



# Kathy's Valentines Day

*He is just practicing his new romantic ways, right?*

# Kathy's Valentine's Day

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**K**athy Grayson found herself watching the tall man across the restaurant take off his leather jacket before sitting down. His thick dark hair looked stylish and well-groomed, but it was the close-fitting black shirt that outlined his muscular back and was tucked into his dressy jeans that really caught her eye.

She was glad she was looking her best. She felt confident and sexy herself. Still fit and taking care of herself, she had her hair up, her best alluring red lipstick on, and her black skirt and heels to match. The white blouse discreetly showed the beginning of ample cleavage.

She wondered what had gotten into her lately. It was so unlike herself to be openly checking out a guy and thinking about men like this, but here she was going out to lunch and noticing this man. She thought of herself as poised and so in control as to never let herself be distracted. Fortunately, she was there to meet her son for lunch. As she followed the hostess to her table, she just chalked the attention lapse up to it being Valentine's Day.

The hostess navigated through the room smoothly, and Kathy picked up on their direction as being headed toward the man's own table. Kathy flushed a little at the thought of having to make herself ignore him if she and her son wound up nearby.

Kathy slowed her steps as the hostess wheeled around to stand beside the same man's table. As if in slow motion, the hostess smiled and gestured with her hand at the table, as she looked back to Kathy. Kathy saw the man stand for her, as Kathy got to where she was beside the table.

Kathy was in shock at standing there facing him and realizing it was Roy, her own son, standing to hug her. How could this be, she wondered to herself. She hugged him back and chuckled to herself, embarrassed at herself for what she'd had happen. Luckily, no one knew.

Roy politely pulled her chair for her, and he waited as Kathy sat down at the table, and then he sat as well.

"Well, hi there," she started, not able to help feeling self-conscious about whether he could possibly tell she'd been embarrassed.

"Hi," Roy smiled. "Don't you look nice. Looks like something is agreeing with you." He teased her and enjoyed when she seemed to look so self-conscious at his teasing.

"Well, thank you. I think." Kathy pushed ahead trying to avoid looking guilty. "You're the one looking sharp. And getting my chair for me, too. What is it that's gotten into you?"

Roy smiled, glad she was impressed. "Well, I've been reading up on being more romantic. And, I thought I'd try it out on you for lunch today, if you don't mind."

Kathy grinned appreciatively. "Is that right? Well listen, you go right ahead. I absolutely cannot get too much romance or manners, that's for sure. Especially from such a handsome young man."

Roy did a double take, and Kathy noticed. She was just teasing back with him, she figured. No big deal. Meanwhile, Roy liked her playfulness. He saw it only occasionally, but he adored when she acted that way.

"I can tell you Beth will appreciate these new ways, too." Kathy figured Roy's girlfriend would be as surprised as she was. "How's she doing?"

Roy winced some. "She's okay." Kathy noticed Roy's frustration.

"Roy, is everything alright?"

"Yeah, I guess." They both looked at their menu. "Everything's so dull lately. I don't know."

"Well sweetheart, you have to just keep trying, you know?" Roy and Beth had been dating almost three years. Now with both graduated from college, it was probably getting close to a time when the relationship either progressed or stopped.

"Yeah, I know. I also know that it takes two though. I mean, look at you and Dad."

It was Kathy's turn to wince. Roy chuckled.

"Um, please don't go there. That's not the best example." Kathy just shook her head.

"Ah Mom, c'mon," Roy liked how she was acting frustrated, too. "Hey, twenty-three years means that something must be working."

The server came by, much to Kathy's relief. They had also just mentioned entrees before the server arrived, so when Roy ordered he went ahead and ordered for Kathy, too. When the server left, Kathy sat back, as if trying to figure out who this really was sitting across from her.

"Wow," she noted, with a half-smile at him.

"What's that?" He asked.

"It's just that I haven't had anyone order for me in years, that's all. First, the chair, and now the ordering. Keep these new ways, son. Beth will like them. I can assure you."

