much he couldn't help growing flustered.

His excitement registered with her from the acknowledgment in her eyes, but she didn't withdraw or let up on him. She had him on the spot.

"Um, what do you mean?" His voice now sounded thin.

"Oh, I think you know." She grinned knowingly.

His head slowly went from side to side. They both took long gulps from their drinks.

"I'm just picking up on a vibe. That's all." His words didn't sound at all certain.

She stirred her drink. Glancing down at it, she seemed to adore he was so entranced with her. She remarked a dig that might puncture their mood.

"I notice you haven't called me 'Mom' this whole trip."

He felt his face blush red.

He gazed deeply into her eyes that didn't move from his own. They could both see him swallow hard at her directness. He wondered though what she would say to his next question.

"So, how does that make you feel?"

She froze at first. He thought he saw her tremble slightly. He had hit a spot, he decided.

"I'm not sure." Her voice was now soft. Clearly honest. "Very different."

He smiled broadly, and at once he knew he had come across too smugly. He reached and stroked her arm. She put a hand on his. Their contact broke off as Angie's words sounded out.

"Here's your shrimp!" Angie appeared to take some glee at her timing. Billy didn't like it, but Patty seemed relieved.

SORTING OUT HER FEELINGS.

Her emotions swirled.

For the rest of dinner, they bantered about his turning twenty-one. The mood was lighter than when they had talked about changes between them, and she was very glad about that.

He stunned her yet again with the server though. As they wrapped up dinner with the server, Patty had cajoled the server into giving Billy her phone number. Patty had told her they were celebrating Billy's birthday, and that Angie would have to join them the next night.

Angie hadn't hesitated to give Billy a slip of paper with her number on it. Billy and Patty then went to the walkway by the ocean, and he talked about how happy he was that Patty was there with him that weekend.

Patty tried to shift their focus, and said they should come and get Angie Saturday night. Billy simply said 'no'. He took out the slip of paper Angie had given him and he tore it into pieces. He flailed it into the wind, and the pieces scattered. They both couldn't help but laugh.

A rush of surprise moved her, and if he intended flattery, then it worked. It was like he chose being with her over the young coed. The idea delighted her.

Then, he turned to her and hugged her. She squeezed him back. She liked how they felt. When he pulled back, he only waited a second, and then he moved his face to hers. Shocked, she flinched and withdrew from him.

He pulled her hand to where she came back close to him. His other hand cupped her cheek, and this time she didn't turn away. She took his soft kiss to

her lips and savored it. When they had been embraced for a moment, his lips opened hers and his tongue was there. Her mouth pressed to his and both kissed.

She broke away, but only after several seconds.

"We can't be doing that. Anything like that."

She abruptly led them back to the room where they readied for bed. She reflected on their kiss as she went into the bathroom to change for bed. 'How have I let it get to this?' She stripped her clothes and looked at her shorts and tee she was going to sleep in. 'And now I'm getting into the same bed with him? This is a bad, bad idea.'

She inhaled deeply and opened the door from the bathroom. She would tell him that one of them needed to get a roll away bed. Once she stepped into the room, she paused. It was dark, and he was

already in bed. She paused and decided to just turn in, too. Maybe, an awkward situation had been averted. Tomorrow, she would have to talk with him.

She eased into the big bed. She immediately turned onto her side, facing the huge window and away from Billy. The bed was soft and very comfortable. She tugged a sheet up to her shoulders. Her breathing slowed for the first time all night.

In the quiet of the room, she watched the surf outside, but could still see her silhouette in the bed. 'What is happening here?' She was well aware she had to put the brakes on their growing affection, but there was a current in her that stirred her.

When he had kissed her, a lightness had washed over her. She experienced the sensuousness of his mouth, but the effects had traveled her whole body. Her mind fixed on what she had felt deeply. As soon as she did, the sensation was back.

'I must be crazy'. How in the world was she responding to him the way she was? Even worse, it had returned. She even thought of slipping back into the bathroom to remedy her state.

Then, his hand came to her shoulder. It was slight at first. Just a touch to where his fingers met her shirt at her mid shoulder. She didn't speak. She found herself uncertain what she wanted to say.

His hand then expanded and it was flat on her shoulder. It was gentle but it was now firm. A thought told her to tell him not to, but she didn't speak.

His hand started gripping her muscle and then releasing it. There were three or four squeezes, and then it moved in a circle. His large palm massaged the entire right shoulder blade that was in front of him. She felt tension release from her back.

'What am I thinking, letting this happen?'

His rubbing on her shoulder, spread to her back, and the effect was to draw the sheet further down. His hand was firm and kneaded at her. Her body absorbed his strong touch.

It impressed her as some of the most sensual and loving caressing she had experienced in a long time. She realized she didn't want it to stop.

'Is this what I want? I can't believe I feel so caught up in this.' Her entire body was buzzing with a tingling she adored. Part of her still resisted, but her aching was too intense.

In a long, slow move, her arms went above her head, while her torso tilted downward onto her stomach. Her face was set into the nook of her left

elbow, and her right arm stayed on the bed and over her head, too.

She was flat on her stomach, and the sheet was at her waist. Both his hands now pressed her mid back, and he braced on them to sit up. The pressure on her back kept up, and he went to bringing his hands upward and then sturdily back down.

The full strokes on her back alternated with occasional squeezes to her shoulders, and her body was like putty. Her breathing went ragged.

There was movement on the bed, but his hands didn't leave her back. She did feel the sheet go lower.

A couple of more slow strokes down her back, and she was completely relaxed and flat onto the bed. Her entire body was stimulated.

Several thoughts danced in her mind. The tender kiss earlier outside, the remembrance that she hadn't been this turned on since Brad, and the certainty that she could explode with ecstasy at any moment.

His hands went over her back and onto her glutes, and she instantly responded. No hesitation at all. Only total instinct and reaction. Her hips lifted off the bed. She hovered there.

Just as she hadn't hesitated, she picked up that he didn't either. His right hand curved right between her cheeks and then his hand palmed her crotch. Her head shot upward off the bed. Looking forward towards the head of the bed, she grunted.

His hand pressed and then rubbed, and she was moving with it. Her hips desperately needed the feel of his hand, and she pushed at it. He toyed with her and let it go inside a thigh, and when she wiggled urgently, his hand came back.

His hand worked inside the leg of the shorts, and it drug up over bare skin. Her head bobbed with recognition. His hand was in her shorts. The next sensation was his fingers on her wet lips between her legs.

Two of his fingers slid over her clit, and she lost it. Her body shook violently and she screamed out from her throat. His hand held her flat between her legs and then he reached under her. In a blur, she felt his second hand get to her clit to rub, and the first then centered at her lips. In an instant, two fingers entered her, and she shouted out another scream.

He held her in place and flicked his fingers while she writhed uncontrollably. More yelps came as she kept shaking and spasming. Several moments passed.

