



FAMIL

Family Affairs

Chapter 1

Matt Williams was supposed to be paying careful attention to the basketball game taking place on the court in front of him. That was, after all, why he was there. He was the school photographer at Jamestown High School and he needed to take photos of the game for the yearbook.

But, instead of watching the game, he was watching Mary Forrester, his best friend's mother. Her son Ricky, the Jamestown High School hoop squad's top scorer, was so good he had several college basketball coaches offering him scholarships.

Matt, who wasn't in the least athletically inclined, watched the object of his attention jump up and down, cheering for her son, whose team was on its way to another easy victory as he stood near the end of the gym, his camera in hand. "She's so gorgeous!" he thought as he gazed at his friend's attractive mother.

Although Matt's athletic ability was minimal, he made up for that lack with remarkable proficiency as a photographer. He had taken all the pictures for the school yearbook ever since his freshman year and, in addition, he earned extra money by selling some of his pictures to the local newspaper.

His ultimate fantasy, one he was sure he'd never get to live out, was to do a nude study of Mrs. Forrester. She would be an excellent subject. She was tall and full-bodied, and had a wild mass of shoulder-length black hair. Although she was strikingly beautiful, she acted as if she were totally unaware of how really

attractive she was. Her modesty made her that much more appealing to Matt.

Tonight she had on a loose white sweater and snug jeans, an outfit that accentuated her finely curved body. While she continued to jump up and down and cheer, the smitten young man continued to find it hard to concentrate on the game. It happened every time he shot basketball pictures. In fact, anyone scrutinizing his photos would have found that Mary Forrester appeared in quite a few of them.

The final buzzer sounded and the crowd's delirious roar signaled their approval of the victorious end of another game. People began flowing down from the bleachers and out the doors.

Matt moved out onto the court, taking pictures of the celebrating team and excited cheerleaders as he did. He also managed to get a few shots of Mary Forrester's lovely face, which was flushed with joy and excitement.

Mary hugged and kissed her son, then she started for the doors at the end of the gym. She saw Matt, smiled, and waved. The young man's breath caught in his throat. If only her smile meant more than acknowledgment of the fact that he was her son's best friend.

The gym was almost empty, so Matt began to move toward the exit. Just as he reached the door, Ricky came out of the locker room, still in his basketball uniform. "Hey, Den!" he yelled, and

walked in Matt's direction. "You need a ride home? Mom's waiting out front. You can ride home with us if you want."

"Ah...yeah," Matt replied. "Thanks. Hey, Rick, you played a great game!"

Ricky flashed him a "number one" sign and disappeared back into the locker room.

Matt's heart pounded as he walked out the front door of the school and looked for Forrester's car. He saw it and moved toward it. Mrs. Forrester saw him coming and again smiled and waved. Matt opened the car door and leaned inside.

"Rick said I could ride home with you," he told the comely woman.

"Of course you can, Matt," Mrs. Forrester said, her voice low and silken.

Matt felt a surge in his groin and quickly slid into the car and closed the door. He didn't want Mrs. Forrester to see his growing hard-on. Soft classical music came from the car's stereo.

"That was quite a game, wasn't it?" Mary Forrester said.

"Yeah...it sure was," Matt replied. "Rick was incredible." He held up his camera. "I...I got some terrific shots of him scoring." His throat was tight and his voice sounded raspy to him.

"You'll have to let me see them when you get them developed," Mary said. "I keep a scrapbook of all of Ricky's games. I have ever since he started playing basketball."

"Ah..." Matt swallowed hard. "I...I'll bring them over sometime. You...you can pick the ones you want."

"Great!" Mrs. Forrester said. "Ricky tells me you take wonderful pictures."

"I guess so," Matt said. He felt his face getting hot. "I...I, you know, just point the camera and push the button."

"I have an idea there's more to good photography than that, Matt," Mary said. "You seem to have the same kind of talent with a camera that Ricky does with a basketball."

Matt knew he was blushing furiously, but was saved having to respond by Ricky's arrival. His friend opened the door and got into the car, sandwiching Matt between him and his mother on the front seat of the big station wagon.

Matt slid over to make room for Rick and, as he did, his thigh came in contact with Mrs. Forrester's leg and his arm rubbed

against hers. An electric current raced into his body from the points of contact with her and he found it hard to breathe.

He turned to his friend. "Ah...really great game, Rick," he said. "How many points did you get?"

"Thirty-five," Rick replied. "Hey, did you see the way Dianna Hillman was all over me at the end of the game?"

Dianna, one of the cheerleaders, was a very pretty girl. She was tall and attractive, but because her height made her as tall as a lot of the boys her age, she wasn't all that popular. Matt thought she was nice and she'd always been very friendly to him but, because he was painfully shy, he'd never asked her out. Actually, he'd never managed to work up the nerve to ask any of the girls in school out.

"She sure does go for you jock types," he observed.

"Yeah, if I remember right, she was all over Bert Page during football season," Rick said. Bert was the star quarterback of the football team.

"Richard Ethan Forrester!" Mrs. Forrester scolded, her voice sterner than Matt had ever heard it. "You know I don't like it when you talk about girls like that!"

"Aw, Mom," Ricky protested, "Dianna's just one of those kinda girls."

"Richard, that is enough of that kind of talk!" Mary said firmly. She turned onto the street where Matt lived and braked to a stop in front of his house. Rick got out to let his friend out.

"Thanks for the ride, Mrs. Forrester," Matt told his friend's mother.

Mary smiled at him. "Don't forget to bring those pictures over for me to look at some time, Matt," she said.

"I...uh, I won't," he stammered. He turned and started for his house.

"See you in school tomorrow, Den," Rick yelled, then he got back in the car.

Matt stood on his front porch and watched until the Forrester car turned a corner and disappeared. He touched his left side - the one that had touched Mrs. Forrester - sighed, then he walked into the house. His parents were in the living room, watching TV.

"Hi, hon," his mother said. "How was the game?"

"Yeah," his father added, "our team win again?"

"No sweat," Matt said. "We creamed them by thirty points."

"Hey, babe," Matt's father told his mother, "looks like our alma mater's going to the state championships again this year. Maybe this time we'll win."

"Yeah, Dad, maybe we will," Matt said. The team was favored to win the championship the year before, but lost the final game by one point. Their opponents made a comeback after Ricky sprained his ankle and missed the last five minutes.

Matt went upstairs to his bedroom. The bedroom adjoining his room in their big old house had been converted into a darkroom and photo lab. Matt's father had been disappointed when it became clear that his only male child wasn't very athletic, but he quickly became proud of his son's photographic achievements and supported him in any way he could. Now a person meeting Matt's dad couldn't escape without hearing about how his son was going to be the next Ansel Adams. Matt found it all a bit embarrassing.

He went into the darkroom, locked the door, turned off the lights, then threaded two of the five thirty-six exposure rolls of 35mm film he'd shot at the game into developing cans. That done, he turned on the light again, filled the canisters with developer, and set the timer.

While the film was being processed, Matt unlocked a special cabinet that only he had a key to and got out some photo albums. He opened them and slowly, lovingly, turned the pages. Picture after picture of lovely Mrs. Forrester greeted his adoring eyes. As he looked at them, Matt felt congestion forming in his groin. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

A knock on the door startled him. He jumped, realizing he'd dozed off. He set the albums down on the counter and stood up.

"Who is it?" he called.

"Matt, it's Mary Forrester," came the soft reply.

Matt's heart leapt. He walked, stiff-legged, to the door and opened it. There she was, the object of so many of his fantasies.

Mary smiled at him. "Your folks said you'd be up here, and that it would be all right for me to come up," she said. "I had some time, so I thought now was as good a time as any to see those pictures you were telling me about."

"Ah...they...they aren't developed...yet," Matt stammered. His heart was pounding so hard he was sure she must be able to hear it.

Mary, smelling wonderfully of very expensive perfume, moved past him into the room. She still had on the white sweater and jeans she'd worn to the game. Matt watched her, transfixed.

"What are these?" the stunning woman asked while she picked up Matt's secret albums.

He went cold with dread. What would she say when she realized they contained only pictures of her?

Mrs. Forrester examined the albums, then she looked at him and smiled. "Why Matt!" she said softly, "All the pictures in these albums are of me!"

"Uh-huh," Matt murmured. What would she do now?

Mrs. Forrester put the albums down and walked across the room to where Matt stood. The young man was too scared to face her. He heard a rustle as she moved, then her soft, warm hands cupped his chin and lifted it. He was looking at that incredible face, those magnificent gray eyes. She smiled at him, a soft, inviting smile.

"Do you think I'm pretty, Matt?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" Matt replied avidly.

"I'm glad you feel that way," Mary said. "And I think the pictures in those albums are wonderful. You deserve a reward." She covered his lips with hers.

Matt couldn't believe this was happening! The kiss began softly, then became more urgent. A kaleidoscope of sensations swept through the stunned young man. He was sure he'd faint when Mrs. Forrester's lips parted and her tongue brushed his lips softly. He felt his legs getting weak.

"I think you're a really sweet boy," Mrs. Forrester said when the kiss finally ended. "Would you like to take more pictures of me? Would you like to have me pose for you?"

Matt couldn't speak. He nodded furiously. Actually, he'd have rather kissed her again, but if she was offering to pose for him, he was more than happy to oblige her.

Mary gave him a stunning smile. "You know, I've always wanted to pose nude," she said, her eyes bright, "would you like that?"

Matt still couldn't talk. He nodded and reached for his camera.

Mrs. Forrester took hold of the hem of her sweater and slowly started to raise it, exposing the smooth skin of her softly rounded belly. Matt watched, his eyes bugging out of his head, and...

A buzzer went off, and he jumped. "Don't worry, it...it's only the timer..." Matt muttered. He blinked and looked around, puzzled. Disappointment swept over him when he realized he was sitting in his darkroom, alone, with his private albums on his lap. He must have dozed off. The visit from Mrs. Forrester was only a dream. Disheartened, he got up and finished processing his film.

Chapter 2

While Matt was sitting in his photo lab, enjoying his fantasies about her, Mary Forrester was in her bedroom, getting ready for bed. When they got home, Ricky gave her a "good night" kiss and went to his bedroom, exhausted from the game. Her husband, Tom, was away on another of the long sales trips he'd been taking more and more of during the last few years.

Mary pulled her sweater over her head and laid it on a chair, then she sat down and slipped her boots off. That done, she shrugged out of her snug jeans. She stood, wearing just a plain white bra and high-cut bikini panties, gazing at her reflection in the full-length mirror on the closet door.

"I guess I don't look too bad for an old married lady," she mused while she ran her hands lightly over her body which really was in good shape. She worked very hard to keep in good shape. She reached behind herself to unhook her bra. The movement raised her full breasts delightfully.

Mary took the bra off and examined the breasts she'd exposed. They were large and the tips were covered with large, dark circles, which surrounded equally large nipples. They sagged a bit, but not too much. She hefted one breast, then the other, noting with satisfaction.

"You can barely see the stretch marks on them," she told herself. She'd nursed her son and hadn't ever been sorry she'd done that. She felt that was one of the reasons she and Ricky had always

been closer. Next she peeled off the bikinis and examined her belly critically. As on her breasts, there were a few visible stretch marks on her abdomen, but they were faint. Her pubic hair, black and tightly curled, formed a lush triangular cover for her groin.

She slapped one thigh, then the other, noting with satisfaction that the smacks produced little jiggle. Her legs were strong and well-shaped, the result of long walks she took almost daily.

"But..." she thought, "if I look as good as I think I do, why am I here, alone?"

She gave it more thought. Her husband had been taking more and more business trips for the past year and was now to the point where he was gone at least two weeks out of every month. When she commented on how much he was gone, he angrily protested that the trips were an absolutely necessary part of his job.

But even when Tom was home, their relationship was strained. Their love-making, which had once been passionate and frequent, had declined to the point that when they did occasionally have sex, it seemed as if Tom was performing perfunctory act with little passion. Sometimes it seemed to Mary that her husband only made love to her because he felt he had to do his duty, not because he wanted her. She couldn't remember the last time their love-making had been really satisfying.

Mary sighed and opened the bedroom closet. Hanging in it were several nightgowns, a few of them sheer, lacy expensive items she'd gotten when she was first married. The rest were sensible, flannel ones. Those were the ones she'd been wearing lately.

A few years back, she was excited when Tom suggested that they get a king-sized bed. She thought it would give them lots of room to play and make their love-life better. And it seemed to, at first.

But, that initial resurgence of their love-life passed all too quickly and lately the huge bed had turned into a vast, lonely area in which Tom could pull away and hide from her. Most nights, he was so far over on his side and she might as well be in bed alone.

Impulsively, Mary selected one of the sexy, silken negligees and slipped it on. She shuddered with delight as the sensuous material slid down over her body, caressing her, clinging to her ample curves. She touched herself through the silken material and felt tingles of delight spreading through her.

"Oh, God!" Mary thought as she hugged herself. "I need to be made love to. Really made love to! I...I wish Tom would make love to me like he used to."

She walked to the bed, turned back the covers, slid in, and pulled them up over her, then she turned out the light. Lying alone in the darkness, she was acutely aware of the need

gnawing at her insides, smoldering deep down in her body like a banked fire.

Her mind drifted. She remembered Ricky's comments about the cheerleader - Dianna, or something, her name was. That could have been her in high school. She never believed she was pretty, and her parents didn't have a lot of money like families of kids who belonged to the "in" crowd did. Without meaning to, she fell victim to the only assets she felt she had, her body and face. In the long run, it did her no good. A lot of guys took her out, but none of them ever went steady with her. She sat home, alone, the night of the prom, crying.

She studied hard though, and, somehow, managed to get into the local branch of the state college system, and there she met Tom. With him, things seemed different. He courted her, pursued her, and when at last they made love, it was fantastic. No man she'd ever been with had been interested in her satisfaction, just their own.

Back then, Tom was different. When they first met, he was a masterful lover who spent hours caressing her and touching her, giving her experiences she never knew existed. When he'd taken her the first time, she exploded with more wonderful feelings than she believed were possible.

She and Tom married at the end of her freshman year and Ricky came along six months later. Tom's parents helped them at first, until Tom got a start in business. Their life together was good in

those early years, with Tom becoming more and more successful and Mary reveling in being a mother to their son.

Her reveries about the love-making she and her husband once shared only fanned the embers of need glowing deep in Mary's body. Without realizing she was doing it, she began to stroke and caress her breasts, and her body responded. Soon she was writhing and twisting as her hands moved over her flesh.

"Ohh!" Mary thought, "Has it come to this? Is this what my life is going to be like from now on? Am I condemned to lie alone in my king-sized bed, pleasuring myself?"

She didn't stop. It felt far too good, and she needed release badly, even if she had to give it to herself. She worked the hem of her nightgown up and her hands stole to the lush black forest between her spectacular thighs.

Soft groans escaped from her lips as her fingers explored the dampening flesh of her vagina. She touched her clitoris and groaned out loud, her hips thrust upward, and her back arched. One hand rapidly stroked the erect bud of her clit, giving her the thrills she needed so badly, while the other went to her breasts, squeezing them, pulling on the huge, turgid nipples.

"Yes! Yes!" she groaned, her muscles tensing, back arched, and then it happened; sweet, wonderful release swept over her, filling her with joy.

At last, spent, she relaxed on the bed. She felt less tense, but as nice as pleasuring herself had been, it wasn't the same as having a man who wanted her make love to her. She felt tears welling up in her eyes. At last, she fell asleep.

Chapter 3

"Matt! Matt! Time to get up!" his mother yelled.

Rubbing his eyes, Matt sat up and looked at the clock on his dresser. Good. He had time to check the prints he'd made before he went to bed - prints of Mrs. Forrester at last night's basketball game.

He'd dreamt about her, and it was a delightful dream. Once more, she offered to pose nude for him, but when she was just about to remove her clothes, his mother called and woke him up. He was left with a raging hard-on.

"I'm up, Mom!" he yelled, and smiled when he realized his comment had more than one meaning. "Be down in a minute."

He got out of bed, his young cock sticking painfully out in front of him, and walked into the darkroom. As he gazed at the pictures of his fantasy lover, his hand wrapped around his swollen, fleshy pole and began to stroke it. Soon he was near the bursting point. He reached for a towel, wrapped it around his sensitive rod and, his eyes closed, came; groaning out his dream lover's name as pleasure shook his young body and globs of his seed pumped into the soft cloth.

Afterward, he showered and dressed, then he went downstairs, where his mother had breakfast waiting for him.

His Mom frowned when he walked into the kitchen. "You better hurry," she said, "you don't want to miss the bus."

Matt ate his breakfast quickly, grabbed his books and jacket, then headed out the door and across the lawn, arriving at the bus stop just as the bus did. The doors opened and he climbed aboard, looking for a place to sit. His stop was the last the bus made before school and only one seat was left, next to Dianna Hillman.

Matt smiled at Dianna and sat down. "Hi," he said.

"Hi, Matt," Dianna replied. "Saw you at the game last night. Did you get some good pictures?"

"Ah...yeah, some," Matt replied. He looked at Dianna. She was quite attractive. She had short, light-brown hair and a very pretty face. Her shape was good, too, except for the fact that she was nearly flat-chested. She had on a pink sweater with a big cowl neck, and a loose, midi-length white skirt.

"Have any problems with that social studies assignment?" Matt asked.

Dianna frowned and nodded. "A little," she replied. "I hate social studies. I don't know why we have to study all that ancient stuff, anyhow."

Matt smiled and said, "My dad says it's because those who don't learn from the past are doomed to repeat it, or something like that."

Dianna gave him a funny look and asked, "What does that mean?"

Matt shrugged. "I'm not sure, either. I think it's just another one of those excuses adults give us to make us believe we ought to do our social studies homework, I guess," he said. "You know how adults are, they always have something that doesn't make any sense to say."

"Oh," Dianna said. She looked out the window, a little confused.

"Ah...would you like to go to a movie tonight?" Matt asked. What possessed him to ask her that, he never knew. But, he'd done it. Too late to take it back.

Dianna turned suddenly and looked at him, interest in her eyes. "Gee, I'd love to," she said. "But I...I told Ricky Forrester I'd go out with him tonight."

"Oh," Matt said, dejected.

"Look, Ricky and I, we're not going steady or anything," Dianna added quickly. "And I'm not doing anything tomorrow night."

"Ah, OK," Matt said. He sat up, brightening. "Yeah, tomorrow night, then."

"Great," Dianna said and smiled at him.

The bus turned into the school driveway. Matt was elated. He had a date, a real date, with Dianna Hillman. He'd show Ricky.

Actually, though he didn't think so, Matt was a reasonably attractive boy. He might not be physically adept, and not good at sports, but he still had what women might consider a good body, and he was good-looking, too. He was stronger than he realized, and it always bugged Ricky when Matt beat him at some feat of strength in Phys. Ed. Whenever that happened, Matt believed Ricky let him out-do him out of friendship, but that wasn't true at all.

Matt and Dianna walked into the school building. She was tall, almost as tall as Matt's six feet. They didn't look bad together.

"See you in social studies," Dianna said. She turned and headed for her locker.

"You bet," Matt replied and started down the hall toward his locker.

"Hey, Den," Ricky said, walking up behind Matt and giving him a playful punch. "Saw you come in with Dianna. You tryin' to beat my time?"

"Ah...um...I, ah, I got a date with her tomorrow night," Matt said.

"No shit?" Ricky said. He smiled. "Hell, old buddy, I'll try not to spoil her for you tonight, then." He gave Matt another playful punch. "Gotta go. See you in English."

Matt wasn't sure why, but he was bugged by his friend's comments. He and Ricky had been best friends since kindergarten; nothing had ever come between them, not even pressure from the guys on the basketball team who constantly bugged Ricky to stop hanging around with "the camera nerd," as they called Matt behind his back.

Matt felt guilty about his anger, shook off the feeling, and headed for class. He wasn't sure why Rick's comment bugged him so much.

"Are you all right, Matt?" Miss Farwell, the English teacher, asked.

Matt looked up. She was standing next to his desk. She'd called on him twice and he hadn't heard her.

"I...I guess so, Miss Farwell," Matt replied, blushing. After that, he forced himself to pay closer attention.

Dianna wasn't on the bus after school. Matt figured she either had cheerleading practice or, maybe, Rick had driven her home. As he was thinking about it, Rick's beautifully restored '69 Dodge Charger roared by the bus. Matt saw Dianna in the passenger seat.

"I'll try not to ruin her for you." Matt remembered what Ricky had said.

"Damn him!" he thought.

Chapter 4

After Ricky left for school, Mary took a shower and got dressed. The print-decorated man-tailored blouse and gray slacks she chose looked terrific on her, but she wasn't aware of that. Then she straightened up the house. Tom was due home today, and Mary made a practice of having the house look extra-good when her husband got back from a trip. The phone rang. She walked over and picked it up.

"Mary," her husband's voice came through the receiver. "Honey, I hate to do this, but I have to extend my trip through the weekend."

"Oh, Tom," Mary said. She couldn't keep the disappointment out of her voice. She planned to make an all-out effort to revive their relationship this weekend. "Do you really have to?"

"Afraid so," he replied.

In the background, Mary thought she heard something, like a feminine giggle. "Tom...where...where are you?" she asked.

"Ah, I'm in one of my client's offices," her husband said quickly. "It's, ah, one of the secretary's birthdays, and the other girls are, um, teasing her."

"I'll bet!" Mary thought. All of a sudden fears about what Tom might really be doing on those trips rushed from the far corner of her mind, where she had banished them because they were too painful to consider.

"Look, Mary," Tom said. "I have to get going. I'll see you next week."

"When will you get home?" Mary asked.

"Probably Tuesday," he said.

"Tom...I...I love you," Mary said softly.

"Yeah, me, too," her husband said. Then he was gone.

Mary felt tears welling up in her eyes. She didn't understand what was happening to them. Their marriage seemed to be coming apart at the seams. Tom was gone all the time, and when he was home he ignored her. The result was that she was lonely. Ricky's presence helped, but he'd be going away to school next fall. What would she do then?

One of Mary's unwritten rules was, "If you need a lift, get your hair done." Pixie McGill, the girl who did Mary's hair, was a divorcee and had a bit of a loose reputation, but Mary liked her. Pixie always seemed to be so up and happy.

Pixie had planned to take the afternoon off, but when she got the call from Mary - who she considered one of her favorite customers and who sounded upset - she told Mary to come by at one.

Hairdressers, like barbers and bartenders, often act as confessors for their clients. Pixie, because she was such a good listener and never passed on what she heard, was one of the best. "I wonder what's bugging Mary?" Pixie mused as she worked on her current customer, who was babbling about her Aunt Alice, or Agatha, or whatever.

Mary, meanwhile, went back to her housework with new vigor. The brief phone chat with Pixie had improved her mood, and

knowing she'd get to spend more time talking with her friend later gave her something to look forward to.

At one, Mary drove her big station wagon into the parking lot in front of Pixie's salon. She was surprised no other cars were there.

"You weren't planning to take the afternoon off, were you?" Mary asked when she got inside.

"Don't worry about it," Pixie said. "I had a feeling you needed someone to talk to, so here you are."

"Look, I don't want to spoil your day off," Mary said. She turned and began to leave.

Pixie grabbed her arm. "Take off your coat and get in the chair. We ought to get started," the hairdresser said.

She led Mary to the special sink used for shampooing customers, sat her down in the chair, and put a protective cover over her.

"Talk to me, Mary," Pixie said. She had her customer lay back and began to wet down her hair.

Mary felt herself relaxing as Pixie worked shampoo into her hair, filling it with luxuriant white foam. Her scalp tingled delightfully.

"Well," Mary said, "Things aren't going too well at home..." She was surprised at how easily all of her troubles came out once she started talking.

Finally Pixie finished rinsing the lather out of Mary's hair, had her sit up, and wrapped a towel around her customer's head.

"You know, if I was in that situation..." Pixie commented as they walked to another chair, where Pixie would cut Mary's hair and style it, "...if it was me, I'd probably find someone who would give me what I needed."

"You...you mean you...you'd take a...a lover?" Mary was startled. "I...I could never...ever do that."

"I'm not telling you to do it, or not to do it," Pixie said. "I'm just saying what I would do. I'd go out and find me a nice, horny young guy who could screw me silly."

Mary felt her cheeks get hot and knew she was blushing. "I've never...done...that, had sex...with...with anyone but Tom since we got married," she stammered.

"From my point of view," Pixie said as she clipped a little off the back of Mary's hair, "monogamy is highly over-rated. But that's me. Like I said, I'm telling you what I'd do. You have to do what you think is best for you."

Despite her misgivings, Mary did find the idea of an affair exciting. Still, she couldn't picture herself going to bed with anyone but Tom. She'd come a long way from the way she'd been in high school. She had a good reputation now, a good life, and she didn't want to do anything that would cause her to lose it. "I just couldn't do it," she thought at last. "I just couldn't. I have too much to lose."

Pixie was blow-drying her hair. Mary closed her eyes and enjoyed the warm blast of hot air and the comb sliding through her tresses.

"Hey, you know, if you don't want to have an affair, there is another choice," Pixie said. "I'd almost forgot about it." She put the finishing touches on Mary's hair.

"What's that?" Mary asked as she examined her new coiffure in the mirror. She had no idea what her friend could be talking about.

"You stay here," Pixie said. "I'll be right back." She disappeared through the doorway that led from the salon into her living quarters. In a few minutes, she returned, carrying a pinkish tube of some kind in her hand.

"What's that?" Mary asked.

Pixie held the device up for Mary to see. When she realized what Pixie was holding, she was stunned. It was a large, life-like artificial penis!

Pixie smiled when she saw her friend blush. "This might not be as good as a real one," she said, "but it's a helluva lot better than going horny."

"I...Oh God!...I'd have no idea where to find something like that, even if I wanted to," Mary stammered. She felt her face growing hot, and was terribly embarrassed, but she couldn't take her eyes off the device Pixie held. It looked so real!

"I got mine in a store over in Westboro," Pixie said, grinning. "It's just across from that big mall." She had an idea she'd piqued Mary's interest. "I told them it was a gag gift for a friend's bridal shower when I went to buy it."

Mary drove away from Pixie's shop, her mind spinning. "I could never take a lover," she thought. Then her mind went to the dildo. She wondered what it would feel like to use one. "It would probably feel better than my fingers," she said out loud. Without realizing she was doing it, she turned onto the road to Westboro.

Chapter 5

Ricky braked his brilliant red car to a stop in front of Dianna Hillman's house, which wasn't nearly as the house he lived in. He knew both of Dianna's parents worked; her father for the local

highway department, her mother as a nurse's aide in the local hospital. They never came to any of the sporting events to see her cheer like his mom did. Then his selfish side kicked in. "If her mom and Dad aren't home?" he thought. "Maybe..."

Dianna, who was sitting next to him, turned and smiled at him. "Want to come in for a soda?" she asked.

"Won't your folks mind?" Ricky asked, acting as if he didn't know her folks weren't home.

"They're both working, they won't be home for hours," Dianna replied.

Ricky couldn't help but smile when he heard that. "OK," he said, with a gleam in his eye.

Dianna didn't see the gleam and didn't realize Ricky was reading much more into her invitation than she intended. He got out of the car, so did she, and they walked to her front door. Dianna opened it and they went inside. She put her books down on a table inside the door and turned to go into the kitchen.

Ricky grabbed her, pulled her into his arms, and kissed her. His tongue pressed between her closed lips and his hands clutched her bottom. Dianna was surprised by his sudden action and didn't react as quickly as she might have had she known what was coming. She started to open her mouth to protest, but that allowed Ricky's tongue entry to her mouth. What caused her

problems was that she liked Ricky, and the kiss wasn't at all unpleasant. She'd been kissed before, many times, and as usual, she felt a kind of weakness coming over her as her body began to respond to Ricky's kiss.

His hands, cupping her trim bottom, pulled her against him and she felt the bulge in his pants through the thin material of her skirt as he rubbed his groin against hers. Her legs were starting to get a little rubbery, and she felt passion flooding through her. If, somehow, she didn't find the strength to stop Ricky soon, her body would take over, and she'd never be able to stop him.

"Ricky..." Dianna put her hands on his chest and pushed at him. "Please. Not here. Sometimes my dad stops in, if he's working in the area." Her father did do that, and would fly into a rage if he caught them doing anything. By just having Ricky in the house she was taking a chance.

Ricky kissed her again, a little less ardently, then he released her. "OK. I don't want to get you - or me - in trouble with your folks," he said. "Besides, we got the whole evening ahead of us, right?"

Dianna nodded, slipped out of his arms, and went into the kitchen. She got two cans of soda out of the fridge, opened them and handed one to Ricky. They went into the living room and drank their sodas, sitting in front of the TV, watching a re-run of "Gilligan's Island."

When he finished his soda, Ricky left. Dianna walked him to the door, and kissed him before he left. When they kissed, she again felt her body begin to respond once more.

"Why does it always have to be like that?" Dianna asked herself as she watched Ricky's car roar away. "Why do boys only want me for what they can get from me?"

She started making dinner. That was one of her chores. She was a good cook, too. "I know what will happen tonight," she thought as she got the food ready. "Ricky will be all over me, I'll give in, then I'll be lucky if he talks to me at school tomorrow." That was what happened when she dated Bert Page. Once she let him make love to her in the back seat of his car, he stopped calling. She didn't understand this "weakness" she seemed to have. All a boy had to do was touch her and her control over her body seemed to vanish. Once that happened, she would do anything they asked.

For some reason, she thought about Matt Williams. She had a date with him tomorrow. He seemed different from the other boys, quiet, shy, not brash and pushy. Most of the guys she knew thought Matt was a nerd, though, and he didn't play sports or anything, but he always treated her well.

"Actually," Dianna thought, "he's kind of cute. But he seems so serious most of the time." Maybe he wouldn't be like the others. Dianna found herself looking forward to her date with Matt; more, actually, than she did to the one with Ricky later that

night. She finished setting the table and went into her room, trying to decide what to wear for her date.

Chapter 6

Mary drove away from the sex specialty shop in Westboro and headed toward her home. It was lying on the car seat next to her, in a plain paper bag. Her face was burning and she was filled with shame. She'd never been so embarrassed in her life. It took her an hour to work up the courage to go in the store in the first place, then when she did, things got worse.

The clerk, a pimply faced, smirking young man not much older than her son, sported a leering look on his face from the minute she walked in. "Can I help you, ma'am?" he asked when she entered the store.

"I...um...I...ah...one...um...of my, ah, friends, um, she's, you know, um, getting married," Mary stammered. "And, uh, we're...you know, giving her a, um, shower, with, um, gag, ah, gifts."

She looked down into the glass case in front of her and felt her face getting even hotter. On a shelf in the case lay at least a half-dozen realistic-looking fake penises, ranging from huge to gigantic. There were even black ones!

"What were you thinking of getting for your, ah, friend?" the young man asked smugly.

Mary was so embarrassed she almost turned and ran out of the store but, somehow, she managed to tough it out. She took a deep breath. "One of those...that one...there..." she stammered as she pointed into the case, at one of the dildos.

The clerk bent, brought out a long, slim box, and laid it on the counter. "Are you...excuse me...is your friend going to need batteries?" he asked.

Batteries! Pixie hadn't said anything about batteries. "Ah...I...I guess so," Mary stammered.

The clerk took a package of batteries off a shelf behind the counter and laid them next to the box. "These are the long-life kind," he leered. "Our customers say they're a lot more satisfying. Is there anything else I can get you?"

Mary, near the point of tears, shook her head.

The clerk moved to the cash register and rang up the sale. "That will be thirty-one ninety-five," he said.

Mary fumbled two twenty-dollar bills out of her purse and handed them to the leering clerk. Her hands were trembling.

The clerk took the money, rang up the sale on the cash register, then he gave her the change and a receipt.

"Would you like a bag?" he asked.

Mary gulped and nodded her head. "How can he make such a simple question sound so obscene?" she wondered as she watched the clerk to put her purchases in a paper bag. He handed it to her, she grabbed it and hurried out of the store, not looking back.

"I hope your friend enjoys her gift," the clerk said as she left. "You can tell her I'd be happy to drop in and give her some pointers on how to use it if she needs them."

Mary sat in her car for a few minutes after she left the store, shaking, the package on the seat beside her. Sobs and tears began. She couldn't remember when she'd felt more humiliated. People walking by looked at her but, thankfully, nobody stopped. At last she pulled herself together, started the car, and headed for home.

Her heart sank when she saw Ricky's car parked in the driveway. She looked at her watch and realized she was later than she thought. The trip to that horrid shop in Westboro had upset her so much she'd lost track of time.

Clutching her package, she went into the house, sure Ricky would know what was in the bag, and would be ashamed of her for having it.

"Hi, Mom," Ricky said when they met on the stairs.

"I...I'm sorry I'm late, honey," Mary said. "I'll put something in the microwave. You must be starved."

"No problem, I've got a date, remember?" her son said. "We'll grab a pizza before we go to the movies."

"Oh," Mary replied. She had forgotten Ricky's date with Dianna Hillman.

"Yeah, hey, wasn't Dad supposed to be home today?" her son asked. He went on downstairs and got a jacket out of the hall closet.

"Ah, he called, and said he had to stay a few days longer," Mary told her son. "He should be home Tuesday."

"Gee, we hardly ever see him any more." Ricky sounded disappointed. "I sure hope he'll be around for the playoffs."

"Now Ricky," Mary cautioned, "your father works very hard to support us. Don't be angry with him. I'm sure he'll be home for the playoffs."

As she defended her husband to their son, Mary remembered the feminine laughter she'd heard when Tom called. Had he really extended his trip for business reasons?

"Gotta go, Mom," Ricky ran up the stairs, kissed her lightly on the cheek, then galloped down the stairs and out the door.

Mary stood on the steps, alone. She looked down at the package in her hand as if she were seeing it for the first time, then she sighed and continued up the stairs to her bedroom.

She laid the package on the bed and locked the bedroom door. Then she walked to the bed and sat down. Her hands were trembling as she slipped the box out of the bag and sat there, holding it in her lap, looking at it. Finally, she managed to work up enough courage to open the box and take the fake penis out.

"It's cold to the touch," she thought, as she hefted the device. "But it sure does look real!" She giggled nervously. "It's been a long time since I've held a cock this hard," she said aloud. Her voice sounded strange in the empty room.

It took a little doing, but she figured out how to put the batteries in the device, then she turned it on using the little switch at the base. The dildo began to hum and vibrate.

"Actually, that might just feel nice," Mary thought. She shut it off and sat there, looking at it. "Now what?" she asked herself. Getting in the mood for self-love with her new sex-toy seemed to be a problem. Maybe if she got undressed. She got up, walked to the closet, stripped off her clothes, and stood fingering one of the silken negligees hanging in the closet. Then, naked, she turned and walked back to the bed, laid down, picked up the dildo, and again turned on the switch. Suddenly, she found herself growing excited. What would it feel like to have the fake penis sliding in and out of her? Would it be better than satisfying herself with her hands?

She began to rub the humming appliance over her body and made another delightful discovery. The dildo not only vibrated, it got warm! She tried moving it across one of her nipples and shivered as ripples of excitement went through her. She moved it to the other breast and got more fantastic sensations. Delighted by her discovery, she kept moving the whirring dildo from breast to breast and excitement grew and spread through her.

At last, tentatively, somewhat breathless from self-induced lust, she slid the buzzing, warm machine between her trembling thighs. Wave after wave of glorious sensations swept over her. Her hips rose off the bed, seeking closer contact with the marvelous invader.

Mary continued sliding the implement up and down over the sensitive flesh of her vagina and was surprised to feel herself

growing wet. She tried rubbing it against her clit and her hips jolted. It felt wonderful!

Mary groaned and her hips began to rock as she continued arousing herself with the humming sex utensil, which continued to vibrate sweet sensations into her.

At last, she moved the dildo so the tip was positioned between the puffy lips of her vagina and, slowly, began advancing it into her needy body.

"Ah!" she groaned. It felt good! It felt unbelievably good! The hot, whirring wand filled her and made her insides quake with joy. Her hips continued to hunch upward as she slid the wonderful warm device in and out of her clasping hole. She felt her hunger growing and realized she was getting near to her peak.

"Yes! Oh, yes! Oh, God, yes!" she hissed. One hand continued thrusting the dildo into her body while the other move to her juice-soaked clit. She was going to come! She had to...

The phone rang.

Startled, Mary froze. She felt very embarrassed as she lay there, with the dildo protruding from her, listening to the insistent ringing of the phone. Reluctantly, she pulled the device out of her, rolled over, and reached for the phone.

Chapter 7

Dianna, sitting in the movie theatre next to Ricky, felt her date's hand slide down over her shoulder and knew it would soon come to rest on her breast. She did have breasts, in spite of what some of the crueller boys in school said, and although they were small, her breasts were incredibly sensitive.

She shivered with anticipation when Ricky's hand moved past her collar bone and down, onto one small, firm peak. Excitement rippled through her and she snuggled as close to Ricky as she could in the theatre seats. If he kept this up, she would do anything he wanted her to, she wouldn't be able to help herself.

His hand continued to move over her soft jersey blouse and brushed one super-sensitive nipple which, along with it's mate, had begun to emerge when Ricky began touching her. The contact was electric, and caused Dianna's body to quake involuntarily.

Ricky felt Dianna shudder and repeated what he'd done to her small breast. She responded with another shudder, stronger this time. Delighted by his discovery, he continued to caress her gently.

By the end of the film, Dianna was breathless with excitement. Her nipples, swollen and proud, pressed out against the clinging fabric of her blouse. She'd long since lost the ability to focus on the picture and was barely able to walk when Ricky led her out of the theatre to his car.

Before they got in the car, Ricky pulled Dianna into his arms and kissed her. Dianna returned the kiss avidly, her arms locking around him. The kiss ended, they got in the car, he started the engine, and they roared off; headed for an isolated spot outside town he'd used on many similar occasions.

One of the problems with the car Ricky had been that it had bucket seats and a console between them. He managed to convince his parents he needed to replace the original buckets with expensive new seats, seats he picked because they reclined.

Dianna, still foggy with lust, was barely aware where they were when Ricky pulled into a shadowy area and stopped. He leaned over and kissed her again. While she was kissing him, she heard a click, then she felt the seat going backward. Deep in her passion-clouded mind, she knew she should at least make an attempt to resist, but she couldn't.

Ricky's hand slid under the soft blouse and he discovered to his delight that Dianna was braless.

Dianna moaned softly while Ricky gently caressed her petite, proud cones of flesh, thrilling her. He was different from any of the other boys she'd gone parking with before. Most of them copped a quick feel, pulled down her pants, and jumped on. Ricky was far more considerate and, as a result, he had her turned on like she'd never been turned on before.

Early in his sexual career, Ricky learned that foreplay made the sexual act more enjoyable. He discovered that if he was considerate of his partner's needs, they were more willing to do what he wanted. It was a lesson he was glad he'd learned, because it made sex a lot more satisfying, and available.

While Ricky's lips and tongue working on her breasts drove Dianna wild, his hands moved to her waist. Before she realized what was happening, her slacks were sliding down her slim, well-formed legs. He rolled atop her and she felt his erection, trapped between them, pressing against her bare belly.

His own passion now raging out of control, Ricky grasped his erect penis and, with a downward thrust of his hips, slid it into Dianna's super-headed, pulsing cavern of love.

"Ah!" Dianna groaned when she felt Ricky's erection sliding into her. Her legs came up and her heels locked behind her partner's thighs.

Ricky was surprised. Dianna was tighter than he'd expected, given her reputation. He thrust into her, feeling the clutching walls of her love tunnel rippling, milking his swollen shaft, drawing him inexorably toward release.

Ricky had done his preliminary work well. By the time he stabbed his erection into Dianna's willing body she was very near to orgasm, in truth the first one she'd ever experienced while making love with a boy. She was overwhelmed by the powerful

sensations Ricky's thrusting pole caused. She'd heard sex was supposed to be wonderful but, until now, it had never been more than a mildly pleasant experience. This time, it was fantastic! "Oh, God!" she screamed while sensations more fabulous than anything she'd ever experienced before wracked her body. "Oh! Oh! Ricky! Oh, God, Ricky!" Deep inside her explosions of joy detonated and feelings of pure bliss washed over her.

"Yeah!" Ricky groaned when he experienced the wondrous spasms of his own coming. His loins bucked harder and he felt his fluids blasting into Dianna's thrashing, clutching body.

Ricky collapsed atop Dianna, spent, and felt her clutching him, kissing him, and babbling to him. He didn't see the tears of joy running down her cheeks.

Dianna wasn't sure why making love with Ricky had been so different, so much more wonderful than anything she'd ever experienced before. She'd heard that sex with someone you loved was better. Was that why it had been so good with Ricky? Was she in love with him? She hadn't thought so, but...how else could she explain how wonderful he'd made her feel?

If she'd asked Ricky, he could have told her the satisfaction she felt came from other things, but that question wasn't asked so it went unanswered.

Chapter 8

"Hel...hello," Mary stammered into the phone. She felt herself trembling with unsated need. All she wanted was to get the call over with and get back to satisfying herself. "I should have left the damn phone ring," she thought.

"Mrs. Forrester," Matt Williams' voice said, "did I wake you up?"

"Ah...no, Matt, I...you didn't," Mary replied. "He'd sure be surprised if he knew what he interrupted," she found herself thinking. "I, ah, I was working on something." Was she ever!

"Oh," the young man said softly. "I, ah, I finished those pictures you asked about. I thought if you weren't busy, ah, maybe I could bring them over and you could see if you want any of them."

"Tell him you're busy!" a voice inside Mary screamed. She didn't listen. "That, ah, that would be fine, Matt," she told the young man, "bring them over."

"Be there in ten minutes," Matt said, and hung up.

Mary rolled over and dropped the phone back in the cradle. She looked down at the pink sex toy laying on the bed next to her, still humming. "I guess I still have time," she thought. Then, "No, I better get dressed."

She got out of bed and slipped on her blouse and slacks. She decided not to bother with undergarments because she'd just have to take them off again when Matt left. She slipped into a pair of bedroom slippers and started to leave her bedroom. She had forgotten she'd locked the door and was confused when it wouldn't open. Finally, she got the door open and went on downstairs, after giving the fake penis waiting on her bed a last longing look. "After all I went through to get that thing," she thought. "Maybe I'm being punished."

Downstairs, she turned on the lights in the living room, then she went to the kitchen and put some water on the stove to heat. A cup of hot chocolate would be nice. Even if Matt didn't want one, she sure did. Actually, she could use a drink. A strong one.

The doorbell rang. Mary opened it and Matt came in, carrying a big envelope.

"I'm not keeping you from anything, am I?" he asked, looking around.

"No," Mary lied. "I was just sitting here, reading. Ricky's father is on one of his business trips and Ricky's out on a date."

"Oh," Matt said. He felt his face grow hot. "Hey, you're alone with her. If you were cool, you could probably put some moves on her," a voice inside him said. He knew better. He wasn't cool. Not even a little bit.

"Are those the pictures, Matt?" Mary asked.

"Ah...yeah, here in the folder," the young man replied, and handed it to her.

Mary took the folder and sat down on the sofa, then she looked up at her son's friend, who was still standing, looking uncomfortable.

"Would you like some hot chocolate, Matt?" Mary asked. She felt tense. Why? This was her son's best friend, a boy she'd known since he was a baby. Of course, Matt wasn't a baby any more, she realized. He'd grown into a rather good-looking young man. "I wonder if he's a virgin?" the voice inside her asked. Mary shook her head. "What's the matter with me?" she thought as she stood up to go for the hot chocolate. "He's just a boy, the same age as my son!" She started for the kitchen.

Matt watched her go, then took off his jacket and sat down in one of the easy chairs. He noticed the way certain parts of Mrs. Forrester's body moved when she walked. "She isn't wearing a bra!" he realized, and felt his penis jump in his pants.

Mary returned carrying two cups of hot chocolate, handed Matt one, and set the other on the coffee table in front of where she had been sitting. Then she sat down and began to look over the pictures.

Once more, as Mrs. Forrester moved, Matt was captivated by the movement of her unfettered breasts beneath her blouse. He shifted in his seat to alleviate the pressure caused by his growing erection.

Mary felt the strain between them, but didn't know it was sexual tension. She spread the pictures out on the sofa next to her and looked over them.

Matt continued to stare at her while pictures of her bare breasts flashed through his heated mind.

Finally Mary looked at the young man and smiled. "These are very good, Matt," she said.

"Ah, thank you," Matt said. "You can have any of them you want. Or all of them." How was he going to get out of here without her seeing his hard-on?

Mary selected the pictures she wanted and set them aside, then she put the rest back in the folder. "I'll take these," she said, and pointed to the ones she'd selected. "How much do I owe you, Matt?"

"Ah...nothing," Matt replied. He wondered if his voice sounded as funny to her as it did to him.

"Are you sure?" Mary asked. "It must cost you something to make them. I mean, you have to buy film and all. And I imagine doing all this takes time."

"Ah...I always make extra copies, anyhow," Matt stammered. "And, uh, the school pays for my supplies, and all." He took a sip of his hot chocolate. His hands were trembling. Why?

"I'd have thought you'd be out on a date tonight," Mary said. Part of her wanted him to leave, so she could get back to pleasuring herself, and part of her kept remembering what Pixie had said. "I'd take a lover, a young one." She tried to force the unwelcome thoughts from her mind, but they kept coming back. "I wonder what kind of a lover Matt would be?" she mused. "If he's a virgin, think of how much fun I could have, teaching him..." She shook her head, trying to clear it.

"...I...I don't date much," Matt was saying. "The girls like jocks. Guys like me, well, you know."

"You don't have a girlfriend?" Mary asked. She couldn't understand why she felt a sudden burst of elation.

Matt shook his head. "No," he said. He drank more of his hot chocolate, clutching the cup with both hands so his trembling hands wouldn't spill it.