Roy beamed at her and wondered if he was about to go over the top. "Well, there is one more thing."

"Huh?" Kathy was puzzled.

Roy pulled from his jacket pocket a small gift-wrapped box and put it in front of Kathy.

Kathy was stunned. "Roy, you shouldn't have. I don't know what to say." She shook her head slowly side to side.

"It's no biggie, really. I wanted to. You're always so sweet and thoughtful to everyone else is all." Roy saw that she was blushing.

Kathy raised her eyebrows and struggled to get a 'thank you' out. Her fingers delicately picked at the wrapping, opening a box containing cute stylish earrings.

"Oh Roy," she was clearly surprised and impressed. "they're beautiful."

She got up and came to his side and hugged him. When she got back to her seat, she couldn't help but stare openly at him, astonished.

She giggled. "Hey, these are exactly the things you need to do for Beth tonight. Really."

"Yeah?" He asked.

"Oh yeah!" She quickly answered, and they both laughed. She again shook her head, and she sounded apologetic to him. "I'm afraid I'm empty-handed. It turns out I should've done something, at least."

"Nahhhh. Not at all." He waved off her concern. "Just keep being sweet to me is all. And maybe a kiss. That's fine."

Kathy couldn't hold back a laugh. "A kiss?" The thought of her mistaking him for a handsome young stranger earlier crossed her mind. "Roy, that's no problem. You're just lucky I'm your mom and not some stranger that's all."

"Huh?" Roy didn't understand.

"Um, I'm just saying. ..."

"What are you saying?" He was curious. Lunch was served to them, rescuing Kathy again.

"I'm just saying that you're better off getting a kiss from your mom. If you were this sweet to anyone else, well... . Let's just say you'd probably get into trouble with Beth, that's all."

She grinned at him, and he slowly nodded and grinned back, the two of them sharing her mischievous meaning.

"Is that right?" He asked and they laughed together.

The rest of lunch they talked about their work, and they also talked about each other's dinner plans for that night. Kathy was going out with his father to dinner, and he and Beth were having dinner, too. Soon, it was already time to leave.

On the way out, Kathy went by the ladies' room. When she came back out, Roy noticed something seemed different about her, but he couldn't put his finger on what it was. Kathy caught him trying to figure it out as they got outside.

"You like them?" She asked.

When Roy didn't immediately catch on, Kathy put a hand to each ear, showing off her new earrings to him she'd just put on.

"Oh wow," he said proudly, "yes, they look great on you."

Kathy had an extra bounce in her step as he walked her to her car. Kathy fought some confusion as he walked her to her car. He had shocked her with his boldness, and she had surprised herself with her own flirting back. She felt a warmth and excitedness that she felt awkward about. She wanted to chalk it up to it being Valentine's Day, and then the mistaken look at him. She knew better than to even think it was okay to have looked at him the way she had. She knew that. Still, she thought to herself, she had actually looked at him in that way. The fact of that seemed to touch a deep nerve in her.

"I enjoyed lunch. I really did." He said as they got to her car.

"Yes, you know what? So did I," she smiled to him. "I like us being able to kid like we have." She looked up into his eyes, and she felt a giddiness. He looked different to her, as he looked at her intensely. She knew she was holding his look as well, but she was grinning and looking in such a way, because she couldn't believe how the moment was feeling to her. It felt playful and it felt a little dangerous.

"Thank you again sweetheart," she soothingly said. "You have been so sweet to me. I appreciate it."

"You're always sweet to me. I appreciate it, too." He said it in a way she hadn't heard from him before.

She felt his hand at her side and his face came toward her's. To try to diffuse the situation, she put a hand to his cheek and she held him there. He stopped, but he also looked disappointed. While their faces were close and with her hand at his face, she went ahead and slowly kissed him, her lips fully on his and they lingered. As she pulled away from him, she gently sucked so that it was what he felt last from their kiss. She put her arms around his neck and hugged him. They embraced a long moment, and as they left the embrace, she lightly pecked his cheek with a kiss.

