



Sylvia's Mother

Jason Weeks didn't usually dream, but tonight he was dreaming. And what an incredible dream! Waves of intense pleasure swept over him, the result of someone's touching his penis with a light, wonderful touch. It felt as if his organ had grown as hard as a rock. He'd never experienced anything like this when he was awake nor had he imagined, in any of his sexual fantasies, that anything could feel as wonderful as what was happening to him in his dream!

He could feel his dream-lover's lips and tongue lovingly caressing the swollen, throbbing shaft and head of his penis, which felt harder than it had ever been! What was happening to him felt so real! He'd never had a dream like this one before! His dream-lover stroked him, licked him, kissed him, and wrapped her lips around the arrow-shaped tip of his swollen penis; and he responded mightily. He couldn't lay still. His hips rocked, his erection was throbbing, and his heart was pounding. If only this was real and not a dream!

Then he realized it wasn't a dream. He was awake, in a bed in the guest bedroom of his girlfriend Sylvia's parents' cabin, and someone really was giving him a blowjob!

The question was; who was doing it? Jason laid there, gasping for breath; his eyes squeezed tightly shut, wondering. Was it Sylvia? Had she gotten up and sneaked into his room? Maybe it wasn't Sylvia, maybe Brenda felt so sorry for him she decided to... No, it couldn't possibly be Brenda. That meant it had to be... No, it couldn't be Sylvia's mother, could it? He wanted to open his eyes and find out who was doing these wonderful things to him, but he was afraid to. What if it was really a dream?

His dream-lover lay down on the bed next to him, rubbing her body against his legs and erection. Whoever was doing the wonderful things to him was wearing something silky; Jason could feel the contrast between the cool, slippery material and the warmth - almost heat - of the woman's skin. He still found it almost impossible to believe this was real. Women really didn't do things like this, did they? It was only in porno movies that things like this happened.

The more Jason lay there thinking about what was happening, and the longer it continued, the more powerfully aroused he became. Sexually inexperienced, he had little in the way of control. "Oh, God! Oh, God! Ohhh!! Ohhh!!" he moaned, unable to remain silent, then he felt fingers on his lips.

"Sh!" his dream-lover whispered while her hand continued to stroke his erection gently. "Shhh!"

Jason, lying there with his eyes closed, tried to place the voice he'd heard, but couldn't. It could be anyone, but there were only three women in the house, so it had to be Sylvia, Brenda, or Sylvia's mother. Unless he really was dreaming all this, then all of the wonderful things he was experiencing were just a figment of his imagination. But how could he be imagining how wonderful he felt? How could a dream feel so real? It had to be real. It just had to!

Jason gasped and, despite his best efforts to keep still, a long, soft, impassioned moan escaped though his clenched lips when he felt his dream lover's lips wrap around the head of his pulsing erection once more, then begin to slide downward. At the same time, her hands gently fondled and rolled his swollen testicles. "Oh, God! I can't stand much more of this!" he thought. His hips rocked upward involuntarily, thrusting his erection deeper into his dream-lover's mouth. "Jesus! I'm gonna come!"

Then, wracked by waves of pleasure more intense than anything he'd never experienced in his young life, he was coming and, much to his surprise, he felt his dream-lover sucking on him and swallowing his exploding juices. "Oh,

God! Oh, God!" he thought as powerful sensations caused his body to tremble and quiver. "This can't be real! I have to be dreaming!"

At long last the wondrous sensations began to dwindle and he felt his erection, still cradled in his dream-lover's mouth, begin to soften. When even the small after-shocks of joy he was enjoying finally ended and he was totally limp, she removed her mouth from him and gently kissed the tip of his now-flaccid penis. Only then, needing desperately to find out whether what had happened to him was real or not, did he lift his head, open his eyes, and look down toward his groin...

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Eighteen year-old Jason Weeks was having what could best be described as one of the most confusing days of his young life. He was excited and filled with anticipation, but at the same time he was experiencing considerable anxiety. His girlfriend, Sylvia Dooley, had invited him to spend a weekend with her family at their vacation cabin in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains, which was not in the least a bad thing. In fact, next to Sylvia going out with him, it was the best thing that ever happened to him. Sylvia was a very pretty girl who was quite popular; even though lately she had been affecting what Jason - an avid fan of old TV shows - couldn't help thinking of as an

"Addams Family" style of dress. Sylvia was slim, very attractive, had black hair and wide, arresting gray eyes. In the past year, she had begun to dress in black, almost always wore long skirts, had her shoulder-length hair pulled back in a tight bun. She'd avoided getting a suntan and always wore dark, almost black, lipstick and black nail polish. She looked a lot like the Morticia Addams character; although Jason thought Sylvia was a lot prettier.

What he found even weirder - although he wasn't complaining - was that not only had she agreed to go out with him, she was allowing herself to be thought of by her friends in school as his girlfriend. Ever since Jason first got to know Sylvia - back when they were both freshmen - she was one of the "in-group" of girls. She was a cheerleader who only dated jocks and never even seemed willing to admit that kids like him existed.

Jason, who was eighteen and a senior in high school, was as far from being a jock as a person could get. He was tall and stocky, wore his light brown hair cut very short, and was quite shy. On the positive side he was on the honor roll, was president of the school debating team, a member of the national honor society, and a founding member of the computer club. The worst marks he got were in gym class, which he hated because all the other boys, especially the jocks, picked on him for being a wimp.

"I don't like those muscle-bound oafs," Sylvia told him on the occasion of their first date. "I much prefer men with substance; men with intellect, men like you, Jason."

Even though Sylvia did act a little odd, she was intelligent and Jason enjoyed her company. He liked it even more that some of the jocks she used to date were jealous of him.

The jocks wouldn't have been nearly as jealous if they'd known more about his relationship with Sylvia. One of the things he'd been looking forward to when she let him know she wanted to go out with him was the chance to have his first sexual experience. The fact that he was still a virgin at eighteen bothered him and was a situation he dearly wanted to correct. But, after a torrid necking session at the end of their first date, Sylvia stunned him by announcing she had decided to adopt a lifestyle of celibacy.

"You, of all people, understand, don't you, Jason?" she'd said, looking very sincere and vulnerable. "I mean, someone with your intellect and maturity certainly understands that lasting relationships have to be built on more than sex. You do understand what I'm talking about, don't you?"

At the time Jason was sporting the biggest, hardest erection he'd ever had in his life. He'd just been kissed more passionately than he'd ever been kissed in his life, and feeling Sylvia's lean body rubbing against him had him to the point where he was afraid he'd come in his pants. Still, he didn't want to take the chance of losing her so he took a deep breath and said, "Ah...Jeez...yeah Sylvia, I-I understand. You-you're right. I mean, ah...what kind of jerk thinks a relationship can be based on nothing but sex?"

Sylvia smiled and caressed his face with her slim fingers, teasing him lightly with her long, black-polished nails. "I knew you'd understand," she said. "That's one of the reasons I wanted to go out with you." She made a sour face. "You're different, nothing like the guys I used to date. All they ever wanted was sex."

"Shit, I wouldn't mind a little of that," Jason thought ruefully. He was not at all thrilled by what Sylvia told him. But, because he figured he'd never have a chance to go out with anyone as attractive as she was again, he tried to act as if he understood her point.

They'd been dating for about two months when, while they were sitting at a table in a local fast-food restaurant one night, she surprised him. "My parents said you could come along up

to our cabin in the Poconos, if you want to," she said, almost off-handedly.

"You mean...like for the whole weekend or something?" Jason replied. He was thoroughly confused and surprised. He hadn't yet met her parents. He had seen her father, who was on the school board, at the high school and thought he might have seen her mother, but he didn't remember what she looked like. He read the local papers and knew Sylvia's Dad had the reputation of being strait-laced and extremely politically conservative. Jason had never been able to figure out why, if her father was as conservative as everyone said he was, Sylvia was such a Bohemian.

Sylvia at him smiled sweetly. "Of course for the weekend, silly," she said. "Our cabin is huge. We have plenty of room. And the cabin's on a lake, so we can swim and have a lot of fun."

"Ah...sure, why not?" Jason said, fighting to keep the excitement out of his voice. Her mention of swimming caused it to occur to him that he might get a chance to see Sylvia in a swimming suit. Maybe even a bikini! "Who...who all is going?"

"Just my parents, Brenda, and us," she replied, "Why?"

"Ah...no reason," he said. "I-I was just wondering." He wasn't pleased to hear that her younger sister, Brenda was going along. Brenda was a year younger than Sylvia and was quite a bit heavier than her sister, but was still quite attractive. Jason had thought Brenda was a nice girl, but he was afraid she'd be hanging around with him and Sylvia and might get in the way of anything happening. He kind of hoped the invitation to the cabin might mean Sylvia was having second thoughts about the stupid celibacy thing.

"Do you have to ask your parents?" Sylvia asked.

"Ah...yeah, I guess so," he replied. He did have to ask permission, but he was sure his folks would let him go. Even though Sylvia's folks and his traveled in different social circles, he doubted there would be a problem. He was sure his parents would let him go. "I...I'll ask them tonight, when I get home, and I'll call you," he told her.