"I bet there are lots of girls who'd like to go out with you," Mary speculated. "I sure wouldn't mind going to bed with you. I'd give

you a thrill you'd never forget." The sudden thought almost made her choke on her hot chocolate. What was wrong with her tonight?

"I dunno," Matt said, staring into the nearly empty cup in his hands. Thoughts flooded his mind, things he could have said, but didn't, couldn't. Holding his coat in front of him, he stood up. "I...uh...I guess I better get going," he said. He reached for the folder of pictures, turned, and started for the door. "Thanks for the hot chocolate, Mrs. Forrester."

"Thank you for bringing the pictures over," Mary said. She got up and followed him to the door. She watched him walk to his truck, noting that he didn't put his jacket on until he was outside. It was cold and she didn't understand why he didn't put his coat on.

"He's got the hots for you," the voice inside her said. "He probably got a hard-on from seeing you without a bra." "Virginia Forrester!" she scolded herself out loud, "What in Heaven's name is wrong with you? He's young enough to be your son!"

Still filled with yearning and disturbed by the fact she was having lewd thoughts about the young man who'd just visited, Mary picked up the cups, took them to the kitchen, then she went back upstairs to her bedroom. Once more she stripped off her clothes and laid down on the bed. She picked up the electric sex toy and soon was experiencing the bliss it could give her. As she worked the magical device in and out of her vagina, Matt's face kept flashing into her mind.

"No!" she moaned as her hands thrust the humming wand into her juice-slick opening with increasing fervor. Then, "Yes! Yes! Oh, yes!" Her body convulsed with joy.

"Matt! Matt! Take me! Take me, Matt!" she cried as she came.

Later, her need appeased, Mary turned out the lights and slept. And dreamed of making love with her son's best friend.

Chapter 9

When he got home, Matt parked the pickup in the garage and went into the house. His parents were sitting in the living room, watching a videotaped movie. He stuck his head into the living room and said, "I'm back." He kept his body hidden so his parents couldn't see that he was still sporting a raging hard-on. His mother and father, engrossed in the movie they were watching, nodded acknowledgment of their son's greeting without turning around and he continued on up to his room.

Matt stripped off his clothes and slid into bed, his body raging with passions awakened during his visit with Mrs. Forrester. God, she was beautiful! He couldn't stop remembering the way her body moved under her robe, especially her breasts. He laid in his bed, trying to imagine what she looked like nude, and his already-stiff rod swelled even more. He gripped it in his hand and began stroking it.

Images of Mary Forrester's face and body flashed through the young man's mind as he lay in his bed, hand moving up and down his engorged shaft. For some reason, an image of Dianna Hillman flashed in his mind, too. Back and forth the images flickered, he visualized first one lovely female, then the other. The horny young man found what his mind was doing confusing, yet incredibly arousing.

Did he want to make love with Dianna, too? Matt didn't know. Actually, all he wanted was to make love with a woman, any woman who would have him, it didn't matter what woman, just so she was willing.

Familiar sensations began to boil in his loins and Matt knew release was near. Then it happened. Powerful spasms shook him and spurt after spurt of sticky white cream pumped from him. "Mrs. Forrester! Mary!" he groaned softly. "Oh, God, Mary! Oh, God!"

Once his ejaculation was finished, Matt cleaned himself off, got back in bed, and fell asleep.

Dianna, meanwhile, was sitting in Ricky's car as he drove her home. Still tingling from his wonderful love-making, she'd half-convinced herself she was in love with him. It had to be. Why else would their love-making have been so wonderful?

Ricky looked at the girl in the seat next to him, saw the dreamy look on her face, and smiled. Making love with Dianna had been

great, she was passionate as hell! Usually, he didn't take a girl out two times in a row. Once he'd been out with a girl, he would take someone else out, then come back to the earlier conquest at a later date. He figured doing things that way would keep the girls he dated from becoming possessive. He didn't want to get tied down to one girl and assumed the girls he went out with knew that. After all, he had college and possibly a pro basketball career, ahead of him. A college sports hero, which Ricky planned to be, would have plenty of opportunity to sample all the feminine charms college had to offer.

If he turned pro...the notion of what life would be like if he became a highly paid pro basketball player almost overwhelmed Ricky. He read magazines about sports and watched all the sports shows on TV and knew what kind of lifestyles professional basketball players had. There was no way he was going to risk a future as bright as his could be on a long-term relationship. Not when there was a whole world of willing girls out there he hadn't met yet.

He pulled up in front of Dianna's house, turned to her and looked at her still-dreamy face. "Have a good time?" he asked.

"The best," she replied. "Thank you."

Ricky leaned over and kissed her. The kiss was more friendly than passionate, but Dianna didn't notice. When it ended, she gave Ricky an adoring look that made him uncomfortable. Finally, she slipped out of the car and started up the sidewalk to

her house. As she did, she heard Ricky's car start up and move off down the street.

"My God!" she thought, "I have a date with Matt tomorrow night!" What she felt, or thought she felt, about Ricky, made her wonder if going out with Matt was such a good idea. But Matt was a really nice kid, and he'd probably be hurt if she broke the date. A little later, lying in bed, she continued to puzzle over what to do. At last, she fell asleep.

After he dropped Dianna off, he Ricky went home and went to bed. He was seriously considering taking Dianna out again and didn't understand why. Then he remembered that the player he faced in the next game was a particularly tough one. Thinking of ways to deal with his opponent, he fell asleep.

Chapter 10

Mary awoke the next morning even more confused than she'd been when she went to bed. Matt Williams was still on her mind and that bothered her. She vaguely remembered having some kind of dream about him and, try as she would, she didn't seem to be able to dislodge thoughts of him from her consciousness.

But, on the brighter side, having experienced an orgasm, even if it was self-induced, she was a little less tense than she had been. She stretched and her leg bumped something hard. She reached under the covers and found the dildo. "Best purchase I ever made," she thought. For a second, she had an urge to use it

again, but fought it off, got out of bed and put the dildo in a safe place in her lingerie drawer.

A half-hour later, showered and dressed, she walked downstairs. Ricky was already up, lying on the sofa watching Saturday morning cartoons.

"Morning, sleepyhead," he said.

"Morning, Ricky," Mary said. "Want breakfast?"

"Silly question," Ricky replied. He didn't take his eyes from the TV.

"I'll yell when I have it ready," Mary said as she walked into the kitchen. She leaned down to get a frying pan out of the cabinet, and felt her breasts swing free under the sweatshirt she wore. She had decided not to wear a bra and felt a bit naughty about her decision.

Matt got up about the same time Mary did, took a shower, dressed, and went downstairs to find his parents sitting at the breakfast table.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning, Matt," they replied. His mother got up and poured him a glass of fresh-squeezed orange juice.

"Uncle Ezra called early this morning," his father said. "Your grandmother is worse. It looks as if she might not live. Your mother and I have to fly to Seattle today."

"You want me to come along?" Matt asked. His grandmother, who had cancer, had been ill for a long time, but recently, things had been getting worse. He knew it wouldn't be long before she died.

His mother shook her head. "Until we know for sure how bad it is," she said, "it's probably better you don't go. If it turns out this is something serious and we have to stay a while, you could miss a lot of school."

"Yeah, and with the basketball playoffs coming up, the school will need their ace photog to record that for posterity," his father added.

"You sure?" Matt asked as he poured some cereal into a bowl and put milk and sugar on it.

"If Grandma gets worse, we'll arrange for you to fly out later," his mother said. "There's nothing you could do out there, anyhow."

"When are you leaving?" Matt asked.

"Our flight leaves at one," his father replied.

"You want me to drive you to the airport?" Matt asked.

"We'll take the Mercedes and leave it in the long-term lot," his dad said. "That way, you won't have to worry about meeting us at the airport when we get back."

"OK," Matt said.

After breakfast, Matt helped his mother with the dishes, then went up to his darkroom and spent the rest of the morning working on a photo series on the athletic and cheerleading squads. He began a collection of pictures of Dianna Hillman similar to the one he had of Mary Forrester.

Matt suddenly realized what he was doing. "This is silly," he thought. "She doesn't give a darn about me. She's interested in Ricky."

About eleven, his mother knocked on the darkroom door and told him they were packed and ready to go. "Don't forget to eat," she told him. "There's plenty of food in the freezer and you know how to cook."

"Yes, ma'am," Matt replied. "Don't mothers ever realize their offspring can take care of themselves?" he wondered.

"And make sure you're careful with the truck," his father added.

"And don't stay up all night working in your lab, either," his mother said. "You have homework and you need your sleep."

He got a kiss and hug from his mother, and a hug from his father, who slipped some money in Matt's hand as he was going out the door. "Just in case you need a little extra," his father said.

Matt didn't need the money. He did quite well selling photos and had a nice-sized nest egg in the bank. He could live on his savings for several months.

After his parents left, Matt went back to his darkroom and worked on the photo series a little longer. Then, screwing up his courage, he walked to the phone in his bedroom.

"I ought to call Dianna," he thought. "I really should call her. I mean, I wouldn't want her to think I forgot our date."

He took a deep breath, picked up the phone, and dialed Dianna's number.

"Hello?" Dianna said. Her voice sounded nice.

"Hi, ah, this is Matt," he said. Why was his voice cracking?

"Hi," Dianna replied.

"What do you want to do tonight?" he asked.

"I dunno, what were you thinking about?" she asked.

"Maybe we could get some pizza, then see a movie?" Matt suggested.

"OK," Dianna said.

"What are you doing now?" Matt asked.

"Ah, nothing, really," she said.

"Want to come over here?" Matt suggested hopefully.

"Now?" Dianna asked.

"Sure," Matt said. He couldn't believe he'd been bold enough to invite Dianna to his house when his parents weren't home.

A long silence followed his invitation, and Matt got scared. What if she decided not to come? What if she cancelled their date?

"Sure, I guess so," Dianna said.

"Great!" Matt said. He realized his heart was pounding. "I'll come over and pick you up."

Matt put the phone down and stood there, staring at it. He couldn't believe he really had a date. Not only that, Dianna had agreed to come over to his house. And he was home alone. Maybe he should have told her that.

He went downstairs, got his jacket, and went out to his pickup truck in the garage. He'd talked his father into buying the truck, a brand new Dodge 4 by 4, with big off-road tires mounted on white spoker wheels. It looked big and rugged, and was, but it also had the full luxury treatment inside, including automatic transmission, stereo and tape deck; even air-conditioning.

Matt climbed up into the cab of the truck, pressed the button to open the garage door, and turned the ignition key. The starter whined, the big V-8 roared to life and settled into a rumbling idle. He slid the shift lever into "reverse" and backed out of the garage.

Dianna put on a loose pullover top and pair of snug-fitting stirrup pants. She wasn't sure about her decision to go to Matt's house. After the previous night, she'd been thinking of herself as Ricky's girl. Still, she told herself, Matt was a nice boy, even if most of the kids in school thought he was a little nerdy, and talked about him behind his back.

The doorbell rang. Dianna's mother yelled there was a young man there to see her. Dianna grabbed her coat and headed down the hallway from her bedroom to the living room. Matt and her mother were talking.

"So you're the boy who takes all those wonderful pictures of school activities?" her mother was saying. Blushing, Matt nodded.

"You're a really good photographer," her mother went on. "I like takin' pictures, but mine never come out the way yours do."

"Taking the pictures isn't the hard part," Matt said. "People make a big fuss when you take a picture they like. Mostly, it's luck."

"Hi, Matt," Dianna said. She knew that Matt, like Ricky, came from a family with a lot more money than hers, and was ashamed of her parents and their low income status. Matt's parents were both college graduates and important people in town. She was glad her father wasn't home. He was down at the

bar, drinking with his friends, and would be miserable when he got home.

"Hi, Dianna," Matt replied. "Ready to go?"

Dianna nodded.

"Nice meeting you, Mrs. Hillman," Matt said, then walked with Dianna to the front door and held it for her as she went out. Dianna found the chivalrous gesture endearing.

"Wow, is this your truck?" she asked. She looked at the shiny red vehicle sitting at the curb in front of her house.

"Actually, it belongs to my folks," he explained, "but they got it the way I wanted it. They don't let me use it to go to school, yet, though. My dad thinks it's better for me to ride the bus."

"It's awesome," Dianna said. Matt opened the door for her and she climbed up into the high cab.

"Ricky didn't come into the house last night when he picked me up," Dianna mused as Matt walked around to the driver's side of the truck and climbed in. "And he didn't hold doors for me, either." She felt a twinge of guilt about comparing the two boys.

"Your mom's nice," Matt commented as he started the truck and pulled away from the curb. "Is your father working?"

"Ah, no, um, he, um, has a kind of club meeting he goes to on Saturdays," Dianna lied. She knew he wouldn't want to be with her if he knew what her father was like. A nice boy like him wouldn't want to be dating the daughter of an alcoholic.

Matt drove back to his house, pulled into the driveway, on into the garage, and shut off the engine. Dianna saw him push a button, and realized the garage door was closing. She looked around and saw that the other half of the two-car garage was empty.

"Are your folks home?" she asked.

"Ah, no, they, um, they had to go out to Seattle. My grandmother's real sick," Matt said.

Dianna experienced a surge of disappointment. "Maybe I was wrong about him," she thought. "I can't believe it. Did he figure he could get me over here and get in my pants, just like other guys think they can?" She thought Matt was different.

"If...if you'd rather do something else..." Matt said, sensing her hesitation, "...we can. I mean, we don't have to stay here."

"That's all right," Dianna said, surprised that she agreed. He'd given her an out and she wasn't sure why she didn't take it.

Matt got out and held the door so Dianna could get out, then they went in the house.

"Want a soda?" he asked when they got in the kitchen.

"Sure," Dianna said. She looked around. The house was beautiful. It reminded her of pictures she'd seen in magazines her mother had. It would really be nice to live in a place like this.

Matt handed her a glass filled with soda. "Want to watch a movie?" he asked.

"Sure," Dianna said.

"Any particular movie you want to watch?" Matt asked. "Our collection is pretty complete." He led her into the living room and walked over to a large case filled with video cassettes. "We have most of the new ones, and a bunch of classics."

"Do you have any Shirley Temple movies?" Dianna asked.

"Which one?" Matt said.

She suggested one, he found it, put it in the VCR, and turned on the big-screen TV. Dianna sat down on the sofa, noting that Matt chose to sit in an easy chair near her. She was confused. Why had he asked her over if he wasn't going to make a move on her?

"I thought my mother was the only Shirley Temple fanatic in town," he said as the film began.

"I think she's incredible," Dianna said. "Shirley Temple, I mean. She was so talented. There's never been anyone else like her."

They watched the movie without saying much. When it was over, Matt asked if she'd like to see another.

"I...I don't think so," Dianna said.

"Would you like to see my photo lab?" he asked.

"Sure," Dianna said.

He got up. "It's upstairs, just off my bedroom," he explained.

"Here it comes," Dianna thought, expecting the worst. She was sure he would make a pass at her when he got her upstairs. But, despite her misgivings, she followed him up the steps.

Matt really did want to show her his lab. That surprised, and for some odd reason, disappointed Dianna.

In fact, he gave her a complete tour, and when he finished, he handed her an 8 X 10 glossy of her in her cheerleader uniform. Dianna loved the picture.

"This is a very good picture," she said. "It...it makes me look really pretty."

"Thanks," Matt said, blushing. "It's...it's easy taking good pictures when you have a good subject." Dianna was fun to be with and he really liked spending time with her.

Dianna was having similar feelings. "How do you decide when a picture's right?" she asked.

Matt shrugged. "I'm not sure," he said. "Mostly, I take a lot of pictures, then try to pick out the best ones after I develop them." He went on to explain the process, and found it difficult to do. It seemed so easy when he did it and so hard to explain it. "I can show you better than tell you," he said, finally, picking up his camera.

They spent the next hour moving around the house, taking pictures. Dianna felt a little like a model, he snapped so many shots of her.

Later, after they finished developing the film and were waiting for it to dry, Matt looked at her. "You hungry?" he asked.

"Ah, sort of," she replied.

"How about I make us something?" he suggested.

"You can cook?" Dianna was surprised.

Matt grinned and nodded. "I sure can, what would you like?"

Dianna didn't know. She wasn't sure about his professed cooking ability. Her father always said cooking was woman's work. Maybe his idea of cooking was warming up TV dinners or making frozen pizza. "Whatever you like is fine with me," she said, finally.

They went down to the kitchen and, while Dianna watched in amazement, Matt began to get things out.

"Can you make a salad?" he asked her.

Dianna nodded and said, "Sure."

"Stuff's in the refrigerator," Matt said.

Matt was making a bacon and cheese quiche, he told her. Dianna was impressed. She'd never had quiche before. Soon he had it baking in the oven and wonderful smells began to fill the kitchen.

The quiche tasted good, too, Dianna discovered when it was finally done. "Matt, this is incredible!" she told him.

"Thanks," he blushed.

"You're really amazing," she said. "You take wonderful pictures, and you're a good cook, too."

His face scarlet, Matt nodded and said, "My mom always says I'll make some lucky working girl a good housekeeper."

Most of the guys Dianna knew regarded cooking the same way her father did. She'd never thought about it much, but now she realized Matt was different. And it was a nice kind of different, she thought.

Matt was pleased by Dianna's praise. He found himself strongly attracted to her, but was having so much fun he didn't want to spoil it by making a move on her.

Dianna was equally attracted to Matt, and was confused by his failure to make sexual advances. Wasn't that what boys always did? He was really fun to be with; thoughtful, funny, and interesting. Why didn't he make a pass?

After dinner, Matt suggested another movie. This time he made the choice, and they watched "Blazing Saddles." The movie left both of them weak with laughter.

Sitting together on the sofa seemed natural, so did holding hands.

Eventually, to the disappointment of both of them, it was time for Matt to take Dianna home. He drove her to her house, and she found it very natural to sit close to him in the big cab of the truck as they drove along. That really made an impression on Matt. He pulled to the curb in front of her house.

"I really had a terrific time today, Matt," Dianna said as they sat in front of her home.

"Me, too," Matt replied. He boldly slid his arm across the seatback, behind her. Like so much of what had happened between them, their kiss seemed natural. It was a soft kiss, one full of warmth and tenderness, and it shook both of the young people to their very cores.

After the kiss, feeling very up, Matt took a chance. "Ah, there's a big dance next Friday night. Would you go with me?" he asked.

Dianna almost said she would, then thought of Ricky. Maybe he'd ask her. "I...I don't know," she said.

His eyes full of hurt, Matt said, "OK."

"I really did have a good time today," Dianna said. She realized she'd hurt him by not agreeing to go to the dance with him. "I really did."

She kissed him on the cheek, slid out of the truck, and ran up the sidewalk to her house. At the front door she turned, waved to him, and watched him drive away.

Inside, she ran down the hallway to her bedroom and fell on her bed, crying. She thought she was in love with Ricky, yet she'd felt so comfortable, so happy with Matt. And she was drawn to him. The kiss he gave her shook her more than Ricky's had. She had no idea what she really felt, or what she really should do.

Matt was confused, too. He thought Dianna liked him, and believed she had a good time with him. Why, then, wasn't she willing to go to the dance with him? It looked like he was doomed to a life without a girlfriend. Even the girls who seemed to like him didn't want to go out in public with him.

Discouraged, he went home, got undressed, and went to bed. He fell asleep, never realizing that he'd gone a full day without thinking about Mrs. Forrester.

Chapter 11

Ricky called Matt Sunday morning to see what he planned to do that day and, when he learned his friend was home alone, he invited him to spend the day at his house.

Matt was delighted to accept his friend's invitation. He enjoyed hanging around with Rick, and the fact that he'd get to spend time near Mrs. Forrester was an added bonus.

After he finished his call to Matt, Ricky called Dianna and asked her if she'd like to go out again that night. He wasn't sure why he was breaking his rule about consecutive dates with the same girl, but it seemed like a good idea. It never occurred to him he should have planned something that would have involved Matt, too.

"I'd love to go to the movies," Dianna said in answer to Ricky's question. Thinking about what happened the last time they were together made her feel tingly all over.

"Great, I'll pick you up around seven," Ricky said.

While Matt prepared to spend the day at the Forrester house, he was feeling more than a little excitement at the prospect of spending a whole day near his fantasy woman.

Mary, too, was delighted about Matt's visit, more than she usually was, although she didn't understand why. She began going over possibilities for lunch. She wanted to make something special for their guest.

Matt arrived at the Forrester home around eleven. He and Ricky went down to the recreation room in the basement to play pool. Although Matt had no aptitude for most sports, he was very good at pool, a fact that bugged Ricky no end. He was determined that, one day, he'd beat Matt. So far, that hadn't happened, despite his best efforts.

"Want to go out tonight?" Rick asked as Matt lined up a shot.

"I don't know," Matt said. "With who?"

"I got a date with Dianna Hillman," Ricky said. "You think you could call someone?"

Matt's heart skipped a beat. Dianna Hillman was the first date he'd had since he entered high school. Since the only girl he felt comfortable asking was spoken for and he didn't think anyone else would be likely to go out with him, he said, "I...I guess I'll pass, Rick. I...I really don't feel like going out tonight, what with my grandmother sick and all."

Mary had come down the stairs to tell the boys lunch was ready. She heard Ricky's question, saw the pained look on Matt's face, and heard his reply. Her heart went out to the young man.

"Well, Matt, if Ricky's going to run off and leave you alone," she said cheerfully, "I guess you and I will have to find something to do this evening, won't we?"

"Yeah...OK," Matt replied, blushing furiously. He was so disconcerted by Mary's comment that he missed an easy shot and Ricky won the game.

"Hey, Mom," Ricky said, "you can come down any time you want when we're playing pool. That's the first time I ever beat Den."

"It's time to take a break," Mary said. "Lunch is ready."

They went upstairs and ate. After lunch, Ricky said there was a basketball game on TV he wanted to watch and disappeared into the den. Matt stayed to help Mary with the dishes.

"Matt, you don't have to help with the dishes," she told him. "Why don't you go on in and watch the game with Rick?"

"I don't like basketball that much," Matt said. "Unless it's our team, with Rick playing."

"Maybe I'm sticking my nose in where it doesn't belong," Mary said, "but why didn't you want to double-date with Ricky?"

Matt didn't know how to respond. He was ashamed to admit he didn't know any girls to ask or, worse yet, that he was afraid to ask someone. "Ah...I...I don't know," he said. "I guess I didn't, you know, feel like it."

Mary finished putting the last of the dishes in the dishwasher, added detergent, then closed the machine and turned it on.

"Isn't there someone you could have asked?" she inquired.

"I...not really," Matt admitted, staring at his feet.

Mary felt a rush of sympathy for the young man. Impulsively, she walked over and put her arms around him, intending to comfort him with a hug, the way she sometimes did with Ricky. She wasn't ready for the feelings that swept through her when her body came in contact with the teenager's.

Matt's reaction to Mary's gesture was no less intense. His arms slid around her and he pulled her against him. His insides were in turmoil, and he felt his penis begin to swell. He broke his embrace and stepped back, his face red.

Mary was also having a little trouble breathing when the embrace ended. Had she felt something hard pressing against her? Was he...? Why did she feel like this? She shouldn't. Matt was her son's best friend and was almost like one of the family.

"I...I, uh, have to do some laundry," she stammered. She didn't know why she said that. Laundry was the last thing on her mind.

"Yeah...well...I guess I'll go and...and watch...ah...TV with...with Rick," Matt stammered, finding it very difficult to talk. He turned and walked into the den.

Mary did do laundry. She had to do something to keep her mind off the powerful forces that were coming dangerously close to taking charge of her body. "What is the matter with me?" she thought as she stuffed dirty clothes into the washer. "I'm a grown woman! This is crazy! It's almost incestuous to think things like this!"

Matt never did know what happened in the basketball game he stared at that afternoon. He heard Rick make comments about some of the plays, but wasn't even sure which teams were playing. He had no idea how dejected he had looked when Mary came down into the rec room, so he had no idea she was aware of his pain. Her hug had really shaken him. His parents weren't "touchy" people, and Mrs. Forrester's gesture had left him both turned on and confused.

After the basketball game, Ricky got interested in a sports program that pitted TV personalities against sports stars in made-up athletic contests. He was completely oblivious to the distress his friend was feeling. Even if he had been aware of it, he probably wouldn't have understood.

Mary finished the laundry and set to work making dinner, the incident between her and Matt still much on her mind.

"What am I going to do when Ricky leaves?" she wondered. "What if Matt realizes the effect he had on me and tries something once Ricky is gone? Then what?" She set the table. Anything to keep busy. "I'll tell him he has to go home once Ricky leaves for his date," she thought. "If he's not here, nothing can happen." She checked the meat loaf in the oven, then turned on the burner under a pot of vegetables.

"I'd find a young guy who could screw me silly." Recalling Pixie's words didn't do a thing to help calm Mary. Was she so desperate for a man's touch that she was willing to let something happen between herself and Ricky's best friend? Was her marriage so bad she was prepared to violate her wedding vows? With a teenager? "Why not?" the voice in her head argued, "Tom's probably off screwing some young chick somewhere."

Matt sat in the den, his mind in as much of a jumble as Mary's. "Was Mrs. Forrester coming on to me?" he wondered. "Jeezum! If she was, what am I going to do? She's Rick's mother! I can't do that, not with my best friend's mother!"

The erection triggered by Mary's impulsive hug continued to grow, and made sitting very uncomfortable for Matt. He got up and went upstairs to the bathroom. He locked the door, opened his pants and took out his turgid organ.

"Maybe...maybe I...I'm not big enough?" he thought. He'd seen some of the other boys' penises in the shower after gym class and they all looked bigger than his. He didn't know that penis size differs most when the penis is flaccid. In point of fact, he was quite well-endowed.

He considered doing something to relieve the discomfort he was feeling, but didn't think it would be right to jerk off there. Instead, he got a washcloth and, by applying cold compresses, managed to reduce the swelling of his organ to manageable proportions. Finally, he went back downstairs and into the den.

"Come on, guys, dinner's ready," Mary announced, and the two young men joined her at the kitchen table.

"You won't be too late tonight, will you?" she asked Ricky as they ate. "Remember, tomorrow is a school day."

"I know, Mom," her son replied. "We're only going to a movie."

Mary looked at Matt and saw hurt again surface in his eyes. Impulsively, she made an offer. "Matt, since your folks are away, why don't you stay here tonight?" she said. So much for telling him to leave the minute Ricky did.

"Yeah!" Ricky said, clearly enthused. "Hey, Mom, that's a great idea!"

"Ah...yeah, sure, I guess so," Matt replied. He wasn't sure. What if Rick decided to bring Dianna over? What about the business that happened between him and Mrs. Forrester?

"It's settled then," Mary said. She wasn't sure why she felt so elated. "Matt, you can use the spare bedroom, just like you always do."

After dinner, Matt again offered to help Mary clear the dishes and get them in the dishwasher.

Mary didn't want to take a chance of winding up in the young man's arms again and had an idea. "Why...why don't you and Ricky go over to your place and get some clothes so you have something to wear for school in the morning?" she suggested.

At Matt's place, Ricky looked through photo albums while Matt got his things together. He also took his camera and camera bag. He seldom went anywhere without it.

"I'm ready," he said.

"OK," Rick said.

"Do you really like Dianna?" Matt asked Rick as they walked downstairs.

"She's OK, I guess," Rick replied.

"You going steady?" Matt asked.

Ricky laughed, shook his head, and said, "Not me. No way! Dianna's a nice enough kid, but I'm not going to get tied down to one girl, Matt, there's too many women I haven't met yet."

"Oh," Matt said. He wondered if Dianna was aware of Rick's casual attitude toward his relationship with her. They climbed back into his truck and drove back to Rick's house.

Ricky went upstairs to change for his date. Mary walked into the den where Matt sat nervously, trying to focus on the TV.

"What do you want to do tonight, Matt?" she asked.

"I...I dunno," Matt replied.

"We have the VCR," Mary said. "Want to watch a movie?"

Matt nodded and said, "OK."

"Is there any movie in particular you'd like to watch?" she asked. "We have a pretty good selection, but if you want to see something we don't have, we can rent it."

"Whatever you want to watch is fine with me," Matt said.

Ricky came bounding down the stairs, gave his mother a kiss on the cheek, then was out the door.

Mary and Matt looked at each other. Neither of them seemed sure what to do or say.

Finally, Mary forced herself to walk over, pick out a movie, and put it in the VCR. She turned on the VCR and TV, walked back to a chair and sat down. She couldn't understand why she was so nervous. She felt as if someone yelled, "Boo!" she'd jump right out of her skin.

The movie Mary picked was "An Officer and A Gentleman." She realized it probably wasn't the best choice she could have made when the torrid love scenes between Richard Gere and Deborah Winger began. Her mind was playing tricks on her again. Instead of Richard Gere and Deborah Winger, she kept seeing herself and Matt embracing and kissing passionately on the TV screen. Her unwelcome fantasies caused her more than a little distress.

"You...you're upset because Ricky went out with Dianna Hillman, aren't you, Matt?" Mary asked, hoping to get a conversation going. Maybe talking would take her mind off the lascivious thoughts that kept intruding on her consciousness.

Matt wasn't sure how to respond. He shrugged.

"Judging from the look on your face when Ricky said he was going out with her, I had an idea that was what was going on," Mary said.

"I...I didn't know it showed," Matt said.

"You don't date much, do you, Matt?" Mary asked.

Matt nodded and felt himself blushing even harder. He was too ashamed to talk about it.

"That's terrible," Mary said. "Then Ricky goes and takes out the girl you like." She knew Ricky never got serious about any of the girl she dated. Maybe she should have a talk with him, explain how Matt felt about Dianna.

They sat in silence a little longer, watching TV. Mary realized, to her dismay, that her attempt at getting a conversation going had obviously failed miserably.

"Want some hot chocolate?" Mary asked.

"Ah...sure," Matt said.

Mary got up and went out into the kitchen. She stood at the counter getting the hot chocolate ready and realized she was trembling. "What's the matter with me?" she thought. "Here I am, all in a tizzy because I gave a hug to...to a boy who's the same age as my son. I...I should never have asked him to stay over tonight."

Matt couldn't concentrate on the movie. He pushed himself out of his chair and walked out to the kitchen. Mrs. Forrester was standing at the counter, her back to him. He started toward her.

"Can I help you with that, Mrs. Forrester?" he asked.

Mary, lost in thought, hadn't heard Matt enter the kitchen. The sound of his voice startled her, she dropped the can of hot chocolate mix and it hit the counter in an explosion of chocolate dust. Then she turned toward the young man and, without knowing why, burst into tears.

Matt had no idea why Mrs. Forrester was acting the way she was. He stood there, dumbfounded, wondering if he'd done something wrong, watching her cry. Then, because he thought her crying was his fault and wanted to do something to make her feel better, he stepped closer and tentatively put his arms around her.

Mary felt the young man put his arms around her and, without thinking, she moved into his embrace. Her body pressed against his, her head went to his shoulder, and her arms slid around him. It felt, she discovered, quite nice, being in his arms. They

stood like that for a while, then she leaned back in the circle of the young man's arms and looked up at him. Her eyes were wide and her chest was heaving. She felt things happening to her, things she knew she shouldn't allow to happen, but she couldn't stop them.

Matt looked at the lovely woman in his arms. Her wide eyes were staring into his. He'd dreamed of this minute so often, but never expected that it would really happen. As he gazed into Mrs. Forrester's lovely gray eyes, something told him he could do more. Trembling with anticipation, he slowly bent his head and covered her mouth with his. When their lips touched, flames of desire flared in the young man and his embrace tightened.

Mary was just as confused as Matt was and, when his lips suddenly pressed against hers, she felt as if she would explode. Her body took over, reacting to the need that had been built up in it. One of her hands tangled in the young man's hair and she pressed her lips tighter against his. Then her tongue slid tentatively across his lips.

While he shared the kiss with Mrs. Forrester, Matt was experiencing a jumble of wild, emotions, things he'd never felt before in his life. He was holding and kissing the woman he'd had so many fantasies about! Her luscious body was pressed against his, and her tongue was stroking his lips! His penis swelled mightily in his pants and, involuntarily, his groin thrust forward.

At last, because they had to breathe, they reluctantly ended the kiss. Mary again leaned back in Matt's arms and gazed at him. Her heart was pounding. She felt his swollen penis pressing against her. She knew she shouldn't be doing this, but things had gone way to far for her to be able to stop now.

Matt wasn't sure what Mrs. Forrester was going to do next. He expected her to hit him, or yell at him, or something. He was sure she'd tell him to get out of her house and never come back. Instead, she kept looking into his eyes and her body stayed pressed against his swollen groin. Then she backed out of his embrace, took his hand, and started for the doorway. Confused, scared, and trembling with excitement, he went with her.

Mary, knew what she was doing was very, very wrong, but she continued to lead the passion-numb young man up the stairs to the bedroom she'd shared with no one but her husband. She knew she shouldn't be doing this, that she was letting her emotions and needs overpower her good sense, but she didn't care.

Once they were inside the bedroom, she let go of Matt's hand, closed and locked the door, then she turned to him. He stood there, breathing heavily, still as a statue, staring at her with wide eyes filled with confusion. She moved to him, pulled him into her arms and, once again they kissed. When they did the flames of lust began leaping higher in both of them.

While their second kiss went on, Mary began to open the buttons of Matt's shirt. Soon her hands were moving over the smooth skin of his heaving, hairless chest.

"Ah!" Matt groaned when Mrs. Forrester's warm, smooth hands began to slide over his bare skin. This was real! It was really happening! Frantic thoughts raced through his over-worked mind as she continued to stroke him.

Finally, Mary took the young man's hand, tugged him to the bed, and they fell on it next to each other. Once more their lips met and their bodies pressed together.

Matt's hands slid up under Mary's sweat shirt, his fingers blazing trails of heat as they moved over her warm, silken skin. Then, somehow, the sweatshirt was off, as were his pants. Without either of them realizing how they'd gotten undressed, they were, and their naked bodies pressed together in a yearning embrace.

Mary's hand slid between them, across Matt's belly, and found his throbbing erection. She grasped it gently, stroked it softly, and exulted in how wonderful it felt. She needed to be made love to desperately and was thrilled how big and hard the young man was!

Matt's hands ventured over Mary's body without pattern. He was confused and more excited than he believed it was possible to

be! He wished he knew what to do, how to make love to this beautiful woman, but he didn't.

Mary, enthralled by the young man's reticence, gently urged him onto his back, then she knelt astride his trembling body. Shaking like a leaf, she raised her hips, reached between them, and guided his swollen, veined shaft to the juice-soaked lips of her vagina. When she had him in position, she slowly lowered herself, taking him into her. "I've done it!" she thought as ecstasy inundated her. "And God, does it feel wonderful!"

Matt felt as if the top of his head was going to come off when Mrs. Forrester rolled atop him and absorbed his erection slowly into her clutching, fiery cavern. He had often dreamed about this moment, but as good as he thought it would be, he found that the reality was far better! His wildest fantasies paled in comparison to the onslaught of powerful sensations ripping through his young body as his swollen organ probed deeper and deeper into Mrs. Forrester's body!

The intensity of the experience made Mary marvel, too. Just having Matt's erection sliding into her almost made her come! Slowly, she began rocking her hips and as she did, she could feel the young man's turgid shaft sliding in and out of her.

Matt couldn't stand it. He was too turned on! The pressures in his body raced rapidly to the bursting point, then went beyond. "Oh, God!" he groaned. "Mrs. Forrester, I...I...I'm gonna come! Oh, God!" His penis began to pulsate, each spasm more

exquisitely pleasurable than the last, then jets of his seed spewed into Mrs. Forrester.

The hot fluids gushing into her swept Mary over the edge. "Matt! Oh! Oh, my darling! Yes! Yes! Oh, God, Matt! Oh yes!" she cried, her body thrashing, "Mmmm! Ah! Ahhh!"

The two lovers strained against each other while passion arced between them like a high-voltage current.

At last their ecstasy subsided to joy and their frantic motions slowed, then stopped. Each wanted to say so much, but neither knew what to say, so they lay for a long time, wrapped in each other's arms, their bodies still joined.

Two lonely people who desperately needed loving had finally found what they both needed.

Chapter 12

When he went with Matt to get clothing, Ricky noticed something in Matt's truck he thought he might be able to use. It was the electric garage door control clipped to the sun visor.

Before he left for his date with Dianna, Ricky "borrowed" the device. Matt's house would be a lot more comfortable place to make love with Dianna than his car was. And, since Den's folks were away and Matt wasn't home, Ricky couldn't see why he couldn't take Dianna to Matt's home.

After much indecision, Dianna finally decided on a dress for her date. She'd just finished dressing and had walked into the living room when she saw Ricky pull up. She grabbed her coat and purse, ran out to the car and slid in next to him. A quick kiss, and they were off.

"Why don't we skip the movie tonight?" Ricky said. "I have a surprise for you."

"What?" Dianna asked.

"If I told you, it wouldn't be a surprise," Ricky replied.

Dianna was flabbergasted when Ricky pulled into the driveway of Matt's home.

"What are you doing?" she asked. She wasn't thrilled at the prospect of seeing Matt. "Why...why are we at Matt's house?"

"Hey, calm down," Ricky said. "Matt's folks are away, and he's staying at our house. That means this place is empty. I figured we could have a lot more fun here than in the car."

Dianna experienced a bit of inner conflict. On one hand, she was pleased by the prospect of not having to grope around in the

back seat of the car. But Matt's house? Why did it feel like being here with Ricky here was wrong?

Ricky, unaware of his date's dilemma, pushed the button on the garage door control, drove into the garage, and pushed the button to close the door behind them.

"This...this is where Matt parks his truck," Dianna thought as she got out of Ricky's car. When she got to where Ricky was standing, he pulled her into his arms, cupped her bottom in his hands, and kissed her.

Dianna felt as if she were melting. All Ricky had to do was touch her and she was lost. Her lips pressed against his, and her tongue slid between them, seeking contact with his. The heat of passion began to fill her slim, young body.

"Come on, let's go inside," Ricky said when the kiss ended. He took her hand and pulled her toward the door.

Dianna followed, her body totally dominated by the passion blazing inside her. Ricky led her through the kitchen and up the stairs to Matt's room. Once they were in the bedroom, Ricky again pulled her into his arms and covered her lips with his.

While they kissed, Ricky pulled down the zipper at the back of her dress, then he pushed it down over her shoulders and it fell, a puddle of cloth at her feet. He stepped back and looked at her as he unbuttoned his own shirt.

Dianna realized he was looking at her and closed her eyes as the coolish air of the room swept over her nearly naked body. All she wore was a pair of very scanty bikinis.

Ricky finished getting out of his clothes, then moved to Dianna and laid her down on the bed. Her petite breasts stood proudly, their straining, large nipples protruding from the roseate circles that surrounded them.

Ricky had seen larger breasts, but for some reason, he found Dianna's enticing. The nipples looked particularly succulent. He captured one rubbery tip between his lips.

Dianna groaned and grabbed his head, pulling him against her. She felt his hand sliding over her belly and pushing under her panties. Her hips rose. Then her body jolted with pleasure as his searching fingers delved between her legs and began to slide over the soaking wet lips of her vagina.

"Oh!" she mewled, her hips writhing, "Ricky! Oh, God! Ricky!"

Ricky abandoned her rigid nipples and kissed his way down over her trembling body, noting that her skin was soft and silken. He'd never been with a girl who reacted as passionately to his caresses as Dianna did.

Dianna was sure she'd go crazy. It wasn't possible for one's mind to absorb this much pleasure and not crack. It was like her body was one huge over-stimulated nerve, and Ricky kept inflaming it more and more.

Ricky's face moved between Dianna's quaking thighs and he covered her sopping opening with his mouth. His tongue lashed her swollen clit, then probed her spasming opening.

Dianna was unprepared for Ricky's oral assault and what resulted from it. "Oh! Ricky! My God! My God!" she cried, her hips going wild, her body straining. "Too good! Oh, God! Yes!"

Ricky held onto Dianna's firm buttocks as he drove her wild with his mouth. At last her writhing body calmed and she collapsed, limp, onto the bed. She lay there, her legs splayed, her chest heaving.

Aroused by Dianna's frantic reaction to his lingual caresses, Ricky straightened up. His cock, sticking out like a fleshy sword, pointed directly at the junction of his pretty partner's outspread legs. Slowly, he moved between those lovely columns of flesh and positioned the flared purple tip amid the silken, slick lips of Dianna's open vagina.

Dianna felt the bed move when Ricky got on, then his flesh rubbed hers as he moved between her legs. In her lust-stunned mind, she felt the stirring of passion once more. He was going to

take her! His hard, super-hot rod caressed the walls of her channel as it slid into her wanting young body.

"Ricky! Oh, Ricky!" she moaned, her head rolling from side to side, reaching for him. It felt so good! Her back arched, forcing her hips up, drawing him more deeply into her. "Please!" she begged, "Oh, God, please, Ricky! It feels so good! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Once Ricky had himself hilted in Dianna, he bent and kissed his partner's swollen red lips, his tongue lashing hers. Dianna groaned into his open mouth. He started to move in her, pulling back until only the head of his cock remained in her.

"In me! Please, Ricky! Put it in me!" Dianna begged, her hands pulling at him, her hips rising off the bed, seeking him. "Don't tease me! Please!"

Ricky smiled and slowly lowered his hips, driving his rigid fleshy spike back into her. As he did, he heard a hiss of satisfaction escape from Dianna's lips.

Ricky was an experienced sexual partner, and had control. Even though Dianna's love channel was clasping his cock delightfully, he managed to hold back. Then, suddenly, he felt the ripples of her imminent orgasm on his cock, and her body began to vibrate as her second orgasm of the night tore through her.

"Aghh! Again! I'm...I'm! Oh, God, Ricky! I'm coming again!" Dianna cried as once more ecstatic sensations flooded her body. "Again! I can't believe it! Again!"

Ricky waited until Dianna's second orgasm passed, then pulled his still-hard cock from her. "Roll over and get on your knees," he told her.

Dianna - wondering what Ricky was up to - did as she was told. She gasped when he plunged his tool into her from the rear. She was frightened. She was sure that if she came again, she'd go insane. It wasn't possible for anyone to feel this good!

Ricky drove into the lovely girl from the rear, enjoying the view of her luscious, firm bottom, and her delicately curved back. He kept jabbing into her as long as he could, but was losing control fast. The bed rocked and squeaked with the force of their joining, and there were smacks as his thighs slapped against his partner's.

"Dianna!" he cried at last, unable to hold back any more, "I gotta come! Oh, God! I gotta come! Yeah!"

Dianna didn't hear Ricky's cries of bliss. Blood was pounding in her ears, and the force of his thrusts made her arms collapse. Then she realized it was going to happen again! Ricky was going to make her come again!

Ricky felt his fluids bubbling up inside him in a wash of delight, then they blasted into his partner's snug, welcoming sex cave.

"I'm coming!" he cried, grabbing her hips, slamming against her even harder.

"Gaa! Gaa!" Dianna babbled as another mind-splitting orgasm convulsed her. Her fingers clutched the bedspread while the ecstatic sensations continued and her vagina spasmed around Ricky's invading cock. "I...can't...can't stop! I can't stop coming!" she cried. "I...I can't stop! Ricky!" Then things went black.

Ricky, still driving his cock into Dianna, was confused when her cries of joy stopped abruptly and she collapsed on the bed. He stopped and remained motionless for a moment, looking down at her. Fear started, then abated, when he realized she was still breathing. She'd passed out! He smiled. He'd never screwed a girl unconscious before. He got off the bed and looked at Dianna, who lay there rather grotesquely, her bottom still sticking up a little, legs still parted, their mixed juices dripping from her well-used vagina. "Maybe," he thought, without knowing why, "maybe I'll have to take her out one more time. She sure is a helluva piece of ass!"

Chapter 13

Matt awoke and was confused when he realized he was lying in a strange bed, in a strange room. At first, he wasn't sure where he was, or how he'd gotten there. Then memories of what

happened the night before came rushing back. He and Mrs. Forrester had made love. Or had it just been another dream? He was afraid to open his eyes, he was sure that he would discover the bliss he remembered was yet another figment of his overactive imagination.

He moved his leg, felt something warm against brush against him and realized it was bare flesh. He opened his eyes, carefully turned his head, and saw Mrs. Forrester's lovely face. She was lying next to him, still asleep. He glanced downward. She was naked! And her nude body was far more beautiful than he'd dreamed it would be! Her bare breasts, flattened somewhat because she was lying on her back, rose and fell as she breathed.

Being careful so he wouldn't waken the woman who lay asleep next to him, the elated young man shifted position so he could see more of her. He wasn't sure how he'd wound up in this situation, and since he might never have the chance again, he wanted to make the most of it. What he saw delighted him. Mrs. Forrester's shiny black hair had fanned out on the pillow around her gorgeous face like an ebony halo. Her skin - all over - was somewhat dusky, a result of her Mediterranean ancestry. Between her legs he could see the black, tightly curled, luxuriant mass of her pubic hair.

Matt's penis begin to swell and grow as he surveyed Mrs. Forrester's lovely nude body. His avid gaze returned to her magnificent breasts. They were capped with large, dark circles, out of which protruded thick, partially erect nipples.

"We...Mrs. Forrester and I...we really did make love!" he mused, and found he was still a bit stunned by that realization. "I wasn't dreaming!" He laid there, recalling in passionate detail how wonderful making love with his friend's mother had been. And, as he mentally re-lived what had happened earlier that night, his penis grew fully erect. It became a throbbing, heavily veined monster, the purple head pointing toward Mrs. Forrester's lovely torso.

"Her breasts are even more beautiful than I thought they'd be!" the young man thought. He was captivated by the steady rise and fall of the mounds adorning Mrs. Forrester's chest. "I...I've got to kiss one!" Moving with great care, he leaned over the sleeping woman and gently took one of her semi-hard nipples between his lips. He was delighted when he felt it begin to swell and grow inside his mouth.