She went to turn toward her car door, when he turned her to him. She looked up at him, and his lips were immediately on her's. The kiss was quick and it was directly on her lips. She smiled up at him, and his hands cupped her face. He moved to her again, but this time she pulled herself back.

He stopped but he didn't move away. They paused staring at each other, and now it was her face looking intensely up at him. He brought his lips to her's again anyway, and she was startled. She felt him kiss her, and then she tried to move back again, only his hands steadied her to him, as his kiss became urgent.

She felt his lips part her's, and the wet, soft sensation of his tongue was in her mouth. As if reflexively, she parted her mouth more, accomodating him and pressing back to him. He kissed her fully, and she felt herself kissing back. It lasted for only the moment she thought of how it felt, because she broke off as soon as she thought of what was happening.

"Roy!" She was panting as she scolded at him. "What the hell are you doing?" He moved toward her face again, only this time she turned her head and slipped from him. She pushed his hands from her as he tried to hold her again.

"Stop it," she said sharply in his direction as she moved to her car door to leave. Her back was to him and before she could get into the car he tried to explain.

He stood behind her and spoke evenly. "I just... I felt it between us. I did."

She opened the car door, and she stopped just as she was about to get into the car. She was facing inside the car, and Roy thought to himself the different ways she could be about to chastise him for what he'd done.

Roy stepped right up behind her. He felt he had to say something before she got angrier. He put his hand to her shoulder gently and tried again to explain. "Listen, I just could not help myself, really."

Kathy's shoulders softened at hearing this, and it seemed to him like she was calming. She slowly turned back to him and looked up at him. Her face had reddened some. Her eyes searched his. He expected admonishment from her. Her face moved up to his and he went to accept a hug from her.

Kathy's hand went to his face and it was suddenly her steadying him again. She kissed him fully on the mouth and he felt her tongue go between his lips. Roy froze at what was happening, as she pressed harder to his mouth, her tongue searching and caressing inside his mouth. She kissed him passionately and he could only react. He sucked at her tongue and felt her face move as she kissed him longingly.

After several moments, she broke from him. He stood shocked in front of her, his mouth apart from where she had just been kissing him. She looked at him and then hugged him to her. She stroked his hair soothingly.

They slowly parted, and he started to bring his face back to her, reinvigorated.

"No. We can't." She said it firmly, looking around defensively.

She got into her car, and he didn't want her to leave.

"Come to my apartment." He said it suddenly and when she looked at him incredulous he immediately winced. Only, she surprised him again.

She smirked. "You can't be serious, Roy." She smiled knowingly.

"Um, yes." He nervously smiled back. He was unsure now how to read her. What she had just done was so not like her at all.

She looked up at him from the car window. "You're asking me to come over to your apartment right now? Do you think that's such a good idea?"

Roy nodded. "Yeah. Yeah, I want you to."

Roy fully expected her to rationalize what had happened and tell him no. She spoke deliberately.

"Let's go then." She turned her attention to her starting the car, and Roy made himself walk over to his own car, not at all believing what had just happened.

They drove separately the ten minutes over to where Roy had an apartment, and Roy tried to analyze what had just occurred to make sure what he thought was happening was really happening. Both of them pulled into the parking area in front of his apartment, and he opened the door for them with neither of them speaking.

Kathy followed him inside and entered the living room, as he closed and locked the door behind them. Roy stepped to the living room, and he watched apprehensively as she turned toward him. She was three or four steps from him, as they stood just staring at each other. Roy had not been able to make sense of her having kissed him back as she did, and he didn't trust himself to know how she really felt about coming here to his apartment alone with him now.

The apartment was quiet. The afternoon sun streaked into windows, providing the only light. Kathy stood with her purse still in hand, and she saw Roy's wide eyes watch her in wonderment. She tried to take a breath, and she put her purse on the coffee table that was to the side.