As she started catching her breath, he let her ease back onto her stomach. Waves of pleasure still rolled her, as dizziness clouded her. She knew she had never come that hard. She heard herself panting.

Patty gradually turned over onto her back, and at the same time, Billy was turning onto his side where he was facing away from her. She was still trying to orient herself, when he reached behind his back. His hand found her wrist and pulled, bringing her up against his back. She was reeling, and the notion of spooning him was fine by her.

His hand didn't let go of hers, but rather brought it around him. She propped against his back, and the daze from her orgasm left her very compliant.

His hand kept on hers, and brought it against bare skin she took for his lower stomach. She detected the light smattering of hair there. Her hand, held in his, started descending. She stopped him at first,

but he tugged at it. When it moved further, it was tracing over thin cotton at his waist. It kept going further.

Her fingertips dragged over the front of his boxers to where they opened. She first noticed the prickly short pubic hair and she winced.

He wrapped her hand around the base of him, and she mashed her face into his bare back. She couldn't believe her hand was on him. She damn sure couldn't believe how open she had to make her hand once it was there. He was making her grip him, and her fingers barely touched together around him.

Despite not wanting to, her mind did a comparison. There had been only a few lovers, so the comparison was limited. She couldn't think of any man she had been with who had this kind of girth there. She just couldn't.

His hand closed more to keep hers to him, and then it moved. He pulled her hand up along him. He was very smooth but very hard. Their hands went further than she would have thought, and she gulped at what this no doubt meant. He stopped them when they reached the crown of his head, and then he was pulling them back down again. He pulsed in her palm, and she could hear him groaning already.

She held her eyes shut tight at the realization of what he had her doing. The wantonness of it piqued her. Once more, she felt herself react between her legs.

"Oh, Billy," her voice was raspy.

A couple of up and down strokes had him rocking against her. He sounded out a low, continuous groan, and it struck her that he was as lost in his exhilaration as she had been just earlier. This spurred her on.

Her words were in a half whisper from behind him.
"Let go."

His hand fell away from hers, and hers stayed clasped to him. Her fist kept its steady effort up and down as if she were taking her time milking him.

The skin had a satin-like texture and moved in her hand. She marveled at him. He was already close.

"Yeah, yeah." She liked encouraging him.

His body straightened and he choked an 'oh, oh'.

Her hand kept going, and he jerked in her hand. He was spurting over and over, and a milky wetness coated her fingers. It continued erupting and she maintained her pace. She was determined to finish

him completely. He convulsed and grunted even harder. Eventually, he put his hand on hers to stop.

They remained in place as he tried to compose himself, and the thickness in her hand was very imposing to her still. 'Unreal'.

When his breathing was back closer to normal, she untangled from him. She kept her hand a little aloft as she went into the bathroom. She turned on the faucet with her unaffected right hand, and focused her attention to her left hand.

It lifted closer to her face so she could examine it. Her fingers and her palm was coated with the glaze of his semen. Her index finger and thumb rolled over each other and the slickness tantalized her.

Curiosity took her and she brought the hand closer to her nose. The saltiness was strong and pungent. This close, his cream looked even shinier.

Her hand stayed close and she batted her eyes several times. 'No, no. Don't go there. You absolutely cannot do that.' Earlier in her life, she would have indulged her curiosity. Was that spirit returning? She pushed her hand down to the sink, and it drifted under the water.

She clicked some soap and wrung out his seed from her skin, as she lowered her head and searched herself for how this happened. A warmth filed her, even though her mind scolded her. No, she shouldn't have let this happen. That was her mind talking. In her heart and even lower inside, the expressions were different.

Looking back over the day, she had to admit to how she was drawn to him. He was more a mature, young man than her image of him used to be, and all day long, they had both had grown closer. Tomorrow she might feel otherwise, but right then

she liked how he was so attracted to her. He had made his interest apparent.

And, her lips curled with a last thought as she emerged from the bathroom. The truth was she was happy he had acted on it. She shook her head in disbelief with herself.

She clicked the light and stepped lightly to the bed. Tomorrow, she would act more responsibly alright. But tonight, she would snuggle over and stay close to Billy.

SATURDAY MORNING AND REALITY IS BACK.

He could barely open his eyes at first Saturday morning. The hangover from the night before caused a haze. He squinted and saw her across the room.

"Happy birthday, Billy."

'Good, at least she's smiling', he told himself.

The vague memory formed more and more, and his boxers grew as it did. Had they really done that? He saw her drift about the room in her work out clothes. She was about to leave.

"Hey." His voice was strained. "I should go, too."

He sat up, and she came around to his side of the bed.

"Catch up with me over there. I'm going on ahead."
She gave a quick smile and pecked his cheek.

"You alright?" He couldn't help sounding worried.

"Oh yeah, sure." She nodded reassuringly as she backed to the door. She paused and then returned to the bedside.

She bent to him and looked to his eyes, caring.

"Everything's alright. We just can't let something like that happen again. That's all." She patted his bare, exposed chest. "Just so you know. ...I'm not saying I regret it. We shared it. It stays between us. But, no more. We just can't."

She started backing to the door, and he stammered out to her.

"Wait. Don't say that." He pulled himself up, but she went out the door. He grimaced and looked around for shorts and a t-shirt. He needed that work out.

It only took minutes and he was out the door. He refused to accept what she was saying. There was just no way he'd be able to stand it that night if they couldn't go further. No way.

He stumbled into the gym area, and she was on an elliptical machine. She saw him right off, and a big smile radiated on her face. He took a machine beside her.

Billy struggled with the cardio for a bit, and then left the machine. The effect of the previous night's alcohol weighed on him. Patty shot a dismissive

glance his way, but he went on to the weights anyway.

He glimpsed back at her, and she was watching him head across the room. He liked finding her keeping up with him as he walked away. He took that as a positive.

She definitely looked appealing, even if she was hung over. She had her thick, brown hair pulled back, and her eyes were still piercing. Her body was certainly in good shape, as the black shorts and white tee attested.

Clearly, she took good care of herself. Billy thought this over as he whipped through a few sets of weights. He wanted to check how she was, and when he looked up to her, he was a little taken aback.

An older guy with salt and pepper hair had saddled right up next to her, and he seemed to be trying to get a conversation going. Patty barely acknowledged him, and then abruptly cut her cardio off.

She gave a brief polite smile to the guy, and then walked away. She came straight over to Billy, where he finished one more set of presses. She stood close to him.

"Hey." She held his look for an extended time.

"Everything alright?" Billy didn't want to sound jealous, but he was also going to be protective.

"Oh, yeah. Absolutely." Patty nodded. "He was just being nice."

"Okay. Only checking."

"Yeah?" She grinned mischievously at him.

"Yep."

She stretched her arms high over her head and gave a yawn, and the effect was to lift her chest distinctly. When her arms came back down, he noticed two pointy spots at her chest, and the damp t-shirt clung to her.

