

# Glory Days

Fiona Martin looked at her watch and noted the council meeting had run over time by twenty minutes. A heated and drawn-out debate over zoning rules between those with vested interests had seen most in attendance head home for dinner. She was looking forward to going home herself and desperately needed to relieve her bladder. The sooner the meeting concluded, the better as far as she was concerned. Two regulars remained in the public seats and along with the four councillors, they were the only occupants of the town hall.

"Next item on the agenda," Councillor Williams continued. "The repair of the glory hole in the unisex bathrooms outside town hall."

One of the audiences of two stifled a chuckle and two councillors whispered between each other.

"I'm sorry David," Fiona remarked. "Did you have something to say?"

David Wilke cleared his throat. "*Uhum*. No Madam Deputy Mayor. Nothing official. I was just mentioning to my colleague that I for one was never in favour of implementing the replacement gender neutral bathrooms in the first place."

"Your objection was duly noted at the time, thank you David." Fiona stated. "And please, just 'Fiona' will do. But am I missing something here? What is a..." Fiona looked down at her agenda. "Glory hole?"

Another muffled laugh came from the audience. It was David Wilke who was eager to answer Fiona's question. "Ah how should I put this Madam Deputy Mayor. A glory hole is a portal between cubicles designed for the anonymous pleasure and dare I say, sexual gratification of one or more parties."

Fiona tried to comprehend the explanation David had given her but was still scratching her head. Councilor Morgan Williams, a man in his early eighties was also eager to get home. "Oh bloody hell. It's a hole in the wall for getting a blow job!"

"Oh!" Fiona could now envisage what it was and blushed noticeably. "Ah, this is a thing?"

David Wilke wondered how at her age she had never heard of a glory hole. "I did warn something like this would happen!"

"O.k so what do we do about it? Can it be repaired?" Fiona asked.

Again it was Morgan with the information. "We have enough in the budget to cover the replacement of the wall, in the meantime I can get my son to come in and temporarily cover the hole. Now is that all because Maude's cooking a roast and I'd like to get home while it's still bloody warm!"

"Well I approve of the repairs, do we have a quorum?" Fiona asked the other councillors and a chorus of "Yea's" ensued. "Morgan can I

leave it with you to get a quote?" To which he nodded. "Then if that's all. I call this meeting over."

Hurrying to the Deputy Mayors office to retrieve her handbag and car keys, Fiona realized she wouldn't make it home, she was now busting to pee. The new public bathroom was at the front of the town hall and instead of leaving by the rear of the building to access the car park, she quickly made her way to the unisex toilet. Wouldn't hurt to check out this "glory hole" thing as well, she told herself.

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Bernard Martin built up speed off a small ramp and kick-flipped his board before grinding along the rim of a concrete curb and coming to a stop alongside his best friend. He looked around the empty skate park adjacent to the town hall. "This town is dying man!" Bernard exclaimed. "Remember when we were kids, this place used to be full all day!"

"And night!" Russell answered, equally exasperated. "Remember how many girls used to just sit and watch us?"

"Can't blame 'em I guess. Climb a high enough tree, you can see the lights of L.A. No wonder everyone's left."

The two friends sat on the top of a ramp. "We need girlfriends man!" Russell stated.

"Tell me something I don't know!" Bernard quickly replied.

Russell waved a hand towards the town hall. "Did you hear about the town hall toilets?"

"Nah, what?"

"Someone drilled a hole between the stalls, you know, for blowjobs."

"You're kidding?" Bernard replied.

"Nup. Who do we know that works at the town hall again?" Russel asked, a smirk forming on his face.

"Shut up dude!"

"Oh that's right! Your mom's the Deputy Mayor isn't she?"

"I said shut up!"

"You ever see her taking power tools to work?" Bernard joked.

"Right, that's it." Bernard grabbed Russell in a headlock and the two boys playfully wrestled down the ramp.

"Alright, alright, I give." Russell offered and Bernard released his hold. The friends got back to their feet dusting their clothes. "So anyway man I'm gonna get going. Shit to do and all that."

"Yeah, I'd better get home too, Dad's cooking tonight. He gets shitty when we're not all there on time." Bernard remarked.

"Oh yeah? Your sister gonna be there?" Russell asked.

Bernard shook his head at his friends ongoing obsession with his older sister. "Keep dreaming dude."