Tingling, sweet sensations wakened Mary Forrester. Like Matt, she was at first disoriented, but as she became more alert, the recollection of where she was, who was with her, and how they'd gotten there, flooded her waking mind. "My God!" she thought, as marvelous feelings rushed through her, "I really did do it, didn't I? I seduced Matt, my son's best friend!" She didn't move. What the teenager was doing felt so good, she didn't want it to stop, even though she knew, deep down inside her, that she should end this now, before she got herself deeper into a situation that could come to no good.

Matt shifted, leaned over further, and captured Mrs. Forrester's other nipple with his lips. Now that he'd gotten started, he wasn't going to be denied. This was too wonderful!

What the young man was doing felt so delicious Mary almost groaned with delight, but she forced herself not to. As enchantment, sparked by the young man's caresses, continued to fill her, she tried desperately to think. "What am I going to do?" she wondered. "If Tom ever finds out what I've done, he'll divorce me! God, if our friends find out, I'll be disgraced. And if Ricky finds out... My God! That feels so good! No! No! I can't let Matt keep doing that! I have to tell him to stop! I must make him go home! If he keeps that up, I'll, I'll..."

Matt continued to bestow his attentions on his lovely companion, suckling first one nipple, then the other, unaware his partner had awakened. Her nipples were warm and rubbery and swelled and grew larger the more he sucked on them. Even the dark circles of her areolas were swollen and standing out from the smooth flesh of her breasts.

"I have to stop him!" Mary thought, but the messages her body gave her brain overrode her good judgment. "I have to...oh God! It feels so good! Tom never plays with my breasts any more! Oh! That feels so good!"

Matt, growing more adventuresome, took the unattended nipple between his thumb and forefinger and began to twirl it tenderly.

"I have to make him stop now!" Mary thought. She opened her mouth and tried to speak, but growing lust was rapidly routing thoughts of stopping from her mind. Her breasts had always been super-sensitive and, unknowingly, Matt chose the one

approach that guaranteed he'd once again get to enjoy making love with the woman of his dreams. He didn't know that, though. All he knew was he was fulfilling a long-held fantasy and that doing so was even more wonderful than he dreamed it would be.

"What's happening to me?" Mary thought. She realized she was losing control again and that desire was taking over. "Why can't I tell him to stop? If I don't stop him soon...I...I...Oh, God! Oh, God! What's happening to me? What's wrong with me? Oh, God!" What was happening was an orgasm. Her body began to quake and she could no longer maintain the pretense of sleep. "Ah! Oh, God!" she cried. "Matt! Matt! Oh, God! Matt!"

Startled by Mrs. Forrester's ecstatic cries, Matt drew back. He was afraid he'd hurt her. He watched in amazement while, writhing and shuddering, she clutched her breasts and loud moans emanated from her. At last she lay still, her eyes closed. After a few minutes, she opened her eyes and looked at him. He saw tears welling up in her lovely gray eyes and was frightened.

"Mrs. Forrester, did...did I hurt you?" he asked. "I...I'm real sorry if...if I did."

Mary pulled him into her arms. "Oh, no, Matt! No darling, you...you didn't hurt me!" she exclaimed. "That...it was marvelous! You wonderful, wonderful young man! You gave me an orgasm, a wonderful orgasm, by kissing my breasts! That's never, ever happened to me before!"

They kissed and as their tongues lashed, the fires of passion were stoked once more. When Mary felt Matt's erection pressing against her belly, she realized, she wanted him again. She knew continuing to make love with him was wrong, but she couldn't stop herself. "Matt, would you like to make love with me again?" she whispered.

"Yes!" Matt hissed. His hands resumed gliding over her lush physique. "Oh, yes!"

Mary rolled on her back and pulled him atop her. "Take me then, Matt! I need you!"

Matt couldn't believe his ears! He slid his body over hers and his erection slid between her legs. Her hot, wet opening caressed his swollen shaft and he shuddered. Problem was, he wasn't sure how to get it into her. He raised his hips and the tip of his pulsing, swollen wand slid between her labia. He lowered his hips and the shaft glided into her tight, wet opening.

"Yes! Oh, lover, yes!" Mary groaned when the young man's thick wand slid into her, filling her once again. "Oh, darling, yes!"

He was making love to her again! Matt experienced a rush of elation when his erection plunged into Mrs. Forrester. That realization, coupled with the incredible sensations her tight sleeve gave him as it caressed his embedded organ, sent a shock of delight through the young man. He really was making love to

Mrs. Forrester! Again! Slowly, acting on pure instinct, he began to move his hips.

"Oh, yes!" Mary moaned. Euphoria filled her while Matt's invading member stirred her toward another frenzy of erotic delight. "Take me! Oh, God! Matt! Take me!"

Matt was incapable of doing anything else. His hips became a blur of motion, ramming his cock deep into the gorgeous older woman's lush body.

"That's it! Oh, God! Yes! That's it!" Mary cried. "Oh, darling! Yes!"

Matt's fluids began bubbling up inside him, causing him pleasure so exquisite it was nearly pain; then his cream blasted into his partner's hot cave.

"I'm coming!" he cried, "Oh, God! Oh, good God! I'm coming!"

Mary felt the hot fluids splashing against her cervix and went spinning into a vortex of bliss, a never-ending spiral of total joy. "Me, too! Oh, Matt! Oh, lover! I'm coming, too! I...I'm coming too! Yes! Yes! Take me! Yes! Oh, yes! Take me!"

Rocking and shaking, their hips grinding together, the two lovers shared ultimate joy. Then, slowly, passion began to wane and, eventually, they calmed.

Afterward, lying in each other's arms, they gazed at each other lovingly.

"Oh, God, Matt, that was incredible!" Mary told her young lover. She was too spent to move. "You are magnificent!"

Matt felt himself blush. "Ah, you were pretty awesome, too. I...I'm sure glad Ricky invited me over!"

Mary giggled and said, "I'm glad he did, too."

Matt kissed her.

Mary's look turned serious. "You know..." she said, "...as wonderful as this was, we shouldn't have done it. I...I admit that I loved it. I really did. But...but we could get in serious trouble if anyone found out."

Matt kissed her again. "Nobody will find out," he protested. He was scared to death he'd never have another opportunity to enjoy the wonders he'd just experienced.

"Oh, Matt, I know you won't. That's the problem. Tonight was so wonderful," Mary said softly, caressing her young lover's face, "I'll probably regret it, but...but we...we really have to stop. We...we can't ever do this again. We really can't."

Tears welled up in Matt's eyes. She couldn't mean that! It wasn't fair! "But..." he started to protest.

Mary silenced him with a soft kiss. "Please, Matt, don't make this any harder for me than it already is," she said. "What you and I shared was wonderful! But we have to stop right now. Let's allow tonight to be a memory we can always cherish. You better get up and get to your room before Ricky gets home."

Matt didn't know what to do or say to convince Mrs. Forrester that what she was saying was wrong. Dispirited, he got out of bed, picked up his clothes and stood there, looking down at the gorgeous woman, tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Go through the bathroom," Mary told him. The bathroom served both the master bedroom and the one they used as a guest room. "That way, Ricky won't catch you coming out of my bedroom. Go on, now."

Dejected, Matt did as he was told. In the quiet of his room he dropped his clothes on the floor and flopped on the bed. It wasn't fair! It just wasn't fair! Exhausted from his exertions, he fell asleep.

Mary was just as frustrated as Matt, but was afraid to let him to know it. In just two wild sessions of love-making, the young man had given her more pleasure than she could ever remember

sharing with Tom. Matt had been so shy, so inexperienced, and he gazed at her with such an adoring look...

"If Matt was my lover, I could teach him all kinds of..." Mary forced the thought, pleasurable though it might be, from her mind. "I am doing the right thing. If I stop this right now, no more harm will be done. Nobody will get hurt."

She laid there, trying to convince herself she'd made the right decision and, as she did, Mary drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 14

When Ricky awoke he noticed that he and Dianna had made quite a mess of Matt's bed. Dianna was still asleep, so he went to the bathroom to get himself cleaned up. When he came out, he saw that Dianna had stretched out and was now sleeping on her side.

"Boy, when I fuck them, they really stay fucked," he thought.

He wanted to restore the bed to the same condition he'd found it in so Matt wouldn't know they'd been there, so he went looking for linens.

The sound of the door closing when Ricky left the room woke Dianna up. She rolled over and looked around. "My God!" she thought, "I'm in Matt's bedroom!" As her mind cleared, she

remembered how she got there and what she'd done there, and the memory disturbed her. "I...I should never have let Ricky talk me into doing this," she thought as she got up and made her way to the bathroom, her legs still a bit shaky. She wondered where Ricky was. She couldn't believe he'd gone home and left her here alone.

Ricky returned to find the bed empty, then Dianna came out of the bathroom. She saw him looking at her nude body, felt embarrassed by his presence and her nakedness, and tried to cover herself.

"It's getting late," Ricky said matter-of-factly, "I'll re-make the bed while you get dressed."

"OK," Dianna said tentatively. Still embarrassed, she moved around the room gathering her clothes and started to slip into them. She was very aware that the atmosphere between the two of them had changed. Ricky was no longer being attentive the way he was when they first got there.

"You were really something," Ricky told her while he was making the bed.

Dianna felt her cheeks grow hot and continued to dress while Ricky made the bed. She finished getting dressed before he finished with the bed and stood there, watching him work, feeling uncomfortable. The longer she was in Matt's room, the more uneasy she felt. Why did she feel as if she'd somehow done

something wrong to Matt? Matt wasn't anything to her. It wasn't as if they were boyfriend and girlfriend or anything. Why should any of this bother her?

"Let's go, kid." Ricky's brusque comment snapped Dianna out of her reverie. He was already out the bedroom doorway. She followed him out the door and down the stairs, more confused than she'd been when they arrived. Tonight's love-making with Ricky had been wilder than it was the first time. She had to be in love with him. What other explanation was there for the stupendous quality of their love-making? But why didn't he act more like he loved her?

Her coat lay on the kitchen floor where she'd dropped it when they came in and began making out. She felt guilty about doing that, too. She bent down, picked it up, slipped it on, then went out and got into Ricky's car. Ricky turned out the house lights then joined her in the car. He pressed the door-opener, started the engine, backed out, and drove down the street.

"There's a dance Friday night," Dianna said softly.

"Hey, yeah, I almost forgot," Ricky said. "You going?"

"I...I guess so," Dianna said. Why didn't he offer to take her? They drove to her house and Ricky braked to a stop out front.

"That's great," he said, "I'll see you there."

"Yeah, sure," Dianna said, disappointed.

Ricky leaned over and kissed her. "Tonight was really special," he said. "See you in school tomorrow."

"OK," Dianna said. She got out of the car and walked slowly to her house. She was positive she was in love with Ricky, but couldn't figure out whether he was in love with her. But then he had said tonight was special, maybe that was his way of saying how much he cared for her. She didn't understand the way he was acting. She let herself in and went to her room. Why did it bother her that they'd made love in Matt's bed?

Ricky wasn't confused. He'd had a helluva time. Dianna was, without question, the best piece of ass he'd ever had, and he'd slept with a fair number of girls. "If I was going to settle down to one chick," he mused as he drove down the street, "I'd sure have to consider her. Being able to make love with her every night could wear a guy out." When he got home, he put his car away, returned the garage door remote control to Matt's truck, went in the house, and went upstairs. He noticed that both his mother's door and the door the guest bedroom were closed, so he went to bed.

Chapter 15

Monday morning was extremely difficult for both Mary and Matt. The young man awoke to the sound of Mary's activities in the

bathroom as she got ready for the day. Memories of what happened the night before were replayed in his mind and, as he mentally re-lived the passionate experiences he had with Mrs. Forrester, he developed a huge hard-on. To make things worse, the bathroom door opened and Mary, wearing a fluffy pink robe, walked into his room.

"Good morning, Matt," she said, her face reddening a little, making her look even more beautiful in the young man's opinion.

"Good morning, Mrs. Forrester," Matt said. He stared at her and found it hard to believe he and she had really made love, even though the memories of doing that were still rushing through his memory.

"I'm all done. You can use the bathroom now, if you want to, Matt," Mary said. She was painfully aware of the longing look in the eyes of the young man, but forced her tone of voice to remain matter-of-fact. She'd made a horrible mistake the night before, one she could never allow herself to make again. "I'll have breakfast ready when you get downstairs."

"I...I guess Mrs. Forrester doesn't want to do anything with me again," Matt thought, dispirited, as he watched her walk out of the room. Disheartened, he showered, dressed and went downstairs. Ricky was already in the kitchen, eating a bowl of cereal.

"Morning, Matt," Ricky said.

"Good morning, Rick," Matt said. He sat down and ate without saying anything. He felt embarrassed sitting there with Ricky, given what he'd done with his friend's mother the night before.

Mary noticed their guest's silence, saw the despondency in his eyes, and understood what motivated it. It pained her that there was nothing she could do about it. She had to keep anything more from happening between her and Matt.

When the boys left for school, Mary cleaned up the dishes and began her daily chores. "Have I really made the right decision?" she asked herself as she worked. Mentally, she cataloged all of the reasons she could think of for halting her affair with Matt while at the same time she purposely ignored the reasons for letting it continue.

And, after all, she told herself, she was still married. Tom would be home the next day. It was time she sat him down, talked to him, and tried to get him to see that their marriage was in serious trouble and that they needed to work on putting it back together. She had to.

At school, Matt was having the most miserable day of his life. He moped around, distracted, most of the day. He saw Dianna in the hallway between classes, brightened, and started for her, but she turned and walked away. That only made his mood worse.

Dianna was feeling down, too. She saw Ricky, who acted just like he always had toward her, not like she was something special in his life. When she saw Matt coming toward her in the hall, she remembered what she and Ricky had done in his bedroom and felt guilty. Unable to face him, she turned and walked in the other direction. She had no idea that her action had caused Matt pain.

Supper at Forrester's that night was as strained as breakfast had been. Matt and Mary were painfully aware of how tense things were between them, but fortunately Ricky was oblivious to the problems between them.

After the meal, Ricky went in to watch TV. Matt went up to his room and Mary did dishes feeling terrible, but determined to stick to her guns and stay away from Matt.

The next morning was little better. The boys got up, ate breakfast, and left for school. Mary got the house cleaned up, then started to prepare dinner. She was going to make Tom's favorite meal. They were going to put things right in their marriage, she told herself. After all, she loved Tom and he loved her. At least that's what she kept telling herself, even though she had a hard time convincing herself it was true.

About one o'clock, Tom called from his office. He was back and would be home around six. Mary fought back her disappointment. He could have at least stopped at the house before going to the office.

When dinner time arrived, the boys were there, so Mary didn't have any time to talk with Tom alone. After dinner, Ricky monopolized his father, telling him about the basketball games he'd missed. Matt, as he had the night before, went up to his room.

Mary went upstairs late in the evening and slipped into a sexy nightgown and filmy robe. Tom came into the room a few minutes later and started to take his clothes off.

"I'm really bushed," he said, "that was one exhausting trip, let me tell you. And from what I can tell, tomorrow's going to be just as tough a day at the office."

Mary experienced a sudden rush of anger. He hadn't even noticed that she'd put on a sexy outfit for him! She watched her husband walk into the bathroom and heard him begin to brush his teeth. She was fuming. "Damn him!" she thought.

"Tom, we have to talk," she said when her husband returned from the bathroom.

Tom frowned at her. "Come on, can't it wait?" he whined, "I'm beat. I really need to get some sleep."

"No, dammit!" Mary said, "it can't wait. This is important. Our marriage is a mess."

Her husband looked shocked. "What the hell are you talking about?" he asked. He sat down on the bed and, wearing a puzzled expression, looked at her.

"You're gone all the time," Mary continued, "and when you are here, you hardly talk to me."

"Come on," her husband said, "you know I have to travel because of my job. Christ! I never hear you complaining about all the nice things you have because of the money I make because of the business trips I take."

"Tom, money isn't all there is to a marriage," Mary said, "We aren't close. Our...our sex life is falling apart. You hardly ever make love to me any more."

"Whose fault is that?" Tom snapped, his eyes flashing with anger. Apparently she'd touched a nerve. He was starting to yell. "Christ, all you do when I am home is carp about my traveling. How the hell am I supposed to get turned on when you're on my case all the time?"

"Tom, that's not true," Mary replied, hurt by his sharp retort. "I think we need to spend time working on our relationship."

"Jesus Christ!" Tom said. "You been reading that women's lib crap, or what? I bust my ass, spend weeks alone in hotel rooms, and this is all the thanks I get?"

"Do you?" Mary asked softly. She hadn't planned to ask that particular question, it just popped out.

Tom glared at her and asked, "Do I what?"

"Do you spend all those nights in hotel rooms alone?" Mary asked softly. She was angry and didn't care what she said.

Tom paled a little. "What the hell are you talking about?" he snapped.

Mary looked at her husband whose face was red. "I asked you a question, Tom," she said. "You haven't answered it."

"Goddammit, Mary!" Tom stormed, "I had a goddamn busy trip. I'm tired, I've got a busy day ahead of me tomorrow, and I need to get some sleep. I don't need this shit."

Matt, unaware the argument was going on in the Forrester's bedroom, went into the bathroom to brush his teeth. As he stood at the sink, he heard the loud voices in the Forrester's bedroom and was scared. Had Mr. Forrester found out what he'd done with Mrs. Forrester? He edged closer to the door that opened into the master bedroom.

"I asked you a question, Tom," Mary said, fighting to keep her tone calm, and to keep from yelling.

"What do you want from me?" her husband yelled. "You want me to admit I'm cheating on you?"

"Are you?" Mary said softly. She realized her voice was quavering. She wanted to know and she didn't.

"What would you do if I said I was?" Tom asked. "You want to tell me that?"

"You haven't answered my question," Mary said.

"I don't have to put up with this shit!" her husband yelled.

"Tom! Matt is in the guest bedroom, he might hear you," Mary warned.

"You know, I really don't give a shit whether he hears me or not!" Tom said.

Matt heard the bedroom door slam, then someone - probably Mr. Forrester - was stomping down the stairs. He heard Mrs. Forrester begin to sob and wanted to go in and comfort her, but was afraid her husband would come back and catch them.

Instead, he went back to bed and laid there a long time, trying to figure out what this latest development meant.

Mary lay in her bed sobbing and, as she did, she decided Tom's reaction to her question was as good as an admission of guilt. Getting confirmation that her husband was cheating on her hurt, but she was surprised that it didn't hurt more. What now? Was there any chance they could put their marriage back together? She couldn't see how. Tom certainly didn't seem interested in doing that. Why didn't the possibility that her marriage might be over bother her more than it did?

Chapter 16

Tom Forrester spent the night sleeping on the sofa and was walking out the door when Mary came down to start making breakfast.

"Aren't you going to have breakfast, Tom?" she asked.

"Oh, yeah, sure," her husband growled in reply. "You think I want to hang around and take more abuse from you?"

"Suit yourself," Mary said. She found she really didn't care whether he stayed for breakfast or not and was surprised she wasn't more upset.

Her husband turned, went out the door, and slammed it behind him. She heard his car engine roaring and tires squealing as he left the driveway, obviously still angry.

Mary stood at the kitchen counter and looked out the window. Her marriage was over. She was almost positive of that. She had no idea what direction her life would take from this point, but she knew as sure as she was standing there looking out her back window, that Tom would no longer be a part of it. At least not as her husband. She shrugged and started making breakfast. She had two young men to feed.

"Where's Pop?" Ricky asked when he came into the kitchen a few minutes later.

"Ah...he...he had to go to work early," Mary said. How would Ricky react when he found out his parents were splitting up? That was the only part of what was happening that bothered Mary. She loved her son and didn't want to hurt him, but it looked like there was no longer any choice. The only thing she had in her favor was that Ricky was young and strong, he'd get over it. He had to.

Matt walked into the kitchen. "Good morning," he said. He noticed Mr. Forrester wasn't there, wanted to say something to Mary, to comfort her, but he couldn't come up with the right words. He was sure Ricky had no inkling that his folks were having problems and didn't think it was his place to bring the subject up. It was none of his business. He sat down at the table and began to eat.

Breakfast was quiet and afterward both boys left for school. Ricky took his car and Matt took his truck. One distraction had replaced another for Matt. Yesterday he was feeling sorry for himself because Mrs. Forrester had broken off their affair before it really got started. Today he was concerned about her and how she was feeling.

What did the argument he heard the night before mean? Mrs. Forrester had been very quiet at breakfast. Was there anything he could do to help? Although he didn't like thinking that way, he realized that if she and her husband got divorced, it could mean he had might have a chance for a relationship with her after all.

After Ms. Carstairs, his first period teacher, yelled at him twice for daydreaming, Matt decided he wasn't accomplishing anything in school. When the bell rang at the end of the period he went to the office and signed out, saying he didn't feel well. He got in his truck and headed for the Forrester house.

When Mary heard a vehicle pull into the driveway, she thought it might be Tom. If he wanted to talk things out and make a commitment to saving their marriage, would she try? She wasn't sure. They had Ricky, and they had invested a lot of years in their marriage. Did that count for anything? She leaned over the sink, looking out into the back yard. What should she do?

"I...I heard you and Mr. Forrester last night," a familiar male voice said.

Mary turned, startled. It wasn't Tom, it was Matt! What was he doing here? He was supposed to be in school, why wasn't he? Why was she so pleased that he was here? She shouldn't feel like that, she couldn't allow herself to be in situations where she might be tempted to repeat the mistake she made the night before.

Matt hoped Mrs. Forrester would find a hug comforting, so he walked over and put his arms around her. He felt her stiffen when his arms slid around her waist. "You seemed really upset this morning," he said. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

Mary, needing comfort, relaxed and pressed against the young man, lying her head on his shoulder. She found she felt safe in his arms, like there really were no problems in her life. "No," she whispered. "The fact that you're here and care is enough."

They stood there holding each other for a while. Mary found that she was drawing comfort from the young man, and liked that, but then she felt something brush against her leg and realized that more than comforting was happening. She stepped back, out of his arms. She had to stop this now, before anything happened. "Matt...we...ah, we shouldn't be doing this," she said. "What...what if...if Tom were to come home and find us?"

"But...we...we aren't doing anything," Matt protested. It wasn't that he didn't want to, but he wasn't sure she did.

"Matt...it...it doesn't look right," Mary said. What she didn't mention was that being in his arms had weakened her resolve to stay away from him. "It was sweet of you to think of me, Matt, but you ought to be in school. Tom was really angry when he left this morning. If he comes home..."

Matt had a sudden thought. "Come on," he said. He took Mary's hand.

Mary was startled. "Matt, what are you doing?" she asked.

"Trust me," Matt said, surprised how assertive he was able to be. "Get your coat."

"Matt," Mary held back. "What are you talking about?"

Matt tugged her toward the back door, took her coat from the row of hooks next to the door and handed it to her. "Don't argue, just put your coat on and come with me," he said.

Although she wasn't sure she was making the right decision, Mary slipped into her coat and went along with the young man. He led her out to the truck and held the door open for her. Still nervous and not sure she ought to be going with him, she climbed up into the cab of the bright red truck. "Matt, where...where are...are you taking me?" she asked when he started down the driveway.

Matt looked at her and smiled.

"Matt!" she said, exasperated.

The young man didn't reply, he just kept driving down the street, through the snowstorm that had just begun. He turned onto the street where he lived, then into his driveway. He pushed the automatic garage door opener, then drove into the garage and shut off the engine. He pressed the button to close the garage door behind them.

"Matt, we shouldn't be here like this!" Mary protested.

"Why not?" Matt asked. He turned and looked at her. "My folks are in Seattle, so nobody will disturb us. We can talk and we don't have to worry about your husband, or Rick, interrupting us."

"Oh, Matt, I don't know," Mary replied. Her head was spinning. She knew this was wrong. If she allowed herself to be alone with him in this empty house, things might happen. Things that shouldn't happen, that she couldn't allow to happen again. But despite her misgivings, she was thrilled. Part of her wanted to be with Matt. He cared for her. He made her feel good. He listened to her, and he...she forced those feelings out of her mind.

Matt got out of the pickup, walked around and opened the door for her. "Come on," he said. "Lets go inside. I'll make some hot chocolate, then we can talk."

Still experiencing second thoughts, Mary followed the young man into the house and sat down at the kitchen table while he made the hot chocolate.

When the hot chocolate was done, Matt carried two cups to the table, set one cup in front of Mrs. Forrester, then sat down next to her.

Mary felt tense being so close to Matt. She shouldn't be alone with him. She wasn't sure how much control she had where he was concerned.

"I...I wasn't eavesdropping on you or anything last night," Matt said. "I...I just went to the bathroom to brush my teeth and I, you know, heard you and Mr. Forrester..." He shrugged and sipped his hot chocolate.

"How...how much did you hear?" Mary asked.

"Enough," he replied. "Do you really think your husband's cheating on you?"

Mary nodded. "Although I guess I can't really throw stones. After all, you and I, we..." she murmured.

Matt put his fingers on her lips. "If your husband was cheating on you, he started long before what happened between us," he said.

Mary smiled and kissed his fingers, then took his hand in hers. "How did you get so wise at such a tender age?" she asked.

Matt blushed and said, "I...I'm not sure I'm that wise."

Mary smiled and kissed his fingers again. "You certainly know how to say the right thing to make me feel better," she said.

Matt looked at her and said, "Maybe...maybe it's because I care about you."

Mary was touched by the young man's comment, but frightened, too. "Matt, I...I'm old enough to be your mother," she protested.

Matt shook his head. "That doesn't matter," he told her. "I've cared about you for a long time." He made a sudden decision, stood up, and took her hand. "Come on, I have something I want to show you."

"Now what?" Mary asked as she got to her feet and followed him. "You're full of surprises today, aren't you?"

"I...I want you to see something no one's ever seen before," Matt said as he lead her up the stairs to his bedroom.

Mary had no idea what the young man was up to. He let go of her hand and walked to a door marked "Darkroom," opened it, and went inside. Standing next to Matt's bed, she heard him moving around in the other room, then he came out holding two big photo albums. He handed them to her.

"I...I've been putting these together for a couple of years," he said softly. "You're the first person I...I've showed them to."

Mary took the albums, sat down on his bed, and began to look through them. She was stunned to discover the albums held only pictures of her! A lot of them were from basketball games and other school functions, others were from times her family and Matt's had spent time together, and still others were of her at her house. Matt was always taking pictures, so she'd never thought much about it. Until now. She looked up at him, her throat tight. "I'm...I'm...these, ah, Matt, these pictures are...are...lovely," she stammered. She felt her eyes getting moist.

"You're not angry?" Matt asked.

"Oh, Matt, no!" Mary said. "Why...why would I be angry? These are...they're...it may be the sweetest thing anyone's ever done for me."

Matt sat on the bed next to her. "You really think they're that good?" he asked.

"You make me look a lot better than I really look," she said.

"That's not possible," Matt told her.

Mary turned and looked at him, puzzled by his comment. "What...what do you mean?" she asked.

"I...I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," the young man said reverently.

Mary was deeply touched. She sat there looking into the eyes of her son's friend and saw the adulation there. Her chest felt tight and she felt her heart pounding. The next thing she knew, Matt slid his arm around her and his face began to move toward hers. "No!" she thought, "I can't let him do that. If he kisses me, I'll..." Thoughts of stopping the young man vanished from her mind the second their lips met. Sparks of excitement sprayed into her, igniting erotic fires deep inside her. The albums slid to the floor with a thump and she turned and wrapped her arms around him.

Matt felt his companion's mouth open, then he experienced a rush of thrills when her tongue probed into his mouth. Locked in a passionate embrace, they laid back on the bed. His hands moved to the buttons of her blouse and fumbled them open, then he spread the blouse apart.

Mary felt Matt opening her blouse and for a millisecond, the idea of trying to stop swept through her mind, but the idea disappeared as quickly as it came. His lips began to move down her throat and onto the swell of her breasts. Everywhere they went, they left trails of fire. Soft groans of joy escaped from her. She needed this! And, she admitted to herself, she wanted it!

Matt was delighted to discover that Mary was wearing a bra that hooked in front. He opened the clasp and her exquisitely-shaped globes sprang free, their already-hard tips straining outward. Moving quickly, he bent his head, captured one of the hardening tips in his mouth, and began to suck on it gently.

"Yes! Oh, God, Matt, yes!" Mary groaned when she felt Matt suckling on her rigid nipple. "Oh, darling! Yes! Suck them!"

While he paid attention to his companion's breast with his mouth, Matt's hands began to move over her body, down across her belly, causing her flesh to ripple as they glided over it. He undid the clasp at the waist of her slacks, then slid his hand under the loosened waistband.

An unending stream of thrills assailed Mary while Matt's hand traveled over her body, exploring, seeking. When she felt it probing under her panties, she groaned louder. Now it was pushing through the full, crinkly mass of her pubic hair. "What ever made me want to give him up?" she thought, her body twisting and turning under his caresses. "I must have been crazy!"

Matt's hand moved to the junction of his partner's legs and body. His fingers slid over her labia and brushed her clit.

Mary's hips shot off the bed as shock-waves of ecstasy rattled her from the roots of her hair to the tips of her toes. "More! Please, Matt, touch me more!" she begged.

Matt wasn't sure what he'd done, but it obviously made Mrs. Forrester feel good, so he complied with her plea. Soon she was moaning, writhing, and clutching at the bedspread, her hips rocking and thrusting against his tantalizing hand.

Mary's reaction to his caresses had a very stimulating effect on Matt. His penis swelled and was pressed against his pants. He felt his underwear dampening as pre-cum seeped from the tip of his engorged penis. He withdrew his hand, despite a groan of protest from Mary, and began stripping off his clothes, although the fact that his hands were trembling made doing so difficult.

Mary opened her eyes, wondering what happened to the hand that had been bestowing such divine thrills on her. When she saw that Matt was getting undressed, her eyes widened. He had an erection! Quickly, she slipped out of her own clothes, then laid back on the bed, legs spread, holding her arms out to him. "Take me, my darling!" she begged. "I need you!"

Matt climbed between Mrs. Forrester's splayed legs, grasped his swollen shaft and slid it up and down between the humid lips of her vagina. Then, suddenly, he drove it into her.

"Ah!" Mary groaned when Matt's thick wand plunged into her lubricant-slick love-tunnel. God! He filled her so well! Making love with him felt better than it ever had with Tom!

Matt was aflame with need. His hips beat an erotic tattoo against hers, driving both of them quickly to the point of explosion. "C...C...C...Coming! Oh! Oh!" he cried. Passion unleashed itself and ripped through him and he felt his fluids pumping out of him and gushing into Mary.

"Gaa!" Mary groaned in reply when the splash of his hot seed released furies of joy inside her. "Matt! Lover! Oh!" she cried. "Oh, yes! Yes! Yes! I'm coming! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Her legs locked behind his, her hands clutched him, and their hips continued to slam together in the age-old rhythm of passion. Nothing could have been sweeter.

When, finally their need was sated, they lay in each other's arms, gazing fondly at each other.

"I...I know what we're doing...what I'm doing...is wrong, but...but I...I don't think I can give you up," Mary told the young man. "I don't know what that makes me, but I..."

Matt, elated by her words, kissed her. "I'm glad," he said. "I don't want to give you up, either."

They snuggled closer and kissed deeply once again. Mary was still very confused. She had no idea how all this could possibly work out. She had a husband, a son, and now a lover who made her feel young and beautiful again. She knew there would be problems if she continued to sleep with Matt but, right now, all she could think about was how wonderful he made her feel.

Locked in each other's arms and, without planning to, the two lovers fell asleep.

Chapter 17

Tom Forrester angrily jabbed his finger against the buttons on the phone on his office desk, dialling his home number for the fifth time in a half-hour. The phone on the other end of the line rang, and rang, but no one answered. He wanted to talk to his wife and wondered where she was. He still couldn't believe she was serious when she said she didn't care if he left. He figured if he could talk to her, he could get her to see how foolish she was being.

"Shit," he thought, "She was complaining that I haven't been screwing her enough lately. Maybe if I throw a good fuck into her that will keep her happy for a while." Frustrated and angry because he couldn't reach his wife, he slammed the phone down. "Where the fuck is she?" he wondered.

He considered sending his partner, Jim Hennessy, on the trip to Galveston he had scheduled for the next week. If he did that he could spend the weekend with Mary and Ricky. No, Gloria was expecting him. He couldn't miss those soft lips, and that red hair! A body as slim as a rail and boobs big as cantaloupes. He'd take Mary away some weekend when he didn't have something else planned.

He dialed home again, and again the phone rang and rang and rang. Furious, Tom slammed the phone down so hard it almost fell off his desk. "Fuck her!" he thought. "Goddamnit! I'll show her! I'm going home! She damn well better be there!"

He stormed out of his office, told his startled secretary he was going home, got in his car, and drove rapidly to his house. He slammed in the door.

"Mary! Mary!" he yelled, "Godammit, Mary! Where the hell are you?"

Growing more agitated by the second, he searched through the house, but found no sign of his wife. "I'll show her!" he fumed.

He stomped up to the bedroom, got out a couple of suitcases, packed most of his clothes and toilet things, then went back down to the kitchen. He found a piece of paper, scribbled a note and left it lying on the kitchen counter, then he took his things out to his car and left.

He gave no thought to the effect the note might have on Ricky, if his son was unlucky enough to find it. He was so angry he forgot Mary hadn't brought up the subject of divorce, he had.

He drove into downtown Jamestown, to the Center City Hotel, and got a suite. After he put his things away in the room, he realized his impulsive action just might have ensured the end of his marriage.

"So what?" he thought. He walked to the phone beside the bed, picked it up, and dialed a number. "Judy," he said when the woman on the other end answered, "Tom Forrester. Yeah, I'm

back in town. Got back Tuesday. I missed you, too, baby. Look, I'm over at the Center City, you want to come over and join me?"

He listened to her, a smile forming on his lips, then he said, "I left her. I decided enough was enough. Look, baby, you take a cab, I'll pay for it."

He put the phone down and lay back on the bed. Judy was all right. It would be fun spending the afternoon. He loved her long blonde hair that came almost to that luscious ass. And those boobs of hers! If there was a girl with perfect bazooms it was Judy! As he lay there thinking about the girl he'd be screwing shortly, he felt a twinge in his groin. "Yeah," he said, "Judy isn't too smart, but what a piece of ass!"

He picked up the phone and ordered a bottle of champagne. Might as well celebrate his new-found freedom in style.

Chapter 18

Mary awakened before Matt did and was confused to find herself lying next to him in his bedroom. Once more, as she laid there, she began to feel guilty about what she'd done, and what she was thinking about continuing to do. "I...I really have committed myself to an affair with my son's best friend," she thought. Part of her was very disturbed by the fact that she seemed willing to allow the affair with the young man to continue, but another part of her wanted to very much.

She rolled on her side and, after watching Matt sleep for a while, she began to run her hands over him lightly. Matt's skin was warm and smooth and it really felt nice touching it.

Mary's gentle caresses awakened the young man, who rolled on his side to face her, smiled, and said, "Come here." He reached for her.

Mary shook her head. "Be still," she said, "I want to make love to you this time."

Matt lay back and luxuriated in the erotic sensations which were generated in him while Mary's soft, warm hands and lips explored his body. It felt as if she was kissing and touching him everywhere, all at once. He trembled when she bent her head over him and the soft mass of her dark hair tumbled onto him, tickling him. In no time, he was writhing on the bed and moaning and gasping.

Mary's actions rapidly produced a visible effect. As she watched, fascinated, his penis rose to attention once again. Although she'd been married twenty years, she knew little more about love-making than her youthful lover did. Her sex life with Tom had not been overly creative and, except for Pixie, she didn't discuss sex with any of her friends, so she wasn't well-versed in the variations of love-making. When she was in college, she'd heard there were different things people did when they made love, and different ways of doing it, but she had experienced only a few of them. In a lot of ways, she and Matt were at the same level of sexual experience.

"His penis...it...it looks so...big!" she thought, gazing at the young man's unyielding organ. It was swollen and distended, with blue veins circling the sides. The top flared into an arrow-shaped purple head. Shiny droplets of Matt's pre-cum glistened at the slitted tip.

Mary reached out a trembling hand touched the turgid organ tentatively. It was so hot! She wrapped her hand around it and began stroking it gently, noting with pleasure that her actions brought a groan of pleasure from Matt. Impetuously, she bent and kissed the swollen organ. After all, it had given her so much pleasure, if she could give Matt a small sampling of the wonderful feeling she'd given her, she wanted to do that. She kissed it again. Even though Matt's erection was slick with the remains of their earlier love-making, she didn't find the taste unpleasant.

Matt was going wild. Never, in his wildest, most far-out fantasies about Mrs. Forrester, had he dreamt she'd do what she was doing to him now! She was playing with his cock, even kissing and licking it! His hips strained and his muscles clenched as sensations more intense than any he'd known jangled every nerve ending in his body.

Matt's powerful reaction to her caresses intoxicated Mary. She loved the effect she was having on him. It really was as thrilling to give this much pleasure as it was to receive it! Kissing and licking the young man's erection weren't enough for the excited woman. She wanted to do more! She raised her head, opened her mouth, lowered it over the swollen organ, and locked her lips

around the flared tip. She'd done it! It was in her mouth! Slowly, she lowered her head felt the thick shaft begin to fill her oral cavity. She could feel it pulsing!

Matt thought he would explode. Mrs. Forrester really was sucking his cock! He'd never dreamed anything like this would happen to him!

Mary's mouth continued to slide slowly up and down her lover's delectable pole. She let her lips drag slowly along the veined sides of the fleshy intruder and lashed it with her tongue, relishing the sensations she experienced as she did. She loved this! She began to shudder with delight as she tendered her young lover the gift of pleasure. She gently grasped and fondled his balls.

"Mrs. Forrester!" Matt groaned. "Oh, God, Mrs. Forrester! It feels too good...I'm...I'm gonna come!"

Matt's words were meant as a warning, but it was a warning Mary chose not to heed. She began to move her head up and down more rapidly and increased the suction she was applying. Her hand squeezed and rolled his balls more actively. Then she felt the pulsations of the young man's mighty organ grow stronger. "He...he's going to come!" she realized, "In my mouth! I'm going to make him come in my mouth!"

Before she could decide whether she really wanted that or not, his hot cream was splashing against the back of her throat and

filling her oral cavity. The taste wasn't bad, but the volume was considerable. Mary had to swallow to keep from gagging. Matt thrashed on the bed, screaming with pleasure, and Mary treasured his reaction. She was startled when an orgasm tore through her body at the same time.

"Ah! Ahh! Ahhh!" Matt cried. He felt as if he was coming apart. He'd never experienced anything like this before!

Mary nursed Matt's penis, even after he'd stopped coming, until it began to shrink. Finally, she let it slide from her mouth. Then she slid up next to him, and laid her head on his chest. She felt his fingers combing through her hair.

Matt couldn't believe what had happened. He'd never felt anything more intense in his life! And now, in the aftermath, with Mrs. Forrester's body pressed against his, he felt completely content. He continued to comb his hands through his lover's dark, shining hair as she lay there with her head on his chest.

"Did...did you like that, my love?" she asked softly.

"It...it was, I can't say it, I've never...ever...felt like you just made me feel," Matt replied. He pulled her face to his and kissed her, tasting the tart saline flavor of his essence on her mouth.

"Mrs. Forrester...Mary...I...I love you," he said softly.

Mary was at first startled by his assertion, then despite how crazy it was, she knew she felt the same way. What was happening to her and what she was doing and thinking made absolutely no sense. She was falling in love with a boy her son's age, and didn't give a damn about the consequences! She didn't care what happened in the future, all she wanted was to feel as wonderful as she did right now for as long as she could!

"I want to do you," Matt said.

Mary, who had still been trying to gauge her reaction to his profession of love, only barely heard him. "What, my love?" she asked.

"I want, you know, to do to you what you just did to me," the young man told her.

Mary was thrilled. Tom occasionally deigned to kiss her vagina and she loved it when he did. Never, though, had her husband done more than kiss her a little, then climb atop her and start fucking. "Yes! Oh, darling, yes!" she cooed.

Matt moved between Mary's parted legs and examined what he saw there. He'd never seen a woman's vagina up close before and, now that he had the opportunity, he inspected Mary's vagina carefully. It was pink, with puffy, soft lips. Shiny with wetness, it had a scent that was pungent, but not unappealing. At the upper end of the slit, a small knob protruded.

"That must be her clit," Matt thought. He bent and licked the bud with his tongue.

Mary's back arched and she moaned in delight. "Yes!" she cried, as erotic fireworks began exploding behind her closed eyes.

Matt began licking and sucking her vagina with determination.

Mary's legs clamped around his head and her hips went wild. "Eeaahh!" she cried, her head rolling from side to side, clutching her breasts. "Yes! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! That feels so good! Matt! Oh! Oh! Matt! I'm so close! I'm...I'm, oh, God, I'm coming! I'm coming!"

His head was trapped in a velvet vice formed by the silky flesh of Mary's thighs, so Matt couldn't hear his lover's screams of pleasure, but he knew she was coming from the wild way her body was moving. He grabbed hold of her ass and hung on as she writhed and bucked her way to ecstasy.

Then, suddenly, Mary's legs fell away from his head and she went limp. Matt lowered her bottom and she lay, unmoving, on the bed. At first he wasn't sure what was going on. He raised up on his arms and looked at her, concerned that she'd had some kind of spell, maybe a heart attack. She seemed to be breathing all right, her eyes were closed, and a smile curved her lips.

"She...she must have passed out!" he thought. Cautiously, he got off the bed, walked into the bathroom, and cleaned himself

off. When he finished and returned to the bedroom, Mrs. Forrester was still sleeping.

As he stood next to his bed, look at the gorgeous woman who was lying in it, nude, Matt wanted to pinch himself. He still had difficulty believing this was real. He'd made love with the woman of his dreams and had, apparently, been quite good at it.

Then it occurred to him that an opportunity to do something else he'd dreamed of was being offered to him. Still naked, he went into the darkroom, got one of his cameras, loaded it with film, then went back to the bedroom and began to shoot pictures of his sleeping lover's nude body. He shot picture after picture, moving around the bed to capture Mary's loveliness from as many different angles as he could.

Mary was wakened by the whirring noise of the camera's automatic film advance. At first she wasn't sure where she was, what had happened, or what was going on. She looked around, trying to get her vision in focus and realized she was in a strange bedroom, she didn't have any clothes on, and Matt was taking pictures of her!

"Matt!" she exclaimed and tried vainly to cover herself. "Don't!"

"That's it!" he said, "don't move..." The camera clicked and whirred again, then he stopped, sat on the bed next to her, and smiled. "I've always wanted to do that," he said.

"But...but what if somebody sees those pictures!" Mary said, alarmed.

"Nobody ever will," he assured her. "I'm the only one who has the keys to the cabinets I keep my special pictures in."

"All...all right, I...I guess," Mary said. "It's just that I...we...would be in real trouble if anyone saw those pictures." If her husband ever learned they existed, he could use them against her in a divorce action.

"Don't worry," Matt said. He bent and kissed her.

"What time is it?" Mary asked. It seemed like they'd been at his house a long time.

"About three," Matt told her.

"I...I suppose we should get going," Mary said. She got off the bed. "I have to get supper for Ricky."

"Why don't I take you and Rick out for pizza," Matt said. "Sort of a celebration." He chuckled. "Of course, Rick won't know what we're celebrating."

Mary was pleased. The idea of going out to dinner with her young lover thrilled and excited her.

Chapter 19

Matt walked into the Forrester house ahead of Mary, so he saw the note on the kitchen counter before she did. He picked it up, saw Mr. Forrester's signature and, even though he knew he shouldn't read it, he did. And, as he read it, he experienced a combination of elation and fear.

"Mary,

I tried getting you on the phone all day, then I came home and you weren't here. I don't know where the hell you were, but the fact that you weren't here did give me time to think. Maybe you're right, maybe there are problems in our marriage, but they sure as hell don't all lie with me. I'm moving out. For how long is pretty much up to you. You want to talk to me, you can call me the office tomorrow.

Tom"

Matt handed the note to Mary. "You better read this," he said.

"What is it?" Mary asked. She took the note and began to read, licking her lips absently as she did. When she finished reading it, she looked at Matt. "Did you read this?"

He nodded.

"What do you think I should do?" she asked.

Matt shrugged.

Mary moved against him, hugged him tightly, then kissed him softly on the cheek. "It's over," she said, "My marriage, I mean. I...I'm not going to let Tom come back. That would only mean going through more hell, and I know the end result would be divorce anyhow. I really believe there's nothing left for Tom and me."

When he heard Mary's words, Matt felt light-headed. He hugged her so hard she gasped.

"Hey, come on, Matt, you'll break my ribs if you keep that up," Mary laughed.

Ricky got home about five and was more than happy to go out for pizza.

"Practice was really a bitch!" he complained as the three of them walked out to Matt's truck. "The way coach has been acting, you'd think we lost all our games instead of won them."

Once they were in the truck, they headed downtown for one of the popular pizza houses. As Matt drove, Mary let her hand drop on his thigh and caressed it gently. He liked that a lot. They were

almost finished with their meal when Matt noticed that Mary's face was serious.

"Ricky, there's something you need to know," she said.

"Why so serious, Mom?" her son asked.

Mary handed him the note. Ricky read it, and his face got very pale.

"Mom, what...what's this all about?" he asked.

"Ricky, you know your father and I haven't been getting along for some time," Mary explained. "In fact, you were commenting on how he's never home the other night, remember?"

"But...but he says it's partly your fault!" Ricky protested. "You gotta call him and try to work it out. You gotta!"

Mary shook her head. "I don't 'gotta,' and I've decided I'm not going to. I agree that when a relationship has problems, both people share the blame. I did offer to talk things out the other night, to try and come to some agreement to working on the problems in our marriage, but all your father did was get angry and stomp out. Ricky, what's happened between your father and me is much more complicated than his note makes it sound, and the problems in our marriage are, I really believe, too deep and too many to fix."