When he looked back to her eyes, it was apparent she had caught his surveying her pointy chest. He expected she would fold her arms. Instead, her hands went to her hips. She just let him stare. He did gaze once more.

He looked back up and she was giving a small shake of her head.

"Want to grab a sandwich?" Her words were playful.

"Yeah, sure."

They left the gym, and she led them to a small sandwich place not far from the beach bar. He noted a brisk pace from her.

She got them a table, and she teased him.

"We need to get back to the bar tonight, and have you catch up with Angie."

"Nah. No thanks."

"She likes you, Billy. You should go for it."

"Not at all interested. Really."

They placed their orders and she drew close to look at him directly.

"Billy, last night was last night. Like I said, nothing else can happen. ... I'm your mother."

"Hey, just think of me as a young man."

"I think of you as my son. And, you should think of me as your mother. C'mon."

"I think of you as a very attractive and fun woman that I love being around."

She kept her eyes on him and held a serious expression. He wondered if she was getting angry with him. He spoke again trying to help.

"I'm looking forward to seeing what you wear to dinner tonight."

She sighed, acting frustrated like she wasn't getting anywhere with him. He only relaxed after she broke into a smirk to act a little less intense at the moment.

"Well, I'm wearing jeans and an old shirt tonight. Definitely not attractive." She fixed her jaw like she was pretending to be tough.

"I'm sure it'll look great. ...On you."

"Stop it."

She ate quickly and was ready to go. She left so fast he almost wasn't finished. He sensed her getting distant.

"Let's hit the beach."

He agreed. "Okay."

It seemed Billy struggled to keep up with her. She pulled her swimsuit and a wrap from her suitcase, disappeared into the bathroom, and emerged not long afterwards.

She glanced to him, and then was opening the door to leave. He followed her out the door. They had taken just a couple of steps down the hall when he tugged at her arm to stop.

He turned her to face him point blank.

"What has gotten into you? Why are you in such a rush today?"

Her eyes darted back and forth up at his. Then, they peered at his mouth and back up. She opened her mouth but the words came haltingly.

"Billy, I don't think you ...understand." She looked past him down the hall to consider what exactly to say and then back to him. "This just isn't easy for me."

He paused and absorbed this. He relished how she suddenly appeared vulnerable to him. Her face was open and her eyes wide.

He reached to a stray hair near her eyes and tucked it away for her.

"I understand. Just relax. Everything's okay. You know?"

She turned and led them again forward. He walked along with her. 'She's torn. That's what it is. Perfect.' He hated her being conflicted, but was ecstatic that this meant he still had a chance.

They trudged onto the sand outside and they found a spot under an umbrella. The breeze was hot but passed often. It was sunny, and he put their belongings next to the chairs.

She sat on her lounge chair without taking off her thin, yellow wrap. She didn't sit back and relax, and she didn't act like she was heading to the beach. He tossed their towels on his own chair and then faced the ocean. He walked towards the surf and left her alone to settle down.

The water was gorgeous, and the waves crashed into white spray that was perfect. He waded in and liked that the water wasn't that cold at all. It felt great.

He ventured out to about waist level. He slowly turned hoping he'd see her following out. Instead, she was standing back at their chairs. She self-consciously slipped off her wrap, and he could see her white bikini. He fought the impulse to run back.

He kept his gaze there and sunk to his neck in the refreshing surf. The water churned around him, leaving him rejuvenated. Between the driving the day before and the morning's workout, whatever soreness he had was washing right away.

He could only stand a couple of minutes before he was making his way back. He splashed out of the water and plodded towards her. The warm air was drying him quickly, but his trunks stayed wrapped on him like a second skin.

Drawing closer to her, his mouth fell open. She had laid onto her stomach on the chair and her arms and legs draped lazily apart. The white strips for her top and bottom surprised him. He had never seen her wear something so revealing on a vacation. It hit him that she must have planned ahead to bring this suit.

He plopped onto his chair and she didn't face or acknowledge him. They were under the cover of the umbrella, but he grabbed the sunscreen anyway. He considered her sprawled in her chair, and then he stood.

He set one foot close to the side of her chair and then he brought his other foot over the chair. When both feet were planted, he squirted lotion into his hands. He rubbed his hands and then bent.

He lightly touched his palms to her back at first, and it was a good thing. She jumped a bit in her chair. She exhaled and relaxed, and he started the slow spreading of the screen.

Several times his hands wiped over her back. He was careful to catch her sides. His hands stayed over the waist of the bottom of her suit, but his eyes bore into the tight round butt that was right under him.

He efficiently lined her legs as well. They were as sleek as they could have possibly been, and they responded pliantly with each move to them he made. He covered every bit of uncovered surface of her back.

"Let's do your front."

Her reaction was instant. Her head lifted from her chair and stared straight ahead at first. She didn't say a word though. Her mind no doubt pondered.

He stood over the chair with a leg on each side, looking down at her maneuver. Her arms propped her torso up, and then she was turning. As her shoulders and head rotated to look straight up at him, the rest of her unfolded and shifted in turn.

Once flat on her back, her breasts shook naturally and settled. He couldn't help but lock onto them. Even with her sunglasses on, it was obvious she

was watching him take her in. His blood ran feverishly, as he saw the hint of dark circles in her top. The familiar protrusions pushed the top of the bikini, and Billy felt himself swell.

Her face tilted. Not a lot, but distinctly. Her sunglasses no longer faced his eyes, but rather found his trunks. Her attention made matters worse for him, and he could tell he grew there more.

He squeezed more screen and bent at his waist. He touched dabs to her face and traced it completely. He felt emboldened. His first two fingers on his right hand smeared the lotion over both cheeks and he took his time.

He paused very briefly and then put more lotion to his fingers. This time his fingers went to her chin. He drew two lines on her chin and below her mouth, and then the fingers came almost to a stop.

In a very slow move, he brought his fingers to her lower lip. He let them linger, and then he pulled his fingers along her lower lip. Her lips indented under the tips of his fingers, and he gradually traced from the lower lip to her top lip and back again. Her mouth opened slightly.

For a second he dangled his fingers upon her lip. Then they moved back over her chin. As they went over her neck, there was a heavy sigh from her and she flinched. Her chest rose and fell right below him. Her nipples stood poking against the bikini top.

He restrained himself and stayed away from the cloth of the top, but he vigorously worked the screen over her chest where there wasn't fabric. He was leaving her chest and dabbing her stomach when she half-whispered aloud. Her voice was thick.

"You're very bad."

He barely grinned and kept going.

More squirts of the lotion and his hands were flat against her stomach. He was incredibly impressed with her muscle tone. Her body fat had to be very low, given how lean and taut her skin felt in his hands.

He was covering her exposed stomach, when he added to her sentiment.

"You mean like last night, huh?"

His expression didn't really change, and she was quick to reply.

"Last night... ." Her voice trailed off where her thoughts were clearly back on what happened.

"You liked that, didn't you?" He said it more as a taunt than a question. He loved doing that, he realized.