"What is it the age thing?" Russell asked.

"Nah man, she just doesn't date dickheads!"

The two boys took up their boards and after saying their goodbyes began skating off in opposing directions on the empty street. As Bernard passed by the front of the town hall he again looked at his watch. If it had been earlier he would've gone in to see if his mother could give him a ride home. Being close to six p.m however, she'd be long gone. His eyes settled on the new public bathroom at the front of the building. Glory hole, he thought. At eighteen he'd never had

oral sex. Mary Parker had jacked him off behind her dad's grocery store but that was the limit of his sexual experimenting. Couldn't hurt to just check it out, he thought.

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Fiona entered the bathroom to find it vacant. Not surprising as all the other councillors had departed leaving her the buildings sole occupant. The bathroom could be accessed from the street and was self locking after nine p.m. Inside was modern and clean, no urinals and only two cubicles. Fiona entered the stall on the right and swinging the door partially closed immediately noticed the aforementioned glory hole. Roughly five or six inches in diameter and positioned around waist height, there was no doubt it's raison d'etre.

Leaning forward Fiona cautiously peered through the hole. All that was visible was the opposite wall and the toilet roll holder. Thankfully it wasn't possible to spy on someone actually on the toilet but it would obviously need to be covered. Exiting the cubicle she entered the left and closed the door behind her. Inspecting the hole in the same manner from this side she placed a hand between her legs at the groin as her need to pee increased. Finally positive she couldn't be seen she placed her handbag on a hook, stepped back and began to raise her skirt when she heard someone else enter the bathroom.

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Bernard skated up to the toilet and kicked his board up into his hand. Not expecting anything to come of it he entered the public toilet and was greeted with the well lit, surprisingly clean amenities. The door to the left cubicle was closed and he could certainly feel the presence of another person in the room. Not only that, there was a smell of perfume. It was familiar to him but he couldn't put a face to the smell, whatever, he thought, it meant there was a girl in there and that meant there was the possibility of something happening. Remote, he reasoned but possible.

Bernard placed his skateboard beside the outer door and entered the right cubicle, closing the door behind him. He noticed the hole in the wall and without making it obvious in case someone was innocently looking through he peered through the hole from a distance. Nothing. He leaned down and looked under the dividing wall and sure enough in the limited space provided he could see a woman's feet. She wore black sling back heels, her toe nails painted a vivid pink. Oh shit, he breathed as he stood back up. She's hot! Well at least her feet are, he told himself. His hand went to his cock and he rubbed himself through his jeans. This might actually happen, he thought.

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Fiona had her skirt up around her waist and her panties half way down her thighs. She hovered above the toilet seat as she heard the person enter the cubicle beside her. Ever so quietly she lowered herself down onto the seat and waited. Hoping whoever was next door would think they were alone in the bathroom, finish their

business and leave, she held on to her bladder even though the desire to pee was now overwhelming.

Still silence from the adjoining stall. It was too much. She couldn't hold it any longer and with a sigh of relief she released her stream of urine into the water below with force. The sound of the woman pissing next to him helped Bernard's cock rise in seconds. He quickly unzipped and released his erection through his fly. Stroking himself fully erect he had a last second doubt about whether to go through with it or not. Fuck it, he thought, it's what it's there for!

Bernard moved forward and pressed his body up against the wall. His feet slid under the divider and he guided his cock through the opening. Fiona saw the shoes first as she had her eyes downwards. Worn skate shoes, average sized but definitely the shoes of a young person. The initial shock of the encroachment into her cubicle was unmatched compared to her reaction when she raised her eyes.

It was possibly that it was such an uncommon sight. A human penis protruding from a smooth white wall. Her jaw dropped and she thought she'd feel revulsion, a man exposing himself to her but it was quite the contrary. She was intrigued. She hadn't seen another man's penis apart from her husband in nearly thirty years. Here before her was an erection, not just any cock, a large (definitely bigger than her husbands she thought) unattached, wholly anonymous cock awaiting her equally anonymous attention alone.

She was fascinated. Still pissing she moved in a little closer to examine the member. He was circumcised and allowing for an inch

of wall, roughly seven inches in length. It was dark around the hole but she couldn't see obvious pubic hair so the hair color of the individual couldn't be ascertained. A thick vein ran down the underside and she traced it's course with her eyes. When she reached the wall the penis twitched and she jumped back with a start, a smile creeping across her face. What do I do? What do I do? She asked herself.