"But Mom, if you and Dad split up, what am I going to do?" Ricky asked. He was near tears and his voice cracked a little as he asked the question.

Mary looked at her son then she patted him on the arm. "You'll adapt, I think," she said. "After all, you're going away to school in the fall, anyhow. And it isn't as if you will never see your father again. I doubt very much if he'll leave the area, even if we...we divorce."

"I...I don't know," Ricky said. "It's weird." He shrugged. "I know lots of kids whose folks are divorced, but I guess, well, I guess I never thought it...it could happen to me."

"I'm sorry, Ricky," Mary said. "I...I really am. I didn't intend for things to come out this way. But, I'm afraid, they have. Come on, let's go home."

The drive back to the Forrester house was quiet and tense. Each occupant of the pickup was lost in thought for a different reason. Ricky was speculating what his life would be like if his parents divorced. Mary wondered once more if, in reality, she was making the right decision. Matt was still fearful that, perhaps, he might be partly responsible for the termination of Mary's marriage.

"I'm going to bed," Ricky said the minute they got in the house. He ran upstairs.

Mary looked at Matt, her eyes red and said, "I...I had to tell him."

Matt nodded.

"I know he's upset, but I'm sure he'll adjust," she said.

"This...this isn't my fault, is it?" Matt asked softly.

"God, no, Matt!" Mary exclaimed. "You have nothing to do with it."

The phone rang. Mary walked over and answered it.

"Yes," she said, "He's here. No. He's been no problem. Goodness, no. I was glad I could help out. I wish you'd asked me before you left. You want to talk with him?" She gestured to Matt. "It's your parents."

Matt took the phone and heard his mother's voice. His grandmother was doing much better. She was going to have to enter a nursing home, but she was fine, and it looked as if she'd stay that way for some time. She said told him she and his father would be flying home in the morning.

"They're coming home tomorrow," Matt told Mary after he finished the call. "I'll be glad to see them, but I'm going to miss

being here. And...I hate leaving you alone to deal with all this mess."

"Don't worry," Mary said. "I can manage. I got into this marriage on my own, I'll get out of it the same way."

They went upstairs to their respective rooms.

Matt slipped into a pair of pajamas, then he went into the bathroom and brushed his teeth. The door to the master bedroom was slightly ajar, so he couldn't resist peeking into Mary's bedroom. She was slipping a nightgown on and, as he watched, she dropped it over her head and let it slide down over her nude body. Matt swallowed hard. Watching the garment slide down over her loveliness made his groin tighten. He pushed the door open silently and stepped into the room.

"You are so pretty," he said softly.

Mary turned quickly and, red-faced, exclaimed, "Matt! You startled me!"

"Thought I'd stop in for a kiss," he said.

"What if Ricky comes in?" Mary asked.

"I already locked my door," Matt said. He walked over and locked Mary's. "Now yours is locked, too." He turned, moved to her, and pulled her into his arms. "Besides, Rick's probably sound asleep. We won't be disturbed." He covered her mouth with his.

Mary leaned back and looked at him, her face flushed, when the kiss ended. "Matt, we shouldn't be..." she murmured.

The young man reached into the scooped neck of her nightgown, cupped a firm breast, and began to rub his thumb over an already-erect nipple. "You sure about that?" he asked.

"Oh!" Mary groaned. She felt her legs growing rubbery. "Come on." She took his hand and led him to the bed, then turned and went into his arms again. They kissed, tongues lashing, sparks of passion flying between them.

When the second kiss ended, Matt helped Mary slip out of her nightgown, then he got out of his pajamas and, locked in each other's arms, they fell onto the bed. His hands commenced roving over her fulsome curves, inflaming her, drawing soft groans of delight from her.

"I'm getting spoiled," Mary thought, "I haven't been loved this often, or this well, for ages."

Matt rolled atop her and his rigid shaft slid between her legs and right into her torrid, humid opening as if it had been guided by an invisible hand.

"Oh!" Mary groaned, "Yes! Do it, lover! Do it!"

Matt began to move his hips, each movement thrilling them more. He felt Mrs. Forrester's hips rising to meet his thrusts. Matt might have started late in the field of sex, but he was learning fast.

"Oh! Yes!" Mary groaned softly, fighting the urge to cry out in delight. "I'm....I'm coming! Matt! I'm coming! Yes! Yes!"

Matt's throbbing shaft continued pistoned in and out of her, each stroke feeling more fantastic than the last. Finally, he felt his eruption begin. "Me...too! Oh, God, me, too!" he groaned as he spewed his seed into her.

Mary pulled his face down and covered his mouth with hers to muffle his groans. Her own orgasm had begun to ebb and, for the first time, she was able to fully enjoy the sensation of his warm juices splattering against her insides. It felt good, so incredibly good, that another tremor of bliss shook her.

Finally, Matt lay still, cushioned atop her, her breasts pushing into his chest. They lay like that, holding each other, for a time. Mary felt his erection soften and slip from her, then felt the tickle as their mixed juices seeped from her body.

"You better get back to your room," she said at last, kissing him again.

"Will we ever get the chance to spend a whole night together?" Matt asked.

"I'm sure we will, my love." Mary wanted to as badly as he did. They kissed again, then she watched him walk to his own room.

She pulled the covers up and turned out the light. "This bed feels very empty," she thought. "Even emptier than it did when Tom left. What am I going to do when Matt's folks get home? What am really I doing? Am I deluding myself and being foolish in thinking he and I might have a future?"

Chapter 20

Ricky was silent at breakfast the next morning, obviously upset by what was happening to his family. Neither Matt nor Mary said much, either. Neither of them was sure what to say, and both of them were afraid they'd say the wrong thing and make Ricky even more upset.

After they finished eating, the boys got ready to leave for school. Matt told Mary he'd stop after school and pick up his things. He could have taken his stuff then, but he wanted a chance to see Mary again, and Ricky had basketball practice after school, so he hoped they might even get a chance to make love again.

Ricky started for the door, with Matt right behind him. Just as they got outside, Matt felt his pockets. "Darn it, I forgot my truck keys," he told his friend. "You go on, I'll see you at school."

Mary standing inside the door, heard what Matt said and when he walked back into the house, she was smiling. "Did you really forget your keys?" she asked.

"No," Matt said. He took her in his arms, cupped her bottom in his hands, pulled her against him, and kissed her. "But I wouldn't have had a chance for this kiss if I'd kept going with Rick."

"What am I going to do without you here?" Mary asked breathlessly after the kiss ended.

"I was wondering how I was going to get through days without seeing you," Matt said. "We've got a real problem."

"We'll work something out," Mary said.

"I sure hope so," Matt replied.

They shared another soft kiss, then he headed for his truck and on to school. Dianna was at her locker when he walked into the building. He intended to say something to her, but she turned

away from him. He wasn't sure what he'd done to make her angry, and it bothered him.

At lunch, Matt was sitting at a table with Rick in the cafeteria, when Mr. Tompkins, the principal, entered, looked around, then headed for their table.

"Matt," Mr. Tompkins looked very serious, "there's someone in my office who needs to talk with you."

Matt was confused and a little frightened. What was this all about? Mr. Tompkins stood patiently, looking distressed. He was scared. Had he and Mary been found out? Was the person waiting to talk with him Mr. Forrester? Matt stood up and picked up his tray.

"Leave your tray," Mr. Tompkins said. "I'm sure Rick will be glad to take care of it for you."

"Sure," Rick said, "no problem."

Matt followed Mr. Tompkins down the corridor, into the office, and on into the principal's inner sanctum. Reverend Garber, pastor of the church Matt and his folks attended, was there, as was a police officer.

"What's going on?" Matt asked. The fact Reverend Garber was there frightened him.

"Matt," Reverend Garber said solemnly, "there is something we need to tell you."

Matt looked around. All of them looked so sad. What was going on?

"Sit down, please, Matt," Mr. Tompkins said.

Matt did, very scared. He had no idea what he'd done that would be cause for this.

"Your Uncle Ezra from Seattle called the police this morning..." Reverend Garber said, "...because he knew you'd be in school. The police called me and..."

"Uncle Ezra?" Matt looked around. "Is...is there something wrong with my grandmother?"

"No, son," Reverend Garber continued, "as far as I know, your grandmother is fine. It seems that...well...this morning, your parents took a flight from Seattle, headed here, and..."

"THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A PLANE CRASH!" Matt suddenly knew what all this was about.

"...there was a plane crash. There were no survivors." Reverend Garber put his arm around Matt, who had started to sob. "I'm so sorry, Matt."

Things became a blur for Matt after he heard the shocking news. The crash occurred just after takeoff, the police officer explained as the stunned young man only half-listened. There was a sudden power loss and the airliner plunged to the ground. Nobody on board had a chance.

"Matt, as I said, your uncle and aunt are flying in as soon as they can get a flight," Reverend Garber said. "Until then, my wife and I would be happy to have you stay with us. Is that all right?"

"I...I guess so," Matt replied. He was so deeply shocked by what had happened that he didn't even think about asking if he could stay at Forresters until his aunt and uncle arrived.

"Why don't we go, then," Reverend Garber said, laying his hand gently on Matt's shoulder. "My wife knows what's happened and is waiting for us."

"A...all right," Matt said. He slowly rose to his feet and accompanied the pastor out of school.

Chapter 21

Ricky heard about that Matt's parents had been killed in the plane crash near the end of the school day. The news upset him so much he did something he'd never done in all the years he'd been playing basketball; he signed out of school early headed home. He didn't care that he was missing practice. He drove home a lot faster than he should have, and ran into the house.

"Mom!" he yelled.

Mary appeared from the laundry room. "Ricky, what's the matter," she asked. "You look upset."

"You...you aren't going to believe this," her son said.

Mary was puzzled. "What happened, honey?" she asked. She couldn't remember the last time she'd seen her son look this upset.

"Matt...his...his parents...they...they were...they were killed in a plane crash!" Ricky exclaimed, then he burst into tears, wrapped his arms around her, and began to sob.

Mary couldn't believe what her son had just told her. It couldn't be true. Other people, not people you knew, got killed in plane crashes. "Ricky, are...are you sure about this?" she asked her son, who was still clinging to her and sobbing.

"Y...yeah...I...I talked to...to one of the teachers," he sobbed. "He...he said the principal had...had told them." He leaned back and looked at his mother. "Mom, what's Den gonna do?"

"I...I don't know, dear," Mary said. "Do...do you know where he...where he is?"

Her son looked stricken. "I-I never thought about that," he said. "I-I really don't know. Reverend Garber was in school, maybe...maybe Den went home with him."

"I think I'll call the Williams house and see if there's anything we can do," Mary said. She struggled to contain the urge to burst into tears herself. Part of the pain she felt came from the fact that she and Matt were lovers, but another part of it came from the fact that Matt's mother, Fran, was a good friend, one of the few close friends Mary had. She released her sobbing son, who sat down, then she walked to the phone and dialed the Williams' number. The phone rang and rang, but nobody answered.

"I wonder if Reverend Garber took Matt to his house," Mary thought. She looked up the number of the parsonage and dialed it. Mrs. Garber answered and, in response to Mary's questions, explained that Matt was there, and was doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. She explained that the young man's aunt and uncle were due in the next morning, and that they would be staying to take care of Matt at least through the funerals.

"Is...is there anything I can do?" Mary asked.

"I'm not sure at this point, Mary," Mrs. Garber said. "I'll let Matt know you called, though, and I will pass on your offer of help to his aunt and uncle."

"Please do that," Mary said. "I-I really do want to make sure Matt knows we're thinking about him."

"I'll be sure and do that," Mrs. Garber said. "Thank you so much for calling."

Mary put the phone down and sat there, staring at it. "I-I don't believe this!" she thought. All of a sudden a thought that caused her overwhelming guilt swept over her. "Could...could what happened be punishment for what Matt and I have been doing?" Finally, the reality of what happened sank in and she began to sob.

When she'd cried herself out temporarily, she got up, went out to the kitchen, and began making dinner for Ricky. She wasn't sure she'd be able to eat, and wasn't sure her son would, either, but she wanted to make sure there was something made in case he was hungry.

As it turned out, neither of them felt like eating. "Mom, why does stuff like this have to happen to nice people like Den's folks?" Ricky asked as they sat at the kitchen table.

"I-I don't know, honey," Mary responded. "I'm not sure there is a real explanation."

"God, it all seems so unreal," Rick said. "This morning Den was talking about his folks coming home, now he...he'll never see them again. I-I can't imagine how bad he must feel."

"I can't either, honey," Mary said. "I wish I could see Matt and tell him how sorry I am," she thought.

"You...you never really know what's gonna happen, do you?" Rick asked.

"No, honey, you never do," Mary said.

"I-I think I'm gonna go to my room and listen to some music," Rick said. "I-I gotta do something to...to keep from thinking about this. It...it kinda hurts, you know?"

"It does hurt, and it will for a while," Mary said. "The...the only thing that will help is time."

Rick got up, gave her a fierce hug, then he went to his room. Mary cleared the table and, not knowing what else to do, went upstairs, got undressed, put on a nightgown, and laid down in her bed.

"I can't believe this," she thought as she lay there. "This morning, things looked like they were going to be so wonderful. Now..." Tears began pouring out of her eyes and she began to sob.

There was a gentle knocking on the bedroom door and Mary, thinking it was Ricky, said, "Come in."

The door opened and, instead of Ricky, her husband Tom walked in, a look of distress on his face. "Did...did you hear about what happened to Lee and Fran Williams?" he asked.

Mary sat up and nodded. "Ricky came home from school and told me," she said.

Tom walked over and sat down on the bed. "I...I was on my way to the airport when I heard it on the news on the car radio," he said. "God, I can't believe it!"

"I can't, either," Mary said. "It seems so unreal."

"Yeah, it sure as hell does," Tom agreed. "What was it, a couple of months ago we were over to their place for dinner?"

Mary nodded and said, "I think so."

"Damn," her husband said, shaking his head. "Man, you just never know what's going to happen, do you?"

"No, you never do," Mary said. "Ricky is really upset."

Tom seemed surprised by the idea his son might be upset, then he shook his head and stood up. "Yeah, he and Den are pretty close," he said. "I can see where he might be shook up. Maybe I ought to go talk to him, huh?"

"It might not hurt," Mary said, although she wasn't so sure. After all, Ricky was still trying to sort out his feelings about their impending divorce. On the other hand, Tom and his son had always been close, maybe Rick needed Tom tonight.

About fifteen minutes later, Tom walked back into their bedroom. "He says he's going to be OK," he told Mary. "He's listening to music." He sat down on the bed again and looked at Mary. "How are you doing?" he asked. "You and Fran were pretty good friends, weren't you?"

Mary nodded and gulped a little to keep from sobbing. "We...we were," she murmured. Then she burst into tears. "Oh, God, Tom, she...she's dead! I can't believe it!"

When Tom saw his wife burst into tears, he wasn't sure what to do. Finally, he put his arms around her and she pressed against him. He began stroking her back, initially intending it to calm her down, but he quickly realized that touching her wasn't doing

much to calm him down, in fact, just the opposite was happening. "Hey," he thought as he continued to hold his sobbing wife and caress her back, "this might just be the chance I've been looking for. If I handle this right tonight, maybe Mary see how much she needs me and will cut out that divorce crap."

Tom continued gently stroking his wife's back and holding her in his arms, but while he did, he began to slowly widen the area which he was caressing. He knew he had to be careful, to try and get Mary to the point where she was turned on before she realized what he was doing, but she was so upset he was pretty sure he could manage that. His caresses expanded, centimeter by centimeter, from a small circle in the middle of Mary's back out to her sides, and down to her bottom.

Mary wasn't aware of what her husband was doing at first and, when she finally did calm down enough to realize how intimate his caresses had become, she was already halfway turned on. "Oh, God!" she thought as wonderful feelings evoked by her husband's tender caresses spread slowly through her. "I need to be held and touched to much tonight. I need to know I'm real. Why...why can't Tom be this gentle and loving other times?"

Tom somehow managed to get Mary lying down and, when he did, his caresses became even bolder. He began working her nightgown up and his hands began moving over her bare skin. At the same time, he started removing pieces of his clothing, bit by bit, but he was careful not to let his wife know what he was doing at first. He could feel Mary trembling, and knew he was getting to her. "Damn!" he thought as his fingers began moving over one of his wife's breasts, teasing the rigid nipple. "She's

really hot! I bet she'll be begging me to come back when this is over."

Mary was powerfully aroused, and even though second thoughts about what was happening kept trying to assert themselves, they had little effect on her body, which was now twisting and turning as her husband's hands moved over it. Tom had never, ever, in all the years they'd been married, been this gentle and loving. And she'd never been this aroused by him!

Finally, Tom, who was just as aroused as Mary, couldn't wait any more. He rolled on top of her and plunged his rock-hard penis into her, groaning with delight as he did.

Mary was startled when her husband plunged his erection into her and was also surprised by how powerfully her body was responding. She felt his naked flesh against hers and was puzzled. When had he taken his clothes off? "Oh, God! Oh, God!" she thought as her husband's erection probed deep into her, giving her wonderful feelings. "This...this is so wonderful. Tom, he's...he's making me feel so good. He's...he's almost making me feel as good as..." She realized she was comparing her husband's love-making to Matt's and when she did it was as if someone had poured a huge bucket of ice water over her. Arousal vanished almost immediately, and was replaced by guilt and confusion. She didn't understand why she felt guilty about cheating on Matt when the man who she was with was her husband, but that's exactly how she felt.

Tom continued to pound down against her. She could feel his hips moving faster and faster and knew the action signaled his imminent coming. "Thank God, it's almost over," she thought.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Jesus! Damn!" Tom Forrester groaned as he exploded into his wife's body. When, at last, he was finished, he rolled off and lay next to her on the bed. After giving himself a few minutes to calm down, he rolled on his side and looked at his wife. "This...what happened, it make you feel any different about what you're doing?" he asked.

"What on earth are you talking about, Tom?" Mary asked. Feeling dirty and used, and angry at both herself and Tom, she tugged her nightgown down.

"This divorce shit," he said. "Doesn't what happened to Lee and Fran make you think that, maybe, you're making a mistake? And admit it, what just happened to us, it was fantastic, wasn't it? We still have the old magic, right, babe?"

Anger surged through Mary when she heard her husband's words. How dare he take advantage of her when she was upset, then compound the insult by trying to use the death of their friends to manipulate her into changing her mind about divorcing him? It was all she could do to keep from screaming at him. "Tom, do you ever think about what you say before you say it?" she asked, clenching her jaw to keep her voice down.

"Mary, what the hell are you talking about?" her husband asked. He looked puzzled, and a little hurt. As far as he was concerned, he'd just screwed her better than he'd ever screwed her in his life. She ought to be thanking him, not acting pissed off.

"You don't have the slightest idea, do you?" Mary continued. "You don't understand how despicable what you just did was, do you?"

"Jesus, Mary, you aren't making any sense?" Tom replied. "All I did was ask if you wanted to reconsider getting a divorce. What the hell is despicable about that?"

"No, Tom, that's not all you did," Mary replied. "What you just tried to do was use the Williams family's tragedy to manipulate me into doing what you want, that's what you did. And the really sad thing is that you don't have the slightest idea that you did it, do you?"

"Mary, that's not what..." her husband began.

Mary held her hand up to stop him and said, "It doesn't matter, Tom. I'm not going to reconsider. I am going to get a divorce. If anything, what happened to Lee and Fran makes me see how important it is to take the chances that are offered you to be happy. That's exactly what I'm going to do. Now please, Tom, get out of here. I'm afraid of what I'll do if...if you stay."

Tom stood up and looked at her as if he'd never seen her before in his life. "I sure as hell don't know what's gotten into you lately," he said. "Maybe you are doing the right thing. You sure as hell aren't the woman I thought I was married to, that's for sure."

"You're right, Tom, I'm not that woman, and I never intend to be again," Mary said.

Chapter 22

The day after the plane crash, Matt's Uncle Ezra and Aunt Serena arrived from Seattle to take care of him and help with the funeral arrangements. Because his parents were killed in a plane crash, there was a delay before the wake and funeral could take place but, finally, the ceremonies were held.

Matt thought learning that his parents were both dead was awful, but he found out that the funeral proceedings, if anything, were even more horrible. First there were the meetings with the funeral director, and deciding what he wanted for funeral arrangements. It hammered home to him the fact that he'd never see his parents again.

Then came the wake, which involved hours of sitting in the funeral home while people filed through the room past the two closed caskets in which his parents' bodies lay. He lost count of the number of people who told him how sorry they were, what

wonderful people his parents had been, that they'd do whatever they could for him, and what a brave young man he was.

"Matt, I'm so sorry," a female voice said as the young man sat at the wake, with his head down. He looked up. Mary Forrester stood there, along with Rick, and her husband. When he saw that Mr. Forrester was there, Matt felt even more despondent. He had been so busy with the funeral arrangements he hadn't been able to contact Mary since the crash. Had she and her husband reconciled? He didn't know that Mary had called the night the crash happened because Mrs. Garber, who was always terribly absent-minded, forgot to tell him.

"Yeah, Den, I'm real sorry, too," Rick said. He surprised Matt by giving him a hug. Matt liked that, but he'd have preferred one from Mary.

Mary desperately wanted to hug the young man, but she was still feeling guilty about the fact that she'd slept with her husband, so she held back. The Forresters moved on, and the numbing parade of mourners continued.

The funeral wasn't no more bearable. At the service, Reverend Garber rambled on for a long time, not saying much of anything. Once again, after that service ended, Matt was subjected to an unending line of people filing by, telling him how sorry they were and how brave he must be.

Mary, Rick, and Mr. Forrester were at the funeral, and at the cemetery. Matt looked at them standing there, a family group, as the cold wind blew across the cemetery and felt as if his whole world had ended.

The Forresters did come to the house after the funeral. Mary made a point to take Matt aside. "If there's anything I can do to help you, Matt, please call me," she said. "I wish there was something I could do to...to make this less...less painful for you."

Matt couldn't bring himself to ask if she'd gone back to her husband. First of all, it wasn't really the time to ask that kind of question, and second, he feared what her answer would be. What was he going to do? He'd never felt more alone in his life.

Another week passed. The Saturday after the funeral, Uncle Ezra and Aunt Serena sat at the breakfast table with Matt. "We're gonna have to have you come and live with us, I guess, Matt," Uncle Ezra said. "I understand that they're reading the will day after tomorrow, and then we gotta get back to Seattle. I mean, I only got so many days of vacation I can take. And we gotta get back and make sure your grandmother is OK, too."

"Yes, Denny, your uncle Ezra and I certainly will be glad to make room for you in our home," his aunt added. "We've always thought about you like a son, you know."

Matt didn't know what he was going to do, but moving to Seattle wasn't it. He only had half a year of high school left. All his

friends were here. If he had to change schools now, it would probably seriously mess him up. And he'd been offered a job with the local newspaper as their full-time photographer. He'd been planning to attend the local community college part-time and take business courses. All of those plans would be spoiled if he had to move now.

"I don't know," Matt replied. "I'm almost done with school and I really want to graduate with my friends here. I'm not sure I should transfer now."

"But, Matt, you can't stay here alone!" Aunt Serena protested.

"Yeah, and we sure as hell can't stay here with you," Uncle Ezra added. "I gotta job and we got our house and all."

"I don't know, I just don't know," Matt continued, "this is my home. I don't want to leave."

"I unnerstand how you feel, kid, but I don't see that there's any way around this," Uncle Ezra said firmly. "You're gonna have to come back to Seattle with us. And we're flyin' out Sunday."

Damn! Matt got up and went to his room. Why? Just when it looked like his life was going good did, things have to fall apart? Dammit, he didn't want to go to Seattle. He didn't know anyone there and he didn't like it there. It rained all the time. He was eighteen and in this state that meant he was an adult. He didn't

care what his uncle and aunt wanted, there was no way he was moving to Seattle!

Except for attending the funeral ceremonies, he hadn't been out of the house in several days. He needed to get out, to get some fresh air. He grabbed his coat and headed downstairs.

"I'm going for a walk," he told his uncle and aunt, who were in the living room, watching TV.

"Don't be late," his aunt cautioned, "dinner will be ready exactly at five. Your uncle Ezra gets grumpy if he doesn't eat at five."

"I don't much give a shit if Uncle Ezra gets grumpy or not," Matt thought as he walked down the street not sure, exactly, where he was going. Eventually he found himself on the street where Dianna Hillman lived.

Dianna was out, sweeping snow off the sidewalk, and saw Matt before he saw her. She knew what had happened to his parents, and felt sympathy for him. She'd been meaning to call him, but didn't because she didn't know what to say to him. Now there he was, walking down the street, toward her.

"Hi, Matt!" she called.

Matt looked up, saw Dianna, smiled, and waved.

"Hello!" he called back. They met at the end of the walk to her house and Dianna gave him a hug.

"I'm really sorry about what happened to your folks, Matt," she said.

"Thanks," Matt replied.

"What are you going to do now?" Dianna asked.

Matt shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "My...my aunt and uncle...they want me to go and live in Seattle with them."

Dianna felt a chill. "Oh, no! That would be awful!" she said.

"Tell me about it," Matt replied bitterly. "I have a half year of school left and all."

"I hope you don't have to move," she said.

Matt nodded and said, "I'm not moving. No way!"

"Good, when are you coming back to school?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I need to get this business with my uncle and aunt taken care of. If I can get that done, I should be back next week."

"I hope you can get that settled," Dianna said.

"Well," he said, "I guess I gotta go." He looked at her and smiled. "It was nice seeing you again, Dianna."

"I missed seeing you, too," she replied. "And I really am sorry about your folks."

Dianna stood on the sidewalk, watching Matt walk down the street, until he turned the corner and finally moved out of sight.

"I don't want him to move away," she thought. Then she turned and went into her house.

Matt kept walking, almost aimlessly. Now he was on Rick's street. There was Rick's house. Mary...Mrs. Forrester...was in there. So was Mr. Forrester, he believed. Head down, staring at the sidewalk in front of him, Matt walked on by.

Rick happened to be looking out the living room window as Matt passed. He saw his friend, ran to the front door, opened it, and went out on the porch. "Matt! Hey! Den!" he yelled, but Matt kept on walking, as if he hadn't heard.

"I wonder what's the matter with him?" he asked his mother, who'd heard her son's yells and joined him on the porch.

"I don't know, honey," she said softly. "He's suffered a terrible loss. He just needs time to get over it."

"You know," Ricky turned and hugged his mother. "I was feeling sorry for myself because you and Dad were splitting up. You guys may be getting a divorce and all, but at least the both of you are alive."

Mary hugged her son back. "Why hasn't Matt called or come over?" she wondered. She wanted so badly to go to him, to offer him comfort, but she wasn't sure how his aunt and uncle would react. Or, for that matter, how Matt would.

Chapter 23

Matt and his Uncle Ezra and Aunt Serena sat in the attorney's office, listening to the lawyer read the terms of his parents' will. According to the document, Matt, as sole heir, would inherit his parent's entire estate.

"I don't know if you know it or not, but you are a very wealthy young man," the attorney told Matt. "The value of your father's investments, were you to liquidate them all right now, totals well over three million dollars. In addition, there is your father's

majority interest in his business and some rather substantial and profitable real estate holdings. And, of course, you'll also have whatever settlement you'll receive from the airline's insurance company and the various life insurance policies your parents held. I believe, conservatively, the total value of the estate, once everything is settled could wind up in the range of ten to fifteen million dollars."

Matt was stunned by the vast figures the lawyer suggested, but how much money he had wasn't really important. He'd rather be poor and have his parents alive.

"Geez," Uncle Ezra exclaimed as they drove back to the house after the reading of the will. "You ain't never gonna have to work a day in your life if you don't want to, Denny. Ten to fifteen million bucks. Wow!"

"Now Ezra," his wife cautioned him, "You have to remember, Matt has been through a terrible tragedy."

"I know," Ezra said, "but damn, Serena, you and me, we worked real hard all our lives, and we ain't never gonna have a tiny damn piece of what's fallin' into that damn kid's lap."

They pulled into the driveway, then went in the house. Matt didn't like the tone he heard in his uncle's voice when he talked about the inheritance. He might be reading it wrong, but it sounded to him as if Uncle Ezra was jealous of his inheritance.

Even worse, it sounded as if his uncle would like nothing more than to get his hands on some, if not all, of the money.

He went inside and directly upstairs to his room and the darkroom. Working on his photography projects helped ease the grief and loss he felt. It gave him something he could do that made him feel as if he had control over at least part of his life.

His uncle and aunt were using the spare bedroom, which happened to be on the other side of the darkroom wall. In fact, the darkroom was created by partitioning off some of that bedroom and some of the one Matt used. He heard his aunt and uncle enter the next bedroom, then he listened carefully, trying to hear their conversation.

"You know, Serena," Ezra said, "we gotta get that lawyer to unnerstand he hasta make us the kid's guardians and make him come to live with us. Then maybe we could get the courts back home to put us in control of all that money. I bet the court would rather see us takin' care of it, instead of some wet-nosed kid."

"I don't know, Ezra," Serena replied, "If that was what your brother wanted, don't you think he'd have put it in the will? Besides, Matt's eighteen. He's in charge of his own money."

"I been thinkin' about that," Ezra said. "It ain't right, a wet-nosed teen-age kid havin' control of all that money. I mean, he ain't gonna be able to handle that kinda money. I bet, if he was back in Seattle with us, they'd let us take care of it for him."

"I hadn't thought about that," Serena replied thoughtfully. "And you're right about him being too young. I'm sure he'll come back to Seattle with us. I mean, he certainly can't stay here alone. And who else could they appoint as his guardians? We're the only family he has left."

Matt heard it, but couldn't believe it. His worst fears were confirmed. He'd never much liked Serena and Ezra and neither had his father. Ezra, the younger brother, hadn't done much with his life and Matt's father had grown tired of bailing him out.

Matt knew his father wouldn't want either Ezra or Serena to have any say over the estate. All his aunt and uncle wanted, it seemed, was to get control of his money. He thought about telling his parents' attorney. But would the lawyer believe him? After all, Serena and Ezra were kin, the only kin he had left.

"I'm going out," he yelled through their bedroom door as he headed for the stairs.

"Don't be out too late, dear," his aunt yelled back.

Matt took the pickup. He wasn't sure how his aunt and uncle would react to that, but he didn't care. Question was, where could he go? Who could he talk to? Who could help him out of this mess?

He went to Dianna's house. He wasn't sure why, it just seemed like a good idea. He parked the truck in front, got out, walked up the sidewalk, and knocked on the door.

Dianna's mother answered the door.

"Hi," Matt said, "is Dianna home?"

"She's in her room," Dianna's mom said, "come in. I'll get her."

Dianna appeared from the hallway. "Matt! What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I need to talk with someone," he told her. "I...uh, was hoping you might have some time to..."

"I'll get my coat," Dianna said. She was delighted, almost giddy, that he had turned to her as a confidante. "What's wrong?" she asked as Matt wheeled his truck away from the curb.

"I think I'm in trouble," he said.

"Trouble? What kind of trouble? What happened?" Dianna asked.

He told her about his aunt and uncle's obsession with his inheritance and the conversation he'd overheard.

Dianna was shocked. "That's terrible! What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I really don't know," Matt said. He pulled into the parking lot of a fast-food restaurant. "Want something to eat?"

"Sure," Dianna said. She was concerned. This was awful. Matt was a friend, someone special in her life, and she hated to think about his moving out of town. Besides what his aunt and uncle were doing was awful.

Once they were seated at a table inside the restaurant, Dianna repeated her question. "What are you going to do?"

"I think I need an adult to help me," Matt said, "but I don't know who to ask."

"How about the lawyer who's handling your folks' estate?" Dianna suggested.

"I'm not sure he'd believe me," Matt said. "I mean, it sounds pretty sick, doesn't it? My uncle and aunt will say I'm just trying to get my own way, that I'm trying to get to stay here and that I'm too young to handle my folks' estate. And...and a judge might believe them."

Dianna shook her head. "What about Ricky's mom?" she said. "You and he are real close, maybe she'd be willing to help you."

Matt had thought about talking to Mary, but he didn't want to go to the Forrester house and find out Mary and her husband had gotten back together. "I haven't talked to them since...since...you know," he told her.

"Well, maybe it's time you do," she said. "Mrs. Forrester was friends with your folks. Maybe a judge would listen to her."

Matt wasn't sure how to respond to Dianna's suggestion. He wanted to see Mary, more than anything, but he wasn't sure she would want to see him.

"I think you ought to give Rick and his mom a call," Dianna insisted. "If you don't do something, you'll have to move to Seattle."

"Would it bother you if I had to move?" he asked.

Dianna was surprised by her answer. "Yes, it would," she said.

Matt smiled at her and said, "Well, then, maybe I better try."

Dianna was heartened to see him smile, the first smile she'd seen on his face since the tragedy that took his parents.

Matt took her home, then drove to the Forrester house. He sat in the truck in front of the house for quite a while, working up the courage to go to the door. Finally, he got out walked up the sidewalk to the house, and knocked on the door.

Ricky opened the door, then almost broke Matt's back with a hug. "Matt! Geez, it's good to see you," he said.

"Are your, ah, folks home?" Matt asked.

"Mom's here," Rick said, giving Matt a funny look, "My Dad's got an apartment on the other side of town. You knew they split up. That happened just before your folks, ah, you know..."

"But...I...you were all together at the...the funeral," Matt stammered.

"I convinced Mom and Dad it would look better if we did that as a family," Rick said. "They've already filed for divorce and have the agreement all worked out and everything."

"Ricky..." Mary's voice came from the direction of the stairwell, "...is somebody here?"

Matt was trying to grasp what he'd just heard. Mary and her husband hadn't reconciled! Rick's father had moved out! He had an apartment somewhere else and the divorce was all but taken care of! He realized he'd let himself be cut off from Mary by a stupid misunderstanding.

"Yeah, Mom," Ricky replied, "Matt is here."

Mary was downstairs in seconds, giving Matt a hug even tighter than Rick's. "How are you, Matt?" she asked, "Are...are you all right?"

"I'm better...now," he replied. He felt hopeful for the first time since he overheard the conversation between his aunt and uncle. "I came over because I need help."

"What's wrong?" Mary asked. Her pretty face reflected concern. "Sit down and tell us about it."

Rick sat in a chair, Matt and Mary sat on the sofa, and Matt told them what was going on.

"My God!" Mary exclaimed when he finished.

"Those bastards!" Rick snapped.

Mary didn't bother to challenge her son's profanity. "We have to figure out some way to help Matt," she said.

"Why don't we have him move in with us?" Rick suggested.

Matt and Mary looked at each other, then at Rick, and they all smiled. The suggestion was so simple, so obvious, there seemed no need for further discussion.

"I'll set up an appointment with the lawyer handling my folks' estate," Matt said. "We'll meet with him tomorrow and get this straightened out."

Matt knew it would work. It had to. He now had a responsible adult willing to let him live with her and her son. In addition to the other valid reasons for him to remain in his home town, this should be enough to convince any judge, if that became necessary. There were other reasons he liked the proposed situation, but he couldn't tell the lawyer about them.

"It was a real shock finding out my Dad's brother was that greedy," Matt said. "I mean, I know Dad used to say Uncle Ezra was lazy and all, but I didn't think he was, you know, like he is."

"Money does strange things to people," Mary said.

They talked a lot longer and, finally, Matt knew he had to go home. Mary and Rick walked with him to the door, and Mary

gave him a motherly kiss. Matt would have liked much more. His body ached to feel hers pressed against it, but with Rick there, that was impossible.

"See you tomorrow," he said, then headed for his truck.

Ezra and Serena were in the kitchen when he got home. A six-pack of beer, four cans missing, sat on the table.

"Hey, Denny," Uncle Ezra said. "Me 'n Serena been talkin'. You come live with us, we're gonna find us a bigger house. An' we'll take that Mercedes and truck along, too. I mean, it'd be kinda silly to get rid of them, you know? That's a really nice truck. I kin put a snowplow on it and you can make a few extra bucks that way. And I think Serena looks perfect in the Mercedes, you know?" He took a long swallow of beer from a can he held in his hand. "An' tell you what, we'll get you a little darkroom, too, so you can play with your cameras and stuff. Like you been doin' here."

"Thanks, Uncle Ezra, that's really nice of you," Matt said, not bothering to conceal the sarcasm in his voice.

Ezra and Serena didn't notice Matt's sardonic tone.

"I'm going to bed," Matt said. He couldn't wait until tomorrow. He wondered what Ezra and Serena would do when they found out there wasn't a chance in hell of their getting the money.

"OK, sweetheart," Serena said, "see you in the morning."

Uncle Ezra belched.

Chapter 24

First thing the next morning, before he went down to breakfast, Matt called the attorney who was handling his folks' estate and made an appointment to meet with him that afternoon. The lawyer was hesitant until Matt told him why he wanted the appointment.

The attorney listened to Matt's explanation and, after he heard what Ezra and Serena were up to, he said he thought the idea of Matt moving in with Mary and Rick was a good one. "I'm sure there won't be any problems with what you're suggesting," he told the young man. "You're eighteen, an adult. I can't imagine any way they could prevail, even if they did attempt to contest your plan in court." He chuckled. "I can't think of an attorney in a hundred-mile radius who'd even consider filing a case like that."

Uncle Ezra and Aunt Serena were in the kitchen eating breakfast when Matt, who was feeling quite optimistic after talking to the lawyer, came downstairs. Uncle Ezra looked terrible. Matt wondered how many beers he'd drunk the night before.

"Grab yourself something to eat, kid," Uncle Ezra said. His mouth was full of food and when he spoke, bits of food sprayed the table.

"Yeah," Aunt Serena added, "I made plenty. Growing boy like you needs a good breakfast."

Matt went to the stove. The eggs in the frying pan had a greenish tint. He took some, sat down, and tried them. They tasted rotten. Ketchup, lots of it, didn't help. Disgusted, he stood up, took the dish to the sink, and scraped the eggs into the garbage disposal. "I'm not hungry," he explained.

"Gotta eat, boy," Uncle Ezra said, spraying food in Matt's direction.

"We have another appointment with the lawyer at two this afternoon," Matt said.

His aunt looked surprised. "What's that all about?" she asked.

"Yeah," Uncle Ezra peered at him suspiciously through blood-shot eyes, "How come we didn't know about this appointment?"

"I ran into the lawyer downtown last night," Matt lied, "he said there were some papers that needed to be signed. They have to do with guardianship and my moving to Seattle."

"Well, then, we better make sure we're there," Uncle Ezra said. "Gotta get all that legal crap straightened out, don't we?"

"We sure do," Matt agreed.

Matt stayed in the darkroom and out of his aunt and uncle's way for the rest of the morning. He considered developing the last pictures he took of Mary, but he decided to let those wait. He didn't want to risk Serena or Ezra getting into the darkroom and finding the negatives. Since he had no more work to do in his photo lab, he went down and washed and waxed the car and truck.

He made himself a sandwich for lunch, declining Aunt Serena's offer of whatever it was she'd cooked, and went up to his room to get ready for his appointment with the attorney. At one o'clock, showered, dressed in a three-piece charcoal gray suit, he went downstairs.

"My," Aunt Serena commented, "don't you look handsome? So grown up."

Matt nodded. "I have to do some things. I'll meet you at the lawyer's office at two," he said.

He went out, got in the truck, and headed for Mary's house. She was waiting for him, got in the truck, and they drove to the lawyer's office.

The lawyer wasn't surprised by what Matt had told him about his relatives' greed. "I've seen it happen before," the imposing man said. "It's a sad commentary on people, especially family, but the amounts far less than the money in your estate often tends to bring out the greed in some people. I'm sorry this had to happen, Matt."

"Just so we can fix it so I don't have to go to Seattle with them," Matt said.

"That definitely won't be a problem," the lawyer said. "As I told you on the phone, even if this case were to come before a court, any responsible judge would most likely rule in your favor. The fact that Mrs. Forrester has consented to let you live with her and her son certainly helps your case, too. If I remember correctly, your father and I once had a discussion about who to appoint as your guardian if something happened to him. Mr. and Mrs. Forrester were among the names he brought up."

Matt smiled. He felt a lot better about the way things were going to work out.

Uncle Ezra and Aunt Serena arrived at two. Uncle Ezra saw Mary sitting there, and looked at Matt. "Who's she, and what's she doin' here?" he asked.

"You'll see," Matt told him.

"We're here today to clear up a few things..." the lawyer began, "As executors of Matt's parents' estates, we did have some concerns about his living alone."

Uncle Ezra smiled, looked at his wife, and nudged her with his elbow.

"However, Mrs. Virginia Forrester, a good friend of his parents, has generously offered to allow Matt to live with her and her son. That satisfies our concerns about his well-being." He looked at Serena and Ezra and smiled. "I'm sure you, as Matt's only living relatives, want only the best for Matt and understand that this action is in his best interest."

Uncle Ezra and Aunt Serena looked at each other, startled.

"Mrs. Forrester's son, Rick, is Matt's best friend, she has a stable home, and has more than adequate room for Matt," the lawyer continued. "I can't think of a more appropriate disposition in this case."

Ezra jumped to his feet, red-faced. "Just a goddamn minute!" he blustered. "Matt is our kin. He...he ain't gonna live with no stranger!"

"Uncle Ezra, it's what I want," Matt said softly. "I don't want to move to Seattle."

"Look..." Ezra muttered. He began to pace back and forth in front of the lawyer's big desk. He glowered at Mary. "We ain't gonna stand for this! You're tryin' to pull somethin' here. You're after all that money. We ain't goin' for it! We're gonna get us a lawyer and fight this!"

"You can do that if you wish," the lawyer said. "It is your right. But you need to be aware that you'll have little or no luck getting such a case to court, since Matt is eighteen and of sound mind. Guardianship is a moot issue. Legally, he is an adult under the law and is his own guardian."

"We'll see about that!" Ezra stormed. Serena, looking confused, stood up.

"Just a minute!" The lawyer's commanding voice stopped both of them where they stood. "Since the two of you no longer have any business here in Jamestown, I'm sure you would like to return to Seattle as soon as possible. In fact, I've taken the liberty of booking both of you on a flight to Seattle that leaves late this afternoon." He smiled. "I am aware that you have limited financial resources, so the cost of your air fare will be charged to the estate. It's the least we can do to thank you for your interest in Matt's welfare."

He pressed a button on his desk and two well-dressed young men came in to the office. "Mr. and Mrs. Williams, my associates will drive you to Matt's home to pick up your things and will see to it you get to the airport." He waved his hand in a dismissing gesture. "No thanks are necessary, of course, I'm glad to do this for you. Now you'll have to excuse me. I have things to do."

Looking deflated, Serena and Ezra preceded the two young men out of the office.

"Matt," the attorney said, "there are a few things we need to clear up today. I believe we should compensate Mrs. Forrester for the expense of having you live with her, don't you, Matt?"

Matt grinned and nodded.

"That...that isn't necessary," Mary protested.

"Nonsense, Mrs. Forrester, you will receive a stipend," the attorney said. "And Matt, I believe we should arrange an allowance for you as well. Remember, we're here should you need us, and I want to assure you we'll be more than happy to continue as your attorneys."

"I'd like that," Matt said.

The lawyer stood up and shook hands with both Mary and Matt. "Feel free to contact me if you have any problems, Matt," he said.

"Your father wasn't just a client, he was a good friend. I hope we can be friends, too. You seem very much like him."

They stopped at the school after the meeting to tell Rick what had happened.

"Far out!" Rick said. "This is great! From now on, it will be like having a brother. Fan-tastic!"

"You shouldn't miss basketball practice," Mary told her son. "Matt and I will pick up his things and get him moved into our house. We'll see you when you get home."

"OK, Mom." Ricky kissed his mother, then hugged Matt. "See you later, bro."

Matt and Mary got in the pickup and headed for his home. As they drove, Mary put her hand on Matt's thigh and stroked it softly. Matt felt his body responding. "It's...ah...good this truck's automatic," he said hoarsely.

"Oh?" Mary asked.

"Slide your hand up a little higher and you'll see why," Matt told her.

Mary did, then blushed.

Matt turned into the driveway of his home and drove on into the garage. The Mercedes was in its spot. He closed the automatic garage door, leaned over to kiss Mary, but she put her hand on his chest and stopped him.

"Don't you think we ought to be sure your aunt and uncle are really gone?" she said.

"Ah, yeah, I guess so," Matt said. He got out of the truck, walked around and held the door for Mary.

"Where did you learn to be such a gentleman?" she asked. She wished Ricky would learn to be more courteous. Unfortunately, he was too much like his father.

Matt blushed and walked to the back door. He opened and held it for Mary. Once they were inside, he looked all through the house, then he rejoined Mary in the kitchen.

"They're gone," he told her, "the only trace left of them is over there." He pointed to the counter.

Mary looked. The sink was filled with dirty dishes and the waste basket overflowed with empty beer cans. Matt's mother had been an immaculate housekeeper. The pile of filthy dishes wouldn't have lasted five minutes if...

Mary forgot the dirty dishes when Matt's arms encircled her. She could feel his warmth coming through the clinging, satiny material of the dress she wore. It had been so long. With a sigh, she pressed against him. When their lips met, she felt as if she was melting. It had been so long since she'd felt his kisses, too long. His tongue lashed hers, caressing her lips and probing her mouth.

"Let's go up to my room," Matt said breathlessly after the kiss ended.

Mary nodded and, hand-in-hand, they walked up the stairs.

In his bedroom, Matt again pulled Mary into his arms and covered her lips with his. While their tongues dueled, he began to pull up her dress.

Mary, not wanting the expensive garment damaged, helped him remove it. Once the dress was off, his hands began moving over her nearly-bare body, bringing soft moans of joy and gasps of delight from her. His hand slid up her back, undid the clasps of her bra, and her beautiful breasts sprang free, the nipples already erect and straining.