Another heavy sigh from her. "Yeah. I did actually."

He brought his hands up to put more lotion on them and her face tilted to see where they had gone.

A couple of sprays by him and they were barely on her skin again. He drug them over the exposed area beneath her stomach but above her bikini there. The skin was velvety smooth.

His hands just slipped over her tender surface. He saw little goose bumps dot her. His hands drifted right at the edge of her bright white bikini bottoms, and Billy marveled at them.

There was the smallest of triangles squarely between her hips. Her mound was swollen. A

couple of more swipes of his hands at the cloth's edge and he saw a reaction. Her legs relaxed to become more open, and it emboldened him.

The next stroke of his hand came from her far hip and towards him, and when it did, he let two long fingers disappear into her bikini bottom. He pulled his hand slowly across, and the feel of her pubic hair and mound was exquisite.

"Ooohhh," she groaned and flinched.

Her legs closed and opened again, and when they did, he spied a dark oval spot precisely at the crotch of the bikini where moisture had seeped.

"Stop it." She looked about anxiously. "There's people around, Billy."

"Okay." He smirked.

Her head fell back onto the chair and she panted openly.

He rubbed down her legs, but stayed on the safer areas this time. He didn't linger and was soon moving to his own chair.

She moaned, apparently still affected. "You're very good with your hands."

"I've had tons of practice, I guess. That's all Allison and I ever did."

He reclined back to lay on his back. He left the lotion on her own chair.

"A lot, huh?" Her tone was ragged as she struggled to sit up.

"No, I mean literally. That is ALL we ever did." He looked at her with his eyes arched upward. He was being very candid.

"I'm not following you." She moved from her own chair and sat on the side of his.

"Um, when we... fooled around, that's what we did."

"With your hands, you mean?"

"Yeah. And, I mean that that's as far as we ever went."

"Right. Um, you guys were together for years. That's the only girl you ever really dated. There was more to it than that."

He stared blankly at her and his face went back and forth.

Her eyes roamed up the beach as she processed what he was saying.

"Wait a minute. What?"

"It's something I hate admitting. It's incredibly embarrassing." He looked around and made sure no one was within ear shot before he continued.

"Even though we went out for three years, Allison and I never had intercourse. We fooled around in other ways, but we didn't do that. She was absolutely determined to wait till she was married."

Patty's mouth fell open.

"So, you've never... ." Her voice was thin.

He grimaced hard at it being put that way.

"We did some things. We had fun. We just... didn't... do that."

She silently nodded.

He looked all about except at her face, clearly embarrassed.

"Billy, look it's okay. You know, sometime it'll... ." She was starting to say it would eventually happen for him when he interrupted her.

"Tonight. It was supposed to happen tonight." He said it directly to her and she froze. "The night of my twenty-first birthday at my favorite place, the beach. That was what was supposed to happen."

Patty recoiled.

They stared at one another.

She broke their gaze, casting her eyes down at the sand. She appeared to contemplate what she wanted to say next, and then her words were muted.

"I still can't believe you wanted me to come down here." Her head went from side to side slowly.

"Of course, I would."

She peered up closely at him.

He spoke deliberately. "You're gorgeous, you're very special, and I love you."

A grin spread across her face, and she bent her face to his.

"I love you, too."

She kissed him softly and held it there. When she pulled away, she still eyed him.

She was only still a second and then she was rising to stand.

"I'm going in the water."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Everything alright?"

"Uh huh." She nodded quickly.

He watched her tight butt shift right and left as she went to the surf.

They swam, walked some on the beach, and hung out at their chairs, but there wasn't much talking.

GETTING READY FOR DINNER

Patty was so intense with anticipation she wondered if she wasn't the one acting like a virgin. She anxiously moved about the room getting the right dress and shoes she'd change into. The jewelry was already in the bathroom on the vanity. Her favorite make-up was set.

'Like some sort of prelude to a ceremony', she thought, as she went from the closet over to the bathroom. She felt almost unnerved by the silence.

'Is that what I'm doing? Getting ready for a ceremony? Am I going to ceremoniously give him his manhood tonight?' She shuddered at the thought.

She was sensitively aware of him as they readied for dinner, and she could easily tell that he was the same with her. He had already showered quickly

and was then out of the way. He had come back into the bedroom in his dressy trousers, but he was bare-chested. She immediately noticed him, and it set off a chain reaction. He saw her stare at him, and then she felt self-conscious for having stopped what she was doing to look at him.

When she hurried back to focusing on getting ready, it was obvious to both of them what had happened. Her face flushed with the knowledge she was so affected. Even more, she understood she had been obvious to him, and that he could see how very moved she was by him.

The quiet tension didn't ease as she sat in the bathroom with the door open. She sat straight before the vanity applying the last of her make-up, and as she did, she at least found comfort with liking her look. She was wearing her hair up, too. Something she rarely did. She stared questioningly at herself in the mirror, when she caught herself wondering how he would like her hair up.

Her eyes narrowed and then focused back on her fingers at her face. The touches of make-up were just right and alluring. The glossy red at her full lips was perfect. Her eyes looked as intriguing as they ever had. She fretted a bit at just how fitted and tight the black dress felt, but then vanquished the thought from her mind. 'It's my favorite after all'.

She stood to leave and liked her last once over. The dress flattered her and her toned physique. There was definite cleavage, but it wasn't too much. Her hair was brought up and pinned as elegantly as she could make it. Diamonds at her ears, her chest and her wrist finished off the look.

She stepped in the steep heels on the tile of the bathroom until she was right before the doorway into the bedroom. Pausing, she realized her nipples were erect and her panties damp. 'I've been like this all weekend'. She took deep breaths to calm herself.

At once an idea washed over her that only intensified her state. 'I love him differently now. The truth is I've liked his being the way he has this weekend. I've liked it, because... I want him, too.' One more deep breath, and she pushed herself out of the bathroom.

She moved from the bathroom trembling with anticipation. The bathroom opened out onto the bedroom where the bed was directly across and to the left, while the wall of glass forming a window onto the sea was directly to the right.

Through the glass, the ocean was only about thirty yards away, with rolling waves visibly crashing into white surf through the glass wall. A golden haze was casting into the room because it was sunset.

Tantalizingly, there remained a complete silence. The resort was so well-built that the sound of the wind outside and the crashing of the surf was

totally blocked. This gave them the clear view of the outside beach, but still silently closed them off from anything outside. They were sealed away from the rest of the world.

There was a moment when Patty stepped out where Billy stood facing out the window and was unaware she had entered. She had the briefest of opportunities to see him as this different young man alone with her in a hotel room. It sent a surge of adrenaline through her.

Once he was aware of her, he turned to her and smiled his biggest smile. His eyes devoured her, as they took in every inch of her from her head to her feet and back up.

For a moment, they both simply stared at one another, sharing an electricity that was palpable. She was standing across from him and looking very intensely to him. It was also like she was letting him soak her up in her carefully prepared way.