Sylvia gave him a warm smile. "Wonderful," she said, and laid her hand on his. "I hope they let you go. We'll have a wonderful time."

A tingle went up Jason's arm. "Does she mean what I hope she does?" he wondered, hoping fervently she did.

His parents gave permission for him to go. On the afternoon they were supposed to leave, he packed his things in a small overnight bag, kissed his mother, and walked the two miles from the mobile home park where he and his parents lived to the part of town where Sylvia's house was. He was very self-conscious about the difference between his family's social status and the Dooleys', and didn't want them to have to pick him up at home and see where he lived. He was also worried about what meeting Sylvia's parents would be like. He had never met or seen Sylvia's mother and wondered what she looked like. Did she resemble Sylvia, or did she look more like Brenda? And what kind of person was she? What about Sylvia's father? How would he take having Sylvia's boyfriend along? The closer he got to Sylvia's house, the more worried he got.

He arrived at the house, a two-story brick veneer with a huge, well-kept lawn, walked up on the front porch, took a deep breath, and rang the doorbell.

A slim, attractive woman who looked like she might be in her late twenties answered the door. She had blonde hair worn cut very short and was wearing a snug-fitting black top that had a

wide neckline and a loose, ankle-length black skirt. The woman, who had gray eyes so incredible Jason couldn't help but stare at, smiled at him. When she did, he noticed that dimples formed on either side of her mouth. In a soft, husky voice, she said, "You must be Sylvia's friend Jason; the young man who's coming to the cabin with us." She extended a slim, graceful hand. "I'm her mother. I'm so pleased to meet you, Jason."

"God, I can't believe she's old enough to be Sylvia's mother," Jason thought as he shook hands with the attractive woman, whose hand was, he noted, very smooth, soft, and warm. "Ah...yeah...I-I'm Jason," he stammered. "I-I'm pleased to meet you, Mrs. Dooley."

"Please, call me Karen," Sylvia's mother said. "I think 'Mrs. Dooley' makes me sound so old, don't you?"

Jason was very aware that she hadn't released his hand. He took a deep breath and replied, "Ah...OK, Mrs., um, Karen. I-I guess it's OK to call you that, if that's what you want." He wasn't so sure. His parents were very strict about him not calling adults by their first names. But since Mrs. Dooley - Karen - said it was all right, he supposed it was.

Sylvia's mother gave his hand a squeeze and, still holding it, turned and lead him into the house. "Sylvia, dear, your young man is here," she called.

"I'm almost packed, I'll be right down, Mother," Sylvia called from somewhere else in the house. It sounded to Jason as if her voice was coming from upstairs.

"Have a seat, Jason," Sylvia's mother said, leading him to the sofa by the hand she still held in hers. She gave him a warm smile. "You look nervous. I can assure you there's nothing for you to be nervous about." She sat down and tugged him down on the sofa next to her.

Jason noticed that, when Sylvia's mother sat down, the movement caused her top to lift a little and expose the bare skin of her belly, which looked surprisingly flat and smooth for a woman who'd had two children. "Ah...I-I...it's just that...you know...I've never met you folks before and...um...well, it really is nice of you to invite me to your cabin," he stammered.

Still holding his hand, Sylvia's mother smiled and patted it with her other one. "You are such a well-mannered young man," she said softly. "So unlike the boys Sylvia used to date. I'm glad she's setting her sights a little higher these days."

"Ah...thank you, Mrs. Do...Karen," Jason responded. He tried to smile but wasn't sure he'd managed. He looked at Sylvia's mother, who was still gazing at him intently with those startling gray eyes. Even though she had to be almost twice his age, she looked quite a bit younger, more like Sylvia's older sister than her mother. And, judging from the way she looked in the tight top, she had a pretty good body, slim, but nicely curved. Her hands were slim, the fingers long, and her nails were red, not black. He felt a bit uncomfortable under Sylvia's mother's gaze. He was even more disturbed by the fact that she was still holding his hand, but he wasn't sure what, if anything, he should do about that.

"We'll be leaving as soon as Milton gets back from gassing up the van," Sylvia's mother said. She chuckled softly. "That is, if Sylvia's ready by then."

Jason heard footsteps coming rapidly down the stairs, and then Sylvia walked into the living room. She had on a form-fitting black T-shirt and equally snug black slacks. Over it hung a vest of some kind that dangled almost to her feet. As usual, her hair was pulled back into a tight bun at the back of her head. She was carrying a suitcase and had a knapsack slung over her shoulder. She set both of them down and turned toward the sofa. "Hi, Jason," she said in the off-handed manner she usually

used with him. "You're early." If she noticed that her mother was holding his hand - or cared - she didn't indicate that.

"Ah...I-I figured it was better if I was early," Jason said, "seeing as how I had to walk and all."

Sylvia's mother caressed the back of his hand lightly with her long red fingernails. "You didn't have to walk over here," she said. "We'd have been happy to come pick you up at your home."

Jason's family weren't "touchy" people, so he wasn't used to the kind of physical contact he had been experiencing with Sylvia's mother who, he was sure, was just being nice to him. The problem was that her caresses were beginning to have an unwanted and potentially embarrassing effect on him. They felt really good, so good he could feel his penis thickening in response. "Jesus, I sure hope I don't get a hard-on!" he thought, but that's exactly what was happening. "Ah...um...I didn't want you to...you know...have to go out of your way," he mumbled.

Their conversation was interrupted when they heard the sound of a vehicle coming up the driveway. It stopped, and then a horn sounded. After just a few seconds, the horn sounded again.

Sylvia's mother patted Jason's hand one last time, released it, and stood up. "Well, I guess Milton's here," she said. "And, lo and behold, Sylvia's ready, too. Will wonders never cease?"

Sylvia's sister Brenda appeared from a doorway, dressed in a faded sweatshirt and worn jeans. "Hi, Jason," she said softly.

"Hi, Brenda," he replied.

"Dad says you guys better get in the van right now or he's leaving without you," Brenda said.

Sylvia's mother turned to Jason and gave him a warm smile. "Come on, Jason, let's go," she said softly.

Jason was impressed by the Dooley family van, a brand new dark metallic green Dodge with wild silver and black graphics on the side. The roof had been raised several inches and it had fender flares, running boards, and custom wheels. The windows were tinted so dark he couldn't see inside. It was quite a vehicle and had to have cost a pretty penny, he thought.

Mr. Dooley, a short, balding dark-haired man with a ruddy complexion and a harried look on his face, walked around the back of the van and frowned at him. "That your bag?" he asked.

"Ah...yes, sir," Jason stammered.

"Give it here, I think I can stuff it in with all the junk the women think they need," Sylvia's father said. "All of us have more than enough clothing up at the cabin, but every time we go, they seem to think they have to empty their damn closets."

"Milton!" Sylvia's mother exclaimed. "Don't be such an old bear."

Jason jumped a little when he heard her. He looked to his right and realized she was standing right next to him. She surprised him by slipping her arm around his waist. He could feel the warm, silky skin of her bare arm against his. "Don't let him bother you, Jason," she said, giving him a gentle squeeze. "His bark is a lot worse than his bite."

"Just get in the damn van," Sylvia's father grumped. "I want to get going. Jesus, if we don't get on the road soon, we won't get there in time to get dinner."

"Come on, Jason," Sylvia's mother said. With her arm still around his waist, she led him to the side door of the van and opened it.

Sylvia's mother climbed into the van, giving Jason a good view of her very nice bottom as she did. He climbed in after her. Across the back of the van was a sofa. Sylvia was sitting in one of the two captain's chairs located just in front of the sofa, and the other captain's chair was piled full of things, as was part of the sofa, leaving just enough room for two people. Ahead of the middle captain's chairs there were two more. Brenda was in one, and the other was the driver's seat. Sylvia's mother made her way to the sofa, sat down, and patted the space next to her. "It looks like you're going to have to sit back here with

me, Jason," she observed, and gave Jason a warm smile. "I hope you don't mind sitting with me."

"Ah...no, ma'am," Jason replied. He made his way through the narrow aisle between the captain's chairs and settled down on the sofa next to Sylvia's mother, acutely aware of the fact that his leg was pressed against hers in the tight quarters they'd been left.

"Would you like to watch a movie while we travel?" Sylvia's mother asked.

"A-a movie?" Jason replied, looking around. Overhead, above the driver's compartment, was a wooden panel with three openings covered by what looked like roll-up doors. "Jesus, don't tell me this thing has a TV and VCR in it!" he thought.

Sylvia's mother got up, made her way forward, and opened the sliding doors that covered the left-hand and center openings. Sure enough, one of the compartments contained a VCR; the center one held a small TV set. She slid open door of the right-hand compartment and began to rummage around inside it.

While Sylvia's mother was still standing and fooling with the TV and VCR, her father got in the van started the engine, put the van in gear, and they started moving. The motion of the van seemed to throw Sylvia's mother off-balance and, squealing with mirth, she stumbled backward and fell right into Jason's lap.