Bernard could feel more blood rushing to his cock. He'd never done something so risky, so erotic. He felt harder than he'd ever been and he didn't even know who was on the other side of the wall. His cock twitched as more blood filled his length. Do it! Do it! He silently begged the woman.

Fiona's pee turned to a trickle and then stopped. She didn't want to wipe as touching herself down there would verify the fact she didn't want to acknowledge. She was turned on and she was becoming wet. No one saw me come in, she told herself. They don't know it's me, she thought. Can I really do this, she questioned? Finally her arm seemed to work on autopilot and she reached out with her left hand and clasped her fingers around his shaft. She heard the sigh come from over the wall and she squeezed gently on the warm cock. It seemed to grow in her fist and she began to work her hand up and down it's length.

Bernard was in heaven. Only one girl had ever touched him before then and Mary Parker had nothing on this woman. So gently she pulled on his cock. Just the right amount of grip around his girth so as not to be painful and on the other hand, not make him cum too

quickly. This mystery woman knew what she was doing, he couldn't have done it better himself.

Fiona lifted herself off the toilet seat and with her panties still down around her thighs she squatted down in front of the man's cock. Releasing her hold, she quickly changed hands, using her right and stronger arm to manipulate her hidden lover. Acknowledging her own arousal she lowered her left hand to her crotch and slid her fingers through her thick mat of red pubic hair. She (as she knew she would) discovered her labia slick with her own wetness and coated her fingers in the juice. Moving back up, her fingers found her clitoris and she pressed hard then began massaging herself.

Bernard closed his eyes. When the woman removed her hand he thought it would be replaced with her mouth but this would do, obviously now her dominant hand had taken control. Fiona's face was only inches from the head of the man's cock. She watched the eye of his penis open wide when she lowered her hand and close when she reached the top. With each stroke the amount of clear precum increased and flowed downwards, eventually acting as a lubricant for her hand. Increasing her own rhythm on her pussy, Fiona was losing her inhibitions. She felt as if it wasn't her in control. She was looking at her own younger self, experimenting for the first time, open to anything sexual.

The cock was beautiful, she had to admit. Irrelevant as to whom it was attached, she needed to kiss it, to taste it. With her orgasm approaching she moved closer, her knees hit the wall and her mouth was on his cock. Again the sigh came from behind the wall as her lips

wrapped around the head of the penis. The taste was the same as her husbands or from what she could remember. So long it had been since she'd given a head job she barely remembered the sensation. Her tongue pressed the underside as she took more of the cock into her, it's head rubbing the roof of her mouth. Finally she let go of it's base and allowed her mouth alone to control the penetration.

Bernard pressed both hands to the wall and with his eyes still closed imagined the woman whose mouth was around his cock. He couldn't form a complete picture, strangely and somewhat annoyingly his mother came to mind. It was subliminal he knew. He was outside her workplace and now he recognized the perfume as that his mother wore. It did nothing to decrease his pleasure though. Whoever she was, she was equally as good at oral as she was at hand jobs and he could feel his orgasm building.

Fiona held her clitoral hood open with her left hand and rapidly flicked her clit with the right. She was so wet, she felt splashes against her thighs and her fingers regularly slipped off her pussy. Bernard could feel she'd taken her hand off his cock and her mouth was now closer to the wall. He could now move his hips back and forth and the sensation of fucking a wet mouth through a hole was undeniably wonderful.

Fiona allowed the cock to plunge deeper and deeper with each thrust into her throat. Saliva flowed freely from her lips and dribbled down her chin to the floor. The wet sound of her gagging, and the slapping of her hand on her pussy filled the bathroom. Bernard was on the verge of cumming. He didn't know what to do but thought he had to

warn her. "I'm gonna cum!" He whispered loud enough for her to hear.

Fiona heard the voice over her own noises and was delighted at the words. Amazingly she felt a sense of pride that at fifty she'd brought an anonymous stranger to climax. And it was that, she knew. It was the anonymity. The fact that she, the Deputy Mayor was secretly sucking off a stranger in a public restroom. It was so forbidden, so out of character, so hot she thought.