She took a long breath before speaking softly but deeply.

"Happy Birthday, Billy."

His mouth opened with no words at first. His face rose and fell like he started one phrase and then turned to another. Finally, he just openly adored her.

"Wow. You are absolutely gorgeous."

She tilted her head just down a bit and gave a small smile to him. She eased over to the bed, picked up her purse, and then walked a couple of steps in the direction of the door. She stopped going towards the door when she was only halfway there, and he went by her to open the door for her.

He was at the door, and facing to it, when her voice sounded to him.

"Billy, wait."

He gradually pivoted back to her. His face showed concern. She could tell he didn't know what to expect.

"Earlier today, you said I seemed like I was in a rush."

He nodded.

"I think I was in a rush. All day I was. But really, my rush was to get to right here. To get to this moment, right now."

Her words started sinking in, and his brow tightened. His chest lifted and fell, and he took the

couple of steps to stand in front of her. His closeness shook her.

His face tilted, and she watched his mouth come to hers. She closed her eyes right before the softness of his lips found her. The kiss was slight at first and then he neared more. His lips opened hers and their mouths joined. His tongue slipped inside her mouth and caressed her. Their mouths pressed tighter. As tenderly as he had started, he soon withdrew. Her lips lingered at his as his face eased away.

She brought a hand to his chest and stroked there. Next came her other hand and they both went to his shirt buttons. Her eyes clinched shut and then reopened, as she started undoing the shirt.

Billy pulled his shirt from his trousers, as she finished the buttons. He then jerked to remove both shoes and socks. When his hands came to the shirt, he started to pull it away.

"Stop." Her voice was abrupt.

She took his arms and positioned him around to where he stood right in front of the bed. Methodically, her hands took each side of his shirt, and she brought it back and down his arms on her own.

There was no t-shirt underneath, and his bare chest and arms were at her face. Her fingertips drew lines over his pecs and then her hands went flat as they came into contact with his sides. She held his sides, as she brought her face against the warm lightly haired skin in the middle of his torso.

Her head took a slow, sensual swipe from where one cheek rubbed his chest to then the other cheek rubbing it. When the unhurried brush of her face finished, her head centered again. Then, her lips kissed to his skin and left moist, red spots about his ribs and stomach.

When she took a step back, she looked up at his face. His excitement burned in his eyes, and she knew he was at least as stirred as she was. Her eyes stayed on his and saw his eyes widen, when her hands went to his belt.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Her voice was low.

"Absolutely."

She held his eyes a moment more, and then they left his face. She brought her gaze to his waist. They both watched her hands unbuckle his belt. As she undid his trousers, she glanced back to him. His breathing was ragged and his chest moved more.

Her eyes darted down, spied the zipper for her fingers and shot back to his. His eyes narrowed and he let out a moan, her fingers pulling at his zipper.

She stopped for a second when it was pulled all the way down, and he gasped.

Her attention traveled back to his trousers, and this time it stayed, as she let first her right hand and then her left hand pull at the waistband of his boxers. It was as if she was loosening them, because she didn't try to do more with them at first. It was just the fingers tugging open his waistband and then letting it close back.

There were a couple of the tugs and then her thumbs replaced her fingers. Her right thumb and left thumb hooked into the waistband of the boxers, and the thumbs drew down. Billy exhaled and flattened his stomach, a light ripple rolled visibly down his abs and a tight ripple rolled inside Patty.

The boxers and trousers worked lower, but they caught at Billy's bulge. A patch of black curly hair was plainly revealed where the boxers held. The

trousers slipped on down to the floor, but the bulge was just too prominent.

Patty could tell her eyes had widened and her brows had lifted. The boxers fixed on the protruding curl of him that pointed her way and hovered in the boxers. She gulped at what she would soon see.

She could not help herself, and had to glance to his face again and see his eyes watching her closely. She absolutely couldn't believe she was doing this with Billy. His face didn't look surprised though. He was ready and he looked confident.

Her gaze drifted back to his crotch, and her fists tightened onto the waistband. She didn't wait any longer. She slid the underwear along his hips firmly, and she gaped at the view.

The waistband dropped readily at his hips, but the front struggled to clear the lump at his middle. It dragged down reluctantly, and a thick white column strained at the lowering boxers. It was almost released, when she had to bring her hands forward to enable the last inches to free.

The engorged trunk bounced heavily as the boxers fell to the floor. Patty felt her mouth open, and they both heard her intake of breath at seeing him. She braced just backwards and stayed fixed on the sight of him.

Billy's body stayed still, but his member flexed vigorously. A couple of veins lined the side of it, and it appeared to stretch towards her. His hands rose to her arms and he rubbed at her shoulders. When she had remained motionless a moment, he dropped a hand to her right hand.

He gently took her hand and drew it to him. When it hit her he was leading her hand to his crotch, she

resisted. Their hands stayed in place a second, but when he didn't let her hand go, her hand again moved with his when he pulled again.

He simply took her hand in his palm, and with her own palm open and up, he lifted it to the underside of him. He closed his own hand to close hers onto the shaft of him, and she moaned and swayed when he did.

His hand then dropped back to his side. Her hand stayed holding his cock. She stared at it. Patty was well aware he was seeing her ogle it, but she didn't care. She could not ever remember seeing such an erection.

It filled her hand, and she was impressed how he felt so hard but yet so very smooth. It pulsed in her grip, and she stretched her fingers along him. Her hand held him firmly and glided like she was bringing him close. When her palm edged his crown, she pushed back towards him. This time it

was he who moaned, and she instantly thought of how she needed to be careful. She had to remember somehow to pace him.

There was only the one stroke of him and she stopped. She didn't immediately let go of him, as she wanted to savor just how ample he was in her hand. Apprehension set in with her.

'How am I going to take that? I have never worried so much about a man's penis, and yet still wanted it inside me.'

Patty felt her head tilt upward, and Billy began kissing her fully. She accepted his tongue deep into her mouth and sucked on it. His face moved on hers, and they embraced passionately. Their mouths joined urgently, and she got lightheaded from the sensations.

After several moments, she motioned him back. Their lips smacked apart, and she had to catch her breath. His hands went to the tops of her dress, but she grabbed them.

"Get on the bed." She urged him with a quick nod.

He plopped backward. When he sprawled as he did, she couldn't resist again staring, as his dick throbbed and twitched in the open air. It desperately jutted off his crotch, and she resolved to tantalize him more.

She stood over him at the side of the bed. His eyes fixed on her hands as they came to her shoulders. They went to the back of her neck and unclasped hook there, all the while her eyes kept on staring at Billy.

He squirmed on the bed, as her hands pulled at the zipper behind her. The straps of the fitted dress

loosened. Each side fell open casually and slowly right in front of him. His cock pulsed, hovering over his stomach.

Seeing his cock throb in front of her like that thrilled her. She was shocked at how drenched she was from turning him on. Her breathing was heavy.