Mary undid the clasp of Matt's pants, which dropped around his ankles. Her soft hand moved inside his underpants and found his already-erect cock. God, she needed this! She sank slowly to her knees in front of him and began to kiss and lick the turgid, throbbing organ.

Matt stood wobble-legged, while explosions of rapture shook him. It was a remarkable picture, the beautiful nearly-naked woman kneeling, sucking the erect penis of the red-faced, trembling young man who was naked from the waist down. He groaned and his hips began to move, sliding his erection in and out of Mary's welcoming mouth. His hands clutched her hair. "Ahh!" he groaned. It felt so good!

Mary felt his hands in her hair and the urgent movement of his cock in and out of her mouth and was exhilarated. "God, it's been so long, and this is so wonderful!" she thought, and it excited her all the more.

Matt knew he wouldn't be able to hold back very long and didn't want to come in Mary's mouth. He dropped to his knees, extracting his erection from her mouth as he did, and kissed her.

"I want you," he told her. "I have to have you!" He helped Mary onto the bed. She lay back and her legs fell apart, exposing her panty-hose covered crotch, sopping with juices that had been welling from her ever since Matt first touched her in the kitchen.

Mary felt his hands go to her waist and tug down the hose, then starbursts of rapture exploded in her as his mouth covered her vagina. His lips and tongue explored her expertly, driving her to the brink of explosion. "Ahh!" she cried, her hips bucking wildly.

Matt didn't want to make Mary come with his mouth. Realizing how close she was, he climbed on the bed and drove his erection into her.

"Oh!" Mary groaned as the massive tube she'd missed so much filled her. "Yes! Yes! Oh, yes! It...it feels so good! Oh, lover! Oh, lover!"

Matt tried to move slowly, to hold back, but his control was nearly gone. After a few strokes into Mary's quivering sleeve, he felt his orgasm boil up inside him. "Uh! Uhh!" he groaned, his hip movements becoming more urgent, "Mary! Mary! I'm gonna come! Oh, God! I'm coming!"

His hot eruption sent Mary spinning into a maelstrom of delirious sensations. "Yes! Yes! Ah! Oh, Matt! Do it! I'm...I'm coming, too! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" she wailed as a wonderful orgasm swept over and through her.

When at last their bodies calmed, Mary looked at Matt and began to giggle.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"Look at you," Mary chuckled.

Matt looked down. He was still wearing his shirt, tie, vest, and jacket, but was nude from the waist down except for his shoes

and socks. The clothing he still wore was badly wrinkled. "Oh..." he felt his face redden, "I guess I was a little eager, huh?"

"I was, too, love," Mary said and kissed him, "but we really should get going. If Ricky gets home before we do, he'll wonder where we are."

"I guess so," Matt agreed. He climbed out of bed and finished shedding his suit. Then he cleaned himself up in the bathroom and dressed. Mary cleaned herself up and got dressed while Matt packed the things he'd need. They went downstairs to the kitchen.

"I ought to clean up those dishes," Matt said, "Mom will..." He turned and looked at Mary, his eyes red and wet.

Mary took him in her arms and held him close. "It's OK, darling," she said, "you'll miss them for a long time. We can come over and clean the place up tomorrow." Matt smiled weakly and they left.

Chapter 25

Ricky was excited when he got home from school. "Coach made arrangements for me to go talk with the basketball coach up at State," he said, "He thinks I can get a full scholarship."

"That's really neat, Rick," Matt said.

"Yes, honey, that's wonderful," Mary agreed.

"Yeah, we're leaving Friday night, after school. We're going to fly up there and spend the weekend. State is paying for everything," Ricky said. He was almost beside himself with excitement.

"That's super!" Mary said. "How long will you be gone?"

"We get back late Sunday," Rick said.

Matt was jubilant. Rick's news meant he and Mary would have the weekend alone. They'd finally be able to spend two whole nights sleeping together. All he had to do was wait four more nights. "I better go back to school tomorrow," he said. "I'm afraid I've gotten way behind on my work."

Mary looked at him, puzzled. She hoped they might have a few more days together.

"We can go over and clean up my place this weekend," he told her.

"All right," Mary said.

Matt took them out to dinner to celebrate his new family arrangement. When they returned home, they spent most of the evening talking about how much fun it was going to be for the

three of them to be living as a family. Eventually, worn out from the day's excitement, they went to bed.

Mary and Matt made love again, but once more she insisted he spend the night in his own room.

"Don't look so upset. We'll be able to spend nights together this weekend," she told her disappointed young paramour.

After breakfast the next morning, the boys rode to school together in Matt's truck.

"You still going out with Dianna Hillman?" Matt asked as they drove down the street.

"Nah," Ricky said, "she was OK and all, a lot of fun, really, but I'm not ready to settle down with anybody." Thinking about Dianna made him decide he'd take her out again. She was a heck of a piece of ass.

"You mean you took her out, then dropped her, just like that?" Matt asked.

"Sure," his friend replied. "No way I'm going to get tied down to one chick. I've got four years of college, and college chicks, ahead of me. Getting tied down to one girl will crimp my style."

"I don't know, Rick," Matt said, "I can't see how you can be like that." He made the turn into the school parking lot.

"Hey, bro," Rick said as they walked into the school. "Look around. There are a lot of chicks in school who ain't bad. I mean, why should I pass up all those opportunities?"

Matt didn't know how to respond. He just shook his head and went to his locker. He got his books out and turned around to find Dianna standing there.

"Hi," she said.

Matt smiled and said, "Hi."

"You staying around?" she asked.

Matt nodded. "Yeah," he said. "I'm living with Rick and his Mom."

"What happened to your aunt and uncle?" Dianna asked.

"They went back to Seattle," Matt said. "If I never see them again, it will be too soon." He smiled at her. "Thanks for being a friend the other day. I really appreciate that."

Dianna felt her cheeks get hot. "It...it, ah, was no problem. I'm glad I was there for you," she said.

"I have to get to class," Matt said. "Can I sit with you at lunch?"

"Uh...sure," Dianna said.

"Great! See you then." Matt turned and left. As he walked down the hall, Rick came up beside him.

"Saw you talking with Dianna Hillman," his friend said.

"So?" Matt asked.

"Hey, no problem!" Rick said. "I think it's a great idea. Start with the pushovers first, then work up to the hard ones." He clapped Matt on the shoulder and went into a classroom.

"Damn him!" Matt thought. He wasn't sure why Rick's comment bugged him as much as it did, but it sure made him angry.

The morning went quickly. Matt enjoyed being back, and the teachers were happy to see him. He and Dianna sat in a corner of the cafeteria and had a nice talk. He felt really good when he was with her, and discovered they had quite a few of the same interests.

The bell rang.

"Want a ride home after school?" Matt asked.

"Uh...sure," Dianna said.

"My truck's out in the parking lot. I'll wait for you," Matt said.

That day, school seemed to be more fun than ever for both young people. Dianna walked to class smiling, feeling warm inside. "Matt likes me," she thought. "He likes me for me, and not what he can get from me." Knowing that made her feel warm inside. She was standing next to the pickup, waiting for Matt, after school let out.

Matt smiled at her as he walked across the parking lot. "Been waiting long?" he asked.

She shook her head and said, "No, I just got here."

Matt held the door for her, and she climbed in. He walked around to his side, got in, started the engine, then he drove out of the parking lot.

"Thanks for the ride," Dianna said when they reached her place.

"Any time," Matt told her. She got out, waved to him, and he drove off.

As he got closer to home, Matt's thoughts of Dianna were supplanted by anticipation. Rick had an away game tonight and wouldn't be home until late. Matt knew what he hoped would happen, and fervently hoped Mary felt the same way. He parked the truck in the driveway and ran into the house.

At home, Mary had her excitement growing as the time for Matt to arrive home from school approached. She spent the whole day envisioning an evening of passion, it distracted her so much she was unable to do much other than daydream. Her pulse began racing when she heard the truck pull into the driveway. "Having Matt living here should be very satisfying," she mused.

She walked into the kitchen just as Matt burst through the door. He dropped his books on the floor, grabbed her, and kissed her.

Their need to breathe eventually terminated the kiss.

"I've been thinking about you all day," Matt panted. His hands moved to Mary's blouse and started opening the buttons. His eyes widened and he smiled broadly when he discovered she wasn't wearing a bra. "No bra?" he asked.

"I thought it would just get in the way," Mary replied. She shuddered when the young man's lips and hands went to work on her nipples. Ecstasy rushed through her, she groaned with

delight and felt her legs going rubbery. Her hands clutched his head, pulling him against her. "Oh! Matt! That feels so good!" she whimpered. "I love the way you touch my breasts!" His caresses were so soft, so gentle, and so exciting!

While his lips and one hand worked on Mary's large, firm, breasts, his other hand slid down her belly to her waist and undid the clasp of her slacks. The zipper buzzed open and the slacks pooled at her ankles. His hand caressed her belly, then delved into her lush forest of pubic hair.

Matt looked at her and smiled. "No underwear, either?" he asked.

Mary responded with a kiss and her tongue explored his mouth.

"We...we shouldn't be doing this here...in the...Ah!...kitchen," she murmured as his hands continued to drive her wild after the kiss ended. "What...Oh!...what if someone comes to the door?"

"Good thinking," Matt said. He took her hand and led her into the living room. He had her lay down on the sofa, knelt next to her, and resumed his avid exploration of her willing form with lips and hands. Her skin was so warm, so silken, and her response to his touch was so wild.

A constant stream of gasps and groans came from Mary as her young lover's hands, lips, and tongue did incredible things to her quaking body. He was such an incredible lover!

One of Matt's hands slid down a shapely leg, lifted it, and laid it on the back of the sofa. Then, softly, he kissed the baby-smooth skin of her inner thighs. Mary was thrilled. Tom, her husband, had never taken so much time with her, or been so gentle! It was exhilarating! Passion grew and blossomed, swept over her in waves, then began again, each wave taking her to higher and higher levels of delight. "Matt! Oh, God! Oh, God! That feels so wonderful!" she babbled. "Never! Never felt like this! Never!"

Matt loved the effect his caresses were having on Mary and continued his slow, loving exploration. He touched and kissed her everywhere except where she begged him to. At last, unable to resist temptation any longer, he covered the glistening lips of her vagina with his mouth.

Mary had almost reached the point where she felt it was impossible to feel any better. Then, when Matt's lips and tongue began an exquisite exploration of the center of her passion, a brilliant, overwhelming storm of erotic sensations was unleashed. Her hips rocked up off the couch, and orgasm rent her. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried, her body thrashing, "I'm...I'm coming! Yes! Oh, yes! Ahhh!"

Matt kept going until Mary lay limp and spent, her arms slack, her eyes closed. He exulted in being able to give this lovely woman so much pleasure. He'd dreamed about doing all this with her for so long and now, to be able to actually do it, and to have it be this good for her, was more than he'd ever dreamed.

While Mary lay half-dozing, Matt got up and picked up his camera. Once more, he snapped pictures of the gorgeous female. He used up a whole roll of film, then re-loaded the camera.

Mary stretched, opened her eyes, and heard the buzzing of the film advance on Matt's camera. She smiled at him, and, thinking herself quite wanton, began to pose.

Mary's reaction surprised and excited Matt. He continued to snap pictures while she began playing with herself.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. Mary cupped her breasts in her hands and thumbed the nipples. "Play with yourself!"

Mary was startled to discover that being photographed nude, in erotic poses, was exciting and became easier to do the more she did it. Her face started to display the slackness of expanding passion as she savored the pleasure her hands were giving her. She almost forgot Matt was taking pictures of her auto-erotic activities.

"She's getting turned on!" Matt realized as he moved around snapping pose after pose. The realization caused his already-hard penis to twitch uncomfortably in his snug jeans. As he watched Mary get more and more aroused, he continued to take pictures.

Mary, by now only vaguely aware of the camera, was actively making love to herself. Her hands slid across her belly, and

dipped into her groin. While the fingers of one hand explored her oozing quim, the other hand began to twirl her engorged clit.

"Oh! Oh!" she gasped, delighted, her hips bucking upward, driven by her pumping, twirling fingers.

"If she keeps that up, maybe she'll come!" Matt thought. His body was aflame with desire from watching her. The front of his pants was soaked with pre-cum, and his penis was so hard it hurt. Although he very much wanted to join Mary in her erotic activities, he kept shooting pictures. He wanted a picture of her coming!

"Ahh!" Mary cried out suddenly, "Unhh! Unnhh!" Her whirling hand was a blur on her clit, and she had three fingers thrusting into her. Her body twisted and strained when she came, and her legs quaked. Matt got it all. Even after she collapsed, spent, he continued to take pictures. Finally, the film was gone.

Mary lay on the sofa, smiling up at him, blushing furiously. "I can't believe I really did that," she said softly. "Did...did you get pictures of all of it?"

Matt, overwhelmed, couldn't talk. He nodded.

Mary held out her arms. As much fun as self-loving had been, she wanted more. She wanted the real thing! "Come here, lover."

Stiff-legged, Matt moved to the sofa. Mary undid his belt, opened his pants, pushed them down over his hips, then she took his swollen penis in her hand.

"I want this!" she murmured. "Put it in me! Now!"

Matt didn't waste any time. He laid down the camera and climbed between her outspread thighs, thrilled as the head of his erection rode up between her damp vaginal lips and into her pubic hair.

Mary reached between their inflamed bodies, grasped the object of her desire, guided it to her pulsing opening, then she gasped with joy when Matt lowered his hips, driving deep into her.

"Darling! Oh, Darling!" she cooed. "Yes! Oh, yes!"

Matt had an infinitesimal amount of control. Mary's passionate performance for the camera had him incredibly turned on. Now, her grasping vagina milking his penis gave him sensations so incredibly sweet he almost came the instant he entered her. Hilted deeply in her, feeling her channel massaging his invading shaft, he held himself still, trying to regain some measure of control, but he knew he was fighting a losing battle.

"It feels so good having you in me," Mary purred. She pulled his face to hers and kissed him.

"It feels good being in you," Matt replied, finally feeling as if he had enough control to begin moving.

Mary was delightfully surprised to discover that having his swollen member in her, plumbing her depths, was arousing her once again. She couldn't believe it! She'd had two mind-blowing orgasms, and here she was, headed toward still another!

"Yes! Yes!" she mewled, her hips coming to life, rocking up to meet his thrusts. She couldn't believe she could come again, but this felt so good! How had she managed to live without this wonderful young man? He was incredible! She couldn't believe it. She was going to... "Oh! My God! Agg! Again!" she moaned. "Oh, God! I'm coming! I'm coming! Again! Yes! Yes! Oh, God! Yes!"

Mary's sudden explosion sent Matt off on his own carnival ride of delight.

"Mary! Oh, Mary!" he cried, feeling the powerful spasms as his body spewed what seemed like endless quantities of his hot fluids into her. Then he collapsed atop her, feeling the cushion of her breasts against his chest.

When they came to their senses, Matt kissed the lovely woman under him.

"You hungry?" he asked.

Mary nodded and said, "I'm starved." She reached out and stroked his face. "You want me to make us something?"

Matt got off the sofa. "Tonight's my treat," he said. "I'll make dinner for you." He picked up his jeans and slipped them on.

"I didn't know you cooked," Mary said.

"I...I do...a...a little," Matt stammered. He blushed, turned, and walked toward the kitchen.

Mary was surprised. Ricky had never shown the least interest in cooking. "Cooking is a woman's work," he said, echoing his father's sentiments. She got off the sofa, went upstairs, cleaned herself off, slipped on a fluffy robe from her closet, and went back downstairs.

Matt was busy at the stove. He'd found eggs, bacon, tomatoes, and mushrooms in the refrigerator, and had made up an omelet. He was cooking it when Mary came into the kitchen, walked up behind him, slid her arms around him, and kissed him softly on the neck.

"I love you," she whispered. "What are you making?"

"An omelet," Matt replied. "Tomato, bacon, and mushroom. And I love you, too."

"Where did you learn to cook?" she ran her fingers through his hair and licked his ear.

"Ah...Mom...she taught me a little. Uh, the rest, I just picked up on my own," he murmured.

"I'll set the table," Mary said. She reluctantly left him, got the dishes, and put them on the table.

While Mary was busy, Matt finished the omelet, then took it to the table, and they sat down and ate.

Mary was pleasantly surprised to find the omelet delicious. "This is fantastic!" she exclaimed. She looked at him. "Aren't you going to eat yours?"

Matt kept staring at her. He hadn't touched a bite of his food.

"Matt, you're not eating," Mary said. "Are you sick?"

Matt shook his head. "I just want to look at you," he told her.

Mary slid his portion from his plate to hers and ate that, too. After they finished eating, Matt got up and began clearing the table. Mary helped him.

"Let's go upstairs," she said when they were finished stacking the dishes in the dishwasher. "We can do the dishes later." She stood up, took his hand, and led him up the stairs.

Before they finally slept, Mary had two more orgasms, and fell asleep in her lover's arms.

Chapter 26

Dianna, headed for the van the cheerleaders rode to away games, was feeling a little disappointed. She walked past the school bus holding the team after the basketball game without glancing up, all the while hoping that Ricky might call to her, but he didn't. The game was exciting, especially the way they won on Ricky's last-minute basket and the girls had cheered themselves hoarse.

As she neared the cheerleader's van, Miss Conklin, the cheerleading coach, walked up to her. "Dianna," the coach said, "would you like to a ride home with me instead of on the van?"

"Ah...yeah...sure," Dianna replied. An invitation to ride with Miss Conklin was a highly sought-after honor among members of the cheering squad.

"You did a fine job tonight, Dianna," Miss Conklin told her as they drove out of the parking lot. "I was impressed with the energy and ability you showed tonight."

Dianna felt her cheeks get hot. "Ah...thank you, Miss Conklin," she said.

"I know this may sound like a personal question, and you don't have to answer if you don't want to, but do you date a lot, Dianna?" Miss Conklin asked.

Dianna nodded and said, "Ah...some."

"I'm surprised to that. I would have thought a pretty girl like you would have all kinds of dates," the coach said.

"Ah...I...I'm not all that pretty," Dianna replied.

"You certainly are," Miss Conklin said. "I think you're one of the most attractive members of the squad."

Hearing the words of praise from her coach gave Dianna a warm feeling. She liked the idea that Miss Conklin thought she was pretty, even though she knew she wasn't as pretty as the coach was. Carol Conklin was gorgeous; blonde and statuesque. Dianna knew a lot of the boys in school had the hots for her.

"Would you like to stop and have a soda?" the coach asked.

Dianna nodded and said, "OK."

They stopped at a small diner and both of them had a cola and French Fries.

"You graduate this year, don't you Dianna?" Miss Conklin asked as they ate.

Dianna nodded, she was really gratified by her coach's attention, especially since Ricky hadn't been showing her any attention at all lately.

"What are you going to do after graduation?" Miss Conklin asked.

Dianna shrugged. "I don't really know. I'll probably get a job somewhere," she said. "My grades aren't all that good, and my folks don't have a lot of money, so I can't go to college."

Miss Conklin frowned and shook her head. "I wish I'd known that sooner," she said. "Some colleges offer scholarships for cheerleaders." She shook her head again and made her blond tresses quiver. "Given the level of skill you have, I might have been able to help you get one."

"That's...that's OK," Dianna said.

They continued the trip home. When they arrived in town, Miss Conklin asked if Dianna minded stopping at her apartment

before she took her home. The young woman didn't mind and said so. At her coach's suggestion, Dianna went in with her.

The apartment was extremely nice. Very modern, with paintings of nude women on the walls, and there were several pieces of what were probably sculpture but looked an awful lot like penises.

Dianna was surprised by the decor. Miss Conklin seemed so unapproachable in school. That she'd have her apartment decorated with sexy pictures was something she would have never expected. "Your apartment is wild, Miss Conklin!" she said.

"Do you really like it?" the coach asked.

Dianna nodded. "It's really different. I think it's super!" she replied.

Miss Conklin moved close to Dianna. "Dianna, is...is the reason you don't date much that you don't really like boys?" she asked softly. Her hands began to slide up and down Dianna's arms.

"Ah...I...I don't know what you mean, Miss Conklin," Dianna replied. She was confused. What was going on? What was the coach up to? Why was she touching her like that?

"Dianna, have you ever made it with a woman?" Miss Conklin asked. Her voice was softer and smoother than Dianna had ever heard it.

The teenager was stunned. She liked Miss Conklin a lot, but she never expected anything like this! She knew some women were homosexual, but never dreamed anyone she knew was like that. Especially Miss Conklin. Her school jacket slid off her shoulders, urged by Miss Conklin's tender, insistent hands.

"Stop her!" Dianna's mind screamed. "Don't let her touch you like that! It's wrong!"

But Dianna couldn't respond. Miss Conklin was her friend, one of her only friends, and she didn't want to make her angry. If she angered the coach, she might get kicked off the cheerleading squad, and cheerleading was very important to the young girl. It was the only thing she did that made her feel worthwhile.

"You're trembling, my dove," the older woman whispered in the teen's ear, her voice even more mellow and captivating. "You aren't afraid of me, are you?"

"N...n...no," Dianna stammered, shaking her head. "It's...it's just that..."

Miss Conklin turned the young girl and silenced her with an open-mouthed kiss. Her tongue forced its way into Dianna's mouth and lashing around.

"This...it's...it's wrong!" Dianna thought. "Why...why does it feel so good?" Almost of their own volition, her arms slid around her older companion's splendid torso, and their bodies pressed together.

The kiss ended and Miss Conklin leaned back, looking at the cheerleader's flushed face and heaving chest. "I've wanted you for a very long time," the coach purred. "I know we're going to be very good together."

"I...I've never...done...anything like this..." Dianna whispered.

"I know, my lovely child," Miss Conklin said. "Believe me, you're going to have a delightful experience. I promise."

She put her arm around Dianna's shoulder and led the trembling lass into her bedroom.

Dianna went along with the older woman without a struggle. She wasn't sure she wanted to go through with this, but believed Miss Conklin wouldn't hurt her. And their kiss had been exciting! She could feel juices of excitement seeping from her vagina.

Once they were in the bedroom, Miss Conklin stopped, grabbed the hem of the letter sweater Dianna wore, and pulled it over her

head. Then she removed the rest of the scanty uniform the girl wore and guided the quivering maiden to her bed.

Dianna found it uncomfortable being naked in front of her coach. Then Miss Conklin undressed and Dianna saw what a stupendous figure the older woman had. Her coach had big, well-shaped breasts with large nipples, strong, shapely legs, and a thick forest of blonde pubic hair. Dianna, feeling very inadequate in the face of such obvious feminine charms, crossed her arms over her chest, trying to hide her tiny breasts.

"Oh, please, don't cover them, darling," Miss Conklin purred as she knelt on the bed next to the trembling girl. She gently pulled Dianna's arms aside, then bent and captured one of the teen's pink nipples in her lips.

"Ohh!" Dianna moaned, her body arching, her clawed fingers clutching the bed covers. It didn't matter now; whatever Miss Conklin wanted, Dianna knew she would let her do. All her resistance was gone. Miss Conklin's hair tumbled forward, tickling the youngster's body, adding to the sensations already ripping through her slender form. She groaned and her writhing became more urgent. A soft hand slid over her belly, teasing through her pubic hair. Dianna couldn't believe it! It was as if Miss Conklin knew just what to do to drive her absolutely wild.

Carol Conklin was an experienced seductress. She'd seduced many girls, and knew from the minute she and Dianna kissed that the young girl was in her power. The slim teenager's avid

response to her kisses and caresses delighted the coach. She did love seducing young, inexperienced, vulnerable girls.

"Oh! Miss Conklin!" Dianna groaned, "That feels so good!"

The older woman's lips moved over the slim girl's twisting, straining body and her fingers began to explore the nubile young woman's vagina, causing still more violent reactions from the woman-child. A finger slid between the lips of Dianna's vagina, poked into her, and a thumb began to strum the teen's clit. Dianna felt orgasm rushing toward her, overwhelming and unstoppable.

"Ah! Ahhh!" Dianna's body arched, her hips jerked, and her hands grabbed at her breasts, "Miss Conklin! I'm coming! Ah! Ahh!"

Carol Conklin continued to caress the young woman, keeping Dianna writhing, as she slid down between the girl's slim, trembling legs. Her mouth replaced her fingers on Dianna's opening, and her lips and tongue began to work on the juicy organ.

Dianna couldn't believe it. She'd just had an orgasm, and now Miss Conklin was eating her! The woman's lips and tongue felt so good, she was going to...

"Ohh! Annhh!" Dianna felt as if her body was turning inside-out. "I...I can't stop! I can't stop coming! Oh! Oh!"

Carol Conklin sat back and watched the final spasms of orgasm jolt Dianna's lean, lovely body. She decided to stop now and leave the girl feeling the after-glow of her thorough loving. If Dianna was left a little off-balance, that would make her easier to seduce next time. The slim, shy beauty was going to make a wonderful play-toy.

Carol stretched out on the bed next to her conquest and kissed her.

"Miss Conklin," Dianna said, "that...that was wonderful! You...made me feel...so...good!"

"A lovely thing like you deserves to be loved that way." Carol kissed Dianna on the forehead. "We'll have to get together again, soon. Would you like that?"

"Ah...yes," Dianna replied. "I-I would."

Carol felt good. By the time she finished with this girl, she'd be a love-slave, willing to do whatever Carol asked her to. "I better get you home now." Another soft kiss on Dianna's lips. "It's late. We don't want your folks worrying."

Dianna got up and dressed, very aware of Miss Conklin's admiring gaze. Did what just happened mean she was a

Lesbian? It certainly felt good. She loved it. But didn't she love Ricky Forrester? Hadn't he made her feel equally good?

Dianna watched her coach dress. Miss Conklin was so pretty! And she said she thought Dianna was pretty, too. Ricky hadn't called for a while. Was she really in love with him? All this was so confusing. Maybe she should try to talk it out with someone, but who? Matt' name occurred to her. He was really nice, and she liked being with him. She knew he liked her, too. But what would he think if he knew what had happened with Miss Conklin.

Carol Conklin drove her young charge home. She could see the confusion in the teen-ager's eyes which was exactly what she wanted.

"She's mine," the voluptuous teacher thought. "I've got her. She'll be a fine addition to my string of play-toys."

Dianna went into her house after Miss Conklin dropped her off and went right to bed. She had a hard time getting to sleep, though. She couldn't understand why her life seemed to be getting more and more tangled up.

After she dropped Dianna off, Carol Conklin drove to a new high-rise condominium development on the other side of town, parked her car in the complex's garage, then took the elevator to the ground floor. She got off, walked down the hall to a familiar door, took out a key, opened the door, and walked in.

"I was wondering if you were coming over tonight," Tom Forrester said, smiling at her.

Carol began to unbutton the blouse she wore as she walked toward him. "I had something to take care of after the game tonight," she told him. "Something you and I will hopefully get to enjoy together very soon."

Chapter 27

Mary awoke in the morning, saw Matt sleeping next to her, and realized that they'd spent the night together. She found that both exciting and scary. What if Ricky had tried to come in her room when he got home from the game? Fortunately, they had locked the bedroom doors, but he might have knocked. He sometimes did that because he was wound up after a game. Of course, if that had happened, she'd have had time to waken Matt and get him out of there, so they probably were at little risk.

"Good morning, Matt," she said to the slumbering young man, whose eyes flickered open.

"Good...good morning?" Matt mumbled. He looked around. "Is...is it morning?"

Mary nodded.

"You mean we...?" he stammered.

Mary nodded again. "It was a delight to wake up with you here, next to me, my darling," she said, caressing his cheek lightly. "But we can't let this become a habit. We'll be in a lot of trouble if Ricky finds out what we're doing."

Matt nodded, kissed her, then climbed out of bed, picked up his clothes, and headed for his room.

Mary stretched and followed him as far as the bathroom. She turned on the water and examined herself in the mirror over the vanity while she waited for the water to get hot enough.

"Last night was really delicious!" Mary thought. A thrill coursed through her as she recollected what had transpired the previous night. She'd come five times! She'd never come that much in one night before. God, life with Matt would be wonderful!

Then reality intruded. Would it? She was more than twice his age and through with child-bearing. What if he wanted to have children? He had the right to expect that. She had no idea what she was going to do, or what would happen. All she did know was that she loved Matt, and couldn't give him up.

She opened the glass shower door, stepped inside, and felt the stinging hot spray pelting her body. When Matt was her age, she'd be sixty-three. Would he want her as much then as he did now?

Matt, in his room trying to decide what to wear to school, heard the shower start. Grinning, he slipped into the bathroom, his pulse pounding, and watched Mary's naked form moving through the pebbled glass of the shower doors. He quickly became turned on.

He'd once read a story in an adult magazine in which a couple made it in the shower and the idea intrigued him. He couldn't get enough of seeing Mary naked, and even if they didn't get it on, they could at least have fun.

Mary, unaware of Matt's avid scrutiny, had her back to him and was soaping herself. She had no idea he was in the bathroom. She worked the lather into her skin and stood, head back, eyes closed, under the driving spray.

His erection jutting from his middle, aimed in the direction of what he wanted, Matt silently slid the shower door open and stepped in.

When the door opened, Mary felt a rush of cool air, then hands began to slide over her soapy flesh, and something very warm and hard pressed between her buttocks.

"Matt!" she exclaimed when the young man pulled her back against him, squeezing her soap-slicked breasts, pushing his hard shaft between the cheeks of her bottom. It felt good, incredibly good!

Matt hadn't envisioned how exciting this would be. Mary's nipples protruded between his fingers as he massaged her breasts. The murmurs and groans coming from her proclaimed the level of ardor she was feeling, ardor that was taking control of her.

Matt thrust his hips forward, pushing his erection deep into the cleft of her bottom. His movement was eased by her body's soapy covering.

Mary responded by pressing her hips back against him. "You're making me crazy!" she moaned. "You touch me and I have to have you!"

"I need you, too," Matt whispered in her ear.

"Let's get dried off and go out to the bed," Mary said. The fleshy tube prodding insistently between her nether cheeks, teasing her anus, tantalizing her vagina, was turning her insides to gelatin. She needed to have him inside her!

"We don't have to do that. Just bend over," Matt said.

Not sure what he planned to do, Mary did what he told her to do. She felt the tip of his erection thrust between her puffy lips and touch her clit. Elation made her legs go rubbery, so she grabbed the faucets to steady herself. She enjoyed how it felt as the wedge-shaped head of her lover's engorged rod spread her open and slowly invaded and filled her, delighting her.

"Oh! Matt! That's incredible!" Mary groaned. She couldn't believe this was happening.

Matt felt the same way. He grabbed her hips and began to piston his shaft into her. The view the young man had was wonderful. Mary's gracefully curved back was covered with foamy suds and he loved the feel of her bottom slapping against his thighs as he thrust repeatedly into her.

Mary reached down to her middle and began to stroke her clit. As she did, she could feel Matt's throbbing shaft as it jabbed in and out. It was too much.

"Matt!" she groaned, "I...I...I'm...oh, God! I'm coming! Yes! Ah! Ahh! Ahhh!"

"Me, too!" Matt's hands dug into the soft flesh of her hips as he doused her insides with his scalding fluids.

Eventually, they slid to the floor of the shower and sat next to each other against the wall.

"You are incredible!" Mary told her young man, her chest still heaving.

"You aren't too bad...yourself," Matt replied. His breathing hadn't settled down, either.

They finished their shower, dressed, and went down to the kitchen. Ricky wasn't up yet. Matt straightened up the den while Mary started breakfast.

The lovers were sitting at the kitchen table, drinking hot chocolate, when Ricky came down and plopped into a chair.

"How did the game go last night?" Mary asked.

"Boy! Those guys were tough!" Ricky replied. "I thought we were going to cream them. I mean, they haven't won a game all year, but we only beat them by two points!"

"You never know," Matt said, "sometimes, when a team doesn't have anything to lose, they play better."

"I guess!" Ricky said. "We buried them when we played them here the first time. We beat them bad that time. I think we won by thirty or forty points."

"Is it possible you guys were over-confident?" Mary suggested. "After all, none of your games has been very close."

"I don't know what it was," Ricky said, "but I'll tell you, I was scared last night. They played so good, they shoulda beat us."

After breakfast, the boys headed for school. "How you doin' with Dianna?" Rick asked as they walked to their vehicles.

Matt felt his cheeks get hot. He shook his head.

"Come on!" Rick seemed surprised. "You aren't getting serious about her, are you? Christ! I'm telling you, Den, it's a mistake to get serious with a chick at our age. Enjoy 'em while you can."

"Damn you!" Matt thought, anger flashing in his mind. "How can you be such an ass?" He really liked Rick, but he'd have liked it better if his friend weren't such a boor about women.

Matt drove by Dianna's house and picked her up.

"How are you this morning?" he asked.

"Fine," Dianna replied softly.

"Rick said the game last night was a tough one," Matt observed.

Dianna nodded. "It sure was," she said, "I thought we were going to lose."

Matt pulled into the school lot, parked, and they walked into the school.

"See you at lunch?" he asked as they went down the hall.

"Uh...sure," Dianna replied. She went to her locker. She was still filled with conflicting emotions as a result of what had happened the night before. Was Miss Conklin going to invite her over again? She didn't know what she'd do if that happened. Part of her wanted to experience the wonderful feelings Miss Conklin had given her again, but part of her was repulsed, too. And she wondered what Matt would think of her if he knew what she'd done with Miss Conklin. She didn't think she could bear not having his friendship.

Chapter 28

Dianna walked around in a daze most of the day, going from class to class, going through the motions, but really out of touch.

Matt commented on how out of it she seemed it at lunchtime. "You OK, Dianna?" he asked. "You seem, I don't know, kinda far away."

"It...it's just this has been a pretty confusing week for me," Dianna told him. Was it ever!

"Hey, look, if there's anything I can do to help," Matt said, "just let me know."

Dianna smiled at him. "You really mean that, don't you?" she asked.

Matt smiled back at her and nodded. "Of course I do," he replied. "That's what friends are for."

Dianna knew he meant well, but what would he do if he found out she was having a Lesbian affair with Miss Conklin? Would he still be her friend, then? She doubted it. He'd probably be disgusted with her. She couldn't tell him, she didn't want to lose him as a friend and she didn't have any friends to spare.

Dianna didn't have to tell Matt about her relationship with the gym teacher. Ricky picked up the gossip from Lisa Dutile, the last girl who'd enjoyed Miss Conklin's favors. Lisa, an extremely jealous and vindictive young woman, was trying to get even with both Miss Conklin and Dianna for what she felt was a snub. And, since she didn't think she'd be able to do anything to Miss Conklin, she decided to get even with Dianna.

"Did you hear?" she said told Ricky breathlessly as they walked down the hall between classes. "Miss Conklin gave Dianna a ride home from the game last night."

"I saw her getting in Miss Conklin's car," Ricky replied.

"You know what that means, don't you?" Lisa continued.

"No," Ricky said. He was getting a little tired of Lisa.

"For a guy who's supposed to be with the program, you're pretty dumb, aren't you?" Lisa said.

Ricky stopped, grabbed her arm, and yanked her around to face him. "What the hell are you talking about?" he asked. He'd never liked Lisa much, now he remembered why.

"Miss Conklin likes girls," Lisa said softly.

Ricky's forehead wrinkled. "You mean she...she's a...?" he stammered.

Lisa grinned and nodded. "The word is Lesbian..." she said. "The super-sexy gym teacher you guys are all creaming your jeans over, is a Lezzie. She likes girls, not boys."

Ricky was dumbfounded. "And...and Dianna went with her last night?" he murmured. He couldn't believe it. Dianna had sure acted as if she liked boys when she was with him.

Having been apprised of what he thought was a juicy piece of gossip, Ricky couldn't wait to tell Matt. Since his capacity for close relationships was limited, he had no idea how strongly his friend felt about the girl and didn't realize how much his comments about Dianna would bother Matt.

They were in the Chemistry Lab, working on a project, when Ricky finally had an opportunity to give Matt the news.

"May be you waited too long," Rick said. "I don't think you're gonna get Dianna now."

Matt had no idea what Rick was talking about. "What the heck is that supposed to mean?" he asked.

"Conklin got her last night," Rick told him.

"Conklin got her. Swell," Matt said. "Am I supposed to know what you're talking about?"

"Jeez, Den, don't you know? Conklin's a Lezzie," Rick informed him. "I thought everybody knew that. Dianna's her new honey."

"Look..." Matt said. He stopped and took a deep breath. He had never been closer to slugging his friend than he was right then. "I don't care what kind of crap you heard about Dianna. I don't want to know about it."

"Shit!" Rick replied. He was hurt. He thought the news was pretty exciting. After all, he'd never known a real-life Lesbian before. "If that's the way you're going to be, Den, you can get fucked." He laughed. "I guess in your case, it means you probably can't get fucked."

Dianna had cheerleading practice after school, so Matt didn't get to talk with her. He didn't know how he felt about what Ricky told him. So what if Dianna was gay? It wasn't as if she was his girlfriend or anything. He liked her and enjoyed spending time with her, and they were friends. "Lesbians have friends, too, don't they?" he asked himself as he drove along.

Matt had other things on his mind. That afternoon Rick was leaving for his visit to State right after school, which meant that he had Mary all to himself for the entire weekend, a weekend which offered some incredibly exciting prospects. He stepped on the gas, impatient to be home.

Chapter 29

When Matt got home, Mary met him at the door and they shared a long, passionate kiss.

"What will we do all weekend?" she asked after the kiss ended.

Matt grinned at her. "Silly question," he said. He grabbed her bottom and pulled her against him.

When Mary felt the young man's swollen member pressing against her, she went a little weak inside. The weekend was going to be wonderful.

"Maybe we could go over to my place tomorrow and develop those pictures I took," Matt suggested.

"I'm not sure I want to see them," Mary replied. She was more than a little fearful about seeing the pictures.

"They'll be beautiful," Matt said. "Wait." He kissed her. "You hungry?"

Mary nodded and said, "A little. Why?"

"Why don't we grab something to eat?" the young man suggested. "Then we won't have to, ah, interrupt whatever we might be doing later."

Mary giggled and said, "All right. But I have to change first. I've been cleaning and I'm a mess."

Matt didn't think she looked messy, but he didn't argue. He waited until he heard her bedroom door close, then he quietly slipped up the stairs, got one of his cameras from his room, and eased through the bathroom, intending to snap some pictures of Mary as she changed. When he opened the door, he was startled to find her naked, arms outstretched, lying on the bed.

"What took you so long?" she asked.

The love-making that followed Matt's exciting discovery was quick, but sweet. Afterward, they dressed and went out. He thought Mary looked terrific in a clinging jersey blouse in pale blue, and loose white wraparound skirt. Since she looked so nice, he suggested they take the Mercedes instead of the truck.

"You look absolutely gorgeous," he said as they went down the driveway.

"I'm glad you think so," Mary replied. It was so nice to be complimented, and Matt did it all the time.

Instead of going to the pizza restaurant, Matt went to a small, trendy place, known for intimate atmosphere and excellent food. It was located in the basement of a business block in a nearby town, had booths along one wall, tables in the middle, and a bar along the other. The decor was hand-hewn and rustic. They were lucky enough to be seated in a corner booth.

"I feel a little strange about going out in public like this," Mary said as she slid into the booth.

"Would you feel strange if it was Rick instead of me?" Matt asked.

Mary shook her head. "Well...no...but then I'm not sleeping with Ricky," she said.

"Nobody knows you're sleeping with me," Matt replied. "As far as they know, we might as well be mother and son."

It was extremely dim in the booth. The waitress brought them menus, asked if they wanted cocktails, then left them to decide which of the eatery's delicacies they wanted.

Mary held the menu in front of her, trying to decide what to order. As she studied the various selections, she felt something brush her breast and a thrill shot through her. She glanced down and saw that Matt had begun to caress her. "Matt!" she whispered.

"Nobody can see as long as you hold the menu like that," he whispered.

His movements became bolder as his hand sought, then found, one of her nipples and went to work on it through the soft material of her blouse.

"Oh!" Mary moaned while Matt continued to lightly tease and toy with her now-turgid nipple. She continued to hold up the menu, although she couldn't focus on it any more. It was trembling, and so was she.

"What are you going to have?" Matt asked. He could tell from looking at Mary that what he was doing to her was driving her wild.

"Ah...I...Ah!...I guess I'll have the...Uh!...Turkey Genesco sandwich," she stammered. "Oh, Matt! Do you have any idea how wonderful what you're doing to me feels?"

The young man nodded and said, "Uh-huh." He didn't stop what he was doing. He loved the way her body was trembling.

When the waitress came to take their order, Matt dropped his hand to Mary's lap and she laid her menu on the table. She was flushed, breathing hard, and hoped she'd be able to get herself under control enough to order, but Matt had another surprise in store for her.

"Are you ready to order?" the waitress asked, looking at Mary. "She's a very attractive woman," the waitress thought, "that young man with her must be her son. I wonder if she isn't feeling well. She seems a little flushed."

The reason there was a funny look on Mary's was that Matt had slipped his hand inside her skirt and between her thighs. His fingers were sliding into her, working on her clit and, in general, driving her wild. If he kept it up, she was afraid she'd have an orgasm right then and there, in front of the waitress.

"We'll have two Turkey Genesco sandwiches," Matt said calmly, "and two diet colas."

"Is...is your Mom OK?" the waitress asked.

Matt nodded and said, "She's fine."

"Yes, sir," the waitress said. She turned and left, looking puzzled.

Mary clutched Matt's hand, planning to pull it away, but found she hadn't the strength to do that. All she could do was hang on as his fingers stirred her insides.

"I...oh, God! I can't stop myself!" the beautiful woman thought as her orgasm drew closer and closer, "I'm going to come! It...it feels so good! Oh! I'm going to come!"

Matt felt Mary's thighs clamp and release and her hips begin to undulate. Her grip on his arm tightened, her head rolled back. Her chest heaved and she bit her lip.

"My God! Oh! My God! I'm coming!" It took every bit of self-control Mary had to keep from screaming out in ecstasy, but she didn't. Somehow, she managed to stifle the sounds of delight as Matt's hand did splendid things to her. Then, finally, the intense feelings waned.

Matt felt Mary relax and took his finger from her. He patted her thigh softly, pulled his hand from the folds of her skirt, then leaned over, kissed her on the cheek, and whispered, "Did you like your appetizer?"

"Matt, I don't believe you did that!" she gasped. "You are impossible! The waitress knew something was going on."

Matt nodded. "True," he agreed. "But she didn't know what. You really liked it, didn't you?"

"I felt as if I were going to melt and flow under the table in a big puddle," Mary said. "But what about you?" She laid her hand on his thigh and found his erection. "Aha!"

When the waitress brought their order a bit later, she noticed that the woman looked better, but the boy looked strained. "What the hell is going on?" she wondered.

The arrival of their food interrupted the sex play Mary had begun. She gave Matt a break and they began to eat their meal.

"Why did you do that?" Mary asked as they ate.

"I don't know," Matt said. "It just seemed like a good idea at the time. It was wild, wasn't it?"

"It was intense," Mary said. "Maybe it the danger of discovery helped make it that way."

They continued talking as they ate.

"I think, maybe I'll put my house up for sale," Matt said.

"Matt, are you sure you want to do that?" Mary asked.

Matt nodded. "Why not? We have two big houses between us," he said, "and when Rick goes to school this fall there will be just the two of us."

Just the two of us. That sounded nice to Mary. "What about your darkroom?" she asked.

"I can have one built in your house," he said. "That loft over your garage would be perfect. Or, maybe I'll open a studio somewhere."

"Matt, I...I've been giving our relationship a lot of thought," Mary said as they drove home after they finished their meal. "I do love you. You can't imagine how much I love you. But, well, in reality there are a lot of things working against us having a successful long-term relationship."

"Like what?" Matt asked.

"Well, the most obvious thing is our age difference," she said.

"I don't think that's such a big deal," Matt said.

"Well, what about children?" Mary asked. "Don't you want children? I can't have any more children. I had problems after Ricky was born and had to have a hysterectomy. Even if I that wasn't the case, I'm at an age where having children isn't such a good idea."

Matt looked thoughtful. "I hadn't really given it that much thought," he said. "Right now, I'd have to say I'd rather have you than kids."

Mary smiled and felt a rush of delight when she heard his answer, but she was still worried.

Matt pulled into the driveway, shut off the car, and kissed her. "I really mean what I said," he told her. "I would pick having you over having kids. I've never had kids, so there's nothing to miss. I have had you, and I can't imagine what my life would be like if you weren't part of it."

"There are other things you need to think about, too," Mary said as they walked into the house. "This is your senior year. That means there are a lot of school activities you should be participating in. Like the prom." She had missed her senior prom, and knew how badly she'd felt and still felt because of that.

Inside the house, Matt helped her off with her coat and hung it in the hall closet. Then he came back to where she stood in the living room and took her in his arms. "I don't care about the prom," he said. "I want you."

Their lips met in a torrid, searching kiss, their bodies pressed together.

"Let's go upstairs," Mary suggested when the kiss finally ended.

They went up to Mary's bedroom and began opening each other's clothes.

Matt loved helping Mary undress, and found that having her undress him was just as exciting.

Once their clothes were off, the two lovers tumbled into the king-sized bed. Matt's lips immediately went to Mary's protruding nipples, and her hands sought his erection. Together, they slowly, joyfully, explored, caressed, and excited each other.

Matt, already turned on from their sex-play in the restaurant, needed Mary badly. Mary found that her excitement rapidly building to a level of near-frenzy. This night, the first of two they would have to themselves, was almost like a honeymoon. She rolled on her back and pulled the young man on top of her.

Matt didn't have to be told what his gorgeous companion wanted. His erection, sandwiched between them slid up her belly. He needed her, needed this ravishing woman, badly. Her rigid nipples, hot points of need, jabbed into his chest.

"Take me, Matt!" Mary urged, "Now!" Her voice, like her body, was filled with urgency.

Matt raised his hips, then lowered them, and felt his rigid shaft slide into the warm dampness of Mary's body. He was in her!