Her mouth remained on his cock. She was timing herself, when he came she would bring on her own orgasm. He increased his thrusting and then it began. She felt some shoot down her throat before it closed up and she took the following spurts in her mouth. Sliding her hand from her clit she penetrated herself with two then three fingers and her orgasm swept down her body from her brain to her cunt and back. She took hold of his cock with her other hand and pulled her mouth loose. His length was slick with cum and saliva and she jerked rapidly the remaining semen from him, spraying her nose and chin.

Her mouth was full of cum and she risked allowing her secret lover to see the product of her endeavors. Releasing her hold on his softening cock she put her mouth up close to the hole and opened. Bernard withdrew his dick from the hole and stepped back hoping to see her through the opening. He was greeted with an open mouth just the other side. Her lips were painted a matching pink to her toes and her mouth was full to the point of dripping, with his semen. She moved aside and he caught the hint of red hair and a tan colored

shirt. Unaware of the protocol of the sex act he'd just undertaken, Bernard sat down on the closed toilet seat and ripped some paper from the holder. He wiped his cock dry and waited for her to make a move.

Fiona had never had such an amount of cum in her mouth. Her instinct was to swallow, her desire was to swallow but reason was quickly taking over and she leaned over the toilet and allowed the cum to flow out of her mouth. She began to think with her head and not her pussy. Her next move had to be to extract herself without being seen. If she allowed him to leave first he could easily wait around for her to exit thereby discovering her identity. No she had to move now.

When she heard him tearing paper from the holder, Fiona acted. She flushed the toilet and quickly opened her door. As she passed the mirror she saw the state of the front of her shirt, saliva having flowed freely from her mouth leaving wet streaks. Her chin was also slick with saliva and cum and a thread of semen ran down from her nose. She reached into her handbag and fumbled for a tissue as she crossed the restroom. Beside the exit door was a skateboard, an anarchy symbol across the deck. It looked familiar. She opened the door to an empty street and wiping her face she entered the town hall to access her car from the rear.

Bernard was a little disappointed the woman hadn't hung around. He had visions of them fucking again in the toilet. He didn't care what she looked like, he'd fallen in love with a stranger. The knowledge that there was someone in the town willing to play out

such an erotic scene left him hopeful for future encounters. That red hair though, he thought, there was something about it. He left the stall and picked up his skateboard. Looking around outside he saw no one else around, certainly no redheaded mystery woman.

Feeling pretty pleased with himself, Bernard stepped on the board and began skating along the street towards home. At the first crossroad he stopped to allow an approaching car coming from alongside the town hall, right of way. As it neared he recognized the color and make. His mother's blue Hyundai. He could see her clearer behind the wheel as she approached, finally coming up level to him on the street.

The color drained from her face as she pulled the car to a stop. Bernard couldn't describe the mixture of feelings when he saw the tan shirt she was wearing, when he noticed the front wet with liquid. He saw the pink color of her lipstick, her red hair. Fiona stared at her son's skateboard with the anarchy symbol, the shoes she'd seen only half of under a wall. She felt faint as she leaned over and opened the passenger side door. Bernard needed no more convincing but he looked at his mother's feet to see her vivid pink toenails in sling back heels.

Neither said a word as Fiona began the short drive home. Yet they had much to discuss.

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As Fiona pulled the handbrake in the driveway Bernard made to open his door. His mother's hand grabbed at his forearm and her fingers dug into his skin. He looked into her face for the first time since he'd entered the car and saw a frightened girl, not his usually strong independent Deputy Mayor of a mother. "Please don't tell your father." She begged and the words were totally unexpected. He thought she'd be disgusted and angry with him but she looked and sounded like she was more disgusted with herself.

"Mom, I would never!"

She breathed an audible sigh of relief and Bernard felt her loosen her grip on his arm. "Bernie you have to believe me, I've never done anything like that before. I've never cheated on your father."

Bernard noticed tears welling in her eyes and he felt the compulsion to embrace her. At the same moment the front door of the house opened and his father stood in the doorway pointing at his watch, a tea towel slung over his shoulder.

Fiona released her hold on his arm. "We'll talk later O.k?" She whispered.

"I told everyone, six o'clock, dinner would be ready." Victor Martin complained as his wife and son entered the house. Fiona quite deftly held some documents over her shirt front as she passed him and her husband was unaware of the dampness of her blouse.

"Well dinner will have to wait a little longer honey, I'm going to have a quick shower first." Fiona stated to which Victor held his hands out in defeat, looking to Bernard for support.