Her hands stayed behind her as they reached waist level and the bottom of the zipper at the base of her back. The front of the black dress started unfurling down her front, and it took all she had not to jerk her arms around to cover her chest being exposed. Instead, she just let her dress peel open and off her chest.

A small, transparent black bra lifted her breasts out and towards him. His eyes strained to take in the thin cups with the veiled dark circles clearly protruding within. Men seemed to have always been surprised when they saw how her nipples covered practically all of the ends of her breasts and

then thickened so. It was how her breasts had always been, and it was how they were always taken.

Her dress was so tightly fitted that she had to tug it off her hips and over her thighs. He was gentle but firm, and made it slide off. The black satiny fabric pooled beside her shiny black heels as she still stood there in them.

Her breathing was ragged as she stood there in only her underwear. By now, he had to have taken in her choice of panties from just earlier. She was sure the thin satin was spread transparently over her mound with only a narrow strip of hair there at the middle.

She gave a heavy sigh and pushed at her bra straps. Her heavy breasts shook once unreleased and she could hear him groan. He grunted when she pushed her panties down and off her lifted heels one by one. She left her shiny black heels on.

When she was fully nude and facing him, she stood a long moment and looked down into his face. His eyes burned with intensity to hers. They held their look a moment until he did as she expected. His look took the sight of her in, up and down and his hand wrapped his dick.

"No." Her voice was sharp, and she started onto the bed.

She climbed on the bed, and his hands and mouth roamed all over her. Kisses, sucks and caresses covered her everywhere. She panted as she made herself focus on positioning herself.

She straddled him. One leg went over his midsection as the other planted in place. Her hands went first to his sides and then her right hand slipped between them. She absolutely could not believe she was letting herself do this. But, she continued.

As her hand that was in between them gripped him, she murmured down to him. "Don't come till I say to." She wanted this to last for him.

She held him up and moved onto him. Her mouth fell completely open and her head lifted up. His cock felt unlike anything she'd ever experienced before. Her vagina was widened open, and it was like thousands of sparks were being shot from her folds as she slid more onto him.

Completely out of character for her, she grunted hard. Unexpectedly, it was she who couldn't control her ecstasy, as she moved mostly onto him and started writhing wildly. Her mind shouted the fact it was her own Billy and it was too much for her.

She started moaning loudly and jerking about atop him. Looking through half closed eyes, she could see he was mesmerized by how she was coming so

hard. She held her hands on his chest beneath her and rode out the climax, twitching and pitching for several moments.

As she started to collect herself, with him still wedged in her, she managed to eek out a "wow". Her head shook back and forth.

She started slowly going up and down, but he stopped her. His hands tugged her to the side, and she relinquished her perch. He maneuvered her over and down onto her back. He got between her legs and on top of her.

"Oh Billy."

He surprised her with assertive he was in re-positioning her. He laid her on her back and got over her. His left knee got inside her thighs and nudged them out. His own legs then settled between her thighs.

She looked up into his eyes, and she shook at his look of determination. The momentum between them had changed. Billy clearly had in mind how he wanted her.

His hand brushed her face. Tender, the gesture soothed her. That, together with her powerful climax of just then, calmed her for whatever he now wanted.

He lowered onto her, and she felt the unmistakable hard stalk pry at her thighs. She felt a lewd embarrassment when she immediately opened more for him. And, her legs lifted up and forward.

His fist guided himself to her, and the head plunged easily with how wet she remained. She drew a sharp breath at how he didn't hesitate to fill her deeply right away. Her Billy was anxious to have her as he wanted.

She smiled to herself, and she loathed how willing she was to help make that happen. Could she really want this more than she had let herself think? She brought her knees up even more by her sides.

Her knees drawing up struck Billy and his eyes darted to hers. They didn't speak, but her look back to him signaled he was right to take her move as willingness. This seemed to spur him even more.

She gripped his shoulders, and it was good she did, because she needed to brace with his first push at her. She screamed hard. His cock bottomed deep in her, and he grinded his hips at her.

Bittersweet sensations swirled, as tingling mixed with definite pressure. His face twisted in taking her so fully, and her own head tilted up on her pillow. Her hands held tight to his corded shoulders.

Billy pulled backward, and her lips clung to him and distended. He left a void in her that was instant, but she knew it would be brief. She was right.

He got his head to the front of her, and then he raised his torso up on his arms. Her hands drifted to palm the front of his chest, and he thrust forward hard.

"UUUUNNNGGGG!!" The groan came from way into her throat.

He had shoved his hard cock all the way back in a push that shook her breasts about her chest and made her shoulders slide on the bed. Her eyes narrowed on his. She found no words, but she felt a puzzlement. Her sweet Billy was getting intense with her.

He paused. This made her wonder how he would act next. Her walls clasped him. She shifted to again try to accommodate his heft. He was large.

His hips pulled back and again he waited. His patience surprised her. He didn't wait long though, and his hips slammed forward once more. It pushed her breath from her.

"OOOOHHHH!" She heard her own cry and it startled her.

Lightness descended about her, and she was incredulous she could be starting another orgasm. 'No way.' But the exquisite pressure Billy was driving in her pussy, and the rough manner he was taking rushed her to the edge.

Her breasts still shook from his shove, as his penis started backward. Again he paused and his arms straightened to steady. His face tightened.

His hips struck at hers, and it was like her sex flushed at him. She yielded inside and her feet lifted high in the air. She thought she screamed but wasn't even sure. An overwhelming burst of pleasure rained in her head and through her body. She convulsed under him, and her arms pulled to her chest.

She had never experience anything like the spasms that washed all about her. Wave after wave rolled. She shook her head back and forth on the pillow.

When she oriented again, there was a rhythmic motion going. Her head was nodding up and down on its own, and her back was lifting and falling on the sheet. Her hips tilted up and back repeatedly.

She got her focus back, and realized what was happening. Billy had fallen into a steady pumping of her. Even, short strokes upward and backward.

He had them rocking against each other on the bed. She had one thought. It felt glorious.

"Yeah, fuck me, Billy."

He smiled a tight grin down to her as he worked away. Propped still on his arms, his chest rippled with each rotation of up and back. He was incredibly hard.

She betrayed a wicked smile back up at him and surprised them both. Her own hips lifted. It was slight at first. He'd go three strokes, and she'd lift herself to meet him once.

Then, he'd go two strokes and she'd lift for him. They noticed her relax her body out a bit, and then she was working back at him. She was trying to meet every thrust of his with one of her own.

She squinted and loudly moaned at the lurid thought. She was pushing her pussy at him. She was fucking him right back.

They both intensified their heaving, and the sharp slapping sound resonated in the room. They were going at it hard, and she felt as light and fluid as she had ever felt. She liked his his eyes arching and his head pitched back as he devoured her. She wanted him to come hard.