"Do you want something to drink?" Roy asked it softly, and she gave a quick shake of her head.

She took a step to him, and she lifted a hand to him. He came to her and took her hand. They hugged gently together. When they released, she stood before him and smiled to him sweetly.

"Is this what you wanted?" She asked him directly.

"What's that?" Roy asked haltingly and unsure.

"Me here. Alone with you." She didn't make it any easier on him, because she wasn't smiling or giving him any idea where to think she was coming from. He worried if whether this was a way she was just testing him.

"Well," he decided just to be honest, "yeah. Yeah, it is what I wanted."

She seemed to flinch just a bit when he admitted it. He studied her intently for what would come next.

Kathy liked his complete attention on her. She let herself think yet again about the feeling from seeing him at first in the restaurant, when she saw a young man from behind and didn't know it was him. She thought back on how she'd felt walking across the restaurant at that time, feeling very feminine and attracted to that stranger. She savored an excitement long missing from her. She let herself smile to him.

When he smiled back at her and he seemed to relax a bit, she stepped to him to close the distance.

She gave him a light kiss and he kissed her back. Her face came back, but he kissed back to her, his own kiss brief. Roy became very aware of how close they were standing to each other, and he felt himself flush with excitement.

Kathy drew a hand to his chest and pressed it there. Her touch to him made him bold. His hand went to her's there. He clutched her hand, and then he rubbed her hand around in a circle on his chest. He liked the way she watched him move her

hand. He liked the way she her fingers extended to trace him as he moved her hand.

Kathy's face followed his hand holding her own, as he let it drift down his torso. Her fingers traced the soft fabric as he brought them over his stomach. She watched his hand stop with her's as her fingers came to rest at his belt. She stared at her red polished nails against the black leather of his belt, and she couldn't keep from peering juat a bit further below at the bulge in his jeans.

She brought her eyes back up and he was staring right at her. She let a moment pass and let him wonder. His hands went to his sides, leaving her hand at his belt. She looked back to her fingers there. Her index finger barely moved along the belt, following where it was tucked into the harness. Her finger followed on over to where the extra part of the belt was past the buckle and held in place.

She looked back to him, and she saw the anticipation in his face. They both looked back down as her finger and thumb pinched at the end of the belt. She brought her other hand to the buckle, and she determinedly went about unspooling the belt from the buckle. She could see movement in his jeans in reaction to what she was doing.

Her left hand pulled the belt to the side as fingers on her right hand removed the pin from where the belt was secured. The belt freed open, and she heard him exhale. Her fingers unfastened the top button of his jeans. His hands went to her shoulders and rubbed as she put her fingers to his zipper.

She paused, and then she held the waist of his jeans with one hand while she grasped the zipper in her fingers with the other hand. She looked up at him, and she watched his eyes widen and his mouth part, as her fingers worked the zipper down. His hands held to her shoulders as he realized his fly was now open.

Kathy openly looked to the front of his jeans. The sides were apart, and this dark fabric covered him there. Kathy brought her hands to the sides of his jeans. She hooked her thumbs into the waist of them and tugged. It took several pushes down to get the denim over his hips, and the thin material of the boxers pulled down some as well.

Kathy stopped and contemplated. The jeans were down and bunched above his knees, and the boxers still covered him. A large bulge protruded at his crotch. Roy didn't move to help go any further. She knew he was just watching her and waiting.

Kathy quickly thought about standing back from him and having him remove them. She was standing close to him, but from where she was standing she couldn't pull his jeans to the floor. He seemed frozen in the moment.

Kathy inhaled and slowly lowered herself to where she rested on her knees in front of him. She moved her hands around and worked his jeans on down his legs until they were completely to the floor. She held them on the floor and he brought his feet from the legs of them.

She brought herself slowly upward to where she had brought the jeans to the floor, but she was still on her knees. The effect was to have her face at the level of his stomach, and her eyes saw his bulge twitch with her there.