Bernard shrugged and followed his mother down the hall. When he reached his room he stopped and watched her from behind. Her heels clicking along the hallway, the bare skin of her calves before meeting the dark brown knee length pleated skirt. Up to her tan shirt and the shock of red hair above. If she was a random woman on the street he would stare, she really was quite stunning. Why was it only now he had noticed?

As if Fiona had felt her son's eyes on her, she turned towards him as she reached the bathroom. Victor had gone back to the kitchen leaving them alone in the hallway. A nervous smile crossed Fiona's face. "Are we good?"

Bernard smiled broadly back. She wasn't just stunning he thought, she was beautiful. "Yeah, we're good."

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To Victor's chagrin dinner was on the table and everyone seated thirty minutes late. Bernard couldn't understand what the big deal was, a simple lasagna with salad wasn't quite a time sensitive cuisine. As was usual Bernard sat across from his sister Stephanie who seemed more interested with her phone than the meal.

"No tech at the table Steph," Victor stated and Stephanie rolled her eyes before completing her text and placing down the phone.

"Russell asked about you today." Bernard admitted to his sister.

Again Stephanie rolled her eyes. "Ugh he really needs to get a girlfriend!"

"He really needs to get a job!" Victor responded before looking at Bernard. "So do you. You can't just hang around the town hall all day!"

Bernard looked up at his mother quickly before looking at his dad. "How do you know I was at town hall?"

"Well you came home with your mother, obviously you were at the skate park." Victor looked to his wife. "That reminds me, why were you so late getting home darling?"

Fiona's mouthful 'went down the wrong hole' and she coughed to clear her throat. Taking a drink of water she looked back to her husband. "Oh the council meeting ran over. Wilke and his zoning laws again, you know same old, same old." Fiona looked sideways at Bernard and the corner of her mouth turned up a fraction before she continued on with her meal.

Bernard watched her movement. The way she cut her food before swapping hands with the fork. The graceful manner in which she raised it to her mouth. Opening, taking it in. The way she'd taken his cock. The same mouth he'd filled with cum and she'd delighted in presenting to him. His cock hardened beneath the table.

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Bernard played video games until ten p.m. when he undressed and turned the lights out for bed. He heard his mother and father still watching television in the family room. They'd opened a bottle of wine and in his minds eye he could see them sitting together on the couch. Post shower his mother was wearing blue athletic tights and a UCLA sweater. He'd peeped at her ass as she did the dishes with his sister and he hadn't noticed a line of underwear. Victor had noticed his son staring at his mother and commented, "That's where you should go!"

Bernard felt himself go red. "What?!"

"UCLA! You wouldn't be having this jobless situation if you'd gone to college!"

Bernard smiled as he remembered it now but he again thought of his mother and father on the couch. Dad can just reach over and touch her if he feels like it, it's not fair, he thought. He rolled over and pressed his cock into the mattress. As he fell asleep he ran through the glory hole in his mind.

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"Are you awake?"

Bernard opened his eyes to complete darkness thinking he'd heard a voice.

"Are you awake?" The voice came again and he rolled over to see his door ajar. At first he thought it was his sister in the doorway but as his eyes adjusted it was clearly his mother.

"Mom. Yeah, what is it?"

Fiona left the doorway and closed the door most of the way behind her. She seemed to float across the room to his bedside so graceful was her movement. He knew she had been a dancer when she was young but only now was he noticing the way her body moved.

"I waited until everyone was asleep," Fiona whispered and sat down next to her son as Bernard made room.

"What for?" Bernard asked, still half asleep and not thinking clearly.

"It's cold, can I get in with you?" She asked.

And there it was. Bernard was fully awake. Not since he was a little boy had he been in a bed with his mother. Something was afoot. Bernard quickly pulled aside the covers and made more room as his mother climbed into bed with him. He relinquished his warm spot for her and covered their bodies. "Mmm, toasty." She purred.

"Mom, what's going on?"

"We haven't talked!" She whispered. Bernard could smell a slight aroma of brandy on her breath but she didn't seem drunk. He had no idea what she was wearing and desperately wanted to find out.

"What do you want to talk about?" He asked, playing coy.

He felt her move closer in the bed, her face only inches from his. "You know!" She hinted.