"Yes! Oh, Matt! Yes!" Mary groaned, "That's what I need!"

Matt began to move his hips, and the couple rode breaking waves of jubilation, their bodies straining against each other, exchanging the utmost in erotic sensations.

Mary's passion reached a crescendo, then blossomed into sweet, joyful explosions of bliss. "Yes! Yes! Darling, yes!" she cried. "I'm coming! Take me! Take me! Take me!"

"Mary! Oh, Mary!" Matt cried, exploding his juices into her rocking, twisting body.

Afterward, aglow from shared joy, they lay in each other's arms.

Mary kissed Matt and said, breathlessly, "I can't believe it! Every time we make love it's different, and every time is more wonderful than the last!"

"I dreamed about you for years," Matt admitted. "I knew it would be fantastic making love with you, but I had no idea, not even close, what it would really be like." He took her in his arms and their lips locked in a longing, passionate kiss.

"Want to go again?" he asked when the kiss ended.

"I think, maybe, I need to rest a little," Mary said.

"Actually, I wouldn't mind getting some rest, either," Matt said. He pulled the covers over them, shut off the light, and they snuggled against each other. Before long, locked in each other's arms, they were sound asleep.

Chapter 30

While Matt was enjoying his ecstatic afternoon and evening with Mary, Dianna was having a miserable time. During cheerleading practice, the other girls, led by Lisa, ignored her and treated her as if she were some kind of leper. Dianna, confused and hurt by their behaviour wasn't sure why they were treating her like they were. She had no idea Lisa thought she'd displaced Lisa as Miss Conklin's plaything, and that Lisa was very angry about it.

Upset by the treatment the others showed her, Dianna was less than her best in practice. When, at last, it ended, she walked dejectedly toward the locker room.

"Dianna, can I see you in my office a minute?" Miss Conklin asked.

Lisa was standing behind Miss Conklin, and Dianna saw hatred in the other girl's eyes and was shaken. "Why is Lisa so angry with me?" she wondered as she followed the coach into her office.

"You didn't have a very good day today, did you Dianna?" Miss Conklin noted when they were inside.

Dianna shook her head. "No, not really. I'm not sure what's wrong with me today," she said. The fact that she was upset was part of the reason, and the fact that the other girls did little things to make her look bad was another part.

"Look, why don't you come over to my house after school?" Miss Conklin suggested. "Maybe we can talk about why you're so upset and..." She smiled warmly at the slim teenager.

Dianna had both feared and anticipated this moment all day. She was sure Miss Conklin was going to invite her to her apartment again, but wasn't quite sure whether or not she wanted to go. She'd been pondering what to do all day and, by the time she got to cheerleading practice, she still hadn't decided what she would do if and when the question were asked, but now that the question had been asked, she knew what her answer would be. She wasn't going.

She shook her head. "I...I don't think I...I can, Miss Conklin," she said. "I...I really don't feel all that well. I...I think I may be coming down with something."

"Are you sure, Dianna?" Carol Conklin asked. She was surprised. She was sure she had Dianna in her power. "I'm so disappointed to hear you say that. I had some wonderful new things planned for us tonight."

Even though she knew she was doing the right thing, Dianna was torn. Miss Conklin had given her astounding pleasure the night before, and she was promising even more tonight.

"Oh, Dianna, please think about it. It will be wonderful," Miss Conklin purred. She reached out and caressed Dianna's hand. "I promise you'll be so glad if you come over."

Dianna felt her resolve weakening. She looked around the small office. "I..." she took a deep breath and shook her head. "I have to go, Miss Conklin." She bolted out the door and headed for her locker.

Carol Conklin watched the slim young girl turn and run from the office. She was disappointed that she'd misjudged her control over the teenager.

Lisa Dutille, who had finished changing, had been standing by the lockers watching Miss Conklin's office. She saw Dianna rush out and started walking toward the closed office door, smiling with satisfaction. Maybe things were going her way after all.

Miss Conklin was sitting at her desk and looked up when Lisa entered the office. The young woman shut the door behind her, then locked it.

"I saw Dianna leave," Lisa said softly. "Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Conklin?"

Carol Conklin, smiling, stood up, walked to her door, and pulled down the shade over the window in it. Then she turned, smiled at the petite, but full-bodied, brunette teenager and pulled her into her arms. "You know there is, Lisa," she said, then she covered Lisa's mouth with hers.

When the kiss ended, the coach began to undo the buttons of Lisa's blouse, and the teenager shuddered with anticipation.

Dianna, who was still having second thoughts about the decision she'd made, stopped at the doorway out of school. She leaned against the doorjamb and recalled how wonderful Miss Conklin had made her feel the night before. As she remembered, her body began to heat up. Why shouldn't she have excitement in her life? Why shouldn't she take what she could get? She turned and started back into the locker room.

When she reached it, the locker room was empty and Miss Conklin's door was closed, with the shade drawn. Dianna thought she was too late, that Miss Conklin had left. Then, as she neared the office door, she thought she heard something. Maybe Miss Conklin was still here. Dianna moved closer.

"Oh! Annhh! Miss Conklin! Yes! Yes!" a female voice wailed.

Shocked, Dianna realized she was hearing Lisa's voice! Her heart pounding, she moved closer to the door and tried to look in. She could see Miss Conklin's desk through a gap in the shade.

Lisa Dutille, totally naked, was lying on the desk and her hands were pulling at her large, rosy-tipped breasts and the rigid nipples that capped them. Miss Conklin's head was between Lisa's legs.

"More! More!" the petite brunette cried, "Oh, God, Miss Conklin! Eat me more! Yes!"

Dianna was so shocked she found herself unable to move. She wanted to run, but couldn't. Instead she stood there, watching what was happening in the office, surprised by the delightful feelings that rushed through her as she did. Without her knowing she was doing it, her hands stole to her breasts and began massaging them.

"Coming! Oh, God! I'm coming!" Lisa cried, her body writhing, as Miss Conklin's mouth worked on her.

Dianna was trembling, too. "That...that could have been me," she thought, dejected.

As Dianna watched, the two women in the office continued to kiss and caress. Lisa got off the desk and Miss Conklin stripped off her clothes and laid down where Lisa had just been, her legs spread.

"Miss Conklin's really beautiful!" Dianna thought, observing her coach's lush, full body as Lisa explored it, making the older woman tremble and cry out with joy. Eventually, Lisa's head moved between the sexy coach's outspread legs and her mouth descended into her lush blonde delta.

"Mmnnhh! Yes!" Miss Conklin purred, her hips arching. "Lisa! Oh, Lisa! You do that so well!"

Dianna continued to be a spectator while Lisa drove the lusty coach wild with thrusting tongue and moving lips.

"Eeahh!" Miss Conklin cried, her back arching like a bow, her legs clamped tightly around Lisa's head as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. "Yes! Oh, lover! Yes! That's it! I'm coming! Ahh! I'm coming!"

The two women in the office hugged, kissed, and continued to fondle each other playfully after Miss Conklin's orgasm. Dianna, in tears, continued to observe. She knew she should leave, but she couldn't force herself to do that.

"I thought you liked Dianna better than me," Lisa said, kissing the coach's breast. "I-I was really hurt when you took her home with you last night."

"Oh, no, my sweet dove," Miss Conklin replied, stroking Lisa's hair. "I'm sorry if I hurt you. Nobody could take your place. Dianna was just a nice diversion. Nobody eats me the way you do."

"You promised you'd let me go along when you visit your friend," Lisa continued, "so I could find out what having a grown man's cock feels like. You didn't forget you promised me that, did you?"

"Not at all, my dove," the luscious blonde coach said. "We're going to get together with my friend real soon. I promise you that you'll have all the cock you want when we do."

Lisa shuddered with delight and said, "I can hardly wait."

"You know, Lisa, you shouldn't be so jealous," Miss Conklin said. "Think of how much fun we could have had doing a threesome with Dianna."

"I hadn't though about that," Lisa said. "Maybe you can work that out, huh?"

"Maybe, my dove," Miss Conklin said. "I think I'll see if Dianna might be interested after she's had a few days to think over what she's missing." The older woman pulled the petite girl to her and kissed her.

Dianna finally found the strength to flee. Tears streaming down her cheeks, she raced headlong from the school. Miss Conklin didn't care about her! She was just using her, like all the boys did!

Chapter 31

Matt woke up and looked around. It was dark outside and the only light in the room came from the partly-opened door to the bathroom.

Mary lay next to him on her side, with her back to him. It was warm in the room, and she'd tossed the covers off. He gazed at the curve of her back, the rounded curves of her luscious buttocks and legs, and felt himself growing hard.

He moved against her, his rigid penis insinuating itself into the cleft between her nether cheeks as he did, felt the warmth of her silken skin and smelled the fresh scent of her hair.

Mary moaned softly and pressed her bottom back against him. He slid his hand down the soft slope of a magnificent breast and felt the nipple erecting against his palm.

"Oh, Matt!" Mary groaned and stretched, tightening her buttocks, clenching his blood-engorged wand between them as she did. "Looks like someone's wide awake!"

Matt felt fantastic. The pressure of her buttocks on his erection was making him wild. It seemed like each time they made love, it happened in a different and more exciting way. He began to move his hips, surprised at how good it felt. If he kept this up too long, he might come!

"Baby,,," Mary purred, her body already aquiver from his insistent caresses, "that feels incredible!" Her affair with him had been an education for her, too. He'd helped her discover erogenous zones she never knew she had.

Matt's rigid penis, thrusting between her buttocks the way it was, felt surprisingly good! The tip kept brushing across her anus, making her tremble as it moved toward the base of her vagina.

"Oh!" she thought, "I didn't know it could feel that good to have your as touched." She lay there, enjoying the sensations and another, wilder, thought flashed into her head. "I wonder what it would feel like to have him in me there!" The idea was so thrilling it made her shudder. She moaned softly.

"You like this?" Matt asked. He was rolling a rigid nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

"Oh! Yes!" Mary replied. "It's heavenly!" She wanted more, though. She wanted that delicious shaft inside her. She raised her leg and hooked it back over his. "Yes!" she groaned as the tip of his erection plowed between her juicy vaginal lips. "There,

that's better, much better!" She slid her hand through the rich thicket of her pubic hair and guided the tip of the mighty poker so that as Matt thrust forward, it slid into her, filling her, thrilling her.

"My darling!" she moaned, "Oh, my darling!"

Matt felt her hand on his erection, then he felt warmth and dampness engulf it as it easily entered her body. He began moving his hips and felt the spiral of delight begin.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!" Mary chanted, "Take me! That's it, Matt! Take me!"

Matt did just that. At the same time he moved his hand from her breast to her groin, found the erect little finger there, and began stroking it.

"Ah!" Mary cried, enraptured, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" It was going to happen! Soon!

Matt felt the signs as his body prepared to unleash itself. Deep inside him, the pulsations began, excitement swelled, blossomed, and grew, filling his whole being.

"Mary! Oh, God! Mary!" he cried, his thick cream blasting out of his throbbing wand.

"Yes! Yes!" Mary cried in return as her lover's torrid fluids splattered her insides, taking her over the top. "Come, Darling! Come! Take me! Take me! Yes! Ah! Yes!"

Afterward, they lay on their sides looking at each other. Mary leaned over and kissed Matt. "You make me feel better than I ever believed it was possible to feel," she whispered.

Matt blushed.

They snuggled against each other a little longer, enjoying the warmth of having their bodies in contact. Finally, Mary rolled on her side and propped herself up on her elbow.

"We need to talk," she said.

"About what?" Matt rolled on his side, facing her. "I thought we already talked about that stuff."

"We did talk about some things," Mary said. "But there are others we didn't discuss."

Matt looked puzzled. "Like what?"

"Well, what about Ricky?" Mary said.

"Damn, I never thought about him," Matt said. "Yeah, I guess that is a problem, isn't it?"

Mary nodded. "I don't know what to do about him," she said. "Part of me thinks we ought to tell him before he figures it out on his own, but part of me is scared, too."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," Matt said. "I'm not so sure he'd be happy if he found out."

"I'm not sure he would be, either," Mary said. "Maybe...maybe we should wait until after my divorce from Tom is final, then..."

"Maybe that's what we ought to do," Matt agreed. He smiled. "You know, when you mentioned your divorce, it made me think of something."

"What's that, my darling?" Mary asked.

"Well, after...after you're divorced, we...we could get married, couldn't we?" he asked.

"Oh, Matt, I don't know," Mary replied. She loved the fact that he thought he wanted to marry her, but she wasn't positive that was a good idea, or even a realistic one.

Matt made a face. "Why can't we get married after you're divorced?" he asked. He started to caress one of her breasts. "We love each other, don't we?"

"Uh..." Mary stammered. His caress was very distracting. "Well...we, uh..." His maddeningly delightful caresses continued. God, his touch was driving her wild! It always did!

Mary decided it would be better to talk about this some other time, pushed Matt onto his back and began to caress and stroke him. Her lips moved down over his body and onto his penis. She loved how it swelled and grew in her mouth.

"God!" Matt groaned. "My God, Mary! That feels so good!" His hips turned and twisted as thrills roared through him.

Mary continued to pump his erection with her hand as she moved to straddle his legs. Then she raised her hips, and, still holding onto his shaft and dropped down, impaling herself on him.

"Oh! Matt!" she hissed. "What am I ever going to do with you?"

"That," he groaned, his hips driving off the bed, forcing his shaft farther into her warmth and wetness. "Just keep doing that! Oh, God, does that feels awesome!"

Mary continued to ride him, her hips rising and falling. Once again, the experience was different, new, and unbelievably exciting.

Matt found he had a spectacular view with Mary on top. Her breasts bobbed and bounced as she rode him, her rigid nipples drawing imaginary circles in the air.

Mary liked it, too, but for other reasons. She could feel his pleasure pole lashing her insides.

Matt reached up and cupped the jellied orbs in his hands, his thumbs rubbing the tips. Mary's head lolled back, her eyes closed, and her mouth hung open while gasps and groans of excitement poured from her.

"Matt! Matt!" she cried after a while. The movements of her hips became more and more frantic. "Oh, God! Oh, God! Matt! I'm coming! Oh, God! Am I ever! Oh!"

"Yeah! Oh, yeah!" Matt cried in reply, blasting his spend into her, "Me, too! Me, too!"

When her need was sated, Mary collapsed atop her young man. Finally, she kissed him, then rolled on her side.

"Mary, I love you," Matt said. "I really do."

"I love you, too, Matt," Mary replied.

Still locked in each other's arms, they drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 32

Dianna awoke after a restless night's sleep, feeling funny. She stretched, sat up, and was immediately overwhelmed by a feeling of nausea. She grabbed her bathrobe, ran to the bathroom, and threw up.

"Now that's a terrific way to start a day," she thought. She showered, went back to her room, dressed, then went down to the kitchen.

"Morning, honey, want some breakfast?" her mother asked.

Another wave of nausea swept the slim young girl. "No thanks, Mom," she said. "I'm...I'm not hungry."

"Honey, you have to eat something," her mother said. "You're nothing but skin and bones as it is."

"Mom, I'm just not hungry," Dianna insisted. She decided she needed to talk with somebody, and Matt was the only person she was pretty sure she could talk to. She got up, went back to her bedroom, and looked at the clock. It was ten o'clock. Matt ought to be up by now. She looked up the Forrester number and dialed.

"Hello?" An older woman's voice answered.

"Ah, Mrs. Forrester, this, ah, this is Dianna Hillman. Is Matt there?"

"Yes he is," Mary replied. "Just a minute, I'll get him."

Mary watched as Matt took the phone and started to talk. From the tone of his voice, she could tell he liked the girl he was talking to, and she found herself experiencing a twinge of jealousy and fear. What would happen if he found a girl his own age he really liked? Was Dianna that girl, the one she dreaded would someday come into Matt's life and take him away from her? The idea scared her.

"Mary?" Matt said. He was holding his hand over the phone. "Dianna sounds really upset about something. Maybe I ought to go over and talk to her."

"Why don't you invite her over here?" Mary suggested. Somehow, if she saw the two of them together, she might be able to discern if there was anything for her to worry about.

"You won't mind?" Matt asked.

Mary shook her head. "You two can talk privately, I'll make lunch for us," she said.

"OK." Matt put the phone to his ear. "I'll be over in a bit," he said and put the phone down. "You sure you don't mind?" he asked Mary.

"Of course not," Mary said.

"I'm sorry about this," Matt said. He walked over and put his arms around her. "This was supposed to be our weekend alone together. But Dianna's kind of neat, and she really sounds like she needs a friend."

"She won't be staying all weekend, will she?" Mary asked, hoping it sounded as if she was kidding.

Matt grinned back at her and said, "No, of course not."

"Well, then, what's the problem?" Mary replied.

He kissed her, went up to his room, showered, and dressed. While he was in his room dressing, he heard Mary in the bathroom and went in.

"You know, I was planning to go over to my house later and develop some pictures," he said.

"Pictures?" Mary asked. She'd been thinking about Dianna and had forgotten the nude pictures Matt had taken of her. "What

pictures?" She thought a minute, then realized which pictures he was talking about and felt herself growing red. "You...you mean those pictures?"

Matt nodded and smiled. Then he kissed her and left.

Dianna stood waiting for him in front of her house, and didn't even wait for him to get out and hold the door for her.

"I'm glad you could come over," she said after she'd climbed in the truck. "My mom was driving me nuts."

Matt put the truck in gear and started off. "You sounded pretty upset when you called," he remarked.

"It's...it's just that my life seems to be such a mess," Dianna said, and started to cry.

Crying women always made Matt nervous. He was never sure what to do or say around them. He kept quiet and drove.

Finally, Dianna pulled herself together. "I'm sorry," she said, sniffing a little, "It's just...I don't know..."

Matt pulled into the driveway of the Forrester house, stopped and shut off the truck.

"Are you sure Mrs. Forrester doesn't mind my coming over?" Dianna asked.

"Not at all," Matt said. "She's a super lady. Come on, let's go in. You'll see."

Mary was working in the kitchen when they walked in. She looked at the slim girl and smiled. "Hi, you must be Dianna." She offered the teenager her hand. "I'm Mary."

"Hi," Dianna replied, shaking hands with the older woman. She hadn't realized how pretty Mrs. Forrester was. Mary had on a man's shirt, with the sleeves rolled up, over a pair of snug-fitting jeans. Dianna wasn't sure, but it looked like the older woman wasn't wearing a bra.

"Why don't you kids go into the den?" Mary suggested. "I'm getting lunch together."

"She really seems nice," Dianna said when she and Matt got in the den. "I didn't realize how pretty she was."

"Yeah, she's gorgeous, isn't she?" Matt agreed. He sat down on the sofa next to Dianna. "So what's up?"

"Well..." Dianna said. She took a deep breath. "It...it's my life...I'm...I'm all screwed up." She began telling him things and found he was easy to talk to. Things just seemed to come out

once she began. She told him about Ricky, and how she felt about him, and she even found the courage to tell him what had happened with Miss Conklin, too. When she finished, she noticed that Matt looked angry. It scared her a little. Was he angry with her?

"Those bastards!" he snapped, "How can people treat other people like that?"

Dianna was relieved to discover that Matt wasn't angry with her. Telling him had made her feel a bit better, even though she was pretty sure he wouldn't be able to do anything about it.

"We could go to the principal about Miss Conklin," he said. "I mean, that stuff could get her fired. I really think you ought to do that."

Dianna didn't think she had the strength to weather the problems that would happen if she went to the principal about Miss Conklin. "No," she said quickly, "I...I don't want to make a fuss. I..."

"But what if she tries to come on to you again?" Matt asked, clearly concerned.

"I'll...I'll refuse, just like I did today," Dianna said. The fact that Matt seemed to value her made it easier for her to value herself and she knew that the next time Miss Conklin asked her, if she did, she wouldn't have any problem declining the coach's offer.

"You kids want lunch?" Mary yelled from the kitchen.

Matt looked at Dianna. She nodded, and hoped lunch wouldn't nauseate her the way the thought of breakfast did.

Matt stood up and said, "Let's go eat."

Mary had made a wonderful lunch and Dianna discovered she could eat without feeling sick. In fact, she ate quite a lot.

"You're a senior, too, aren't you, Dianna?" Mary asked.

"Yes," the slim girl replied.

"Are you planning to go to college?" Mary asked.

Dianna shook her head. "My folks can't afford to send me to college," she replied. "I'm in secretarial. I'm hoping I can find a job somewhere around here after I graduate."

They chatted, and Mary found she liked the slim, shy girl. She could tell Matt liked her, too, and found she wasn't at all jealous.

"I wish Ricky would settle down with a nice girl like Dianna," Mary thought. "He's dated her a few times, maybe he'll finally settle down with her. That would be nice."

After lunch, Dianna helped with the dishes and found she was drawn to the friendly, older woman. Matt was right, Mrs. Forrester was a super lady.

"I really should get home," Dianna said after the dishes were finished. "I should help Mom clean the house."

"I'll take you home," Matt said. He turned and winked at Mary. "When I get back, we can go over and develop those pictures."

"Uh...OK," Mary replied. She again felt her face get hot.

"Mrs. Forrester really is nice," Dianna commented as they drove toward her house.

"Yeah, she sure is," Matt agreed. He braked to a stop in front of her house.

"Thank you for being my friend," Dianna said. She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek, then slid out of the truck.

"I'll stop by Monday and pick you up for school," he said.

Dianna smiled. "I'd like that." She turned and walked up the walk to her house.

Matt put the truck in gear and headed back for Mary's house, filled with excitement about the pictures they'd be developing.

Chapter 33

"You take the film out of the cartridge and thread it in this slot here," Matt explained to Mary as they stood next to each other in his darkroom. "Once you have the film in the reel, you put the reel in the developing canister, put the lid on, pour developer in, agitate it a little, set the timer, and wait."

"Doesn't it have to be dark to do all that?" Mary asked.

Matt nodded. "It does when you thread the film in," he said. "Once that's done, we can do the rest with the lights on." He walked over to the light switch. "Ready?"

Mary nodded. Matt flipped the switch and the room was plunged into total darkness.

"My word!" Mary exclaimed. "How can you see to do anything? I can't believe how dark it is in here!" Then she felt his hands slide under her arms and cup her breasts. His fingers began teasing her nipples.

"Oh!" she moaned, leaning back against him. "Matt! You're impossible!" Her hands covered his as excitement suffused her.

"We haven't made love in over twelve hours," Matt whispered in her ear.

"But...but what about the pictures?" Mary stammered.

"We'll get to them in a minute," he said. He ran his tongue into her ear, causing tingles of bliss to bounce around inside her head, then he released her.

"Why don't I get this started?" Mary heard him say, then she heard rustling as he threaded the film into the developing canisters. "There."

His voice came from behind her, then the lights came on. "Now," Matt said. He walked over to Mary, put his arms around her, and kissed her.

"Matt, what are you doing?" Mary asked, puzzled, as the young man urged her back against the counter. He didn't reply. Then his hands grasped her waist and he lifted her up onto the counter.

"There," he said. He began undoing the buttons of her blouse, opened it, then he pushed it down over her shoulders, leaving her nude from the waist up.

Rapt, Mary felt his lips working over her neck and shoulders, down onto her heaving chest. "Oh! Matt!" she groaned, leaning back on out stretched arms. He was driving her wild! He always drove her wild! He kept on licking and sucking her breasts, bringing her to the very edge of orgasm, then backing off. The sensations were unbelievable!

A buzzer went off. "I...I have to...to do something," Matt said. "I'll be right back."

Mary sat there trembling, listening as he poured chemicals out of the canisters and poured others in. Then he set the timer and walked back to her. She hadn't moved. She couldn't.

"Let's see..." Matt mused, "Where were we? Oh, yes I was doing this, wasn't I?"

"Uh!" Mary gasped when his lips again covered one of her nipples. Now his hands were unhooking her jeans. He tugged them down over her legs, pulled a stool over, and sat down.

"What...what is he doing?" Mary wondered, then she knew. Electricity arced through her as he began to lick, kiss, and nibble her thighs. His finger explored her vagina, teasing, touching, and

circling. He was driving her crazy! She lost the ability to talk. All she could do was moan and gasp with joy.

"Mmnnh!" she crooned as his finger slid into her dripping tunnel, then began to move in and out. Her moans of bliss grew louder. Then she felt his breath on her vagina. "Yes! Yes!" she cried, "Please!"

Matt heard Mary's impassioned plea and, as his finger continued plunging in and out of her vibrating body, he bent and drew the nubbin of her clit between his lips.

"Annh! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh! Oh!" Mary cried, as Matt's lips and tongue took her to the pinnacle of erotic delight, and over. "C-C-C-Coming! Ah! Ah! I'm coming! Ah!" Her hips gyrated on the smooth surface of the counter and she felt like she was exploding into a million wonderful pieces.

"My God, Matt!" Mary whispered when her senses returned to near-normal. "That was incredible!"

"I kind of hoped it would be," Matt replied. He stood up, pulled her against him, and kissed her. Once again, a buzzer sounded.

"Back in a second," he said, moving to the canisters and fussing with them again. Finally, he turned. "They're done. Want to take a look?"

Mary slid off the counter and walked over to him. Her legs were still a bit wobbly.

Matt unthreaded the developed film and held it up to the light.

Mary examined the film. The negatives looked surreal. She had to remind herself that what was dark on the film would be pale on the final prints and vice-versa. She was so interested in what she was doing, she forgot she was naked.

Matt, however, was painfully aware of Mary's state of undress. The warmth of her body radiated into him through his clothing as she stood close to him, examining his work.

"Got...got to, uh, hang these up to dry for a bit," he stuttered, "ah...then we...ah, we can um, make prints."

Part of his discomfiture came from the fact that Mary had begun caressing his rigid club through his pants. "Matt, am I distracting you?" she asked softly, licking his ear exactly the way he'd licked hers.

"Wow, are you ever!" he replied.

Mary pulled down his zipper, reached in his pants, and guided his throbbing dong out into the air.

"Oohh!" he moaned, his legs getting weak, when Mary began stroking him.

"Now it's my turn," Mary said. She dropped to her knees.

Matt groaned when his swollen organ began sliding in and out of her mouth. "Oh! Oh! Mary! Oh, God! Mary! I'm gonna come!" he wailed. He did, shooting gobs and gobs of his come into her mouth.

Mary loved it. She swallowed all she could, but couldn't take all of the torrent he spewed into her. Some of it oozed out of her mouth and ran down her chin, dripping onto her heaving breasts.

When they finished, they took a shower together. Matt was absolutely delighted to have another opportunity to wash Mary, and she loved having him do it. He was so thorough! He washed her pussy so well, she almost came again! And her breasts, too! How he seemed to love them!

Matt was having a ball. Her body was such a wonder to him. He did her back, then her legs, leaving her bottom for last. Then each perfectly formed nether cheek got a full measure of attention and was left covered by sparkling bubbles and lather. Then he slid his hand into the snug cleft between her buttocks.

"Oh!" Mary purred, her body jolting, as he caressed the tight pucker of her anus.

"She likes that!" Matt observed with delight, surprised. He didn't know women liked to be touched there. He stored his discovery for future reference.

When they finally finished, they dried each other off, then went back out into his bedroom and tumbled onto his bed.

Lips and tongues again caressed bare flesh, and once more excitement blossomed into urgency. Matt rolled atop his beautiful older lover and dove his rampant erection into her willing body.

"Yes!" Mary groaned, her legs locking around his driving hips, "Oh, yes, Matt! Do it! Oh, God! Do it! Annggh! Annggh! Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes!" Once more, she exploded into the ultimate in blissful experiences.

"Mary! I love you!" Matt cried as his body released, pouring more of his seed into her.

Sated, they dozed off and slept dreamlessly for several hours.

Matt woke up first. He looked at Mary, so pretty lying there, the wild mass of her curly black hair surrounding her gorgeous face. He bent and kissed her and was surprised when her arms moved around him and she returned the kiss.

"You make me feel better than I believed was possible," she told him.

"Ah...the pictures are probably dry," Matt said, still a bit embarrassed by her praise of his sexual prowess.

Mary stretched languidly.

"I love when you do that," Matt whispered.

"Come on," Mary said, "Let's finish those pictures before we wind up doing something else." She had noticed that Matt's penis was already half-erect. Young men were simply fantastic!

This time both of them stood nude in the red glow of the darkroom's safety light while Matt slipped the film into the enlarger and made prints of the pictures he'd taken of Mary.

"OK," he said after the enlarger light winked off. "Let's see what we have."

He walked over to a row of trays and poured in some developer. Mary moved with him and he felt the warmth of her skin against his as he worked. Working in the darkroom had never been this wonderful! He turned and felt the softness of her breast. He slipped the print in the developer and, almost magically, the picture began to appear.

Mary's breath caught as the picture became clear. Matt had chosen one of the pictures he'd taken at her house, one that he'd snapped just as she was coming.

A combination of emotions flooded her, the memory of that day, the feelings she'd given herself, and the realization of what she and Matt had been sharing. Her legs felt a little weak.

He put his arm around her. "You're shaking," he said.

"I...it's...I guess I didn't expect...the picture is beautiful," Mary said haltingly. "You are a genius!"

"Not really," Matt said. "I just point and shoot. It's my subject that's beautiful." He cuddled her and kissed her on the tip of her nose.

She kissed him softly. "Do more," she said, "I want to see more of the pictures."

Matt turned toward the enlarger. "OK, Tell you what," he said. "I'll make the prints, you develop them." He showed her how to turn what appeared to be shiny blank paper into finished pictures and they went to work.

After an hour, Mary had put what seemed like a million pictures of her naked body on the dryer. "Matt, just how many pictures did you take?" she asked.

"I shot three full rolls of film," he told her. "Thirty-five pictures per roll."

"My God! That's a hundred and five pictures!" Mary exclaimed.

"I know," Matt said. "The more pictures you take, the better the chance you'll get some outstanding ones."

"I think there are more than a few outstanding ones in this batch," Mary said.

"Thank you," Matt said. "I'm hungry, what about you?"

"Now that you mention it," Mary replied.

He took her hand and said, "Come on, let's go downstairs and I'll make something."

"Shouldn't we get dressed?" Mary asked.

"Why?" Matt responded, grinning.

Mary thought about it. Why should they get dressed? "You're right," she said. She let him lead her to the kitchen.

Chapter 34

"Have you given any thought to what we talked about the other day?" Mary asked as they sat at the kitchen table, eating. Matt made sirloin tips in gravy over noodles for them and it was delicious.

"You mean that stuff about me getting involved with someone younger?" he asked.

"That, among other things," Mary said.

Matt gave her a puzzled look and asked, "Why are you pushing that?"

"Because I love you. I don't want you to wind up hating me because I deprived you of things you could have experienced if it weren't for me," she told him.

Matt put down his fork, took her hand, and said, "I could never hate you, not for any reason."

"You can say that now," Mary said. "And I really do believe you mean it. But I love you, and I don't want to make things difficult for you. I want you to have everything someone your age should have. There are so many things you should be doing at the end of your senior year, and I can't do them with you."

"I don't care about all that crap!" Matt said firmly. "All I want is to be with you!"

Mary decided not to push the issue. "Maybe we can talk about this some more later," she said. "Why don't we go backup to the darkroom and see if the pictures are dry."

Matt let her lead him upstairs. He didn't understand why Mary kept pushing the issue of their age. It didn't make any difference to him, why should it bother her? He wouldn't have gone to the prom anyhow, except to take pictures, so what was the big deal?

"These pictures are incredible!" Mary said. Still nude, she was sitting on his bed, going through the stack of photos of her. "Matt, you are a talented photographer!"

"It was easy," Matt replied. "You're so pretty and all, it's easy to get good pictures."

"I think we probably ought to go home," Mary suggested. "If Ricky calls, he might wonder where we are."

"Want to take the pictures along?" Matt asked.

"I'm not sure that would be a good idea," she said. "What would Ricky say if he saw them?"

"Good point," Matt replied. He collected the pictures and negatives and locked them in his file cabinet. By the time he was finished, Mary had dressed. Matt felt odd, being nude while Mary was dressed, so he quickly got back into his clothes and they went downstairs, got in his truck, and drove back to the Forrester house.

They'd been there about an hour when Ricky called, extremely excited. The college wanted to offer him a full scholarship, he told Matt.

"Den, you got to see this place!" Rick gushed. "They got girls up here so gorgeous it blew me away! And the dorms for the athletes, man, they're awesome! You really ought to think about coming up here, too!"

"Colleges don't give out photography scholarships," Matt said, "and even if they did, I doubt the dorms would be as nice as the jock dorms. Besides, somebody ought to stay around here and look after Mom."

Mary kissed him softly on the neck.

"I'm telling you, Den..." Ricky continued, "...this place is horny guy's heaven! When I get home I'll tell you all about the chicks they fixed me up with. We're talking prime stuff! Prime!"

Matt knew he'd never understand his friend's attitude toward women. Why couldn't he settle down with a nice girl, like Dianna, and stop screwing around?

"He sure does sound excited," Matt told Mary when Rick's call was over.

"Doesn't he, though?" Mary agreed. "It looks like, come fall, it will just be you and me here in this big old house."

"Sounds wonderful to me," Matt said.

Mary smiled at him and winked. "Right. And since I'm 'Mom', now, I think I should start acting like one."

Her comment caught Matt off guard. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"It's late, young man," Mary said, her face serious. "It seems to me you've been a little feverish of late, and Mom knows just how to take care of your problem. To bed with you, young man, now!"

Matt smiled at her and said, "Of course, Mother, dear."

"Go upstairs, get undressed, and get in your bed, young man," Mary said. "Mommy will be right there."

Matt had no idea what Mary was up to, but if she wanted to be playful, he was more than willing to go along. He went up the stairs to his room, took off his clothes, and got in bed.

The door to the bathroom that connected their rooms was open. Matt heard Mary enter her room, heard her moving around, and wondered what she was up to.

Mary had gotten an idea while Matt was on the phone, an idea that excited her. In her bedroom, she slipped out of her clothes, walked to the closet, and took out a negligee and robe she'd purchased but never worn. It was super-sheer, almost transparent, as if she were wearing nothing, really. She was delighted she'd never worn it for Tom and that Matt would be the first man to see her in it.

Matt lay in bed waiting for her, filled with anticipation. He couldn't imagine what she had in mind. He heard her closet door open, then close. The bathroom light went on, then Mary appeared in the doorway. He looked at her and couldn't breathe.

"My...God!" he gasped.

The light shining through the diaphanous negligee highlighted the lush curves of Mary's near-perfect body.

Mary was exhilarated by his response. "You...you like it?"

"I've never seen anything that beautiful!" he whispered.

Mary walked over to the bed and sat down next to him. "I'm glad you like Mommy's outfit," she said. "Because Mommy is going to make you feel very, very good. Now, be a good boy and lay back."

Matt did exactly as he was told, unable to take his eyes off the glorious apparition before him. He shook as Mary's hands slid the covers down, then began to move over him, her touch feather-light, teasing, tantalizing.

"Oh! God, that feels so good!" he whispered as her hands moved everywhere on his body. Everywhere except for his erection which stood rampant, pointing at the ceiling. She continued her caressing, reducing him to a quivering mass of flesh, groaning and twisting on the bed.

Mary was almost as excited as Matt. At last she ceased her caresses and stood up. Slowly, she left the robe slide down over her shoulders and drop to the floor.

Matt reached for her. "Please!" he moaned.

Mary stepped back a step, then slid one of the straps of her negligee off a shapely shoulder. Then the other one. Slowly, clinging to her curves as if it hated to leave them, the filmy garment slid down her body.

Matt was almost insane with need. He would have liked to have jumped off the bed, grab her, and ravish her, but he couldn't move. He'd always thought she was beautiful and desirable, but the way she looked now, what she'd done to him, made her seem even more so. Again, he reached out for her.

Mary couldn't wait any longer. It took all the self-control she could muster to move slowly back to the bed, climb onto it, then she straddled Matt. She slid her body up his, then got to her knees.

Matt felt her hand grasp his erection, then he gasped as the tip slid between the humid lips of her vagina. "Ah!" he groaned. "Oh, Mary, please! Please!"

Mary shuddered with elation. It was going up into her. Matt's hard, throbbing penis was moving into her body, filling her, thrilling her! Then her pubic hair mingled with his and their pubic bones began to grind together, putting exquisite pressure on her clit.

Mary sat atop Matt, not moving, loving the sensations that swept through her. Then she started rocking her hips.

"Slowly," she told herself, "Make it last!" She wasn't sure she could. Her body, like that of her lover, was trembling violently with need.

Matt couldn't believe how sweet Mary's actions felt. As the walls of her clutching tube slid along the sides of his rigid pole, glorious sensations coursed through his body, filling him with warmth and delight.

Mary was almost overwhelmed with ecstasy. This was wonderful! It was slow-motion delight, joy building slowly, wonderfully, touching every fiber of her being! Then her orgasm began, bursting forth deep inside her, then spreading out, delightfully sweeping over her, overwhelming her.

"Oh, Matt! I'm coming!" she cried. Her self-control vanished and her body went wild. "So...So good! So good! Ah! Ah! Ah!"

"Unnh! Unnh!" Matt roared, erupting into her like a human volcano.

Mary's wild motions finally stilled, she collapsed atop him, and they snuggled together and slept.

Chapter 35

Dianna couldn't stop trembling as her lover's hand moved over her. She'd never felt this good! He knew just how to touch her, how to really turn her on! No one had ever made love to her like this! It was unreal!

"Dianna!" Why was he calling her name? "Dianna!" She opened her mouth to warn her lover to be quiet. If her mother caught them like this...

"We've got to..." Dianna opened her eyes and sat up, and was immediately disappointed. She was alone. She must have been dreaming.

"Dianna, are you up?" her mother called. Her voice sounded insistent and a little irritated.

"Yes, Mom, I'm awake," the slim teenager replied. Darn it, Matt had been just about to... Matt! Why was she dreaming about Matt? She shook her head and got out of bed, then headed for the bathroom.

When she'd showered and dressed, she headed downstairs for the kitchen, and the breakfast she knew her mother would have ready. The fact that she'd been dreaming about Matt continued to bother her. She couldn't understand why she'd been thinking about him and not Ricky.

At the same time, Mary Forrester was enjoying a real-life experience very much like the one Dianna had been dreaming about. And hers wasn't a dream; it was real, wonderfully real. Matt's erect penis rammed into her over and over while she lay on her side, her back to him, slightly bent over. Their bodies slapped together and Mary moaned as the young man plumbed her depths, driving her wild with passion.

"Matt! Oh, Matt! Yes! Yes!" she cried, "God! Oh, God! Aaggh! Aaggh! I'm...oh, God...I'm coming! I'm coming! Eeah!"

"Mary! Oh, God, Mary!" Matt cried, as his seed jetted into her, bathing her insides with heat and wetness.

Spent, Matt pressed tighter against Mary and put his arms around her. His softening penis was still trapped between her buttocks. He burrowed through her hair and kissed her neck, then cupped one of her breasts. She wriggled against him, and put her hand over his.

"I don't know how I'll survive waking up without you next to me once Ricky gets home," she murmured, then turned in his encircling arms and kissed him.

Matt returned the kiss. "We'll manage," he replied, "one way or the other."

"I'm hungry," Mary said. "All this heavy exertion is really stimulates my appetite." She got up, slipped on her robe, and headed for the bathroom. "What would you like for breakfast?" she asked over her shoulder.

"More of what I just had," Matt replied, smiling.

"Later," Mary said. "The way we're going, I'm afraid you'll wear me out."

"Not likely," Matt said. He sat up and swung his legs over the edge of the bed. "It seems to me, the more we make love, the better it gets."

Mary felt the same way, but didn't say anything. She continued on into the bathroom, showered, did her hair, and got ready for the day ahead. She was just finishing blow-drying her hair when Matt walked in. He kissed her, then stood there, watching her, while she completed her hair.

"I love the way your body moves when you do that," he observed, "especially certain parts."

Mary felt herself blushing. She kissed Matt, put on her robe, and went out to the bedroom, dressed, then went down to make breakfast for them.

Matt stepped into the shower.

Later, they sat at the kitchen table, eating.

"What would you like to do today?" Matt asked.

"Ricky will be getting home sometime today," Mary said, "You know Matt, once he does, we really do have to behave ourselves around the house. We can't let him find out what's going on between us, at least not for now."

"Yeah, I guess so," Matt said grudgingly. "It...it's just that the last couple of days have really been incredible." He reached out and took her hand in his. "I can't wait until he goes off to college."

Mary grinned sheepishly. "It's a terrible thing for a mother to say, but I can't, either," she replied.

Chapter 36

While his mother and Matt were discussing his return, Ricky was on a plane, headed home. He reclined his seat, closed his eyes, and recalled the wild weekend he'd had. He was going to State University, that was for sure! The girls there were incredible! He

talked with the basketball coach for about an hour, the rest of his time at the school had been one wild party.

Michelle - the last girl he had been with - was a slim, pretty blonde with wild golden curls. She had the tightest pussy he'd ever been in and was insatiable, too! They fucked twice, then, when he was sure he couldn't do anything else, she sucked him to a third erection and they fucked again. She sure had been something! After the Provo twins, he didn't think fucking could get any better, but Michelle proved him wrong.

Denise and Delilah, the Provo twins, spent a whole afternoon with him. He wasn't sure he'd be able to walk again after leaving their room. Both of them had hair as black as coal and mats of pubic hair like ebony forests. Short, lush, full bodies with dusky, silken skin, and huge breasts tipped with the biggest, most succulent nipples Ricky had ever sucked on. He hadn't been able to tell them apart, except that Denise - or was it Delilah - had a mole between her belly button and pussy.

Ricky sighed and a smile formed on his lips. That Delilah! She'd gone after his cock like a thirsty woman after water. Her sister liked being eaten just as much. They were wild. After they drained him, they'd gone after each other. Watching that re-invigorated him. He'd heard about girls that made it with each other, like Miss Conklin at his high school, but he'd never actually seen it before. Watching the twins make it with each other got him so excited he got rock-hard and fucked them both one more time.

Lorna, his girl at State U., was also the first black girl he ever screwed. He loved her dusky skin, which felt like black velvet, and the purple nipples that tipped the firmest, tastiest breasts he'd ever sucked. And that crinkly bush of hers! She had it shaved into a heart shape! That blew his mind! She'd acted so shy when they first met, but once they were alone... Wow! Ricky smiled and sighed.

Coach, sitting next to him, chuckled. "Have a good weekend, Rick?" he asked.

"It was wild, coach!" Ricky replied.

"So you think you're going to go to State?" the coach inquired.

"You better believe it!" the young man responded.

Coach smiled. "I think you're going to be glad you picked State," he said. "They're about one good player away from a divisional, maybe national, championship, and I think you may be just the player they need."

"Those girls..." Ricky said, dreamily.

"You know, kid, there's a lot of your old man in you, " Coach said.

"What do you mean, Coach?" Ricky asked.

"You know your old man and I went through high school and college together, don't you?" Coach continued.

Ricky nodded and said, "Yeah, I knew that."

Coach grinned. "Well, your old man, he was quite the cocksman back in those days," he said. "I probably shouldn't be telling you this, a bunch of us guys who knew him were real surprised when he married your mother. We were even more surprised that he settled down."

"No shit?" Ricky asked. He was interested in what the coach was telling him. "You mean my dad screwed around a lot when he was my age?"

"I probably shouldn't be telling you stuff like this," Coach said, "but there weren't too many girls in high school or college your old man didn't score with. Even some that weren't overly good-looking. Your old man was a guy who liked variety in his poontang, and he liked lots of it, too. Looks weren't a big thing for him, either. He used to say fucking the girl you're with is better than not fucking at all." He shrugged. "I guess that's why I wasn't surprised when I heard he and your mom split up. Actually, I was kinda surprised he stayed married to your Mom as long as he did."

Ricky had never thought much about this aspect of his father's life. He'd wondered exactly what it was that caused his folks to split up. What the coach just told him made him wonder even more. His mother admitted she was partly responsible, and he was angry at her because she was so sure she didn't want his father back.

But the information Coach had shared with him changed his perspective. All those long business trips his father was taking, could it be his father never really changed? Had his Dad been screwing around on his mother, maybe for years? He didn't want to believe that, but it bothered him. He closed his eyes, laid his head back, and fell asleep.

"You're just like your father." Coach's words drifted through Ricky's mind disturbingly as he slept. What was even more upsetting was that he'd heard the same thing from his mother, and from Matt...and now he'd heard them from Coach, too.

In his dreams, Ricky wasn't sure he wanted to be like his father. Not if it meant hurting people the way his father had hurt him and his mother. "No! No! I'm not like him! I'm not!" he yelled in his dream.

Chapter 37

While his son was having nightmares on the flight home, Tom Forrester was welcoming two visitors to his new apartment.

"I thought I'd bring a friend along tonight," Carol Conklin said as she walked through the glass entry doors, into the modern apartment. "Tom, this is Lisa."

Tom smiled at the petite, attractive teenager. "Hello, Lisa," he said, noting the sultry smile the girl gave him in return, and the lush curves of her young body. He should have gotten a place like this a long time ago. He stood back and watched as the two attractive women walked across the living room.

At the house Tom once shared with his wife and son, Mary hung up the phone while Matt finished doing the breakfast dishes.

"That was Ricky," she said. "He's at the airport. He said he's going to stop by his father's place before he comes home. He really sounds excited."

"I guess that means he decided to go to State," Matt said as he set the last dish in the drying rack and dried his hands on a dish towel.

"I guess so," Mary said.

Matt walked over, put his arms around Mary, and kissed her. She returned the kiss avidly.

"What time do you think Rick will get here?" he asked after the kiss ended.

"I'm not sure," Mary said. "As excited as he sounded, I'd expect him to spend a couple of hours talking with his father. Since he's going to his father's old Alma Mater, I have a feeling they're going to have a lot to talk about. I'd guess he'll probably get home around nine or so, maybe even later."