"Milton, why didn't you warn me you were going to start?" she gasped as she lay atop their surprised young guest.

"Jesus, Karen, you should have known I was going to start up," Sylvia's father replied. He never looked around.

Sylvia giggled softly. "I hope you didn't hurt Jason, Mother," she chuckled.

Still sitting in Jason's lap. Sylvia's mother turned and looked at the red-faced young man. "You caught me," she said. "I didn't hurt you, did I, Jason, dear? I'm sorry about this."

"Ah...I-I'm fine, Mrs....ah...Karen," Jason stammered. It felt very nice having Sylvia's mother's firm bottom in his lap. He could smell her perfume, too. He had no idea what brand it was, but it smelled wonderful - and expensive. He felt his penis

stiffening again and panic swept through him. What if Sylvia's mother felt him getting a hard-on? What would she do?

"Give me a boost up, will you, Jason, dear?" Sylvia's mother asked. She sat upright and, in doing so, pressed even more firmly against the object in Jason's pants that was getting harder by the second.

"Ah...sure, Karen," Jason murmured. He would have loved it if she'd stayed on his lap, but he knew that would just lead to trouble, so he helped push her up to her feet, holding her carefully by the hips.

"Be careful this time, Mother," Sylvia warned.

"Yeah, for Christ's sake, Karen, be a little goddamn careful," Sylvia's father added.

Before she fell, Sylvia's mother had taken a videocassette out of the compartment and, after she made her way back to the front of the van, she shoved it into the machine. Then she sat down, picked up a pair of remote controls, and turned on both the TV and VCR.

"I don't believe it, it's even a color TV!" Jason thought when pictures began to show on the TV screen. Previews for a few movies played, then an announcement said the feature was about to begin.

When the music started, Sylvia groaned, "God, Mother, not 'An Officer and a Gentleman' again!"

"Honey, you know how much I love this movie," her mother replied. "I think Richard Gere is such a hunk! God, I sure wouldn't kick him out of my bed."

"Yeah, the old gerbil-master, himself," her husband snorted. "Even if you had him in your bed, it wouldn't do you any good. He ain't into girls."

"Milton, don't be such a bigot," Sylvia's mother retorted. "You don't know that's true. After all, he was married to Cindy Crawford."

"Yeah, but he's not any more, is he?" her husband responded. "Ever wonder why not?"

Jason was surprised that Sylvia's mother and father were arguing in front of him, but he figured that wasn't such a bad thing. It probably meant he was accepted, just as if he was one of the family.

Jason watched the movie. He'd seen it a more than a few times since it was one of his mother's favorite movies, too. He'd gotten her a copy for a Christmas present the year it came out in video.

He sat there, marveling at his situation. He was rolling along the highway in the most comfortable vehicle he'd ever ridden in, watching TV, headed for a weekend with his girlfriend at her cabin in the Poconos. And it seemed as if Sylvia's mother, at least, liked him.

Sylvia's mother surprised him by laying her hand on his again. "God, isn't his walk sexy?" she asked as they watched Richard Gere stroll across the screen.

"Ah...yeah...I-I guess so," Jason replied. He often wished he were as good-looking and suave as Richard Gere was, but he'd never really thought of the actor as sexy.

Sylvia's mother squeezed his hand and said. "Watching him walk makes my toes curl."

Sylvia's father snorted and said, "Brenda, hand me those earphones, will you? If I have to listen to much more of your mother creaming her jeans over that fag actor, I'm gonna puke." His daughter handed him a set of earphones, which he put on. Then he plugged the cord into a socket on the dash, Brenda put on a pair of earphones, too.

Sylvia's mother leaned over and, with her mouth very close to Jason's ear, said softly, "He's not supposed to wear those when he drives." She gave the young man's hand another squeeze. "I hope we don't get stopped by the police. He'll be ugly all weekend."

Jason, who noticed that his cheek was tingling where Mrs. Dooley's breath had caressed it, hoped they didn't get stopped either. He couldn't imagine how much uglier Mr. Dooley could get, but if it was worse than this, he didn't want to experience it.

Sylvia's mother continued to hold Jason's hand as the movie played. He felt a little funny about that, but he was afraid she'd get angry with him if he said something, so he kept his mouth

shut. "Jeez," he thought. "I figured I'd get to hold Sylvia's hand this weekend, I never dreamed I'd be holding her mother's."

After they'd gone a few miles he realized Sylvia had fallen asleep. He kept watching the movie. He'd forgotten about the rather explicit sex scenes it contained until they started. Watching the nude bodies of Deborah Winger and Richard Gere up on the screen in the presence of Sylvia's mother was embarrassing enough, but the fact that she began to squeeze his hand and tickle his palm with her fingers while they watched the love scene made him even more uncomfortable. Her teasing caresses, coupled with the performance he was watching, had him getting hard again.

"Oh, Christ!" he thought as he felt his penis swelling once more. "If this keeps up, I'm gonna be walking bow-legged before the weekend is over!" It also occurred to him that Mr. Dooley might be able to see that his daughter's boyfriend and her mother were holding hands in the rear-view mirror and he wondered what, if anything, Sylvia's father thought about that.

The movie kept playing and they kept rolling along the highway. Sylvia's mother kept holding and tickling his hand and his erection kept getting stiffer and stiffer. "Jesus. I never expected anything like this!" Jason mused. "The weekend hasn't even started right, and already things are pretty wild."

The movie ended shortly before they arrived at the cabin. Sylvia was still asleep and, finally, her mother let go of Jason's hand, mainly because she was crying at the movie's ending and had to wipe her eyes and blow her nose. After she finished doing that, she told Jason the movie's happy ending always made her cry.

By the time Sylvia's father turned off the highway onto a fairly wide dirt road that led into the woods, Jason's erection had begun to subside a little; a situation he was quite grateful for.

The van rumbled along the dirt road while Jason peered out the big windows, looking for the deer and bears Sylvia told him lived the woods. He didn't see any. They drove through an opened gate and, for the first time, Jason saw cabins. Actually, he wouldn't have called them cabins; they were houses, huge houses. Beyond the ones on the left side of the van, he could see the lake.

Finally, they turned into a driveway and stopped. Jason gazed in amazement out the window at the huge, two-story log cabin they were parked in front of. "Jesus, Sylvia's father must really

make good money," he thought, awed by how large the cabin. "Otherwise how could he afford all the stuff they have?"

They got their stuff out of the van and lugged it inside. Jason found that the inside of the "cabin" was even more awe-inspiring than the outside. Just inside the door was a stairway, to the right of that a door led into a room that looked like a library or den. To the left, an archway opened into a kitchen some restaurants would have been proud of. It was filled with every conceivable appliance and had a gleaming copper hood over the range.

"What do you think?" Sylvia asked him.

"It's awesome," Jason said.

Sylvia smiled. "Grab your suitcase and come on," she said, "I'll show you the upstairs."

He followed her up the stairs. "These are my parents' rooms," she said, indicating a pair of doors opposite the top of the stairwell.

Jason was surprised. Both doors were open and each of the rooms held what looked like a queen-sized four-poster bed. "Do-do your folks sleep in separate bedrooms?" he asked. He never knew married couples did that. His parents didn't and his mother always said they never would.

"Yeah," Sylvia replied. "Mom says Dad snores and tosses and turns too much and keeps her awake." She chuckled. "Of course, Dad claims it was his idea because Mom has cold feet and kept rubbing them against him and waking him up." She turned to her left and led him down a short hallway to another doorway. "This is the room you'll be using," she explained. She walked into the room.

Jason followed her in and looked around, his amazement growing even more. The room was not only huge; it had a king-sized four-poster bed in it. "This-this is the guest bedroom?" he asked. The guest bedroom was bigger and fancier than his parents' bedroom at home.

"Yeah, it's neat, isn't it?" Sylvia said off-handedly, as if everybody had a guest bedroom like this one. She turned to him and smiled. "Put your stuff down, I'll show you my room and Brenda's." She smiled. "And where the bathroom is, too."

She led him back down the hallway, past the doors to her parents' bedrooms. Beyond, on the right were two doors. "That bedroom is mine," Sylvia said, indicating the first doorway. "The one down the hall is Brenda's. That door..." She pointed to a door on the left-hand side of the hall. "...is the bathroom. There's a tub, a Jacuzzi, and a sauna in there, along with the usual bathroom stuff."

"Oh, wow!" Jason exclaimed. He'd never expected anything like this. He thought he'd be staying in a little cabin, maybe sleeping in a sleeping bag on a cot.

"Come on," Sylvia said, "I'll show you the downstairs now."

In addition to the kitchen and den, the downstairs featured a huge living room with picture windows that faced out on the lake. Along one wall was a huge fireplace. The entire downstairs had wide pine board floors, covered with braided rugs, and the furnishings looked almost too expensive to sit on. There was a large-screen TV, and what had to be the biggest stereo set Jason had ever seen. Speakers were scattered all around the room. "Is-is that one of those surround sound stereo systems?" he asked.