Her hands rested just above his knees on his legs as she steadied herself. As she paused, she felt his hands go into her hair. She knew she should stand. She knew she should just stop.

Roy's hands worked his fingers into her hair and first he felt her hair, stroking it lovingly but briefly. Then his hands held her head, and he gently moved her face to where he also

brought his hips forward. Kathy watched as he brought his hips to her face and his hands held her head.

Kathy felt her face press into the hardness of his crotch and the thinness of his boxers. Her nose and mouth felt the material at where a thick bulge moved inside. It throbbed in the boxers. Kathy felt him sway somewhat to feel himself move against her face.

His hands didn't leave her hair but they did stop holding her head at all. Kathy moved her face back, and the closeness of his crotch was overwhelming. She reached to the waist of his boxers and clasped onto them. She edged them down and watched.

The dark material exposed into view black, curly hair that trailed to the base of his shaft. She worked the boxers further and the waist band slipped further over him, the thick engorged shaft still restrained and bent by the fabric still not down.

Kathy brought her arms lower and the pull freed him, his boxers falling down his legs. She watched as his thick erection rebounded, a couple of heavy up and down movements after the release. Then, it just jutted forward, seeming to strain.

Roy watched her stare at him, and he noticed that she looked surprised. He self-consciously waited as she surveyed him. He absolutely couldn't believe she was in front of him on her knees and he was exposed to her.

Kathy smelled the musky aroma of him, and she fought to contain looking surprised. He looked very thick to her. It was right in front of her face, and rather than pointing upward, it was pointing at her. She marveled at his size, the shaft defined and veined and a large head capping him.

She watched her own hand go to the base of him, and she felt herself almost convulse between her legs when she felt her fist wrap where his cock joined his body. She noticed that her fingers just barely touched, wrapped around him. He twitched in her fist.

With no more hesitation, she brought her lips to him and kissed him there. The smooth, round head wanted to move as she kept her puckered lips to him. She looked when she brought her lips just barely off him, and she was stunned to see a wet string attach from his slit to her lips where he'd already lubricated at her kiss.

She opened her mouth and moved her face forward, her lips circling around him as he went between her lips. She heard him gasp above her as she moved her mouth onto his cock. She immediately was impressed with how full and stretched her mouth was with him there. Her head was brought up and back with the move of his hips forward.

There were a couple of rocking movements where Kathy's mouth moved to Roy and Roy's crotch moved to Kathy, but Kathy heard him moan and she stopped him. Kathy thought about how she had no idea of his stamina. Kathy let go of him and moved her face away.

Roy was standing and confused as he watched Kathy seemed to recoil. She moved backward, and Roy concluded that she had decided to stop everything. He almost had moved to pick up his jeans, when he saw her move in a way he didn't expect.

With a smooth and delicate manner, Kathy looked up at him and just sat back. Her bottom came to rest on the carpet, as her knees went from the floor to arched upward and off the floor. She seemed to unfurl backward, her arms going to her sides as her back uncurled to where it was flat against the carpet. She was soon laying back and looking up at him. He stood over her there in the living room and took in the sight of her.

Her black skirt now hung fragile to her outstretched legs that were held together. Her feet in the black heels still rested on the floor, but there was no weight on them and they barely connected to the floor. She had laid back below him, and she waited.

Roy continued to stand there, breathing hard and with only his sports shirt on. His cock throbbed. He shifted impassively. It was like he didn't really believe she was laying there in front of him. Her eyes darted from his eyes to his cock and back again. She wondered if he somehow needed some signal from her.

Still looking up at him, she acted. Slowly and deliberately, she brought her hands over her head and let them rest on the floor behind her, aware of how vulnerable this made her seem. Then, with his full attention on her, she surprised both of them and moved her legs.

Roy watched as Kathy lifted one black heeled foot. She brought it out to the side and beyond her hip, and then the other black heeled foot lifted and moved over to where it was far apart. The black skirt couldn't help but raise up Kathy's hips, as she was spreading her legs far apart. The skirt collapsed to her hips, and her thin white satin panties were in plain view to Roy.