His head went from just back to a swaying motion, and she guessed he was close. He opened his eyes more like a thought hit him. At once, he stopped their pounding at each other, and she didn't try to hide her disappointment.

She started to ask him something when he withdrew from her and put his hands to her hips. She immediately missed the feel of him in her, but her attention caught what he was up to. His hands were turning her over.

"Oh, Billy!" It was a breathy acknowledgment that he was putting her on her hands and knees underneath him. She flooded again from the wantonness of it.

"Are you going to fuck me from behind?" Her tone was taunting.

Her hips raised in the air and her hands grabbed the sheets. She felt his large head poking her folds back there, and she braced. She could not get any wetter than she was right then, she knew.

He wedged himself back in her, and she liked how she more readily accepted his size from behind. He didn't hold back, and he sped to the tempo they had been taking when she was on her back.

More pangs of ecstasy shot about her, and she wondered how many orgasms her boy could give

her. Something about how he had flipped her and was again banging away at her hard made her delirious.

"Fuck, you are good, Billy. Fuck me, Billy." She squealed.

He went to an even quicker pace, and loud smacking sounded between them. Her fists held the sheets and she struggled to keep her place on the bed. His full hammering pushed her about, and she heard him gasping.

She twisted around to look at him, and she saw his face wide and his mouth open. His head hung backward and a wail started.

"AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
!!!"

She could feel his cock kicking inside her and she knew what this meant. He grinded his hips hard against her and it was like he was trying to shoot as much come in her as he could.

"UNGH! UNGH! UNGH!"

His grunt was chant-like as he spasmed over and over, holding on tight to her hips.

She stayed in place and took him. Buzzes of more pleasure darted about in her at the realization that he had come in her and was dripping more come deep in her. She tensed herself to squeeze him. She told herself she wanted all of him.

They stayed in place a couple of seconds, but then he drifted backwards. She waited as her son went about dismounting her. His hips drew back. His semi-hard penis slipped from her folds. His hands brushed at her ass.

"Wow." He chuckled.

"Wow." She agreed.

He fell upon his back and she got on her side next to him. The combined wetness of her and sperm spent from him soaked her inside and dampened her inner thighs. She thought she felt dribbles fall down her legs.

She patted his hair and grinned uncontrollably. She kissed his lips. First she pecked, then she kissed him hard, and then she sucked at his lips. Her entire body tingled.

"That was the best fucking I have ever had. The best ever, Billy."

He smiled proudly back at her and then moved to kiss her. It was a full passionate kiss. His tongue roamed her mouth. She let it move freely. They twisted together some, and then laid back together.

She settled there against him a while. So many thoughts and emotions swept her. His solid build nestled her, and she thought he was starting to snooze.

She quietly slipped from the bed to go to the bathroom. She walked gingerly over to the side. Self conscious that he may be watching, she went slow. She tried to look as normal as she could. The truth though was that she had a vague soreness between her legs. She was probably walking differently as a result.

She went inside the spacious bathroom and pulled the door behind her. She flipped the light and wasted no time getting relief. She worried he could

hear her with the door ajar, but felt a giddy intimacy at the prospect of that.

She was back up and at the bathroom mirror swiftly. She studied herself in the mirror. Her hair was wild and her cheeks were flushed. She clearly had a 'just fucked' look about her.

She chuckled to herself and decided to brush her teeth before turning in. As soon as she was brushing away, Billy slipped into the bathroom. They exchanged smirks as he walked behind her to the toilet.

She stepped closer to the mirror. The one step closer kept the reflection in the mirror limited to her upper body and face. The dazzled expression, wild hair and bare chest she showed made her again self-conscious. She shot her glance over to him.

He stood grinning with her as she looked over. She heard a torrent of water splashing and her gaze went down. There a thick stream of urine poured from his dangling dick right over the toilet.

She couldn't help but stare. She couldn't remember ever having watched a man urinate before. Her mouth fell open. His dick dangled there between his legs, still thick and several inches long even relaxed. How had that thing been inside her?

There was something very raw and primal between them as he watched her stare at him pissing. She glanced at his face but then back at his dick as he continued. The stream was never ending, it seemed.

As she stared, he shifted. Rather than stand more parallel to her, he moved to his left. It was only a step or so, but it left him more facing her. He put his hands on his hips in an almost daunting pose. She was mesmerized.

He finished and as he did he stepped to her. He reached for her hand, and then went to put it on his penis. She resisted but he didn't let go. She let him guide her hand.

He put her hand on his dick and they both shook the last drops from him. He deviously grinned and she looked down and blushed, not knowing what to possibly think.

Her hand stayed a second. Her fingertips traced him. She thought she saw some glistening on his shaft that she took to be her own juices left there. She started to churn inside.

She looked back up at his face and his eyes drew more serious. 'He can't be getting that way again.' She glanced back down, and she was right. He was pulsing and engorging again.

She gulped. She let her fingertips drape across his head, and then she brought her hands to the sink.

She washed her hands and checked herself once more in the mirror.

In the reflection in the mirror, she saw him stand behind her. He gazed her eyes a long moment. Their expressions were serious as intensity returned to them. She felt incredibly vulnerable standing in front of him and facing the mirror.

His hands caressed her hips, and she started to ease from in front of him. His hands clasped her hips and stopped her, keeping her standing in front of the mirror. She met his gaze in the mirror with an expectant one of her own.

He positioned his feet behind her and then she felt his hardness. He was bumping against her buttock and felt prominent. She put her arms around her self.

His hands pulled her arms apart from her as she kept looking at him in the mirror. His eyes darted between hers and her exposed breasts in view, and she knew her nipples were erect. They ached.

He put her arms to the counter, and it bent her forward at her waist.

"Billy... ."

Her eyes had a pleading to them. She was awkwardly propped. Her breasts hung loosely down. Her palms spread on the counter.

His hand slowly dragged right between her legs, and she trembled knowing he felt her dampness. His hands worked behind her, and his cock was soon back. She winced hard when he was sinking back inside her.

She looked up at his face in the mirror, trying to stay composed even though she was spread on the counter top and getting filled again. He started rocking once more, and she lifted her hips for him. She couldn't help but feel silly in her exposed, spread pose that he didn't stop watching.

Her head started bobbing from his thrusts into her, and she felt her walls quivering from his plunging at such an angle. Unlike before, she was more impaled by him. He stretched her deeply.

She was dragging backward and forward on the bathroom counter and he was having his way. She tried to get traction with her hands but it was difficult. His shaft started its pounding.

Her head fell and her eyes closed, lost in his taking her. Her body swayed back and forth, and then he had a hand in her hair. It squeezed gently a handful of her hair and pulled.

Her eyes caught her reflection in the mirror that was close to her. Her eyes were wide and her mouth hung open. Back behind her, his eyes burned into hers. He was making her watch him fuck her in the mirror. The realization washed over her and new spiking spasms hit her hard, as he kept bucking.