"Yeah, it's my father's toy," Sylvia replied. She made a sour face. "It really puts out awesome sound, but only when he's not here. He hates rock and roll and won't let me play it when he can hear it."

They walked to the picture windows and looked out. There was a fairly good-sized lawn in front of the cabin, and where it met the lake there was a cement wall. Attached to the wall was a large dock that had seats on it and a railing around it.

Sylvia's mother appeared from the kitchen and smiled at Jason. "Well, Jason, are you all settled in?" she asked.

"Ah...yeah...I-I took my stuff upstairs, anyhow," he replied. "This place is awesome!"

Sylvia's mother smiled at him. "I suppose it is pretty fancy, for a cabin," she said. "We've been coming here so long, I guess we don't really notice any more. It's just 'the cabin' to us."

Sylvia's father walked in from the kitchen. "I called the Inn," he said. "They're really booked tonight. If we want to get something to eat tonight, we better get going."

Everybody turned and started for the door. "You mean you have that fancy kitchen and you eat out?" he asked Sylvia as they walked.

"It's kind of a tradition," she said. "Mom told him she hates to have to cook after riding up here, so the first night we're here, we always go out to the Inn at Loon Lake for dinner. It's a neat place. And the food's good. You'll like it."

They piled into the van and headed for the inn. This time, since there was room for him on the sofa in the rear of the van, Jason sat there with Sylvia. Her mother kept looking back at them, though, and smiling at him. Sylvia didn't say much, and didn't act much like she wanted to snuggle, but then she never did. "This is so weird," he thought with some irony as they rode down the highway, "Sylvia's mother has paid me more attention so far today than Sylvia has on the last couple of dates we've been on."

When they got to the Inn, which appeared to be an old hotel that had been restored, they went inside and were quickly seated. Sylvia's father sat at one end of the table, Sylvia sat at the other, Brenda sat on one side, and Sylvia's mother and Jason sat opposite her.

"Doesn't Sylvia even want to sit next to me? If she doesn't, why the heck did she invite me up here, anyhow?" the young man wondered as he sat there, studying the menu. It looked like the things he hoped might happen while they were here were getting farther and farther from the realm of possibility. He jumped when Sylvia's mother gently laid her hand on his arm.

"What are you going to have, Jason?" she asked.

"Ah...I-I don't know for sure," he replied. "There's a lot of stuff here that sounds good. I'm not sure what I want."

"Well, I'm going to have a martini," Sylvia's father snorted. He signaled the cocktail waitress, who came over and took orders from all of them for drinks. The young people all had sodas and Sylvia's mother ordered a glass of white wine. "If you're going to drink, Milton, I better stay sober so I can drive us home," she said, frowning at her husband.

"Jeez, Karen," Mr. Dooley replied. "I work hard all week, I deserve a break sometimes, don't I?"

"I know, dear," Sylvia's mother said, "Of course you do. Jason thought her tone just a little condescending.

"Christ, Karen, you complain every time I have a drink," Sylvia's father continued, using a whining tone that surprised Jason. "I wish for once you'd lighten up a little. I mean it isn't like I'm a drunk or something. If I was, we wouldn't have all the stuff we have, would we?"

"I guess I shouldn't be such a bitch about your drinking, should I?" Sylvia's mother replied, with more obvious sarcasm in her voice this time.

Sylvia's father looked at Jason. "So what do you do in school, Jason?" he asked.

"Do?" Jason replied, a little puzzled by Sylvia's father's question. "Ah...what do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, do you play sports, anything like that?" Mr. Dooley asked.

Jason felt his face getting warm and knew he was blushing. "Ah...no, sir, I-I'm not very athletic," he said. "I-I'm president of the debating club and I belong to the computer club."

"Jason was the one who started the computer club," Sylvia advised her father.

"Yeah, you guys who know computers, you're going to rule the damn world one of these days," Sylvia's father said. He shook his head. "I hadda hire some guys who know that damn computer stuff for my business and I gotta pay them damn good money, too. You know computers, kid, you're gonna do all right. You gonna go to college after you graduate high school?"

"I hope to, sir," Jason replied. "I've sent applications and I'm working on applying for some scholarships."

The cocktail waitress brought their drinks and set them on the table. Mr. Dooley picked his martini up and drank over half of it in one swallow. "Yeah, you better get some college under your belt if you want to get ahead these days," he said. "You do that and some poor shit like me's gonna have to go in hock to pay you to do his computer work for him."

"Milton, I wish you'd watch your language when we have guests," Sylvia's mother scolded. "You know I don't like it when you talk like that." She reached out and caressed Jason's

arm with her hand. "I bet your father doesn't talk like that in front of company, does he, Jason?"

"Ah...well...I-I don't mind, really I don't," Jason replied. "I mean, like Mr. Dooley says, we are on vacation and all, so..."

Mr. Dooley smiled, nodded, swallowed the rest of his martini in one gulp, and signaled the cocktail waitress that he wanted another one. "You seem like a pretty good kid, Jason," he said. He turned to Sylvia. "At least he's not an arrogant, muscle-bound shit like that Paul guy you were hanging around with last summer."

"Father!" Sylvia exclaimed. Her face turned bright red.

Brenda giggled softly, delighted by her sister's embarrassment.

Sylvia's mother leaned closer to Jason. "See why I don't like it when he drinks?" she whispered.

"So, when you go to college, what are you gonna study?" Sylvia's father asked Jason. "Sylvia's tellin' me she needs to go to college, but she doesn't have any idea what she wants to study. You ask me, I think the only reason a woman ought to

go to college is to get herself a rich husband. She'll need a rich one, too, if she wants to be supported in the style I support her."

"Father!" Sylvia exclaimed, and got even redder. "That's...that's not why I...why I want to go to college...and...and you know it."

"I'm not exactly sure what I'll major in," Jason replied. He was surprised Sylvia's father's actions; especially the way he put his daughter down. His parents never treated him like that. "I was thinking about pre-law, actually."

The cocktail waitress had set another martini in front of Mr. Dooley, who slurped half of it down, then frowned at Jason. "Pre-law, huh?" he snorted. "You're lookin' at the right business you wanna make a lotta money. Damn lawyers make their money at everybody else's expense. Damn bunch of leeches, sucking the life outta working stiffs like me; you wanna know the truth. Buncha blood-suckers is what they are. Best thing that could happen to this country of ours would be to put all the damn lawyers in a goddamn concentration camp."

"I understand how you feel, sir," Jason said politely. "I have to admit that some lawyers do kind of go overboard. On the other hand, some of them do perform a public service."

"Yeah, right," Sylvia's father snorted. "You mean like the assholes that got O.J. Simpson off? What kinda public service did they perform, turnin' a killer loose? The problem with this country is there's too damn many lawyers, that's what it is."

"My goodness, you are grumpy tonight, Milton," Sylvia's mother said. Her hand slid gently up and down Jason's arm. "Have you ever been to the Poconos before, Jason?"

Jason was disturbed by Sylvia's mother's caress, but was glad she'd changed the subject. "Ah...no...no ma'am," he replied. "I...ah...my folks talked about coming up here camping, but we never managed to find the time to do it."

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the waitress, who took their order. She was a brassy blonde wearing a black sweatshirt and the tightest jeans Jason had ever seen.

After the waitress walked away, Sylvia's mother squeezed Jason's hand and said, "I'm not sure how she gets those jeans on, never mind how she walks in them."

"Hey, you got a butt like hers, you ought to show it," Sylvia's father commented.

Sylvia's mother shook her head and sighed.

Jason, who could feel himself blushing, looked across the table at Brenda, who giggled. He turned to Sylvia, who was redder than she'd been before. "Isn't there something else we can talk about besides our waitress's tight jeans?" she asked. "Something more adult."

Before they could embark on another course of conversation, a slim, casually dressed man with thinning hair and a dark moustache walked up to their table. "Milton, Karen, girls, how are you?" he asked. "I figured I'd see you tonight."

"Good evening, Bert," Sylvia's mother said. She turned to Jason. "Bert, I'd like you to meet Jason. He's Sylvia's guest. Jason, this is Bert Winters, he owns the Inn."

"Nice to meet you, Jason," the man said.

"Ah...nice to...to meet you, too, sir," the young man replied.

"Polite young man," the owner commented, smiling. "Don't see many of those around any more."

The owner chatted with Mr. Dooley and, while he did, Sylvia's mother continued to touch and caress the young man. "The food they serve here is really quite good," she leaned over and told him. "I think you'll be surprised. The first time we came here, I wasn't sure I'd like it...I mean, it does look a bit like a dive from the outside, doesn't it?"

"Ah...yeah...I-I guess so," Jason said. He was embarrassed because Sylvia's mother's touches were making his penis hard again. That certainly was the last thing he expected to have happen this weekend. "I wonder if she has any idea what she's doing to me?" he wondered.

"Yeah, the food really is good," Brenda added. She was watching her mother with a bemused look on her face. "What did you order, Jason?"

"Ah...I-I'm getting the baked stuffed shrimp," he replied.