Roy moved quickly between her legs, and Kathy moaned in anticipation. Roy saw the dark patch in the center of the panties, and he furiously yanked them down her hips. No sooner had she lifted her bottom, the panties were on her thighs and Roy maneuvered her legs to get them all the way off. Roy slung them away and stripped his shirt.

Urgently, Roy got between Kathy's legs. Kathy watched, in awe now at how determined and fixed Roy was at getting where he wanted. His hands went behind Kathy's knees, and in one swift lift he had moved Kathy's legs up and toward her.

Kathy squealed with the suddenness and surprise of his moving her. He put her legs further forward and started working himself over her. Roy's hands grabbed Kathy's calves, and the next thing Kathy knew she was watching as her black heels were propped above Roy's shoulders and beside his head. Kathy felt her ass propped away from the floor.

Kathy cried out when she felt him there. Roy had managed to position her legs on his shoulders, but he had also brought his hips to her's and Kathy cried out when the head of him lodged at her there. She thought of his size, his thickness. She knew she was very wet, but she hadn't had a man this endowed, she

knew. She cried out again when she thought of exactly what this last thought meant.

Kathy brought her hands to grip Roy's shoulders, and she tried to brace herself. She watched Roy look into her eyes and move himself to her, and she heard herself scream out. It was like her lips had clapsed to him and clung even as he stretched into her. She grunted and arched her back.

Roy withdrew just a bit, and immediately slid further forward. She cried out again, and Roy rotated his hips. Kathy felt as though she was being taken as Roy began pumping at her. She was grunting in time to his thrusts. He brought his hips back and lingered, only to push deeply into her. She groaned as a wave spasmed over her, her hands holding onto his arms as he pushed into her.

He started giving long full strokes to her, and she rolled her head back. She had never felt so completely taken. She felt so open to him. She surprised them both, when she started moving her hips, too. She found herself not only accepting him deep inside her; she started moving herself back onto him to meet his thrusts.

She knew there was no other way to describe it but that she was fucking him back.

When he brought his hips and his cock down into her, she brought her hips and pussy up and to him. She wantonly fucked him back. As he picked-up on her moving to him, it noticeably changed him. Another wave of pleasure rolled her as she saw him open his mouth and pick up his pace. His head tilted just back as she saw his climax approach. His whole body was rocking back and forth, and his cock was pumping at her furiously.

"UNNNNGGHHHHH," he started groaning from his throat as his orgasm kicked in.

"Yes, Roy. Yes, baby," she encouraged him. "Give it to me."

The sound of her saying that sent him over the edge. "AAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!" He screamed as he released inside her.

"Yeah... yeah." She told him as he slowed and spasmed in her. She could feel him pulse there.

He slowed his body to a stop over her. For a brief moment, they looked at each other as he held himself propped on his arms over her. She brought a hand to the back of his neck and brought his head to rest against her. The effect was to have him relax on top of her, and even though he was still positioned between her legs, her legs were now prone on the floor on either side of him instead of tilted up.

They laid and relaxed together. Her hand stayed at the back of his neck and his head rested at her chest. She was very aware of how his cock felt still inside her and, while flaccid, remained thick. She quietly chided herself for liking the feeling.

The quiet of the afternoon was broken, when the unmistakable sound of a key working a lock startled them both. It was at the front door of the apartment. Panicked, Roy clumsily struggled to get to his feet. He searched frantically for his jeans. He had bent down to retrieve them when the door opened.

In the one swift movement one would expect, the door swung opened and then it went swung closed. It was only a second before the young woman stepped into the front of the living room.

The young woman froze as she saw Roy first, who was desperately trying to get his jeans upward and secured. She looked straight to where Roy was tucking his cock into his jeans. Her very next movement was to turn her gaze to Kathy on the floor, who was sitting up and tugging her skirt down from her hips.