Even though she was squinting and coming, he made her see herself thrashing and gasping with each jerk of pleasure. They both watched her lose control and gyrate on the bathroom counter, right in front of the mirror.

The blatant display pushed him over the edge, and his cock jumped about buried in her sex. They pushed to one another several more moments.

As they both relaxed, they chuckled. She absolutely could not believe he had taken her again. Never had she been fucked so thoroughly.

She stood and inhaled heartily, and as she did she felt him dripping down her inner thigh. She stood and savored the completely ravished effect he had made.

After a moment, he guided her to bed. She was sore once more, and every step reminded of her just how hard he had fucked her. She laid down with a satisfied calm. She relaxed into sleep.

SUNDAY'S TRIP HOME AND A LESSON TO REMEMBER

Patty slid quietly out of the bed early the next morning. She almost laughed aloud when she realized she didn't know where her panties were.

Tiptoeing around to dress, she wanted to make sure he could rest. He would be driving the three to four hours home that afternoon, plus he looked serene there sprawled out in the bed.

There was a giddiness she felt that she loved. It was not what she expected. No guilt or remorse was inside, and she was relieved. It was obvious to her what he wanted and how he felt, and she woke accepting of it. So she refused to analyze it. Let this come naturally, she thought.

She was pulling items together to pack when he got up. A pang nagged her when he wordlessly went

from the bed to the bathroom. Maybe she wasn't the one who woke up feeling strange, but that didn't mean he didn't. She waited and gathered her items next to the bed.

When the door from the bathroom opened, the first thing she saw was his smile. Her heart quickened when he came straight to her and embraced her. He kissed her cheek, and she turned her face to him. Without hesitation, he kissed her lips. It brought her complete relief. As well as a tingling reminder of last night.

"Good morning." He started hopping around energetically packing himself, and she liked the energy she saw.

"Good morning."

She sat at the edge of the bed and watched him move around gracefully. His legs glided so and his

arms swept effortlessly to where she was certain he was as athletic as she had thought. There was a small cringe inside when she felt some soreness in the middle, and it reminded her it was their sex that had caused it.

"How does it feel?" She asked it in a playful tone.

He paused and grinned to her. In a low voice, he said, "That was even more incredible than I imagined, really."

"Umm, I meant, being twenty-one. How does twenty-one feel?"

They both laughed, and he went back to his packing while he answered.

"Fantastic. Thanks to your helping me celebrate."

She got up very pleased, and they hugged again.

In moments, they were back in the car and on their way. She was aware that they were going to be in a vehicle alone together for hours after what had happened, but she wasn't going to sweat it. She just felt too excited, too good about things.

There was small talk for the first hour or so of their drive, but the more they got along into their trip, the more relaxed they both became. At one point, he quit bringing up things up himself and seemed to quieten.

She rode along for a bit without saying anything herself. After several moments, she looked over to check his expression. His eyes were darting back and forth to the road, but mostly were glued to her legs.

"What's on your mind?" Her voice was soft.

He smirked like he might say anything.

"I'm appreciating how fit you are."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

She knew she was likely blushing. Her blood was definitely churning.

"I like how you appreciated it last night, too."

His eyes beamed into hers with excitement.

"You do, huh?"

"Uh huh."

"That was something about Allison. She did not like the gym."

His mention of the name jolted Patty and she broke her gaze over to him.

She looked off to her side of the road, and let it drift from her mind. He's young, she told herself. Probably hungover. Ignore his reference.

She glanced in his direction again, and once more his attention was on her, only it looked like her dress gathered at her thighs were now the focus.

She didn't speak, but she did move slightly. Her feet parted further in the floorboard and her knees opened just a bit. His eyes bulged and he looked at her like she was already undressed for him.

"Wow, you are so hot."

She giggled.

"You are, too."

"I love how fun you can be, how wild."

"We've just started."

He rolled his head around, trying to get his mind around their playfulness.

She smiled proudly, but it soon vanished.

"Let's not get you around Allison any more. That's for sure."

She interrupted him. "I've seen a couple of dirt roads. Side roads. Here, take the next one."

"Huh? What's up?"

He took the very next one, as Patty sat up and forward. They made their way along a dirt road through some trees, and she held her hand up for him to slow, so he did.

She looked up and down the road, and told him to pull off.

"Here's good." She searched around again in a full circle, and he squirmed at what she may have been up to. They were on the shoulder of some deserted country road.

She started reaching underneath her sundress.

"Pull down your jeans. Boxers, too."

"What?" He couldn't believe it.

"Just do it. ...Now."

He snapped his hands to his waist and worked at his jeans. As he did, he watched her pulling her panties down from underneath her sundress and off her legs. She tossed them into the floorboard.

She looked up and down the road again.

Then, determined, she reached past him, leaning way over him, and she pressed the little lever that moved his seat backwards to where it was away from the wheel. Not flat, but away from the wheel.

"Here slip down the seat some."

He slid so that his hips were further down the seat but he was still sitting.

They look at each other, and she saw how he was so shocked.

She straddled him and grasped him from between them. She held him steady and then started sliding her dampness onto him. They both grunted as she worked him into her.

She planted her hands on his chest, and she gently raised barely and then pushed down. He grunted loud at her taking him in. She stared into his narrow eyes and she panted herself.

Slowly, but deliberately, she started a motion of lifting astride him and then sinking back down.

They both got louder as her down strokes went further than before.

As she started riding him with a rhythm, she snapped out words between hard pants.

"Let's get something straight."

His face was twisting into a fast ecstasy and he tried to get his reply out with ragged breath of his own.

"What's that?"

She picked up the pace, and he was starting a steady moaning as she was more bouncing on his hips with each thrust. She had a hard time talking, but got out the words.

"You don't need to be talking about any past girlfriends any more."

He loved this. His moaning got much louder as his orgasm approached.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." She cried it back.

"So I got a new girlfriend now?"

She started rocking even harder, turned on extremely by that.

"YYEEAAAHHHHH!! YYEESS!! YES!" She shook violently, as he bucked and started yelling out, too. They both froze with her impaled and he deep inside her. His hands kept her hips to him and she squeezed to him. They were both out of breath.

They struggled to catch their breath, and he kissed her at several places on her face.

As she untangled herself from him and moved back over to her seat, he spoke exhausted and out of breath.

"Did you mean what you said?"

She looked over at him puzzled.

He explained. "About me having a new girlfriend?"

She was having a hard time composing herself. Her seat got very wet from where she sat down before pulling her panties on, smearing the leather with both their juices. She instantly knew the bottom of her dress was drenched.

She looked at him intensely and then went to use the visor mirror to compose her now-wild hair and reapply her make-up. She spoke slowly and deliberately as her fingers tried to work.

"Well, I don't want to just fuck you all the time and not have you as a boyfriend, you know?"

He smiled a huge smile and bent to her and kissed her.

She kissed him back and knew just how very much she meant doing what she said.

He teased deeply. "Well, I'm straight about that."