"Me, too," Brenda said. "The stuffing they put in it here is really good. It's got crab meat in it."

"Ah...what are you having, Sylvia?" Jason asked.

"Broiled scallops," she replied, a bit curtly, sounding almost distracted. She seemed to be looking past him, toward the entrance.

Jason glanced over his shoulder and saw a big, handsome, well-built young man wearing snug jeans and a tank top standing just inside the door. The muscles in the guy's upper chest were well developed and the tank top fit him like a second skin. His blonde hair was cut very short and he had a look of superiority on his face, as if he expected every female in the place to be looking at him. He smiled in their direction then started walking toward the table. Jason's heart sank. Was this some old boyfriend of Sylvia's? He turned to her and saw that she had an odd half-smile on her face and he began to feel even glummer.

"Hey, Sylvie," the guy said. "How ya doin'? Ain't seen you since last summer? How ya been?"

"Ah...I-I'm fine, Paul," she replied, acting and sounding flustered. "How...how are you?"

"Fantastic, just like always, babe," the guy replied, grinning. "What's with the outfit, you in mourning or something?"

"Paul!" Sylvia replied, sounding indignant. "What's the matter with how I'm dressed?"

"You'd look better in a tank top and short-shorts," the boy said. "Hey, gotta go. You gonna be up all weekend?"

"Ah...yes...I..." Sylvia stammered.

Jason observed the interchange with some concern and confusion. He'd never seen Sylvia act like this in all the time he'd been dating her. Apparently she felt something for this Paul guy. She hadn't even introduced them. He had a feeling his weekend wasn't going to be nearly as much fun as he hoped it would.

"Don't worry about him," Sylvia's mother said, her mouth close to his ear. "He was just a summertime romance Sylvia had last

year." Her hand fell on his leg, very near his swollen penis, and she gave him a squeeze.

"I'm not so sure she's over him, judging from the way she's acting," Jason thought. "Jesus, why the hell did he have to show up?"

The owner finished his conversation and drifted off to talk with other patrons and the waitress brought their food. They ate silently, especially Jason, who was feeling pretty overwhelmed by gloom at that point.

After they finished their meal, they headed back to the cabin. Fortunately for Jason, his erection had softened while they were eating, and since Mr. Dooley had finished a total of four martinis and his wife was driving. That meant she wouldn't be touching him and giving him another one, which he didn't mind, especially since it looked like there was no chance in hell he'd have an opportunity to relieve the pressure in his groin this weekend...or maybe ever, given how his luck with women seemed to run.

When they got back to the cabin, with his wife's help, Mr. Dooley went upstairs and went right to bed.

"You guys want to play 'Trivial Pursuits'?" Brenda asked her sister and Jason.

Sylvia shook her head and, with a far-away look in her eyes, said, "I think I'm going to bed, too." Without even saying "good-night" to Jason, she turned and went upstairs.

"I guess I'll play a game with you, Brenda," Jason said dejectedly. "Looks like Sylvia's not interested in spending any time with me."

Brenda got the game out and set it up on the kitchen table. Then she and Jason sat down and began to play.

"Sylvia and Paul had a real hot thing going a couple of summers ago," Brenda said. "It was after he broke up with her for some dizzy blonde who was visiting a family that has a cabin down the road that she told me she was swearing off jocks forever."

"Oh," Jason said. He wasn't sure why Brenda was pouring salt on his wounds by telling him this. He already felt bad enough.

"I'm sorry she hurt you," Brenda went on. "You're a nice guy. I told her she shouldn't lead you on, but she never listens to me. She should have never invited you up here this weekend."

"Yeah, I guess," Jason mumbled.

They played a couple of games, which Jason lost then they, too, went to bed.

Chapter 4

Even though Jason was discouraged about the way things seemed to be going, it didn't take him long to fall asleep in the huge, comfortable bed in the guest bedroom. He was awakened a bit later by what he at first thought was a dream, but was far from that.

At long last the wondrous sensations Jason had experienced began to dwindle and he felt his erection, still cradled in his dream-lover's mouth, begin to soften. When even the small after-shocks of joy he was enjoying finally ended and he was totally limp, she removed her mouth from him and gently kissed the tip of his now-flaccid penis. Only then, needing

desperately to find out whether what had happened to him was real or not, did he lift his head, open his eyes, and look down toward his groin.

His eyes widened and he blinked. He wasn't dreaming, or at least he didn't think he was. There, kneeling next to him on the bed, clearly visible in the bright moonlight streaming in the bedroom window, was Sylvia's mother. She had on a light colored silken gown that was held over her shoulders by thin straps, and over that she wore a shiny robe of the same color.

Sylvia's mother smiled at him and, very softly, asked, "Did you like that, Jason, dear?"

"Ah...yeah...I-I...it-it was...Oh, God! It was awesome!" Jason babbled. He couldn't believe this. He had to be dreaming! There was no way Sylvia's mother would have sneaked into his room and given him a blow-job! No way! "This...this isn't...it isn't a...a dream...is-is it?" he stammered.

Sylvia's mother smiled at him as she stretched out on the bed next to him and caressed his face lightly with her long, slim fingers. "No, my darling, it isn't a dream," she whispered, then she planted a soft kiss on his face. "Now, my dear boy, I think

it's my turn, don't you?" she murmured while she continued to tease his face lightly with her fingers.

Jason wasn't sure what she meant. He'd already come which, as far as he knew, meant he wouldn't be able to come again, at least for a while. "Ah...I-I..." he stammered, not sure what to say. Sylvia's mother had just made him feel better than he'd ever felt in his life, better than he dreamed it was possible to feel. If she wanted something from him, he didn't want to disappoint her.

A surprised look formed on Sylvia's mother's face. "Have you ever done anything like this before, Jason?" she asked softly. She studied his face carefully and a knowing smile curved her lips. "You haven't have you?"

"Ah...no...no ma'am, I-I haven't," Jason admitted reluctantly.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, with a hint of delight in her voice. "I had no idea I was taking your virginity."

"That's...it's OK," Jason replied. "I mean, you-you aren't upset about that, are you?"

Sylvia's mother kissed him gently on the lips, then said, "I had no idea. I guess my daughter really is sincere about that celibacy kick she's on, isn't she?"

"Ah...yeah...she...she is," Jason replied. He still had no idea what Sylvia's mother expected him to do, and wasn't sure how to ask her. The last thing he wanted was to get her angry with him.

Sylvia's mother's fingers traced the outline of his lips. "Well, my sweet young man," she purred, "since you're a novice at this, I guess I'll have to teach you, won't I?"

"Ah...yeah...I-I guess so..." Jason stammered.

Sylvia's mother gave him another gentle kiss. "Don't move, I'll be right back," she whispered. Then she stood up. Facing him, she removed the silky robe she was wearing, then she slid first one of the thin straps holding up the gown, then the other, down over her shoulders. Smiling at the young man, who was gazing up at her with wide, adoring eyes, she held her gown up and said, "Would you like to see me naked, Jason?"

"Uh-huh! I sure would!" Jason replied, nodding his head actively. He felt a stirring in his middle and realized that he might very well be able to perform again, and a lot sooner than he thought.

"Well, then..." Sylvia's mother said. She let her arms drop down to her sides and, very slowly, the silken gown began falling, peeling itself from her body inch by teasing inch, exposing her body slowly. It was almost as if she was stripping for him.

Wide-eyed, Jason stared at the slow unveiling of the first real female body he'd seen naked, even if it was in the ghostly moonlight. Sylvia's mother was in damn good shape for a woman her age - for any age, actually. The first part of her body bared to his avid gaze was her chest. Her breasts weren't very big, but they were shaped nicely and didn't sag much. Thick, dark nipples protruded from dark circles that capped the lovely mounds of flesh.

The gown kept sliding downward, baring her lower chest and belly to his eyes. Her stomach was softly rounded and punctuated by her navel. Her hips were gently rounded and her waist was slim.

The gown finally dropped, forming a puddle of silk around Sylvia's mother's feet. Now Jason could see the dark patch of pubic hair just above the junction of her legs and body. Her legs were long, lean, and looked firm. His eyes traveled down to her feet, then back up again, pausing at her middle before continuing their upward journey. When he finally was looking at her face again, he could see her smiling.

"Do you like what you see, Jason?" Sylvia's mother purred.

Once more he nodded actively, barely able to speak. "Uh-huh! Yeah!" he croaked. "You...you're beautiful!"

Sylvia's mother stepped out of the puddle of silk surrounding her feet and stretched out next to Jason on the bed again. She reached out and began running her fingers lightly over his chest and he groaned softly. He could feel his penis stiffening again. "God! I'm getting another hard-on!" he thought. "Man, I had no idea that could happen!"

"Just lay there and let me do what needs to be done, Jason," Sylvia's mother purred as her hands moved over him with an incredibly light touch. "You feel so nice. Your skin is so soft and warm! God, it's been so long since..." She stopped talking and shook her head.