"Beth, wait!" Roy tried to sound calm, but the very next sound was Beth's shrill scream piercing the air.

Beth's hand covered her own mouth in shock, and she was immediately trying to back out of the room, bumping into things as she struggled to leave. Before he could reach her, she was running from the doorway and leaving the door swinging open.

Roy got to the door and could only watch her drive hurriedly away.

Kathy was panicked now. She tried to straighten her skirt, but it was impossibly wrinkled. She felt unsteady on her feet, as she snatched up her purse. She wasn't exactly sure what to do, but she felt it was very important to at least leave and get home.

She hugged Roy briefly, as she left. "Listen, she was just confused, that's all." Roy still seem stunned. She shook him a moment. "Hey, that's the way it's got to be, okay? She's just mistaken. Alright?"

Roy just nodded his head and looked to be getting a hold back on himself. Kathy squeezed his hand and then was out the door to her car.

Kathy started driving the car toward home, and she began analyzing the situation. She surveyed their choices quickly. She was heavily decided on what she had just told Roy. It'd have to be that Beth just got it wrong. And, that was if she said anything anyway, Kathy thought. Maybe it'd just be that Kathy and her family would never hear from Beth again, that Beth would want no contact.

Kathy drove and fought a swirl of emotions. She stole a glance at her very wrinkled skirt and images of the afternoon flashed through her mind. She let herself think about how she felt right then between her legs. There was an unmistakable wetness still there, and she thought about how some of that wetness was from Roy. She also realized how her thighs and her crotch still felt a soreness from his having taken her as he did. 'Freshly fucked' was the raunchy phrase that enetered her head and she winced from her own dirty thought.

Her thoughts were interrupted by her cell chiming. It was Steve, her husband. She nervously answered the phone.

"How could you?" His voice was very emotional.

"Wait a minute, Steve."

"What?" He was incredulous.

"Beth was mistaken." Kathy knew her flat tone didn't match what she was saying, but it was the best she could offer.

"Oh, is that right?"

"Yeah, it is." She tried.

"Let's see. Beth saw Roy stuffing his dick back in his pants and you getting up from the floor."

"It's not what you think." She desperately tried again.

"Oh, it's not? Because what I think is that you fucked our son." She heard him make a choking sound like he was struggling not to break down.

"Steve... ." Her voice trailed off.

"Listen, go home and get some clothes." He directed her. "I don't want you there when I get home. I'm coming home at seven."

"What?" She was shaken herself now. "You're not kicking me out."

"If you are home tonight, I'm calling the police, Kathy."

"Steve!"

"I mean it, Kathy. I will have your sorry, pathetic ass locked up."

There was an awkward silence where neither said anything, and then she heard him hang up on her.

She was shaking as she drove on home.

In a blur, she packed clothes and toiletries as if she would be gone a week. She couldn't think straight enough to really plan anything. It was surreal and completely unsettling. She realized it was probably best not to be around him tonight.

When she left, she thought of going to a friend's place to try to stay, but the thought of even trying to explain to anyone right now felt impossible. She thought of a hotel, but she really didn't want to be alone as upset and as rattled as she was. She thought of Roy. They should at least talk and try to figure something out. She called him and then headed there.

Roy brought her inside his apartment, and an eerie quietness engulfed them. They were both stunned. Kathy told him that Steve had made her leave. Roy told her he was sorry. Roy suggested she just stay with him. She didn't immediately answer.

She went to his bathroom and tried to splash water on her face and get a grip. The whole afternoon seemed unreal. She came out and Roy was leaning on the door frame to his bedroom. She looked at him, and they stared at each other a while.

It was like they were together in a horrible mess, but there was something more, too. There was the strange and intense feeling from having been sexual and intimate that afternoon, and the acknowledgement of that seemed to pass between them.

Kathy walked over to him and they embraced. It was a strong hug and they both felt very emotional. There were so many implications for everything, and yet they didn't know what to say out loud.