"That's good," Matt said. He cupped his paramour's delectably shaped bottom in his hands and pulled her even tighter against him. "That gives us a little time, doesn't it?" He smiled at her. "You have any ideas how we can pass it?"

"I can't believe you haven't gotten tired of chasing an old lady like me," Mary said. She loved his attentiveness and could feel passion again beginning to rise in her body. Would she ever get enough of him?

He backed her to the kitchen table and got her seated on it. "I'll show you how I feel about 'old ladies'," he said.

"Matt! What are you doing?" Mary asked.

His lips again covered hers and his hands began opening the buttons on her blouse and she was stunned to realize he planned to make love to her there in the kitchen. "We shouldn't be doing this here!" she thought, "Somebody might come in and catch us!" But then shocks of delight ripped through her body when his hands cupped her breasts and his thumbs tweaked her nipples to full, tingling erection.

Matt's erection strained against his confining jeans as he worked on Mary's glorious breasts. He had been speculating for some time on whether the table was the right height for what he wanted to do, and he was about to find out. He pulled up Mary's skirt and moved between her bare, silken legs, cupping her buttocks. He was been right, the table was exactly the right height.

"Matt!" Mary protested as he moved closer to her. She heard the zipper buzz on his jeans. "We can't...not here...oh, Matt!"

Warmth and wetness engulfed Matt's rigid organ when he slid it into Mary's quivering body.

"Oh, Matt!" Mary groaned. She could feel her body filling with luxuriant feelings as his erection intruded into her once more. "We...oh, God! We shouldn't, ah, shouldn't...be...Ah!...doing this...Oh!...here!"

Matt clutched her bottom, holding her tight against him and drove powerfully into her. The drapes were open and there was

a big, uncovered window in the kitchen door. The prospect of discovery made their love-making that much more exciting. He looked at Mary's face. Her eyes were glazed, her features showed the slackness of lust he'd come to know so well. Her mouth hung partly open. Her magnificent breasts, nipples rigid, bobbed and jiggled delightfully.

"Matt! Oh, Matt!!" Mary crooned, clutching at his arms as he lunged against her, shoving his erection deep into her, thrilling her. "I'm...I'm coming! Agghh! Ahh! I'm coming! Yes! Oh, yes! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Yeah! Oh, Mary! Yeah!" Matt cried, his moans echoing in the kitchen, mingling with Mary's. He dug his fingers into her taut bottom and continued to ram into her powerfully when his fluids bubbled up and gushed into her spasming, fluttering cave.

Afterward, the couple clung to each other desperately until their bodies calmed. Matt's erection waned slowly and slid from his lover's body.

"Oh, Matt!" Mary said, exultant at feel well-satisfied once again. "That was incredible! But...but what if someone had come to the door?"

"They would have gotten an eyeful, wouldn't they?" he replied, and kissed her on the forehead.

Mary hugged him. This had been the most intense joining she'd yet shared with him. Had it been that way only because of the possibility of their being discovered? She recalled the time in the restaurant, that had been intense, too.

"The element of danger does make it intense, doesn't it?" Matt said, as if reading her mind.

"I'll say," Mary replied. She slid off the table and felt a tickle when his juices began to seep out of her and trickle down her legs. She kissed him softly. "Now I need another bath."

Matt grinned at her. "Want me to help you with that?" he asked.

Mary smiled and nodded. "I'd be disappointed if you didn't," she replied.

With their arms around each other, they headed for the bathroom to take their shower.

Chapter 38

Mary, totally nude, sat at her dressing table, combing and blow-drying her hair after her delightful shower with Matt. Her young lover, also nude, was wandering around the bedroom behind her. He paused in front of her open lingerie drawer.

"The stuff in this drawer is really neat!" he commented. He reached in and touched the dainty under things. "You have some really sexy stuff."

Mary felt herself blushing. "I...I bought those things years ago, but I never wear them," she murmured. "I was saving them for, you know, special occasions."

Matt held up a sheer, very short, lacy teddy. "I love this," he said. "It's really pretty."

"Would you like me to wear it for you?" Mary asked.

Matt nodded and said, "Uh-huh."

"Give it to me," Mary said. "You're certainly special enough to wear it for."

Matt blushed, handed Mary the teddy, then he glanced down at the remaining lingerie. It looked as if there was something hidden under the neatly folded items, causing them to bulge. He reached under the silky things. Whatever it was felt rubbery, almost fleshy. He grasped it and took it out. It was a fake penis! A dildo! Mary had a dildo?

"Mary, what's this?" he asked.

Mary looked at him, saw what he had in his hand, then she felt herself flush. "It's...ah...I...um..." she stammered.

"Did you ever use this?" Matt asked. He started toward her, the fake cock in his hand.

"Ah...I...um..." Mary struggled to come up with words. She felt so ashamed. What must he think of her? Why hadn't she thrown that thing away?

Matt examined the device, found the switch, and turned it on. The dildo began to vibrate and began to get warm. "Oh, wow! This is wild!" he said, gripping the penis replica. "What's it feel like to use it?"

Mary was mortified. He had to be disgusted with her, she was sure of that. She was afraid he'd be so disgusted that she'd lose him.

Matt moved closer. The device had piqued his interest in how it worked, how it was used. Holding it by its base, he reached out and placed the buzzing tip against Mary's breast, on the nipple.

Mary gasped as erotic thrills burst alive in her. She hadn't expected this, but found it delightful. A moan escaped her lips and she leaned back against Matt's warm flesh. She began to

feel mushy inside as the young man moved the device from one breast to the other.

"Let's...let's go over to...to the bed," Mary said. She found it more than a little hard to talk. It was even harder to stand, she discovered quickly but Matt helped her and soon she was lying on the big bed, with Matt kneeling next to her.

The young man continued to tease her rigid nipples with the device until she was almost breathless, then he moved the insistently whirring machine down across her softly rounded belly and into her pubic hair.

"Oh!" Mary groaned, parting her legs. This felt wonderful! She didn't need to worry, he seemed to love using the dildo on her. Instead of turning him off, it seemed to have turned him on!

Ever so slowly, Matt swept the dildo over Mary's vagina, parting lips slick with the juices of excitement, then up again, bringing cries of elation from his woman as the vibrating teaser hit her erect clit.

"Ah!" she cried, "Oh, God, Matt, that feels so good!"

Matt returned the head of the ersatz penis to Mary's quivering opening and began to press it slowly into her. More thrills raced through her. The buzzing device was driving her wild and the fact Matt was wielding it made the whole thing even more thrilling.

Matt was enjoying it, too. Mary's moans and excited writhing had given him a raging hard-on. He was tempted to toss the dildo aside and plunge himself into her, but he didn't. Slowly, he moved the sex toy in and out of her body, watching with delight as her channel swallowed it, her hips rising and falling. There was something tremendously stimulating about seeing the fake penis probing into her.

"Oh! Matt!" Mary moaned, arching off the bed. "I'm going to come! I'm going to come! Oh, God! I'm coming!"

Matt dropped across Mary's body and buried his head in her crotch. His tongue began lashing her clit while he continued to shove the dildo in and out.

"Oh! Oh!" Mary screamed, "Too good! Oh, God, Matt, too good! Yes! Yes!"

When Mary began to quiet, Matt pulled the fake organ out of her, tossed it on the bed, then he climbed between her legs and plunged his painfully erect penis into her. He was so turned on that after a few strokes he was pumping his hot juices into her.

Mary felt Matt's hot cream splattering her insides, then she shuddered as another orgasm exploded through her. "Matt! Matt! Oh, God! Oh, God! Matt!" she cried, clutching at him.

Chapter 39

After his plane landed, Rick got his luggage, found his car in the airport lot, got in, and headed for his father's condo. He couldn't wait to tell his father about his adventures at State. His Dad's condo was located in a new development and was very modern, with lots of glass. But it had privacy, too. The privacy had been an important consideration, Tom had told his son. What he didn't mention to Rick was that now that he was free of his marriage, he planned to live the wild life and live it openly.

Rick parked next to his father's BMW sedan and noticed the red Porsche sitting next to it. The young man dreamed he'd one day own a Porsche like that, and took a long look at it before he went into his Dad's new place.

After examining the red car, Rick walked up the stairs, onto the deck extending across the front of the condo. He was about to push the doorbell button when he thought he heard moaning. He stood there, listening. The sounds he was hearing weren't moans of pain. Puzzled, he walked quietly across the deck to the big sliding glass doors that opened into his father's bedroom.

The three people inside the condo were unaware they had an observer who was staring at them, shocked at what he saw.

Ricky couldn't believe what he was seeing. Lisa Dutille, one of his classmates, was on her knees on his father's bed and his dad was kneeling behind her, driving his cock into the teenager. Carol Conklin, the cheerleading coach and women's gym

teacher, lay in front of both of them. Lisa's head was buried between Carol's legs. The female teacher woman was moaning with joy, and it was those moans Rick had heard. Shocked, the young man stood there trembling, watching the three people on the bed writhe to a loud, active orgasm, then collapsed on the bed.

Finally, with tears running down his cheeks, Rick turned and ran down off the deck and got back to his car. He fumbled with the key, finally got it in the ignition, then, engine roaring, tires squealing, he tore out of the parking lot, not really sure where he was going. Tears blurred his vision as he drove down the street.

"You're just like your father, " Coach had said.

Was he just like his father? He'd just seen his father fucking Miss Conklin and Lisa Dutille. He was upset but wasn't sure why. Why did it upset him that his father was doing exactly what he, Rick, was doing? And why was he angry at the Coach for saying he was exactly like his father?

He pulled to the side of the road and stopped. He wasn't sure where he was. He sat there, crying. After what he'd just seen, Rick was sure it was his father's fault that his folks' marriage broke up. And if that was true, he wasn't sure he wanted to be known for doing the things he'd seen his father doing.

He remembered that his mother was always chiding him about treating girls badly. He hated it when she did that, but maybe she was right. He'd never really had a girlfriend. Heck, Dianna was the only girl he'd ever gone out with more than once. Even then, he really hadn't taken her on a date, he'd just taken her out and used her for sex. The things his mother had told him came back to him, filling his memory.

"You have to treat girls like people. They have feelings, just like you do."

"Why can't you have a steady girlfriend?"

"Using girls to get sexual satisfaction, and nothing more, could leave you a very, very lonely young man in the end."

Rick finally managed to calm himself down. He put his car in gear and headed for home. He needed to talk with his mother about all this. Maybe she could help him get it all sorted out.

Chapter 40

Mary and Matt were lying on her bed necking when they heard Ricky's car stop outside the house.

"Ricky's home," Mary told Matt.

"I know. I guess that means I've got to go to my room," he replied, looking a little glum.

"I'm afraid so," Mary said. She kissed her young lover, then she watched as he got up, slipped on a robe, walked over and unlocked her bedroom door, then headed through the bathroom that connected their two rooms. She sighed. Somehow, she had to figure out a way she wouldn't have to sleep alone. And she didn't like the way she and Matt had to sneak around behind Ricky's back, either. She knew there were people who would never understand or accept her relationship with Matt, but she hoped Ricky would. She just wished she knew some way she could explain her relationship with Matt to Ricky that her son would understand.

She heard the door close downstairs as Ricky came in, then his footsteps on the stairs. Then there was a soft knock at her door.

"Mom, can I talk to you?" he asked softly, sticking his head in the door.

Mary was surprised. She couldn't remember the last time her son had wanted to talk to her. "Certainly, Ricky, come in," she said.

When Rick walked in, Mary noticed that his eyes were red and puffy, as if he'd been crying. "What's the matter, honey?" She got up and gave him a hug. "You look like you've been crying."

"Mom, do...do you think I...I'm just like Dad?" her son asked.

"What do you mean, honey?" Mary asked. She led her son to the bed and both of them sat down.

Ricky shrugged. "I'm not sure," he said. "Mom, what kind of person am I?"

"I think you're a pretty special kid," Mary said. She wasn't sure what Ricky was getting at and didn't want to take a chance on upsetting him.

"Yeah, but Matt is the only real friend I have," her son noted, "and you know I don't have a girlfriend."

"Well..." Mary paused thoughtfully, "If the truth be known, you can be a bit self-centered, sometimes. And you know how I always scold you about the way you treat girls. Your attitude toward women leaves a lot to be desired as far as I'm concerned."

Rick looked at her and nodded. "I-I think I finally know what you mean," he said softly.

"I've always believed that one of the reasons you don't have a girlfriend is that you use girls for your own satisfaction," Mary said. "You don't give them anything in return." She knew she was being pretty hard on her son, but she wanted to be sure he understood how she felt.

"I know," Ricky said. "I treated Dianna Hillman like crap. You know, she's really a nice kid. Maybe, tomorrow, I can talk with her in school and see if she'll go out with me on a real date."

Mary mussed her son's hair. "Maybe there is hope for you," she said, happy to see this change in attitude.

"I hope so," Ricky said. "I love Dad, but I'm not sure I want to be just like him." He stood up. "You think Den's still up?" he asked.

"Ah...no, I don't think he is," Mary lied. "He...he went to bed some time ago. He...he was tired because we spent a lot of time over at his house, getting things cleaned up."

"Oh," Rick said. "I was going to tell him about State." He shrugged. "I guess I'll have to tell him in the morning. I love you, Mom."

"I love you, too, Rick," Mary said. She wasn't sure what had brought about this change, but she was happy to see it. She got up and walked to the bedroom door with him.

"Good night, Mom," he said, and kissed her on the cheek.

"Good night, Rick," Mary said, returning the kiss and adding a hug. He went out and Mary closed and locked the bedroom door

behind him. When she turned around, she gasped. Matt was standing in the bathroom doorway.

"Matt, you startled me," Mary said.

"I'm sorry," Matt said. He walked over and put his arms around her.

"I think, maybe, Rick's changed," Mary said as they walked toward the bed. "I'm just not sure why."

"How?" Matt asked.

He kissed Mary's neck and shoulders and she felt tingling begin to spread through her body. "He, ah...he seems less self-centered, or something," she murmured. "Suddenly, he...he's concerned about how...Oh! Matt!...how he treats people, especially women."

They reached the bed and fell on it. Matt's hands parted her robe and began moving over her lush body, sending rapture rippling through her. He sucked her nipples until they stood up, stiff, straining; then his hands, lips, and tongue trailed fire down her body, through the forest of her pubic hair, onto the excitement-slick lips of her vagina.

"Ahh!" Mary cried, her back arching, her hips thrusting upward, off the bed. They probably shouldn't be doing this with Ricky in the house, but she couldn't stop, not now!

Matt laid next to her and kissed her, his tongue probing deep into her mouth. He, too, was alive with need. He rolled on top of her full, warm body and was overjoyed when his erection slid down between her legs and right into her warm cavern. He lay still, luxuriating in the damp warmth that surrounded his cock, which was embedded deep in Mary's body. Her rigid nipples pressed into his chest. He covered Mary's lips with his and felt her tongue probe into his mouth.

"Make me come!" Mary urged, licking his ear. "Take me!" Her hips began moving, sending joyous feelings into the young man's body.

Their bodies strained against each other, flesh rubbing flesh, giving and taking, seeking the ultimate in pleasure. Each partner could feel the now-familiar sensations building and growing, as they neared their bursting point.

"Gonna come!" Matt groaned, feeling the spasms begin deep in his body, knowing he was about to unleash his seed.

"Yes!" Mary replied. Her peak, too, was near. She pulled his head down and covered his mouth with hers, just as his hot cream began spurting into her. Then she, too, experienced an explosion of unbearable joy as orgasm shook her body. She still couldn't

believe anything could feel as good as this did, but she knew she never wanted it to stop.

Afterward, they lay in each other's arms. "What was that you were saying about Rick?" Matt asked.

"For some reason," Mary explained, "he seems to have changed. He was even talking about how badly he treated Dianna. He said he thinks he's going to ask her out on a real date."

"No kidding?" Matt said. He was surprised. "A date? Rick? Really? Boy, maybe he has changed."

"I just hope he doesn't revert to his old ways," Mary said, then she looked at Matt. "You know, my love, we really ought to get some sleep. You do have school tomorrow."

She pulled the young man against her, reached across him, and turned out the light. She didn't care, she wanted him there, sleeping next to her.

But, before she fell asleep, she again wondered how she would tell Rick about them, and what his reaction would be when she did.

Chapter 41

Matt and Mary were already in the kitchen when Rick came down the next morning.

"Hi, Rick," Matt said. He was standing at the kitchen counter, making fresh-squeezed orange juice.

"Hi, Hon," Mary said. She was standing next to Matt, whipping eggs, preparing to make scrambled eggs for them. "Sleep well?"

"Yeah, Mom, I sure did. It's always good to get home to your own bed," Rick said. He pulled out a chair and sat down at the kitchen table.

"How was State?" Matt asked.

"It was fantastic!" Rick replied. "They want to give me a full scholarship. Coach says he thinks they might make the NCAA playoffs if I go there."

"That sounds pretty neat," Matt said. He carried the pitcher of orange juice to the table and sat down next to his friend.

"It sure does," Mary agreed. "I'm sure your father will be happy. College is very expensive these days. If you get a scholarship, it

will help a lot." She finished cooking the eggs and carried them to the table.

"You really ought to think about going to college, Den," Rick poured ketchup on his eggs. "It would be neat if the two of us could be together up at State. They'll need a good photographer if the team does as good as Coach thinks it will."

"Thanks for the offer, but I'm going to stay here," Matt said. "The newspaper wants to hire me and I've had a lot of interest from other people, too. I think I can make a pretty good living without going to college." He laughed. "Not that I really need to worry about money."

"You are going to get your own place after we graduate?" Rick asked. He shoved a forkful of eggs into his mouth.

"I guess that's up to Mary," Matt said. "If she wants me out, I'll move."

"I don't want to have to live alone," Mary said. "You don't have to move out on my account."

Matt smiled.

After he finished eating, Rick got up, grabbed his coat, kissed his mother, and started for the door.

"You're leaving early," Mary noted.

"I thought I'd swing by Dianna's and see if she needs a ride to school," Rick said then was gone.

"Boy," Matt said, "it does look like he's trying to change, doesn't it? I can't believe he's going to pick up Dianna."

"You don't mind that Rick's paying attention to her?" Mary asked.

"Why should I?" Matt replied. "She's a nice kid, but I've already got my woman."

Mary blushed, coughed, then got up and began clearing the dishes. She carried some to the sink.

Matt walked over, put his arms around her, and kissed her. Mary snuggled against him.

"She's a friend," Matt said, "not a girlfriend. I already have the only girlfriend I ever want."

"Is that what I am?" Mary asked. "Your girlfriend?"

"You're my lover," he said, "and you always will be, I hope."

Mary looked at him. "You're sure you don't want to try dating girls your own age instead of an old lady?" she asked.

Matt kissed her again. "You sure didn't act like an old lady last night," he said.

Mary felt herself blush. "You're impossible, you know that?" she giggled.

"Yeah, I guess I am," Matt said. He cupped her bottom in his hands and pulled her against him. "But I'm good in bed."

"You certainly are," Mary agreed. In spite of the things she'd said about wanting him to date girls his age, she really didn't want to share him, and certainly didn't want to take a chance of losing him. The fear of that happening was always with her and it did her good to hear him once more profess his love for her.

Matt kissed her again and released her. "I guess I have to get to school," he said. "How'd you like to come along with me after school and see if I can find a place to set up a photography studio?"

"I'd love to," Mary said.

Another fond kiss and Matt was gone. Mary finished the dishes and started doing housework. Her biggest challenge now was telling Rick what her relationship with Matt really was. How would her son react? She hoped it wouldn't destroy Rick's friendship with Matt and make her son hate her.

The phone rang. Mary picked it up.

"Mary, this is Tom," her soon-to-be-ex-husband's voice said.

"Hi," Mary replied. Since she filed her divorce action, Tom had been acting pretty decent. She was been surprised by that development, but glad, too, because it created less problems and wasn't so hard on their son. "What's up?"

"Ricky said he was going to stop by my house when he got back from State U. last night and he didn't," Tom told her. "I wondered if he was OK."

"As far as I know, he's fine," Mary said. "I thought he stopped at your place. He didn't get here until after ten last night."

"Ten?" Tom said tentatively. What time had Carol and Lisa left his place? Was it possible Ricky had stopped by while the two women were still there? "Well, all right, tell him I called, will you?"

"Sure," Mary said. "I will."

"How are you doing?" Tom asked.

"I'm fine, Tom," she replied. "How are things going with you?"

"I'm managing," he said. "You'll have to stop over and see my place some time."

"Some time," Mary said. She was in no rush.

"Maybe I can have you and Ricky over for dinner some night," he said.

"We'll see," Mary said.

"Well, I gotta go," Tom told her. "I just wanted to check on Ricky. Nice talking with you." The phone clicked and he was gone.

She and Tom were getting along better now than they had in years, Mary mused. Maybe they should have split up years ago. "But if we had, would I have wound up with Matt in my life?" she thought. "Maybe things happen when they're supposed to."

Chapter 42

Dianna was pleasantly surprised when Rick, not Matt showed up at her door to take her to school on the Monday after Rick's trip to State U. She was even more surprised when he held the door of his Charger open when they reached the car.

"I've been thinking," he said as they drove toward school, "I need a date for the prom. Would...would you like to go with me, Dianna?"

Dianna's heart leapt and, without thinking, she said, "Yes, Rick, I'd love to!"

"Great!" A big smile crossed Rick's face. He felt great, better than he had in a long time. Maybe he had been wrong the way he'd treated girls all these years. "You want to go to the movies tonight?" he asked.

"That would be neat," Dianna said. She was amazed by what she was hearing. "But I have a big math test tomorrow. I have to study for it, I don't do that well at math."

"Math's one of my best subjects," Rick said. "How about I help you study for the test?" He chuckled. "It probably won't be as much fun as going to the movies would be, but maybe it will help you get a better grade." He paused and grinned at her. "You think it will be OK with your folks if I come over and help you with your math?"

"Ah...sure," Dianna replied. "I don't think they'd mind." She didn't care if her folks did mind. If she needed to, she could go to the town library with Rick. She had no idea what had come over Rick and wasn't about to do anything to mess it up. He was acting so different. She was almost overwhelmed by his sudden sincere interest. Hope sprang alive inside her. Maybe he didn't just want to use her for sex after all. It seemed as if he had an interest in dating. It was enough. Her day suddenly looked very bright.

At school, Rick parked his car in his usual spot and together they walked into school. Dianna was on cloud nine. She had no idea who might be seeing them and really didn't care.

Matt saw Rick and Dianna walking into the school together and was gladdened by the sight. They looked good together and if anyone deserved a little good fortune, Dianna did. He wasn't sure what Rick had done that put the broad smile on the slim, pretty girl's face, but he was happy to see it there.

Lisa Dutille was standing next to Matt. She'd seen Rick and Dianna, too. Ever since Miss Conklin arranged for her to get fucked by Rick's father, she'd been wondering what it would be like to go to bed with Rick. She'd been thinking about asking Miss Conklin if she could arrange a foursome with the two men. The thought of the four of them in the same bed made her a little fluttery inside. Then she saw Rick with Dianna Hillman and experienced another surge of jealousy. "What's with Rick?" she asked Matt.

"What do you mean?" Matt asked.

"Look at him, with that...that tramp. Is he nuts?" the girl said bitterly.

"Lisa, you of all people shouldn't be calling someone a tramp - talk about the pot calling the kettle black. Why don't you take a flying fuck at a rolling donut?" Matt snapped, then he turned and walked into the building.

The catty brunette's mouth hung open as she stood in the school doorway and watched Matt walk away from her. She'd never, ever, heard Matt swear before. What in the hell made him so damn crabby this morning?

Later that day, Matt ran into Dianna while she was at her locker getting books for her next class. "How's it going?" he asked. "Saw you with Rick this morning. I have to say, you looked pretty darn happy."

"Wonderful!" she replied, smiling broadly. "Rick asked me to go to the prom with him, and tonight he's gonna help me study for my math test tonight."

"Rick?" Matt said. "He...he asked you to...to go to...the prom with him? And he...he's going to help you study?" He was, to say the least, surprised.

"Yes, it's wonderful, isn't it?" Dianna said, her eyes gleaming with happiness. She closed her locker door. "I don't know what happened, but he's changed. I'd love to keep talking, but I gotta get to class."

Stunned, Matt stood there with his mouth open. He finally closed it. "Hey, you want to eat lunch together?" he asked.

"I don't think Rick would mind if you joined us," Dianna said over her shoulder as she started down the hall. She was right, Rick didn't mind at all.

Chapter 43

Matt picked Mary up after school and they drove to the office of a local real estate broker who specialized in commercial properties. Matt's father had done business with the broker and Mary knew the man from a time when Tom's firm was looking for a new office and had used his services.

The broker had heard about Tom and Mary's divorce, and remembered how attractive Mary was. Even though he was married, he was looking forward to seeing the attractive woman again. Maybe she'd go out with him.

Mary wore an oversized loose-knit sweater and long black loose jersey skirt. Red shoes, red earrings, and a string of large red beads added just the right amount of color to the outfit. Over it, she wore a long, black quilted coat.

"You look gorgeous!" Matt told her when she slid into the car.

"Thank you, my love," Mary replied.

The broker seemed to think Mary looked pretty good, too. He looked at her with ill-concealed admiration, his eyes afire. So avid was his gaze he was almost drooling.

"I understand you and Tom are splitting up," he commented to Mary, ignoring Matt, who was sitting next to her.

"Yes, we are," Mary replied curtly. She felt very uncomfortable about the way the man was looking at her.

"I'm really sorry to hear that," the broker said, continuing to look at Mary. "What can I do to help you?"

"I'm looking for a place to set up a photography studio," Matt said, putting special emphasis on the word, "I'm."

"What, exactly, is he looking for?" the broker asked, directing his question at Mary, staring at her chest.

"You'd best ask Matt," Mary said, her tone sharp. "He's the one who will be making the decisions and paying the bills."

"Yes, of course," the broker said, reddening a bit. He cleared his throat, turned and looked at Matt. "What are you going to need, son?"

"I need at least one big room to use as a studio, bathrooms, a changing area, space for a darkroom, storage, and an office," Matt explained. "I'd prefer something that gives me a lot of natural light, and the space should be air-conditioned, too." He quoted the broker an estimate of the number of square feet he thought he'd need.

"I see," the broker seemed a bit taken aback by how competently Matt stated his needs. "I think I may have several properties that meet your requirements, at least as far as square footage goes. What about location?"

"It ought to be accessible, and have ample parking," Matt said, "but it doesn't have to be in the center of town."

"What about price?" the broker asked.

"After we look at the places you have in mind you can tell me. I think I'll be in a much better position to determine if the price is reasonable once I've seen the property, don't you?" Matt said.

The broker leaned back in his chair, tented his fingers, and put them under his chin. "Actually, I have several properties that might be suitable," he said. "Do you want to take a look at some of them?"

"That's why we're here," Matt said.

They went in the broker's car. At each location, while Matt prowled around checking out the building, the broker stayed with Mary, trying to make conversation. Mary embarrassed and a bit miffed, kept cutting him off.

At last they found a place Matt liked. It was, the real estate agent said, an old railroad freight shed located next to what used to be a railroad yard on the outskirts of Jamestown. It needed quite a bit of work and didn't look anything like a studio, but it struck his fancy. "I like this," he said. "I think it might do."

"Well, it isn't quite what you said you were looking for," the broker told him, "but if it's what you want, I think the owner might be willing to make some alterations."

"I'll take care of the alterations myself," Matt said.

"Why don't we go back to my office?" the broker said. "I'll call the owner and we can see what kind of lease terms he's willing to offer." He seemed anxious to cement the deal.

"I'm not interested in a lease," Matt said. "I want to buy the building."

"Buy?" The broker looked from Matt to Mary, back to Matt.

"Buy," Matt said. He handed the broker a business card. "That's the number of my attorney. Call him. He'll handle the details of the purchase."

"Uh...well, all right, I guess we're all set, then." The broker wasn't sure what to make of this young man. He drove them back to his office and accompanied them as they walked to Matt's car.

"Is this your car?" he asked Mary, looking at her, the Mercedes, and then her again.

"It's his," Mary said and gestured toward Matt.

The man nodded. He leaned closer to Mary. "Maybe, you know, we could have dinner some time?" he said quietly.

"I'd love to have dinner with you and your wife," Mary replied innocently. "Have your wife give me a call." Before the man could answer, she got in the car.

Red-faced, the broker took a step back from the car, and looked across the roof at Matt, who was grinning at him. "Um...ah...I'll, ah, I'll call you when the deal's done," he stammered then, he turned and walked toward his office.

As they drove away from the broker's office, both Matt and Mary burst out laughing.

"What a turkey!" Matt said.

"He's a creep," Mary said. "Even Tom said that when he had to deal with him a few years ago. Are you sure that place will be all right?"

"Once I it's fixed up the way I want it, it'll be super," he said. "I'll draw up some plans and talk with the contractor my father always did business with. I'm going to need a secretary and receptionist, and an assistant. You interested in working for me when I open my studio?"

"Huh?" Mary said. The request took her completely by surprise.

"Actually, I was thinking of you for the assistant's job. I need someone to help me set up shots, make sure things are arranged properly, stuff like that," he said. "I can't think of anyone else I'd rather work with."

"I'd love to work with you, Matt," Mary said. "It sounds like it could be a fun job."

Matt turned onto the street his parents' house was located on.

"Where are you going?" Mary asked.

"Rick will be late getting home tonight," he said. "I have some things I need to do in my lab."

"Oh," Mary said.

Chapter 44

"Matt! Oh, God! Oh, God!" Mary groaned as she once again experienced delight at the hands of her young lover. She was bent over the counter in the darkroom and Matt was behind her, driving his swollen penis into her powerfully. They were still dressed. The minute they entered the darkroom, Matt came up behind her, slid her skirt up and, before she could do anything, he shoved his erection into her.

She'd been thinking about making love with him during the drive from the real estate office to his house so she was wet and ready when he entered her. He continued lunging into her and her body shook from his pistoning movements. Deep inside, she sensed the start of an orgasm.

"Oh! Oh! Matt! Matt! I'm... I'm going to come! Oh! Oh! I'm... I'm coming! I'm coming! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!" she cried. She felt her body begin to vibrate, then blissful waves of pleasure began crashing over her and her legs went weak. If Matt hadn't been pressing her against the cabinets, she'd have fallen.

"Yeah! Oh, yeah!" Matt cried as his insides contracted vigorously and his hot, sticky cream jetted into Mary.

Her young lover's ejaculation caused still more exultation for Mary. This was the way making love should be, the way it always

seemed to be with Matt. She never knew lovemaking could be so good, and so frequent!

Matt leaned against his partner, allowing his body to calm, feeling her calm, too, as they rested. Slowly, his once-rampant penis shrank and slid from the clutching grip of her vagina.

They stood up and Mary turned to face the young man. "I love you, Matt," she said, softly, but ardently, as the juices he'd pumped into her began to trickle down her legs. She hugged him and kissed him. "I love you!"

"I love you, too," Matt replied.

"I'm all sticky. I have to get cleaned up," Mary giggled. She slipped out of Matt's embrace and headed for the bathroom, pulling her sweater over her head as she went. Her body was still tingling from the young man's delightful unexpected assault. "We've made love just about everywhere it's possible to make love," she thought as she dropped the sweater on his bed, slipped out of her skirt and laid that on the bed, too, then kicked off her shoes. "And we've done it in just about every position there is, too."

She hadn't bothered putting on any underwear when she got dressed that morning. Ever since her affair with Matt had begun she found herself becoming more and more coquettish and loved every minute of it. She never wanted to stop feeling this way!

Matt stood in his bedroom doorway, watching Mary disrobe, enjoying every minute of it. When she entered the bathroom, he quickly shed his clothes and went to join her.

"I don't think I'll ever get over how beautiful you are," he commented. He was standing, nude, at the open shower door, looking at her full, perfect body, which glistened with jewel-like droplets of water from the shower.

Mary felt herself blushing. "Come here," she said and held her arms out to him. Matt moved into her embrace, his body coming against her warm, wet one, and their lips met. They stayed like that for a while; locked in an embrace, their tongues lashing, warm water beating down on them.

The kiss ended and the two lovers soaped each other's bodies thoroughly, enjoying the sensations their moving hands spread along with the rich lather. Each thought they'd been sated by the frantic joining in the darkroom, but they discovered their actions in the shower were exciting them all over again.

Mary turned to put the soap in its niche in the wall and felt Matt move against her from behind.

"He's hard again!" she thought, thrilled as his erection slid between her lush, lovely buttocks, brushing the tiny pucker of her anus.

"Oh!" Mary trilled, "Matt, that feels so good!"

Matt grabbed his erect penis and slid it up and down the cleft between his partner's luscious cheeks. His action made Mary's legs quiver and sent jolts of delight racing through her curvaceous form once more.

"Do you like that?" he asked.

"Yes!" Mary hissed in reply. "Oh, yes, darling!"

Matt cupped one of her pendulous breasts and began rolling the nipple back and forth with his thumb. His erotic assault was having the desired effect on Mary.

Matt began to thrust against her, and again the swollen purple head of his erection probed Mary's anal pucker. Without realizing what she was doing, Mary pressed back against him. She wanted him in her there! She wanted him in her ass!

"Push! Oh, God! Push! Matt! Matt, push! Put it in me! In my ass!" she cried and kept pushing back against him, feeling her tight sphincter stretch open as his erection slowly breached her virgin opening.

Matt's blood pounded in his ears as his throbbing shaft probed farther and farther into Mary's body through this new opening. He believed they'd shared all a man and woman could share, but he'd been wrong. Now his erection was going into her anus!

Lubricated by the heavy lather he'd spread over her, his rigid member made slow, steady headway into his lover's unbelievably tight orifice.

Mary groaned, overwhelmed by the reality of what was happening to her. Her ass was being stretched and strained, the sensations coursing through her were a mixture of pleasure and pain. Slowly, ever so slowly, Matt's swollen penis moved deeper and deeper into her tight channel, thrilling her more and more each centimeter it advanced.

Matt grasped Mary's hips and kept up the steady pressure, continuing to push his erection inexorably into her quaking body. "So...tight," he groaned, "It feels too good!"

Then, gradually, his thighs moved against Mary's and he knew the pressure of her buttocks against his groin. He was all the way in her!

"Oh, God, Matt!" Mary's cry was a combined moan of ecstasy and pain. Never in her life had she experienced anything like what she was experiencing right now! "Oh, Matt!" she moaned.

Slowly, Matt began moving his hips. As he did, he realized it wouldn't be long before he came. "Oh, Mary, I'm gonna come!" he groaned, feeling the beginnings of those joyful spasms deep inside himself. "Oh, Lord! Mary! I'm gonna come! I-I can't wait! It feels too good!"

"Come, darling, oh, please, come!" Mary cried in reply. "Yes! Yes! Fill me! Come! Fill me!"

The friction of their contact was so sweet, her anus was wrapped so tightly around him, and it was as if she could feel every ridge of the meaty pole embedded in her. That pole had begun to throb and pulsate, and was now pumping hot cream into her rectum. She exploded into fits of joy.

"Mary! Gaah! Mary!" Matt screamed. His fingers dug into her ass.

"Oh, God, Matt! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh! Yes! Yes! Yes!" Mary's cries echoed in the confines of the shower and she clutched at the wall desperately for support.

Later, dried off, they lay in each other's arms in Matt's bed.

"Are you OK?" Matt asked, his voice filled with concern. He was afraid he'd hurt her by doing what they'd done.

Mary kissed him. "I've never felt better!" She kissed him again. "That was fantastic!"

"We... we've done just about everything a man and woman can do, haven't we?" Matt asked.

"I guess!" Mary replied. "And everything has been so wonderful!"

Necking seemed the natural thing to do, and they did just that for a while.

"You know, Matt, we really ought to get home," Mary said at last.

"Yeah," Matt said. "Maybe we ought to get something to eat, too."

They began to dress. Mary noticed that Matt paused to watch her put her clothes on.

"I love to watch you dress," he said.

She smiled at him and chuckled softly. "I thought you preferred seeing me undress," she noted.

He nodded. "I do," he said. "But it's almost as neat watching you dress." He finished putting on his clothes. "Come on," he said. "Let's go get some food." He took her hand and led her toward the stairs.

Chapter 45

Matt and Mary stopped at a fast food outlet and got some take-out food, then they headed for the Forrester house.

"You know," Mary said as they walked through the door into the kitchen, "Rick's going to have to be told about us sometime."

Matt put the bags of food down on the table. "I guess so," he said. "But..."

"I'm going to have to be told what?" Rick said, walking into the kitchen from the living room.

Matt and Mary turned, startled, and gaped at him. Neither of them expected him to be home, and they hadn't looked in the garage to see if his car was there. They looked at each other and saw the panic that was clear in both their faces. All of a sudden, they were being forced to confront the thing they were most frightened about.

"Ah..." Mary stammered. She wanted to say something, but she didn't know what to say.

Rick walked to the refrigerator, got out a soda, opened it, and turned to face them. "I think I know what you guys are talking about," he said. "I already know all about it."

"You...you do?" Matt stammered. "How...?"

"Oh, Rick," Mary said. She felt tears well up in her eyes. "I'm sorry, I-I should have told you earlier, I-I wanted to, but..." She looked at her son, puzzled that he didn't seem angry. "How...when did you find out?"

"I found out the other night, when I came back from my trip to State U.," Rick said. He walked over, sat down at the table, took a hamburger out of one of the bags, unwrapped it, and took a bite.

Matt and Mary stood there, wide-eyed, staring at him. How could he be so calm about all this? Both of them expected him to be at least a little upset, but he was acting like their affair was no big deal.

Rick swallowed his hamburger, drank some soda, and looked at them. "When I stopped at Dad's place, I saw them," he said.

"Them?" Mary said. She looked at Matt, then back to Rick. "Who? Who did you see, honey?"

"Miss Conklin and Lisa Dutille, with Dad," he said.

"Wait a minute..." Mary said, trying desperately to understand what her son was talking about "...are you saying you saw your father with...with two..." The reality of what her son had just said shook Mary.

Rick nodded. "You got it," he replied. He took a box of French Fries out of a bag and ate one. "Dad was with Miss Conklin and Lisa Dutille. It looked to me like they were having some kind of orgy." He grinned at Matt. "I guess Miss Conklin's not a Lesbian, huh, Den?"

"I-I..." Matt stammered.

"Oh, no..." Mary said. She stood up, walked to the kitchen window, and looked out. She felt a flash of anger when she first heard what Tom had been up to, but that passed quickly and was replaced by concern for her son. "Are you all right, Rick?"

Rick got up, walked over to where she stood, and hugged her. "I'm fine," he said. "Hey, you and Dad are divorced, right? Why shouldn't he be able to screw around with other women if he wants to?"

"I...I guess you're right," Mary said. Then something dawned on her. "Did...did that talk we had the other night have anything to do with what you saw at your father's place?"

Rick looked at her, smiled a little, then he nodded. "Yeah. I guess it did," he said. "Mom, I don't want to be like him. On...on the way back from State, Coach, he...he said I was just like Dad."

"Maybe part of you is like your father," Mary said, hugging her son, "But you're part of me, too. I think you can be whatever kind of person you want to be."

"Sure Rick," Matt said. He walked over and put his arms around the mother and son. "You're OK, and it seems to me you're getting better."

Rick backed out of his mother's embrace and punched Matt playfully on the shoulder. "I'm sure glad you're part of the family now, Den," he said. "It's kind of neat having a brother, you know?"

They sat down and ate. The food was cold, but they didn't notice. When they were finished, Matt collected the assorted detritus from the meal, picked it up, and carried it to the trash can.

"What about you, Mom?" Rick asked.

"What about me?" Mary replied.

"You're still young and pretty," her son said. "Are you going to start dating again?"

Matt missed the waste basket and the paper scrap scattered on the floor.

Mary turned bright red. "I...I don't know," she stammered. "Now would be the perfect time to tell him about Matt and me," she thought. "I should just do it and get it over with."

"What's the matter, Mom?" Rick asked. "You nervous about dating? You shouldn't be. You're a real good-looking lady."

Matt wasn't sure what was going on. He got down on his knees and picked up the paper scraps, then he got up and put them in the trash.

"Maybe..." Mary hesitated, then continued, "...maybe I've already found someone."

Ricky brightened. "Hey, that's neat!" he said. "Is it anyone I know?"

Mary coughed and got even redder. "Ah...sort...of," she murmured.

Rick turned to Matt. "Hear that, Bro?" he said. "Mom's got a boyfriend already! I knew a lady as pretty as she wouldn't have any problems in that area."

Matt wasn't sure what to say. "I guess that's OK," he mumbled.

"OK?" Rick said. "Shit, I think it's great. Mom deserves to have a good time, too, don't you think? Only thing left for us now is to get you fixed up with someone."

Matt gulped and said, "Me...?"

"Yeah," Rick went on, oblivious to the state of panic the people he was talking with were experiencing, "some how or the other, we're gonna get you a girl, too." He stood up. "Look, I promised Dianna I'd help her study for that math test. I gotta get going. Tell you what, Den. I'll ask her. Maybe she knows someone we can fix you up with." He slipped his jacket on, kissed Mary, and was out the door.

After he left, Mary and Matt stood there looking at each other, dumb-struck. Then, at the same time, they burst into laughter.

"Do you believe that?" Mary gasped. "When he said he knew..."

Matt moved close to Mary and took her into his arms. "I know," he said. "For a minute, there, I wasn't sure what was going on."

"I almost told him," Mary said. She buried her face against Matt's chest and hugged him tightly. Then she leaned back in his arms and looked at him seriously. "We do have to tell him. Soon."

"I know," Matt replied. "But I'm worried about how he'll react when we do." Impulsively, he bent and covered Mary's mouth with his. With a soft moan, Mary moved against him.

"Hey, Den, my car won't start, can I...?" Ricky said. "What the fuck?"

Matt and Mary jumped apart and turned to look at Rick who stood there, ashen-faced, his mouth open. "What...the...hell...?" he stammered.

"Rick, honey, let me explain..." Mary said. She took a step toward her son.

Rick backed up, shaking his head. "No. This is...is..." he gasped. He turned and bolted out the door.

"I guess our problem just got solved," Matt said. "Although I'm not sure it got done the best way it could have."

"We...I have to go after him," Mary said. "I have to explain."

"Get your coat, I'll drive," Matt said.

They got in Matt's Mercedes and left to look for Rick.

Rick, meanwhile, ran through back yards and down streets, too shaken to think. He had no idea where he was going or what he was going to do. His Mom and Matt. They were... Tears streamed down his cheeks and his chest heaved.

He considered going to his father's place, but decided his father wouldn't be any help with this situation. Where was he, anyhow? He looked around.

Without realizing it, he'd run to the street Dianna lived on. He needed someone to talk to. Maybe Dianna would be able to help him figure this out. He wiped his eyes, blew his nose, and started down the street to her house.

Matt and Mary, concerned about Rick's state of mind, drove around the neighborhood. They looked in place after place, with no luck.

"Where is he?" Mary was scared. What if Rick was so upset he...?

"Don't worry," Matt said. "We'll find him."

"Maybe...maybe he went to his father's place," Mary suggested.

Matt headed for Tom Forrester's condo.

Chapter 46

Rick knocked on Dianna's door and was relieved that she, and not her mother, answered.

Dianna looked at his puffy, red eyes. "Rick, are...are you all right?" she asked. "You look upset. What's wrong?"

"I-I don't know," Rick replied. "The whole world's going crazy."

"Come in," Dianna said.

"Are your folks home?" Rick asked.

She shook her head and said, "Mom's working a double shift and Dad's out plowing snow."

"Snow?" Rick said. He looked behind him. It was snowing. He was all wet. He never even noticed.

"Take your jacket off and sit down," Dianna said. "I'll make us some hot chocolate."

"Yeah, OK," Rick said. He slipped his jacket off and headed for the living room.

Dianna was worried. Rick looked terrible. She quickly got the hot chocolate made, then went back to the living room and sat next to Rick on the sofa.

"You want to talk about what's bugging you?" she asked.

Rick shrugged and shook his head. "I-I don't know," he said. "I'm all screwed up. My life's all screwed up. Jesus! I don't even know who I am any more."

"Rick, what's wrong?" Dianna asked.

"Aw shit..." Rick said. He got up and began to pace. "The other day, I saw my dad screwing Miss Conklin and Lisa."

"What?" Dianna exclaimed, stunned by the news. So Miss Conklin wasn't a Lesbian, she must be bi-sexual, and she was sleeping with Rick's father, and sharing other girls with him, too.

"Yeah, I did, but that isn't all of it," Rick said. "I think my best friend is screwing my Mom." He stopped pacing, pounded his fist against the wall, then he resumed.

"Your best friend...and...your Mom..." Dianna stammered. She was confused. "You think...you...you mean your mother and Matt, they're...?"

"Yeah," Rick said. "Shit, here I thought Den and me were like brothers, then I find out..."

"Rick, are...are you sure?" Dianna asked. She found it almost impossible to believe that Rick could be right. Matt seemed like such a shy, quiet boy. She couldn't quite imagine him making it with Mrs. Forrester. He didn't even try to put the make on her when they were together, and Mrs. Forrester seemed nice, too.

"I didn't see them screwing, or anything like that," Rick fumed, "but they were hugging and kissing, and they weren't just friendly hugs and kisses, they were..." He hugged himself, closed his eyes, and shook his head.

"What did you do?" Dianna asked, trying desperately to make sense out of what she was hearing.

"Jesus, what could I do?" Rick said. "I took off, and I wound up here. I don't even know how I got here, except that I ran." He flopped down on the sofa.

"What are you going to do now?" Dianna asked. She laid her hand on Rick's leg.

"I just don't know!" Rick replied. "Jesus! I thought...I thought Matt was my friend!"

"What if you're wrong about them?" Dianna suggested hopefully. "What if you're making something of nothing?"

"You had to see them," Rick said. "What they were doing was more than a friendly hug and kiss."