Jason had no idea why this was happening, but he wasn't about to complain. Judging from what Sylvia's mother had just said, her husband didn't make love to her very often. Of course, if he drank as much every night as he had tonight, that wasn't surprising. "What kind of man doesn't want to make love to a woman as pretty and hot as she is?" he mused as her hands continued to steal over his quivering body.

"Ah!" he gasped when she leaned over him and began licking his nipples. Little pinpricks of delight stabbed into him. He had no idea it could feel that fantastic having his nipples sucked and licked.

Sylvia's mother's kisses and caresses moved downward over Jason's trembling body and, as they did, his penis grew harder and harder and began rising from his loins, like a Phoenix coming alive from the ashes.

"Oh, God!" he groaned, his hips rocking, when she wrapped her slim fingers around the swollen shaft and began sliding them up and down over the stretched, veined surface. "Ummm!" he moaned when, once again he felt her lips encircling the swollen head. Wave after overpowering wave of wonderful sensations washed over him. "Oh, Jesus! I can't

believe she's going to give me another blow-job!" he thought while, once again, delicious sensations washed over him.

"This is wonderful!" Sylvia's mother murmured. "It looks like you're ready to go again. You are, aren't you, my darling?"

"Oh, yeah! I sure am!" Jason replied ardently. "Am I really going to get laid?" he wondered while she once more worked him over with her lips and hands, driving him wilder and wilder with need.

"Well, since you seem to be ready, and I certainly am..." Sylvia's mother whispered. She got to her knees, positioned herself so she was straddling Jason's body, and lowered her hips.

Jason felt warmth and wetness caressing the shaft of his swollen penis. It felt far more wonderful than he'd dreamed it would. Sylvia's mother rocked her hips, caressing his shaft with her need-damp opening and he groaned softly.

"Does that feel good, my darling?" she murmured. "I hope so, because it feels wonderful to me!"

"It-it feels awesome!" Jason groaned.

"Well, if you like how that feels, I think both you and I are going to like how this feels even more," Sylvia's mother said. She slid her hand down between them, lifted her hips, grasped his erection, and positioned the tip between her labia. Then, uttering a soft sigh of delight, she lowered her hips and began sinking down onto him.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" Jason groaned as, for the first time in his life, his erection slid into a woman's vagina. He thought what he'd felt before was wonderful, but he'd been wrong. Nothing could possibly compare with how wonderful what she was now doing felt!

"Oh, my, yes!" Sylvia's mother exclaimed softly as, ever so slowly, she accepted the young man's swollen penis into her. "Oh, my darling! You fill me up so well!"

Jason lay there, unsure what, exactly, he should be doing, but enjoying the experience tremendously.

Once she had him all the way in her, Sylvia's mother leaned forward, placed her hands on his shoulders, and began rocking her hips gently; making him slid in and out of her. "Yes! Oh,

yes!" she hissed. "Oh, Jason, you can't imagine how much I've needed this! I've needed it for so long!"

Jason felt his need rising rapidly, but not nearly as rapidly as it would have if he hadn't come already. He began lifting his hips, shoving himself as deep into Sylvia's mother as he could. For what seemed like ages, they continued their horizontal dance, teasing each other, as their passion rose.

After a while, Sylvia's mother sat up straight and began rocking her hips rapidly. Her face, gleaming in the moonlight, was a mask of need. Her breasts danced, the nipples drawing little circles in the air. Jason watched them and, finally, decided to do something. He raised his hands, cupped the dancing mounds of flesh, and began rubbing his thumbs back and forth over the stiff, rubbery nipples.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Sylvia's mother gasped. Then she stiffened and pressed down against him harder. Her hips ground against his and she clutched his arms with surprising strength. "Yes! Oh, yes! God, yes!" she murmured.

Jason wasn't sure what it was, but in the middle of all the wild feelings he was experiencing, something let loose and he felt his insides pulsing. He could feel his fluids shooting up

through his penis then, accompanied by an explosion of almost unbearable bliss; his fluids burst into Sylvia's mother. "God! Oh, God!" he moaned, trying hard not to make too much noise.

"Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!" Sylvia's mother grunted, her hips rocking, her mouth dangling open. Her head bobbed on her shoulders as if she had no muscle control but her fingers retained their vise-like grip on Jason's arms. "Ohh! Yes!" she whispered urgently. "Oh, yes!"

Sylvia's mother finally stopped moving and allowed herself to fall forward, onto Jason, who was still too stunned by what had taken place to do or say anything. He'd just had his first orgasm making love with a woman, and it was incredible.

She grabbed his face, pressed her lips against his, and gave the startled, still-quivering young man a long, fervent kiss. When the kiss ended, she kind of wriggled against him, as if she was getting more comfortable, and burrowed her face into his neck. "Oh, my darling, that was fabulous!" she murmured. "You can't imagine! You were so wonderful! That was just what I've needed! Was your first time good for you?"

"Oh, yeah! It-it was wild...awesome!" Jason exclaimed. "God, I-I never knew fu...making love would be like that!"

"So you're not disappointed that I took your virginity?" Sylvia's mother asked softly.

"Heck no!" Jason replied. "I'm glad you did. You're wonderful!"

Sylvia's mother brushed her lips against the young man's neck lightly, and then she rolled off him. "Much as I'd like to stay here and spend the rest of the night with you," she told him, "I don't think that would be a good idea, do you?"

"Ah...no...no ma'am," Jason replied. He kind of hated to have Sylvia's mother leave, even though he knew she had to. He laid there, watching the moonlight-bathed body of the woman he'd just made love with disappear under her silky nightclothes again and found, much to his surprise, that watching her put her nightgown and robe on turned him on almost as much as watching her take them off had.

Sylvia's mother moved closer to the bed, bent over, and planted another gentle kiss on Jason's lips. "Good night, my young sweet man," she whispered after the kiss ended. "Sleep well." She straightened up, turned, and like a ghost, left the room.

After Sylvia's mother was gone, Jason lay in the huge bed, still trying to figure out whether what he'd just experienced was real or not. He hadn't reached a decision when, exhausted and sated, he fell asleep.

Chapter 5

"What happened last night?" was the first thought that entered Jason's mind when he woke up the next morning. He was in a huge bed in a strange bedroom flooded with morning sunlight. As he grew more and more alert, he moved and felt a wet spot on the bed. Tentatively, he reached down into his groin and could feel the dried remnants of his lovemaking with Sylvia's mother in his pubic hair. "It was real!" he thought, his mind spinning. "I wasn't dreaming! Sylvia's mom and I did do all those things!"

He sat up and looked around, his mind filled with confusion and fear. What would happen if anybody found out? How was he going to face Sylvia and - Oh, God! - her father? And how was he going to face Sylvia's mother? He saw a towel and washcloth lying folded on the dresser. "I guess I can start by taking a bath and getting myself cleaned up," he mused. That

would keep him busy for a while and would delay his having to go downstairs and face people he didn't want to face.

He got up, slipped on his jeans and a T-shirt, and headed for the bathroom. It was, like the rest of the house, huge and filled with things he'd never seen in a bathroom before. There was, as Sylvia had said, a Jacuzzi, and the sauna, and the shower stall was larger than the bathroom in the mobile home he and his parents lived in. He figured out how to turn the water on, got it warm enough, and stepped inside.

As he stood under the pelting hot spray of the shower, he thought about all that had happened since he arrived at the Dooley house the day before and a sense of amazement filled his mind. He'd hoped to get laid one day, that was for sure, but he never dreamed his first lover would be Sylvia's mother! And he certainly didn't expect it to happen the first night he was there. He didn't for the life of him understand why the woman had done what she had. He did know he wasn't sorry he'd been the recipient of her attentions. He wondered what she'd act like when she saw him this morning, and was sure that, somehow, everybody else in the house would know what had happened.

He stood under the stream of hot water with his eyes closed, lost in thought, savoring how wonderful it felt. He was shocked when he felt a warm hand slide around his hip. It

moved downward then he felt fingers encircling his penis, which was half-hard from his memories about what Sylvia's mother had done to him the night before. Jason stiffened. "Wha...?" he exclaimed. He opened his eyes, turned his head and, over his shoulder, he saw Sylvia's mother's flushed face.

She gave him a warm smile. "Good morning, Jason. Do you like what I'm doing to you?" she murmured as she stroked his penis, making it harder and harder. "You don't want me to stop, do you?"

"Ah...yeah...no...ah...I...um...like it...don't stop," Jason stammered, while her hand continued to massage him to full, throbbing erection. "Jesus, I don't believe this!" he thought. "Damn! It's going to happen again!"

"I heard you go into the bathroom and I couldn't resist joining you," Sylvia's mother murmured. She let her free hand roam over Jason's soap-slick body while the other one continued to pump his now-hard organ.

"No! Oh, no!" Jason groaned. "I-I don't mind...not...not at...at all!" He felt his legs getting rubbery. He had an opportunity to see Sylvia's mother's body in full light for the first time, so he turned around and studied it. Her body wasn't perfect, but it

was - in his opinion - pretty damn close to perfect, and he thought it looked even better now that he could see it in the light. Her smooth white skin glistened with jewel-like droplets of water deposited on it by the shower. Her nipples were hard and she rubbed them against his arm while her hand stroked him. What she was doing was making him feel incredibly good.