Their hug was comforting to both of them. While they didn't talk out loud about it, they both thought of all the pain and damage they had just done that day. Roy was having a hard time even imagining it, while Kathy had started wondering about all the practical implications of it.

While they were quiet though, Kathy sensed a subtle move from Roy. He had shifted slightly in their stance, and it dawned on Kathy why. Their nearness was beginning to have an effect on Roy it seemed.

Kathy couldn't suppress a grin. "Even with all this happening, you can still get excited?" She said it in a low and playful voice, disbelieving it.

He seemed to blush. He didn't look at her and he seemed very embarrassed. When she stayed embraced with him, it was like this emboldened him. He surprised her. His hand went to her's and he placed her hand on his bulge. It felt formidable and growing. She gently squeezed him. It in turn started to arouse her.

She kept a low voice. "Roy. You're bad, you know?" He didn't answer and she rubbed him through his pants. "I mean, you're very bad." She felt her face flush and a familiar warmth. "I think I know what it is, too. I mean, I don't think it's just remembering today, is it?"

He kept quiet, but his crotch throbbed.

"I think it's a power thing now, isn't it?" She brought her hand tight, and she moved it up and down him there. "Yeah. There's Beth, your father. Probably your sister will know soon, too. They all know. ..."

He let out a heavy sigh and she knew she was getting to him.

"Yeah, Roy. They all know, son." She smiled a devious smile. She backed her face to look up at him as he held her close.

She still spoke low, but this time she took her time getting the words out for maximum effect. "They all know... that... you fucked me."

He started moving her, placing her so that her back was to his bedroom door. She kept talking, following her thought.

"They all know... that... I let you... fuck me... ."

He immediately brought his mouth onto her's and his tongue went into her mouth. He kissed her hard and deeply, and before she could even kiss him back, he moved his mouth from her's. His hands swiftly lifted her and she instinctively wrapped her legs around his waist.

His hands went under her skirt and bunched it to her waist. Expecting to find panties, his hands only found her bare exposed skin. She kept looking into his eyes. She saw his excited surprise.

He freed himself quickly and he positioned her. They shifted to where she was just over him, and she started panting in anticipation. He brought a hand to her lips and his fingers

roughly parted her. She was hanging onto him, and he arched himself, penetrating her.

She gasped but didn't look away from his eyes, as his cock opened her lips further. She felt herself ease more onto him, and she could feel her expression change to one of pleasure as he started lifting her up and down. She felt herself impale on him more and she quivered with ripples of an orgasm at what was taking place.

She found herself moving her legs to where she was straddling up and down on him, and his own thrusts with her moving made her bouncing up and down on him. They both grunted at each other staring at each other as they fucked again.

He loved how she openly looked at him and was obviously getting into bouncing at him. She was very wet and riding him. Her arms were around his shoulders and her legs wrapped around his waist. They were bucking hard at each other.

"Yeah, yeah." She tilted her head just back but kept his look as a powerful orgasm shook her. Her mouth opened and her eyes half-closed as he drove deeper into her and she spasmed on him.

She felt dizziness as she continued to be lifted by his thrusts and her back slid up and down against the door. He was very hard in her. The thickness was stretching her and she was clinging to him. He was almost jumping with upward pushes and he started to cringe.

She kept watching him, and he squenched his eyes. She watched as his face betrayed a twisted look of ecstasy and he started grunting. He was loud this time as he stroked in her and came hard. He tried to hold her look and she kept looking at him, wondering if it made it more intense for him to know she was seeing him like this.

After several slower plunges, he came to a stop and just held her. She was pressed onto the door and aloft. Her legs loosened around him. When his arms loosened too, they let themselves slowly untangle, and she moved to her feet again.

They kissed and moved to the bed, both collapsing against it. They were clearly in a very strange and unnerving situation. Yet, they were together, and something was happening with them.

They laid there together.

He looked to the side at her. "Hey," he said getting her attention.

She moved her face toward him to look back at him.

He smiled a wicked smile. "Happy Valentine's Day."