"Well..." Dianna said. She desperately tried to think of some explanation, some way to get Rick calmed down. "But you didn't talk to them. How can you be sure what's going on if you don't talk to them? Maybe they can explain, don't you think?"

Rick looked at her in amazement. "You're unreal, you know that?" he said.

"I..." Before Dianna could reply, the doorbell rang. She got up to answer it, and more than a little miffed. She was hoping to have had time to let Rick talk out his problems. She didn't need any interruptions, not now, not when Rick was so upset and needed to talk things out.

Chapter 47

Matt and Mary didn't know what to do when they got to Tom Forrester's condo and found it locked and apparently unoccupied.

"Where could he be?" Mary asked. The longer they went without finding Rick, the more anxious she got.

"Hey, maybe he went to Dianna's place," Matt said. "Come on, let's go over there and see."

He drove quickly through the falling snow to Dianna's house, parked the car at the curb, then he and Mary got out, walked up to the house, and rang the doorbell.

"Hi, Dianna," Matt said when she opened the door. "Is Rick here?"

"Ah..." Dianna responded. She wasn't sure what to say. She looked over her shoulder at Rick, then at Matt. She nodded. "He...he told me about what he saw. He's real upset."

Matt took a deep breath and said, "I need to talk with him."

"I don't know," Dianna said. "He's pretty upset."

"Who is it?" Rick asked. He appeared in the hallway. "What the fuck do you want?" he growled when he saw Matt.

"Rick, we need to talk," Matt said.

"Goddammit! I don't want to talk to you!" Rick yelled. "Jesus Christ, Matt, I saw what you and Mom were doing!"

"Rick, give me a chance to explain," Matt said. He wanted that much, at least. "Look, Rick, we've been friends a long time..."

"Some friend you are!" Rick snorted. "Jesus Christ! What kind of friend screws his buddy's mom?"

"Look, just listen to what I have to say," Matt said. "Give me that much."

"Aw fuck!" Rick snapped. He turned and stomped back to the living room.

Dianna wasn't sure what to do. She looked at Matt, who was near tears. "Go in there," she said, "go talk to him."

Not sure how it would turn out, Matt walked into the living room. "Look, Rick," he said, "Mary...your mother and I aren't trying to hurt you."

"Yeah..." Rick said and glared at him. "What the hell are you trying to do then?"

"You know me," Matt said, "You know I've never gone out much. Not like you did, anyhow. I mean girls just didn't seem to like me, and I was scared to ask them out. I didn't want them to turn me down."

Rick looked at his friend. Matt was encouraged. At least Rick was letting him talk and seemed to be listening.

"Anyhow," Matt continued, "I've had a crush on your mom for a real long time. She's so beautiful and..." He kept going, telling his friend how he and Mary had wound up becoming lovers. "I mean, it wasn't like we set out to do that to hurt you. It...our relationship...it just happened and...and I'm not sorry it did."

"Jesus, Matt!" Rick stood up and started to pace. "That's crazy! All right, sure, I can accept that, maybe, you got carried away once. Shit, it's happened to me plenty of times. But you kept doing it! That's...that's sick!"

"Why?" Matt asked. "Why is it sick? There's something else you need to know about all this."

"What else is there?" Rick asked.

"I'm in love with your mom...Mary," Matt said. "What she and I have is a lot more than just a fling. I don't want our relationship to end. I want to marry her." There, he'd said it.

Rick began pacing again. "I don't fucking believe this!" he muttered. "Jesus Christ! Goddammit! Matt, that's crazy! You and Mom can't get married!"

"Why is it crazy?" Matt asked. "Mary's beautiful...and she doesn't seem older than me, and, well, I don't know any other way to put it, I love her. I can't explain why, or how, it's just the way I feel."

Matt didn't realize that Mary had come in and was standing next to Dianna in the doorway, listening.

"Maybe I am crazy," Matt went on, "but I know how I feel. I love Mary, I want to be with her. Christ! Like I said, I want to marry her."

Rick looked at his friend and smiled tentatively. "That sure as hell would be a trip, wouldn't it?" he said. "If you and Mom got married, I'd have a step-father who's younger than me."

"I never thought about that," Matt said, feeling for the first time since he began talking that Rick might just be coming around. "But you're not that much older than me. Tell you what, when I do get to be your step-father, I promise not to be too strict."

"Goddamn right you won't," Rick said. He stopped, turned, and looked at his friend. "You know, all this is going to take some getting used to." He laughed and shook his head. "Shit, if you guys really are in love, why the hell shouldn't you get married? Hell, maybe I'm just as crazy as you are!" He walked to Matt and pulled his friend into a bear-hug.

Matt hugged his friend back and then felt other arms move around them. He looked. It was Mary!

"Hi, Mom," Rick said, turning to hug her. "Look, I'm sorry I ran out of the house like that, but, you know..." He shrugged. "It's OK, now. Matt's explained the whole thing."

"I know," Mary said, sniffing a little. "I was standing over there. I heard him. He was quite eloquent. And what he said goes for me, too."

"You mean you guys might really get married?" Rick said.

"I'm not sure about that," Mary said, "but I do know I'm not going to give Matt up."

"Hey, all right!" Rick said. He looked past Matt and saw Dianna standing in the doorway. "What do you think about all this?" he asked.

Dianna shrugged. She wasn't sure where she fit into this new and rather odd family setup.

"Hey, guys," Rick said, "I promised Dianna I'd help her study for her math test. You want to get out of here so we can get to work?"

"OK," Matt said. "Come on, Mary, let's go home. It looks to me like Rick's OK." He turned to leave.

"Just a minute," Mary said. "Dianna, can I talk to you privately for a minute?"

"Sure," the younger woman replied. The two of them walked into the kitchen.

"I need to ask a big favor of you, Dianna," Mary said. "I'd like it if what you heard tonight stays between the four of us for now."

"Sure," Dianna said.

"At least until the school year is over," Mary continued. "I think it's best my relationship with Matt doesn't become public knowledge."

"I understand," Dianna said.

"Good," Mary said. She gave Dianna a hug and kissed her on the cheek. "You're a very special young lady. I'm glad Rick's finally settling down with someone like you."

Dianna felt her face get hot. "Ah...thanks, Mrs. Forrester," she murmured.

The two women returned to the living room. Again, Mary and Matt started for the door.

"Hey, you two," Rick said.

Matt and Mary turned.

Rick grinned and said, "Don't wait up for me."

Chapter 48

After the door closed behind Matt and Mary, Rick turned to Dianna, who still wasn't sure how he felt or what he was going to do. He looked at Dianna, who was standing there, looking back at him waiting for his response. "What do you think?" he asked her.

Dianna shrugged. "It sure is a wild story, isn't it?" she said. "But...but I think Matt does love your Mom. And it kinda sounds like she may be in love with him, too. If that's so, how do you feel about it?"

Rick shook his head. "Jeezum, to be honest with you, I'm not sure," he said. He stood there quietly, lost in thought, for a minute or two. "I guess it's OK. I'm gonna have to think about it a while, I guess. I hope I'll get used to it. God, I don't know what I'd do if Mom and I weren't getting along."

"You will," Dianna said. "You love your Mom and she loves you."

Rick smiled. "How late are your folks going to be?" he asked her.

Dianna shrugged. "Ah...well, the way it's...it's snowing, my Dad will probably be out all night," she said. "And Mom doesn't get off until seven."

Rick grinned at her. "Then we're alone, huh?" he said, moving toward her, reaching for her.

"Ah...I..." Dianna couldn't finish what she was going to say because Rick's mouth was covering hers and his tongue was thrusting into it. Powerful feelings of need swept over the teenager's slim body. She didn't care if her folks came in and caught them. She wanted him!

Without Dianna really knowing how it happened, she found herself on lying on the sofa. Rick had gotten her sweater and bra up and was sucking her nipples. Overpowering thrills rushed through her body.

"Oh...Rick!" she said, trying to protest even though her body didn't want him to stop. "What if...oh!"

Rick's hand insinuated under the waist of her jeans, slid down between her legs, and onto her sopping vagina.

"Gaahh!" she moaned. Her hips rocked up off the sofa in response to his searching touch. "Please! Please!"

Cool air swept over Dianna as Rick pushed her jeans down. Then he was kneeling between her legs, still sucking her nipples, driving her wilder and wilder with need. She didn't care if her parents came in! She couldn't stop! The hot head of his rock-hard penis separated her labia and began sliding up into her

body. She was literally vibrated with delight. "Yes! Please, Rick! Take me! Take me!" she cried, clutching at his back.

As experienced as he was, Rick had never experienced the level of passion he was feeling right then. He'd never wanted a woman as badly as he wanted Dianna. He plunged into her forcefully, driving her down against the soft cushions of the sofa. He'd always prided himself on having a lot of control, but he had none tonight.

"Dianna! Oh, God! Dianna!" he groaned as his insides tightened, then unwound powerfully and exploded his seed into the young woman's willing body. "I...I love you! Diana! Take it! Oh, God! God!"

Dianna felt Rick's hot sperm explode into her and spiraled over into a maelstrom of ecstasy. Sex had never been like this before. Vaguely, she heard his protestation of love, but all she could do was cry out in happiness, "Rick! Rick! I...I love you! Ah! Annhh! I'm coming! Yes! Yes! Ahh!" Her legs locked behind him, her hands tore at him and her body slammed against his, seeking more joy.

When at last they were sated, they lay in each other's arms. "Did...did you mean what you said?" Dianna asked softly.

"You mean...about loving you?" Rick asked.

Dianna nodded.

Rick lay there looking thoughtful for quite a while, and Dianna was frightened. What if he hadn't really meant it? What if he told her he didn't love her after all?

Finally, Rick grinned and nodded. "Yeah, you know, I think I did mean it," he said. "No, that's not right. I don't think I mean it, I do mean it. Ever since the first time you and I made love, I-I don't know how to say it, things haven't been the same with me. Maybe that's it. Maybe it was because I love you."

Dianna was happier than she ever believed she'd be. Her arms snaked around his neck, pulling his face to hers and her lips mashed against his.

Rick responded, plunging his tongue into Dianna's mouth. As his hands began once more to roam over her lithe body he thought, "This is kind of nice! Maybe being in love isn't such a bad thing after all!"

Chapter 49

Things went extremely well for the new family group in the weeks following Rick's learning about his mother's relationship with Matt. The family more and more came to include Dianna, too. Rick's team won the state championship and he got a full basketball scholarship to State.

The relationship between Rick and Dianna continued to blossom. Lately there had been some talk of marriage, and Dianna approached Mary with the idea of a double wedding. Mary told the girl she'd think about it. She still wasn't convinced that the idea of her getting married to Matt was a good one, but she was having more and more difficulty coming up with reasons why she shouldn't marry him.

Matt moved into the master bedroom. He also purchased the building in which he hoped to open his photography business. When he became a legal adult, he sold the house his folks left him for more than he expected, and that money, plus his substantial inheritance, assured him he only would have to work if he wanted to.

One of the first things he did with his money was arrange it so Dianna could go to State U. with Rick. He wanted to buy them a house, but Mary said she thought that was a little excessive.

She was in the kitchen, getting dinner ready one afternoon in May when Matt came in after school, smiling broadly.

"I think I figured out a way you can be my date for the prom," he said.

"How?" Mary asked. She still had guilt feelings about the things she believed their relationship was depriving him of.

"I have to take pictures of the dance for the yearbook, right?" he said.

"Yes," Mary replied.

"Wouldn't it be better if I had an assistant to help me?" he said.
"And who'd think it was odd if we got in a few dances?"

Mary began to protest, then as she thought about it, realized it just might work.

"If you're going, we have to get you a gown and all," Matt continued, clearly excited at the prospect of having her as his date for the prom.

"I'm sure I have something at home," Mary said.

"Hey, come on, I want to get you something spectacular," Matt told her.

Mary didn't argue. She knew how much Matt liked giving her things, and he certainly could afford it.

Two weeks later, she was in her bedroom, getting ready to accompany Matt to the prom. She was a little nervous, but mostly she was excited. She was going to the prom at last, and with someone she really loved! She put the finishing touches on

her hair, then she stood up and examined herself in the floor-length mirror on the back of her closet door.

The dress Matt bought her for the prom was a long red sheath that clung to her curvaceous body. Except for how snug it fit, it looked fairly conservative from the front, like a high-necked, sleeveless sheath. However, there was a deep cut in the back, dipping almost to the cleft between her buttocks, and it was also slit from the hem up quite high in the back, too. Matt had to talk long and hard to convince her to buy it.

"I told you it would look good, didn't I?" the young man said. He'd entered her bedroom from the bathroom and stood there in his tux, grinning. "I think it looks fabulous."

Mary felt herself blushing. "Are...are you sure?" she said.

"Positive," Matt said. "Come on, let's go. The limo is waiting."

Meanwhile, at Dianna's home, Rick gazed lovingly at his date. Dianna looked stunning in a black satin dress that clung to her lithe body and had a lot of gathers and a deep cut in the back. She had her hair pulled back into a simple pony tail and was wearing understated makeup. Rick thought she looked so lovely that looking at her made it hard for the him to breathe.

Dianna's parents, who had finally met Rick and seemed to like him, were taking pictures of them. Rick, too, had rented a tux

for the evening and the formal outfit was a little uncomfortable. A horn sounded from outside the house.

"Hey, there's one of them stretch limo's out front," Dianna's father said.

"That's Matt, he's picking us up," Dianna told her father. She looked at Rick who had a kind of goofy look on his face and gave him a puzzled look. "What's the matter?" she asked. "You look funny."

"You're so gorgeous!" he whispered.

She flushed and exclaimed, "Rick!"

"Hey, we don't want to keep Mom and Den waiting, come on," Rick said. "Let's go." He held the door and she walked by him. He followed her out to the car and held the car door for her.

Dianna smiled at him before she got into the car. "You're really being a gentleman tonight, Rick, aren't you?" she said.

"Mom said she'd break my arm if I wasn't," Rick replied. "Right, Mom?"

"That's right, Rick," his mother replied from inside the limo.

Once Dianna was in the long, luxurious car, Rick climbed in too. He sank into the soft, plush seat and off they went.

"Your gown is lovely, Dianna," Mary commented. "You look very nice tonight."

"Ah...thank you," Dianna replied. "You look pretty, too."

"Hey, what about us?" Matt asked.

"You look pretty, too, both of you," Mary said.

"Thanks, Mom," Rick replied. "I don't think anyone ever told me I was pretty before. I hope the guys on the team don't find out." He took hold of Dianna's hand.

Matt had made fairly elaborate plans for prom night. Their evening began at a very fancy restaurant where Matt reserved a small room just for them.

Mary and Dianna both loved the restaurant. Rick and Matt both noticed that most of the male customers were giving their dates admiring glances as the maitre de, being very attentive, led them through the main dining room to the small anteroom that was theirs alone. The two young men understood why the other men were looking and didn't blame them. It was hard for them to take their eyes off their companions, too.

"We're pretty lucky to have two gorgeous women with us, aren't we Rick?" Matt said softly as he followed the women and the maitre de to their room.

"You better believe it," Rick replied.

Mary and Dianna heard the comments their men made and blushed attractively.

Dinner was fantastic. Matt had ordered Filet Mignon for all of them and they finished their meal with the house special dessert, a delicious concoction that appeared to be cheesecake doused liberally with shaved chocolate, chocolate sauce, cherries and covered with whipped cream.

"I feel like I'm gonna bust," Dianna said when she finally finished eating. "I can't remember the last time I ate so much! And it was really good, too! Thanks a lot, Matt!"

"Yes, Matt," Mary said. "The meal was fabulous."

"I wanted to spoil all of you tonight," he said. "I'm in an uncommonly good mood."

"I am, too," Mary replied softly. She smiled at him.

"And the night's just beginning," Rick said.

They left the restaurant, piled into the limo, and were whisked off to the hotel where the prom was being held.

Chapter 50

The orchestra was already playing when the four of them arrived at the big hotel. Matt was excited. The prospect of holding Mary in his arms while they danced had him more than a little stirred up. She slipped her arm in his as they walked into the hotel. That made the young man even giddier. He never dreamed he'd wind up going to the prom with someone as pretty as Mary. He was aware of the jealous looks of several of the other guys in his class were giving him as he and his date walked into the ballroom. He could almost see the other boys wondering, "What's going on?"

The four of them sat at a table in a far corner and, shortly after they were seated, the band started playing a slow tune.

Rick turned to Dianna. "Want to dance?" he asked her.

Dianna smiled at him. "I'd love to," she said.

They walked onto the dance floor and Dianna came into his arms, her body molding itself against him. Delightful feelings swept through Rick. This was fantastic.

Dianna's soft hair tickled Rick's face as she snuggled against him. He couldn't remember having a more delightful dance partner. Having the lithe, lovely blonde in his arms was a little like being in heaven as far as he was concerned.

Matt looked at Mary and smiled. "I can take pictures a little later, I think I'd like to dance first, how about you?" he asked.

"I thought you'd never ask," Mary replied.

They followed Rick and Dianna out to the dance floor and came into each other's arms. A tingle of delight raced up Mary's spine when Matt's warm fingers landed on her bare back and she pressed against him.

"This is really neat," he whispered as they glided around the dance floor.

"It's heavenly," Mary replied.

When the dance ended the two couples walked back to the table, sat down, and chatted for a few minutes.

"I better get some pictures," Matt said. He got his camera out of his camera bag and started moving around the hall, snapping pictures of the couples seated at the other tables.

Dianna leaned over, kissed Rick softly on the cheek, then she squeezed his arm. "Tonight is wonderful," she said softly. "I'm really glad you invited me."

Rick kissed her on the forehead. "I'm having a great time, too," he said. The band swung into a fast tune.

Dianna grabbed his hand. "Come on, let's dance," she said. "We can talk later."

Out on the dance floor, he couldn't keep from staring at Dianna. She was, in his opinion, poetry in motion. Her lithe body moved incredibly well as she danced. He swallowed hard and pinched himself. He couldn't believe she was actually here, with him. His date.

Immediately after the fast dance, the band began a slow tune. Dianna came into his arms and once more they glided around the dance floor. The pressure of Dianna's body against his was doing wild things to Rick, who made no effort to hide them. If she felt the erection growing in his pants, pressing against her wonderful body, she gave no indication. She didn't back off from the close embrace he held her in.

When the slow dance began, Matt began making his way back toward his table, but before he could get there, he saw the principal, Mr. Tompkins, talking to Mary, who smiled, nodded, then rose to her feet. The young man stood there, feeling a surge

of jealousy go through him, as he watched Mary walk out onto the dance floor with the principal.

"I must say, Mrs. Forrester, I was very impressed when I heard you'd taken Matt in after the terrible tragedy that took his parents," the principal said while he and Mary walked out onto the dance floor. "Especially in view of the fact that you and your husband are divorcing. There aren't many people who would do that."

"Thank you, Principal Tompkins," Mary said. She almost giggled when she saw the confusion on the man's face as he tried to figure out where to put his hand while they were dancing."

"Ah...please, Mrs. Forrester, I'd like it if you called me Armand," the principal said. "How have you been coping with the fact that you have double the number of teenage sons?"

"And I'm Mary, Armand," Mary replied. "Actually, there hasn't been much change. Matt helps around the house a lot. Having him there hasn't really put me under any additional strain." "Actually, he's done a lot to relieve my tension," she found herself thinking, and had to bite her lip to keep from giggling.

"Yes, I've always found him to be a wonderful boy," the principal said. "How are you managing the aftermath of your, ah, divorce, if I may ask?"

"I'm getting by," Mary said. "You know, being a single parent keeps you busy."

"Ah, yes," the principal said, "but does it allow you time for a social life?"

"Well...I..." Mary began to say. She realized where the conversation was heading. Fortunately, the fact that the orchestra stopped playing removed the need for her to continue the conversation.

"Thank you so much for the dance, Mary," Principal Tompkins said. "Would you mind if I asked you for another later?"

"No, of course not," Mary said.

Mr. Tompkins walked her back to her table. Matt was careful from that point on to make sure he was fairly close by when songs started and, except for the fast dances, and a few times he and Rick swapped partners, he danced most of the remaining dances with Mary.

It was getting near the end of the evening when the principal finally managed to get another dance with Mary, much to Matt's discomfort. He'd gone to get them refreshments and heard the orchestra start a slow tune. By the time he got back to the table, Mr. Tompkins and Mary were once again out on the dance floor. He plunked down in his chair, looking glum.

"I'm sorry, Mary," the principal said as they moved into each other's arms and began moving around the dance floor. "I had hoped to have more than two dances with you, but here it is, near the end of the evening."

"That's all right, Armand," Mary said. "I'm sure you've been in demand."

"I certainly have," he said. "Despite our best efforts, some people do try to ruin things for the rest of us. Some boys, whose names I won't mention, actually tried to bring some liquor in."

"Well, I'm glad you were here to stop them," Mary said. "I've always felt safe knowing that Rick is in your hands at school." She had no idea why she was buttering him up like that, it just felt like a fun thing to do.

"It's nice of you to say that, Mary," the principal said. "And since you feel that way, I was wondering; how would you feel about putting yourself in my hands?"

"Armand, what, exactly, are you asking me?" Mary replied.

The principal's face turned bright red. "I...I'm sorry, Mary, I...I got carried away, I...I didn't mean that like I'm sure it sounded," he stammered. "What...what I meant was...well...would you

consider going out with me? I am, as you may know, a divorcee, too."

"Armand, it's really sweet of you to ask me," Mary replied. "And I must say I'm honored. But, well, I guess you might say I've already made a commitment to someone."

"I'm sorry to hear that," the principal said, looking a bit crestfallen. "I really am."

Fortunately, once again, the song ended, saving Mary further discussion. Two more slow dances followed, and she danced with Matt during both of them. Then the orchestra leader announced that the next song would be the last one for the evening.

"It's hard to believe the prom's over already," Matt said as he and Mary glided around the dance floor. He began moving his fingers lightly up and down her bare back and felt her shudder. "What's the matter, does that tickle?" he asked, grinning.

"It does more than that," Mary responded as tremors of pleasure vibrated through her in response to his caresses. "And you know it."

"We're going to be able to do something about that real soon," Matt said.

"We better," Mary responded. "What...what you're doing really has me turned on." His fingers were stealing daringly low on her bare back, slipping under the low-cut back of the dress, tantalizing her bottom.

Mary wasn't aware of the plans he'd made for them after the prom. He knew she expected to go home, but that wasn't what they were going to do.

Chapter 51

When the last dance ended, Matt, Mary, Rick, and Dianna returned to their table. All of them were disappointed that the prom was over, but the two young men, despite their disappointment, were looking forward to what lie ahead. Rick knew what Matt's plans were, because he was part of them. His friend had arranged for something special for all of them after the prom.

They walked out into the hotel lobby.

"Why don't you guys go ahead and leave in the limo?" Matt said. "I brought my camera stuff over in the Mercedes and left it here in the hotel parking garage. Mary and I can take that home after I get my camera stuff in it."

"OK," Rick said. "Come on, Dianna, let's go."

The young couple walked out and climbed into the back of the long, luxurious car. As the car glided silently out of the hotel driveway, Rick turned to Dianna, smiled, and said, "You really looked gorgeous tonight, Dianna. I love you."

Dianna smiled and laid her hand on his. "I love you, too, Rick," she replied. She slid across the seat and snuggled against him. "I've never had a more wonderful time," she said softly. "Tonight was the neatest night I ever had in my life!"

It didn't take long to reach the hotel where Matt had reserved a room for them. The young men had convinced Mary to tell Dianna's parents that she wanted the young woman to stay at the Forrester home after the prom because they'd be getting in late and didn't want to disturb the Hillmans. Mary went along because she thought it sounded like a good idea. Neither she nor Dianna had any idea what the two young men really had planned.

"Rick, why is the chauffeur pulling in here?" Dianna asked when she realized the limo had pulled up in front of a different hotel.

"Matt gave us a present," Rick said. "We're not going back to my house, we're staying here."

"He...here?" Dianna stammered. "God! Other than the place where the prom was, this is the fanciest hotel in town!"

"Yeah, it is," Rick replied. "Wait until you see the room Den got us."

The limo stopped in front of the motel and the doorman opened the door. Rick helped Dianna get out of the limo then led her up to their room. As they rode up in the elevator, he realized his chest seemed a little tight, and his heart was pounding. He also had more than a little start on an erection.

Once they were inside their room, Rick locked the door behind them and stood gazing fondly at Dianna as she looked around the fancy room with a look of amazement on her face.

"Rick...oh, Rick, this is gorgeous," Dianna whispered.

Rick continued to gaze at her and his penis lurch in the slacks of his tux. Damn, she was beautiful! He moved closer to his date and put his arms around her from the rear. He cupped her breasts and pulling her against him.

Passion rushed through Dianna when Rick pulled her into his arms. She pressed against him and felt his erection prodding her bottom. He was hard already! She moaned with delight as he gently fondled her breasts, stirring her.

Rick continued to press against his lovely companion for a few minutes, enjoying the feel of her taut body against his, then he turned her around and covered her lips with his. Dianna's arms locked around him and her tongue sought his, sending shock-

waves of excitement sweeping through him. He scooped her up in his arms and began moving toward the bed.

Dianna was thrilled. She had no idea anything like this would follow the prom. Their night wasn't over yet, far from it!

Rick laid Dianna on the bed. Then, with trembling hands, he slipped her dress off, leaving her nude, save for a filmy bra and panty hose. He managed to remove the bra, then Dianna stripped her panty-hose off while he scrambled out of his tux. They fell onto the bed and into each other's arms.

"Annhh!" Dianna groaned when Rick captured one of her straining, swollen nipples between his lips and began sucking on it. His hands were moving all over her, and it was driving her wild! His penis, which felt hard as a rock, was poking her leg.

Rick needed Dianna! He needed her now! He rolled atop her, reached between their twisting bodies, grasped his erection and, with a quick movement of his hips, buried it in her.

"Gahh!" Dianna groaned when Rick's swollen organ slid into her. Her back arched and she lifted her hips, grinding her pubic arch against his.

Even though Rick was incredibly aroused, he discovered he did have some control. Harder and harder he jabbed his erection into Dianna and she responded passionately. He heard her groans of excitement and felt her hands pulling at him as she thrust

against him. He kissed her bared chest, licking and sucking, bending his head far enough to take one of her turgid nipples in his mouth.

"Oh! Oh, Rick! I'm-I'm-I'm gonna come! Oh, God, Rick! I'm gonna come! Oh! Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, God! God! Aahh! Aahh" Dianna shrieked. She went wild, her arms and legs flailing, as incredible sensations of joy overwhelmed her.

"Unhh!" Rick cried when his body unleashed powerful torrents of come into his lover's spasming, straining body. Spent, he collapsed atop her.

Rick rolled back, pulled Dianna into his arms, and began to kiss her and run his hands over her lithe body once more. When his hand slid onto her breast, he felt her tremble and heard her sigh softly. Before long, he was lying between her legs, making her squirm and squeal with ecstasy as he licked her vagina.

"Oh! Oh, God, Rick! Oh, God! Oh!" Dianna whimpered as his tongue and finger teased her clit and probed into her. She locked her legs behind his head and strained off the bed. "Ah! Ah!" she wailed. "Oh, Rick, you're gonna make me come again! It feels so good! Rick! Oh, Rick! Ahh!"

Rick was unable to hear Dianna's cries of delight because her lovely legs were clamped around his ears, but he knew from her frantic movements that she was coming. He licked and kissed her a little longer, until her legs dropped limply onto the bed.

Almost the minute they finished, Dianna sat up, pushed Rick onto his back, rolled on top of him and began kissing him. He quivered as her hands moved over his naked flesh, arousing him once again.

Dianna could feel Rick's penis, which was trapped between their bellies, beginning to swell and push against her. She slid down and began kissing his belly while she took his thickening penis in her soft hands. Then she heard his loud groan of ecstasy when she took him into her mouth. She enjoyed licking and sucking Rick, but she decided she didn't want him to come in her mouth this time, she wanted him in her again.

She slid up, placed the tip of his swollen rod between her dewy lips, then she began lowering herself onto it. A sigh gushed from her as her lover's enormous organ filled her. "Oh, yeah, Rick!" she murmured, starting to rock her hips. "I need you! I need you so much!"

Rick grabbed her hips and began pushing up off the bed, feeling her the walls of her snug passage grasping him as he drove into her. This was fantastic!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Dianna groaned as Rick's sizable wand pistoned into her. "Rick! Rick! Oh, God, Rick! Take me!"

Rick did just that, his hands holding her, watching her breasts bob and jiggle as a result of the frantic movements her body

made as she rode him. Then he felt her vaginal walls begin to ripple and knew she was coming again.

"Gahh! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!" Dianna cried as her body went into spasms of delight. "This feels so good! So good! Oh, God! Oh, God! Don't ever stop! Don't ever, ever stop! Ah! Ahh! Aahh!"

"Yeah! Take it, Dianna! Take it!" Rick shouted as he, too, erupted, lost in an oblivion of overwhelming passion. "Oh, God, baby, I love you!"

When she was finally spent, Dianna collapsed atop him and lay there. Rick wrapped his arms around her slim torso, but other than that, he didn't move. He couldn't. He was too used up. Eventually he fell sleep with his lovely companion lying on top of him.

Rick woke up before Dianna, who was lying next to him in bed in the hotel room. He looked at her. Most of her fine body was uncovered, and as the young man gazed at the sleeping blonde, he felt passion stirring inside him. He began sucking one of her nipples, and felt it rise into his mouth.

Dianna moaned softly, awakened by enchanting feelings evoked by what Rick was doing. She opened her eyes, realized she was in a strange bed, and remembered the delights and Rick had shared the night before. And he was giving her more thrills this morning! He was making her crazy, sucking her nipple!

Rick's hand roamed over Dianna's body and he could feel her writhe as it glided over her silky skin. He plunged his hand between her lithe legs and began playing with her vagina, which he found, was already damp with the effluent of arousal. It grew even wetter as his fingers probed, stroked, then entered it. Dianna's back arched, hoisting her hips off the bed.

"Ahh!" Dianna groaned when Rick 's finger slid into her. He was making her crazy with need for him again!

Rick had a raging hard-on. After bringing his lovely partner to a high state of arousal, he rolled on top of her and plunged his cock into her. God, it felt good! Fantastic sensations rushed through him as he began plumbing Dianna's clasping opening with his rigid organ.

"Oh! Yes, Rick! Oh, Rick! Rick! Oh!" Dianna moaned, her body coming alive as his erection plunged into her. She clutched him with her hands and her hips pounded up against his. "Ah! Oh, God! Oh, God! I'm gonna come! Ah! Ahh! I'm gonna come! Now, Rick! Oh, God, now! Ahhh! Ahh! I'm coming! Ahh! Ahhh!"

Rick felt his partner erupting into bliss and joined her, bathing her insides with his juices. He kept pounding into her, then, finally spent, collapsed atop her. When his cock began to soften and slip from her, he rolled onto his back.

Dianna lay there, electrified by what had just happened. "God, Rick!" she exclaimed, "You do know how to wake a girl up!" She sat up. "What time is it?"

Rick looked at his watch. "Six-thirty," he said.

"Oh, good," Dianna relaxed. "I was afraid it was later than that."

"We have plenty of time," Rick said. "Checkout isn't until noon." He pulled her into his arms and kissed her.

Chapter 52

After Rick and Dianna left, Matt and Mary carried his camera stuff to the car and stowed it in the trunk. When that was done, Matt took Mary's hand and started back for the elevator.

"Matt, where are we going?" Mary asked, confused, when the elevator began to rise. "I...I thought we were going to go home."

Matt smiled at her and said, "I have another surprise for you."

The elevator stopped on the top floor, the doors opened, and Matt, holding his companion's hand, led her to the suite he had reserved for them.

"Matt, I-I can't believe you did this!" Mary exclaimed when he ushered her into the huge penthouse suite. "This must cost a fortune! You...you shouldn't have done this!" She looked around, amazed at how sumptuous the suite was. It was huge, larger than the apartment she and Tom had lived in when they first got married. There was a small bar along the wall of what appeared to be a sitting room. Matt walked to a stereo which was on a shelf near the bar and turned it on. Soft, mellow music filled the room. Matt looked at Mary and smiled. "Would you like to dance some more?" he asked her.

Thrilled by what he'd done, Mary nodded. She moved into his arms and laid her head on his shoulder while they moved easily around the room in time to the soft, romantic music. This was far more wonderful than going to the prom when she was a teenager would have been! She'd never felt this wonderful in her life!

The music continued and they continued to dance. It was as if neither of them wanted the delightful contact of their bodies to end. After a while, Mary leaned back in Matt's arms and looked up into his face. He had the most incredible eyes! She could see his love for her reflected in them, with such force it shook her a little.

"Matt...this...this is so wonderful!" she whispered.

"It is, isn't it," the young man replied, then he bent his head and covered her lips with his.

Passion, which had begun to smolder in Mary's body while they were dancing the last dance at the prom, and had continued to burn while they danced here in the suite, burst into a conflagration of desire when their lips met. Weakness swept over her. Mary's insides were a whirl of emotion and her body was trembling violently by the time the kiss ended.

"Wow!" Matt said when the kiss was over. He was having trouble breathing. He'd kissed Mary what seemed like thousands of times before, but that kiss had been special!

Mary was having problems breathing, too. Her chest felt as if someone had put a steel band around it. Her heart was pounding so hard she was afraid Matt could hear it.

Mary quivered when Matt stroked her face gently with both of his hands. Then his hands slid down to her shoulders, to the back of the dress, and he began pulling it down. Mary's legs went weak. She wanted him more than she'd ever ever wanted him before! She lowered her arms and let him pull the top of the dress down, baring her lovely chest.

Onto her breasts his hand moved, and he gently thumbed here erecting nipples until they were hard and tingling. Indescribable thrills rocked Mary. She tightened her embrace on Matt to keep from falling. "Oh!" she moaned, her head lolled on her shoulders as if she hadn't enough strength to hold it up.

Matt scooped her up in his arms and carried her into the bedroom. He laid her on the bed and gently finished removing her clothes. While he did, he caressed her tenderly, bringing her to higher and higher levels of ecstasy and need. By the time he finished removing her clothes, Mary had lost the capacity for rational thought. All she felt was need! Powerful need!

"Please! Oh, Matt, please!" she murmured. "I need you! Please, darling, I need you!"

"I know you do," Matt replied. His voice was hoarse reflecting the level of his arousal, too. "I need you, too!"

The next thing Mary knew, he was on the bed next to her, his body as bare as hers. She had no idea how, or when, he'd taken his tux off. His hands and lips began working on her, moving over her lovely body, teasing her, enflaming her, lifting her to ever-higher levels of desire and bliss. He knew exactly where and how to touch her to give her the utmost in joy!

"Please! Oh, Matt, please!" she begged, "I need you! Please!"

"I know you do," Matt replied. "I'm going to give you what you want. Soon! God, you're so pretty!"

"Ahh!" Mary cried when his mouth descended on and covered her vagina. Her hips shot up off the bed and her hands raked the covers as his lips and tongue lashed her and drove her still wilder. "Gah! I-I...Oh, God!...I'm coming! I'm coming! Oh! Oh!

Oh!" Her back arched and her hips writhed as his lips and tongue drove her to the point of ultimate ecstasy and beyond.

Mary's orgasm eventually ran its course and her body began to calm, but still Matt's caresses continued. Once again, she felt the fires of passion begin to flare, and once more passion started to spread through her body. She couldn't believe how wonderful this was! She hoped he'd never stop!

Slowly, gently, inexorably, Matt caressed and stroked his gorgeous companion back to the peak of ecstasy. Her whole body was tingling, and every nerve once again screamed out for release. "N...need you!" she moaned, her body writhing, her arms reaching for him. "I-I need you, Matt! Please, darling! Oh, please! Please!" At last his body rolled atop hers and she felt his erection prodding the soft, smooth flesh of her belly.

"Oh, darling, please don't make me wait! Please!" she begged, thrusting her hips up at him. "Take me, Matt! Please! Take me!"

"All right," Matt said and reached between them.

Mary almost screamed with joy when his erection began to enter her. She was so turned on, she couldn't wait. "Coming! Ah! Ahh! Ahhhh! Gahh!" she wailed, her hips thrusting and straining against him.

Matt pressed his hips against Mary's, holding his body up on his outstretched arms as the paroxysms of joy wracked her. When

her spasms of delight began to wane, he finally began to thrust into her moving , ever so slowly, he moved.

Mary had been fearful her abrupt coming would be her last, but once Matt's movements began, she knew that wasn't so at all. Once again, joy began to suffuse her and her body began to tremble. She locked her shapely legs behind his and began matching his thrusts with urgent movements of her own.

Mary began to wonder if their joining would ever end. She'd never experienced anything like what Matt was showing her tonight! He seemed to sense the second she was about to explode and would stop moving, letting them both calm down. Then he'd begin again, stroking gently into her, bringing her once more back to a quivering peak.

Finally, she opened her eyes and looked up at him. He smiled at her. "Come," he said softly. "Come for me."

The minute she heard his words, it was as if a tightly coiled spring suddenly was unleashed in Mary's body. "Yes! Oh, God, Matt! Yes! Yes! Ah! Ahh! Oh, God! Oh, God! Uh! Uhh!" she groaned as still another orgasm, her most stupendous yet, exploded through her.

"Ggahh!" Matt cried then, his hips pressing down against her. Mary felt his hot juices explode into her body.

Spent, they lay in each other's arms for a long time after their ecstatic coupling. Matt continued to stroke and caress Mary's body, making a continuous stream of soft, endearing comments as he did. Mary had never felt more wonderful in her life!

After a long period during which their bodies calmed, they were lying spoon-fashion, with Mary's back to Matt. He was caressing one of her lovely breasts and she quivered as once again her body began to respond to his touch. She felt his cock begin to swell and press against her buttocks.

"Mmm!" she murmured and wriggled her bottom against his growing hardness.

"You like that, don't you?" Matt said. His thumb and forefinger captured one of her rigid nipples and twisted it gently.

"Oh, God, you know I do!" Mary groaned. She couldn't believe how wonderful he could make her feel!

He slid his hand down over her belly and onto one of her thighs and Mary felt him urged her leg back over his, then, suddenly, his hard penis slid into her once again. Passion rose still again as the wonderful wand of flesh filled her and thrilled her.

"Oh! Ah! Oh!" she moaned as his shaft plumbed her depths wonderfully. Then her moans of joy grew louder as his hand glided onto her clit and began twirling the rigid, hyper-sensitive bud of flesh.

"Can't wait! Oh, Matt! I...Oh! Too good! Oh! Oh! Oh! Gaad! I'm there! Already! Already! I'm there! Yes! Oh, Matt, yes! Ah! Ahh!" Mary groaned while her lovely body quaked with the throes of passion.

"Oh, God, Mary! Mary! Uhh!" Matt groaned, then he exploded, filling her with heat and wetness.

When he finished, he held her against him, his hands still moving gently over her. "That was awesome!" he whispered in her ear. He kissed her softly on the neck. "Do you like the surprise I arranged for you?"

"I loved it!" Mary replied. "But...but wasn't all this expensive?"

"I don't really have to worry about money, remember?" Matt replied. "I wanted to make your first prom really special."

"Oh, God, darling, you did!" Mary said, and kissed him. "You can't imagine how special it's been."

"Good," the young man said.

"Did...did Ricky and Dianna go back to our house?" Mary asked.

Matt smiled and shook his head. "No," he said, "They're over at the Mountain Inn."

"Did you pay for that, too?" Mary asked.

"Of course," Matt said. "I couldn't very well let them go home when you and I were having a fabulous night like this, could I?"

"I guess not," Mary said. She smiled. "You really are a very special young man, do you know that?"

Matt blushed furiously and kissed her. Then something dawned on him. "Mr. Tompkins seemed kinda interested in you tonight, didn't he?" he asked.

It was Mary's turn to blush. "Yes, he was interested," she said. She giggled softly. "He...he even asked me out."

Matt's eyes widened. "He...he did?" he asked.

Mary nodded. "I told him I was already committed to someone," she said.

Matt tightened his arms around her and said, "You sure as heck are!"

They lay in each other's arms a little while longer, then Matt lowered his face and to Mary's chest and began kissing her breasts tenderly.

Shock-waves of delight made Mary tremble. His touch was so light, so gentle, and so wonderful, she at first thought she was going to come, just from having her breasts and nipples kissed. Matt's caresses were always so incredibly light and delightful!

"Oh! Oh, Matt!" she moaned. "That's wonderful! so wonderful!" His lips traveled from one nipple to the other nipple and thrills continued to race through her.

Then, slowly, his lips moved downward, over her chest, onto her gently rounded belly.

"Oh, God, Matt!" she crooned, when his hands began trailing lightly up and down her legs. "You always make me feel so wonderful!" Her body was quaking with need. "Take me! Oh, Matt, please take me!" she moaned, her hips twisting and turning.

Matt once again moved on top of her and felt the tip of his erection slide between the hot, well-lubricated lips of her vagina. When he lowered his hips he could feel his shaft part her labia, then slide into her pulsing, tight opening.

Shock-waves of joy boomed through Mary when Matt's swollen shaft sank into her. "Yes! Oh, Matt, yes!" she moaned. She was

barely able to comprehend how much she needed him, especially since they'd already made love so many times. "Oh, God, darling! I need you! I need you so much!"

Matt's hips began moving, driving his erect penis into his lover. He, too, was a bit surprised by what seemed to be the unending ability to make love to her he possessed tonight.

Mary was so turned on she almost exploded into orgasm the moment his erection touched her. And, despite her best efforts to hold off, his powerful thrusts quickly drove her over the top. "Matt! Oh, Matt! I'm coming! I'm coming! Never, never like this! Never! Never! Ahh!" she screamed when, once more she felt herself whirling into what felt like a bottomless abyss of joy.

"Mary! Oh, God, Mary!" Matt groaned. He ground his body against hers and she pressed back, their hips generating incredibly delightful friction then he shuddered with joy when his fluids erupted into her.

Spent, Matt collapsed next to Mary on the bed. She rolled over and looked at him. "I love you," she said and kissed him tenderly.

"I love you, too," Matt replied.

Mary snuggled into his arms, hugged him, and kissed him. She felt warm, safe, and happier than she'd ever been in her life.

Chapter 53

Matt opened his photography studio the week after graduation and, as they planned, Mary went to work for him as his assistant. Business was good, and they were busy, almost from the day they opened.

Rick and Dianna continued to date and were thrilled about going off to college together. Matt bought a small apartment building in the town where State U. was located so they would have a place to live.

Mary liked working in the photo shop with Matt and every day she learned more about the art of photography. Matt kept telling her she was getting better at it than he was, but she didn't believe it.

One afternoon, when things were slow, they were both in the shop. Matt was in the darkroom, developing some pictures and Mary was at the desk, working on the books. Matt emerged from the darkroom, walked to the door, locked it, and did something to the sign that hung in it. Then he turned to Mary, smiling. "There's something out back I wanted to show you," he said.

Mary could tell what the young man was thinking from the look in his eyes. "Matt!" she protested. "What if somebody comes?"

"The sign says we're closed," he replied. "We don't have any appointments this afternoon, do we?"

Mary shook her head. "Well...no," she replied. The feelings she always got when she knew they were going to make love were welling up inside her.

"Then we have plenty of time, don't we?" Matt said. "And nobody's going to interrupt us. The answering machine can handle any calls."

"I guess you're right," Mary said. Since she knew what he had in mind, she got up and started walking toward him, unbuttoning her blouse as she did.

Matt met her before she got away from the desk and pushed her back against it.

"You know..." he said, "...there's something I've wanted to do ever since we opened." His hands slid inside her blouse, onto her bared breasts.

"What's that?" Mary asked. His touch, as always, was making her feel weak inside. No matter when or where it happened, she always responded by getting immediately hot and wet the second he touched her. She found herself sitting on the desk, with Matt standing between her legs.

He reached down, unzipped his pants, and fished out his erect cock. "I was pretty sure this desk would be the right height," he murmured, moving even closer.

"Right...height...Oh!...for...what?" Mary stammered. They'd barely touched, but already her mind was awlirl with need for him.

"For this," he said.

"Oh!" Mary groaned. She experienced ecstasy as his rigid pole probed her sodden opening, then slid into her. "Matt! Oh, God! Matt!" She couldn't believe they were making love on the desk there in their office. Even more astounding was the way she was reacting.

Matt, too, was almost overwhelmed. He clutched Mary's lush bottom and pulled her even tighter against him as he continued slamming into her. This was even better than he'd dreamed it would be!

"Oh, God! Matt! I...I'm coming!" Mary cried as she reached her peak, then tumbled over it, into a jumbled, whirling world of elation. "I can't...can't stop coming! Ah! Ahh! Aahh! Yes! Yes! Oh, Matt! Yes!"

"Mary! Gahh!" Matt cried, clutching her bottom even tighter as he erupted powerfully.

Their frenzied joining ended at last, but the two lovers stayed there, clutching each other, as their bodies calmed. Mary giggled when Matt's cock softened and slipped from her, tickling her as it did. "I can't believe the things you get me to do," she said breathlessly.

"It was fun, wasn't it?" he replied.

"Had you really been thinking about this?" Mary asked. She kissed him softly.

"Ever since I decided to open the studio," he said, kissing her back. "I measured this desk before I bought it, just to be sure it was the right height for this."

"You're a nut, you know that?" Mary said, hugging him.

"And you love it," he replied.

"I love you," Mary said.

"I love you, too," Matt said.

"I'm going to have to take a shower after this," Mary said. They'd put in a bathroom complete with shower when they renovated the building.

"Sounds terrific to me," Matt said. He stepped back from the desk and Mary slid off the desk, onto wobbly legs. "Come on." He slipped his arm around her and they headed for the bathroom. Mary smiled inwardly at what might happen when they got in the shower. Life was looking very good for her, and she'd never been happier.

THE END