"I love taking a shower with a man," Sylvia's mother murmured. "I always have. It can be so delightful. Would you like to give me a bath, Jason?"

"Ah...yeah...sure..." the befuddled young man stammered. He realized he was still holding the soapy washcloth in his hand, so he grabbed the soap, got the cloth filled with suds, and began to wash Sylvia's mother's body. His hand was shaking and, at first, his actions were clumsy, but Sylvia's mother uttered a soft moan of contentment when he began sliding the cloth up and down her back.

When he had her back covered with suds, he got bolder and moved his efforts down, to her bottom, which was very firm and had a wonderful shape, he discovered as he ran the soap-filled cloth over it.

"My goodness, Jason, you certainly know how to give a woman a wonderful bath," Sylvia's mother murmured.

"Are-are we alone?" Jason asked as he continued to sweep the sudsy cloth over Sylvia's mother's skin. He still had some presence of mind and couldn't believe she would do something like this with family in the house. The Dooleys seemed to be a strange family, but he didn't think they were that strange.

"My-my husband's off...playing...golf," Sylvia's mother gasped in reply. "With...his...friends. Brenda...she's gone...horseback riding. And...Sylvia...she isn't home, either." She tugged his erection gently. "My goodness, Jason, that feels so nice! Don't stop!" She turned around to face him.

"I wonder where Sylvia is," Jason thought but, as he stood there, staring at Sylvia's mother's nude, wet body, thoughts of Sylvia faded from his mind. He knew from what he'd seen in the moonlight the night before that Sylvia's mother had a good body, maybe even an incredible body. The thing was, he had nothing in his past experience to compare it to. His eyes traveled from her face to her chest, where he saw that her breasts, which he knew were firm because he'd held them, looked just as good in bright light as they had in moonlight. And her nipples were even larger than he'd thought. "God, I'd

love to suck on them! Maybe, the way things are going, I'll get to!" he thought eagerly.

His eyes continued moving downward, taking inventory of the wonderful things he was seeing for the first time. Sylvia's mother's belly was just slightly convex, and he could see traces of stretch marks, reminders that she had borne two children. He found the stretch marks fascinating.

"I love having you look at me, Jason, but I want you to wash me!" Sylvia's mother said, her tone urgent.

Jason's hand was shaking as he reached out and resumed washing Sylvia's mother. He did her shoulders next, then her chest. While his hands moved over her warm, slick flesh, he could hear her gasping for breath. Then she surprised him by jerking the washcloth out of his hands.

"I think it would feel a lot nicer if you spread the lather around with your bare hands, don't you, Jason?" she murmured.

"Ah...yes, ma'am," Jason replied, and began doing what Sylvia's mother asked him to do. He laid his trembling hands on her and began spreading the lather and caressing her. He

found her skin soft, warm, and very smooth. He worked on her shoulders first, then moved his shaking hands down to her chest and began massaging her breasts. Her nipples, rigid as little fingers, felt rubbery against his palms. She gasped and took hold of his wrist while he massaged them.

"Oh, darling, that feels so wonderful!" Sylvia's mother murmured.

Jason spent a considerable amount of time "washing" Sylvia's mother's breasts and nipples then, reluctantly, he began moving his caresses lower, down onto her lower chest and belly. Her skin rippled as his hands moved over it, spreading lather, inflaming her with need. He looked at her face and could see the desire in her eyes. What he saw energized him. "I'm really turning her on!" he thought. "She really loves this!" His caresses continued, moving farther and farther downward, toward the mass of wet pubic hair between the lovely woman's legs.

"Isn't this wonderful, Jason?" Sylvia's mother asked while the young man's hands continued to slide over her bare skin. She'd gotten her hands soapy, too, and was doing some of the same things to him he was doing to her, much to his delight.

"Ah...yeah...this...this is awesome!" Jason stammered in reply. His hands were on Sylvia's mother's lower belly now, moving toward her pubic hair. He had an erection that felt even stiffer than it had the night before and he could feel his heart pounding in his chest. He inhaled sharply, and so did Sylvia's mother, when his fingers began sliding into her pubic hair.

"Yes, my darling, go ahead, you can touch me there...I want you to!" Sylvia's mother purred.

Jason slid his hand between her legs and could feel the soft, silky lips that formed the outer surface of her vagina. His fingers rubbed over a stiff protrusion, almost like a tiny finger, at the upper edge of her opening and she jolted and gasped.

"There! Oh, God, darling, yes! Touch me there!" Sylvia's mother whimpered, quivering.

"That must be her clit!" Jason thought, recalling something he'd once read about the female anatomy in a copy of "Penthouse Forum" he'd managed to acquire without his parents knowing about it. Using his soap-slick fingers, he devoted considerable attention to the tiny finger of flesh. Much to his delight, Sylvia's mother responded powerfully. The look in her eyes grew more fervent and she stopped caressing him and was hanging onto

his arms, as if she was afraid she'd fall. It wasn't long before she was gasping and shaking with need.

"My God, Jason!" Sylvia's mother moaned. She reached between them, grasped his erection, and squeezed it. "I don't think I've ever been washed th-this wonderfully!" Jason's hand continued to move insistently between her trembling legs. Her hips were rocking against him with the movements of lovemaking. He knew she was close to coming.

"Le-let's get out of here, dry off, and go to the bedroom," Jason gasped. Like Sylvia's mother, he was quivering with need.

"We can do what we need to do in here. Would you like to try?" Sylvia's mother suggested.

"How...how can we do that?" Jason stammered. He was having a difficult time thinking and couldn't imagine how they could make love in the shower.

Sylvia's mother smiled at him. "You'll see," she purred. She turned around, bent over, and clutching the faucets, presenting her lovely bottom to him.

Jason got the idea quickly. He moved behind her, grabbed his erection in his hand, and slid the tip up and through the cleft of her lovely buttocks and the suds-covered lips protecting her vagina. This was wild! He'd never dreamed it was possible to make love this way!

"In me! Please, Jason! Take me! I need you!" Sylvia's mother groaned. She pushed her lovely bottom back at him and wriggled it.

Jason heard Sylvia's mother's ardent pleas, but he didn't comply with them...not immediately. His fingers probed between her buttocks while her body continued to buck and quiver. He discovered her anus and, when she moaned in delight, he began poking one finger against it. "Jesus, it sure looks as if she even likes having her asshole played with!" he thought as he played with Sylvia's mother's nether opening.

"Oh! Oh, God! That feels so wonderful!" she groaned and pressed back at him. "Keep doing that! Slide your finger in there!" She just finished uttering her fervent request when her frantic movements caused Jason's soap-slippery finger to slide slowly into her snug little opening.

Jason was shocked to find himself finger-fucking Sylvia's mother's ass! His cock got still harder. This was too much!

"Jason! Oh, God, my darling! That feels so good! So good!" Sylvia's mother groaned. Her passion-inundated body twisted and turned while he explored her snug rear opening.

Getting his finger inside Sylvia's mother's bottom increased Jason's level of passion to the point where he could no longer hold back. While he kept his finger in her anus, he used his other hand to guide his erection to her vagina. When the tip was between her labia, he gave a powerful thrust of his hips and slammed it all the way into her, until his thighs slapped against hers. Once he had her impaled on him, he began to lunge against her powerfully, his erection plunging wildly, his finger matching the pace in her bottom.

"Oh, Jason! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!" Sylvia's mother whimpered as he plunged into her.

Jason couldn't take much of this; it felt too good. He felt his fluids bubbling up inside him, then he exploded into a whirlpool of delightful feelings. "I-I...can't...wait! Uh! Yeah!" he groaned as he hosed Sylvia's mother's insides with powerful

spurts of his hot, sticky cream. It was the most intense sexual experience he ever had!

"Oh! Yes, Jason! Oh! Oh! Yes!" Sylvia's mother groaned in reply while her body bucked and writhed under his dual assault.

When their intense need began to wane, the two lovers sank to their knees on the floor of the shower while warm water continued to pelt them. Kneeling there, they clung to each other until their strength returned.

"My word, Jason, that was unbelievable!" Sylvia's mother breathed when his softening penis slipped from her and he pulled his finger out of her bottom. "What ever gave you the idea to put your finger in my bottom?"

Jason wasn't sure she'd liked that and wasn't sure how to answer. "I-I don't know," he stammered, "I-I just did it! You...you aren't mad at me, are you?"

Sylvia's mother turned and kissed him passionately. "How could I be angry with you, my dear boy?" she asked. "God, you made me feel so wonderful! I-I've never felt anything quite so wonderful! You are quite a stud!"

Jason felt his face reddening. He had a hard time handling compliments about his lovemaking ability, especially since he'd had so little experience. "Ah...I-I'm glad you liked it," he said.

"Liked it! I loved it!" Sylvia's mother said and kissed him again. "Do you have any plans for the rest of the day?"

"Ah...if...if Sylvia's not here, I-I don't know," Jason said.