Bernard's cock began to swell in his boxer shorts and he lowered a hand to pull it out of the fly. "I thought you'd be angry or disappointed with me," he confessed.

Fiona brought a hand up to his face and palmed his cheek. "I would never think that. You're young and well, a guy. It's me who should've been more responsible. You must hate me."

It was Bernard who now made a move, reaching out and placing his hand on her shoulder, caressing up and down her upper arm slowly. "I could never hate you Mom. I love you."

Fiona breathed out heavily and moved in closer. Her face came within a inch of her son's. "You don't know how happy that makes me baby." Still holding his face she guided his lips onto hers and planted a kiss, not sexual, motherly and caring. Loving. Instead of removing her mouth though, she kept it there.

Bernard was now rock hard. Their bodies being so close he was surprised it wasn't already touching her belly. Apart from the brandy, another smell came to him, it was the smell of a woman. He'd only ever sensed it once before, behind Mary Parker's dad's grocery store and he loved it then as he did now. It was time to make a move. He kissed her back in much the same manner. "Mom, I have something to confess."

"What is it baby?" She exhaled.

Instead of telling her, Bernard took hold of the hand she had against his face. He lowered it and moved it onto his erection. Instantly her fingers wrapped around his length and squeezed, his mouth dropping open in pleasure. "Oh baby, is this for me?"

"If you want it?"

"Oh honey I do want it, and I've got something for you!" Fiona took his hand and placed it between her legs. She wore shorts of her own and Bernard could feel her wetness saturated through the cotton. He wriggled his fingers through the loose leg band and was now touching her vagina unobstructed. Sighing, her mouth again came to his and this time her tongue gingerly entered, meeting her son's.

For minutes they lay like this, exploring each other's sex and making out like teens. Finally Fiona could take it no more. She needed to again taste his cock and have him taste her. So quickly she broke their connection and reached down to remove her pyjama bottoms. Her ass was in her son's face before he was completely aware of her intent but when he felt the warmth of her mouth wrapped around his cock he knew what she wanted. With the pillow behind his head he found her cunt in the perfect position for licking. He tasted vagina for the first time and was addicted.

Fiona held her son's cock in her fist and with her lips wrapped around the head, sucked the pre-cum from the eye. The memory of the glory hole flooded back. Things she would've done differently, the thought of actually being fucked through the hole was enticing. With hindsight, she would've swallowed her son's cum and not wasted it down the toilet. She wouldn't make the same mistake. She felt his tongue enter her vagina and his nose on her anus. Suck my clit, suck my clit, she silently begged and magically his mouth moved to her clitoris, the tongue inside her replaced by a finger.

Bernard assumed he was sucking his mother's clit. It was small and he had limited knowledge of a woman's anatomy but the moans he

was extracting told him he was doing something right. He slid his finger deeper inside her and she began to grind her hips on his face.

He was doing exactly what she loved. How did he know? She wondered. On the precipice of an orgasm she popped his cock out of her mouth and sat up straight. Bernard could no longer keep a finger inside her as the cheeks of her ass descended on his forehead but he kept up the stimulation of her clitoris. Her pubic hair tickled his jaw and her asshole again pressed against his nose as she came. Wave after wave of pleasure passed through her. Her husband had never elicited such an orgasm from her. Her whole body shuddered and she felt an explosion of warmth inside herself. She pushed her cunt down hard on her son's face, a hand clasped over her own mouth to stifle the scream of delight.

Through the crack in the door a light came on down the hall. "Honey, you coming back to bed?"

Fiona turned around on top of Bernard and in the light he could see her place a finger over her lips in a gesture to keep quiet. She climbed off the bed and ran to the door. "Won't be a moment, just getting a drink." She called back in a hushed tone. Coming back to the bed Fiona found her pants and put them on. She hadn't forgotten about her son's cock and took hold of his softening erection. She leaned down and planted a kiss on it's head and it moved with a surge of blood in her hand. She giggled in delight, reminded of it twitching through the glory hole. "Can you wait Bernie?"

"Of course I can Mom."

"Good." She'd coaxed him back to an erection and reluctantly took her hand from his dick. "And don't fiddle with it, I want you full the next time we play."

Bernard ran through when the next opportunity would come. "When Mom?"

Fiona was way ahead. "Meet me after work tomorrow? I think you know where!"

And Bernard did.

THE END