Sylvia's mother caressed his face lightly with her long, slim fingers and planted a gentle kiss on his lips. The fire Jason had seen in her eyes returned. "Since Sylvia's treating you so badly," she said softly, "I guess it's up to me to find something to help ease the pain." She smiled at him. "You wouldn't mind if I did that, would you, Jason?"

Jason realized what she was suggesting and felt a stirring in his groin. He shook his head and said, "No, I wouldn't mind. Not at all."

"Good," Sylvia's mother said, then she chuckled softly. "Why don't we get out of here and dry off before we wrinkle?"

They got out of the shower and began to towel each other dry. Their activities were playful at first, but Jason, still a bit overwhelmed by being in such close proximity to a beautiful nude female, soon felt his body reacting to the fact that he was touching Sylvia's mother's bare flesh.

It wasn't long before Sylvia's mother noticed his reaction and smiled. "My goodness, Jason," she said softly. "You seem to have a bit of a problem there." She reached out, her soft hand encircled his swelling penis, and she began to stroke him. Jason's breath caught and his hips jerked while incredibly wonderful feelings again swept through him.

"I don't want to make love in the bathroom again, do you? Come with me, my darling," Sylvia's mother whispered.

Still holding onto Jason's erection, she led him out of the bathroom and started down the hallway toward the guest bedroom.

Jason had no choice but to go along with her, even though he was worried someone might show up and see the two of them walking down the hallway naked and playing with each other. His body was on fire and his mind was a clutter of emotions, but he wasn't using his mind; another part of his body was in control.

As they made their way down the hall, Sylvia's mother slid her hand from the tip of Jason's swollen penis to the base and back again, massaging the sticky juices seeping from the slotted tip into the hot, veined shaft. By the time they got to the bedroom, he was gasping for breath and wasn't sure his trembling legs would hold him much longer.

In the bedroom, Sylvia's mother guided him to the bed and had him lay down. Then she knelt on the bed next to him and leaned over his middle. Then, as the gasping young man watched, wide-eyed, she bent and kissed it. The touch of her lips brought a cry of delight from him. "I can't believe it! She's gonna give me another blow-job!" Jason thought as he watched Sylvia's mother part her lips and lower her open mouth toward the head of his rampant erection. When his swollen, veined shaft slid between Sylvia's mother's lips, he shuddered with excitement.

While Sylvia's mother's mouth slid up and down on his erection and her hands fondled his balls, Jason lay there quaking, barely able to comprehend what was going on. He found it hard to believe that Sylvia's mother was giving him another blowjob, but that's exactly what she was doing! And, as they had the night before, thrills wilder than any he'd envisaged in his wildest fantasies coursed through him. If she kept doing what she was doing much longer, he'd come! And he was helpless to stop her!

Her mouth slid down over his erection and he felt heat and wetness engulf his cock. Unbearable thrills rocketed through him.

"Oh, God! Ah!" he moaned. The woman's expert ministrations proved to be too much. Before he could even think about warning Sylvia's mother that it was going to happen, his body exploded and sent a geyser of his hot, sticky fluids spewing into Sylvia's mother's mouth.

"Oh!" he groaned as his pulsing loins emptied his seed into the woman, who gulped it down madly, "Oh! God!"

Even after Jason's penis began to soften, Sylvia's mother continued sucking and licking it. When it was completely limp

and licked clean, she let the flaccid shaft slide from her mouth, sat back on her heels and smiled at him. "Did you like that as much this morning as you did last night?" she asked breathlessly.

Jason nodded. "It was even more awesome this morning!" he replied. "When you do that to me, it feels so good it's...it's unreal!"

Still smiling, Sylvia's mother stretched out next to Jason, who slid over so his body was pressing against hers and, unable to keep his hands off her, began to explore her naked body. He ran his hands lightly over her smooth, warm skin, loving the way she felt, and could feel desire reasserting itself inside him. "Jesus, I keep getting turned on over and over again!" he thought with delight.

"Jason! Oh, Jason, my darling!" Sylvia's mother murmured, covering his face with wet kisses. "Make love to me! Please, Jason, make love to me!"

The young man pushed himself up on his elbow and gazed at her breasts. They were even more beautiful in full daylight than they'd looked in the moonlight the night before, and stood proudly atop her slim chest. Her nipples, large and erect, jutted

from the dark circles of her aureoles. Jason's hand was shaking as he reached out and touched one.

"Oh, yes, my darling!" Sylvia's mother groaned.

Jason bent over her, lowered his head and, for the first time, learned what it was like to have a woman's erect nipple in his mouth. It was, he thought, incredibly delightful. He began to suck it softly. Sylvia's mother was writhing, moaning, and clutching his head while he did. He continued, shifting his lips from one nipple to the other and back. It was as if he couldn't get enough of nursing on her. She continued to clutch his head. "Jason! Jason! Oh, darling!" she wailed. "That's it! Kiss them! Oh, darling! Kiss them!"

Jason did just that for quite a while longer, while the woman he was enjoying continued to grow more and more aroused. Finally she moaned, "Take me, my darling! Please, my darling! Take me!" Her hips were rising and falling, showing that her body was demanding fulfillment. "I need you in me!"

Jason rolled atop her and her hips rose, seeking him.

"Take me, Jason! I need you!" Sylvia's mother begged.

His pulse pounding, Jason slid between her out-spread legs and felt the tip of his re-invigorated erection brush against her torrid, damp labia, then settle between them. He groaned softly, pushed forward, and felt the warmth of her vagina engulfing him. Shivers of delight rippled up his spine as he slid deeper and deeper into her.

"Yes! Oh, God! Yes!" Sylvia's mother groaned as his swollen cudgel slid into her. She pushed her hips upward, welcoming him, inviting him deeper.

Jason slid his erection in and out of Sylvia's mother's vagina, which rippled around his it, milking him. Her hips were pressed against his, rocking him, building his passion to a fiery peak. Even though he'd just come, he found he was too turned on. He couldn't wait; he had to come! "Oh, God! Oh, God! Can't wait! I can't wait!" he groaned. His juices came roaring out, flooding Sylvia's mother with warmth and wetness.

"Uh-huh! Yes! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Oh, yes!" Sylvia's mother cried when she felt his hot cream dousing her insides. "My beautiful, beautiful young man! Yes! Yes! Take me! Take meeee! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Yes!"

Their bodies struggled against each other while exquisite sensations flashed between them until at last there was nothing more to share. Spent, they lay in a warm, satisfied embrace.

"My lord, Jason, you are such a wonderful lover!" Sylvia's mother exclaimed. "It's been such a long time since I've been this satisfied!"

Jason didn't know what to say, so he pulled her into his arms and kissed her. Then, anxious to learn more, he pushed himself up on one elbow and began both examining and caressing the body of the beautiful woman lying next to him.

"My goodness, Jason," Sylvia's mother murmured as she lay there, smiling. "It seems you never get tired of this, do you?"

Jason stopped and looked up at her. "If...if you want me to stop, I will," he replied.

Sylvia's mother smiled at him and shook her head. "Please, my darling, don't stop," she replied. "You can't imagine how long it's been since anyone's wanted me as much as you do!" She shuddered when Jason's hand began to stroke her softly rounded belly. "God, this is so delightful!"

Jason, startled by her sudden movement, thought he'd hurt her and pulled his hand away. "I'm sorry," he said. "Did I hurt you?"

"No, you didn't hurt me, my darling," Sylvia's mother said, "That tickled a little. Don't stop! What you're doing feels so wonderful!"

Jason's fingers moved downward and he began to explore her love-slick vagina. He traced her labia with his fingers while she gasped and shuddered. It occurred to him that his actions were once again fanning the fires of passion in both of them, because his penis had begun to swell and her hips were twisting and rising. She gasped and her body shook as his exploring fingers moved over her clit.

Jason leaned over her, examining the place where his fingers were working and he decided to see if she'd let him eat her. He remembered hearing his friends say that women really liked it and was dying to try now that he had a willing partner.

When Sylvia's mother felt Jason's warm breath on her open, pulsing vagina, and his tongue began to probe into her, her hips jolted upward, pressing her slick opening against his

mouth. He found the taste not at all unpleasant, and, since her reaction was intoxicating him, he continued doing what he was doing.

"Jason! Oh, God! Yes!" Sylvia's mother keened, "It's been so long! Uh-huh! Oh! Uh-huh! My sweet lover!"

Jason expected Sylvia's mother to like what he was doing, but he was totally unprepared for the power of her reaction. She thrust herself wildly against his mouth and he tasted her juices, mixed with his. His tongue lashed her silky surfaces and probed into her. Then he found her swollen clit. When he began licking it, her hips went wild. He had to grab her buttocks and hang on.

"Uh-huh! Yes! Uh-huh! Yes! Uh-huh! Yes! Uh-huh! Yessss! Jason! Jason! Oh! Jason!" Sylvia's mother yelled when she came. Her hands raked the sheets and her body convulsed with pleasure while his lips and tongue brought her to another crashing orgasm.

Jason wasn't sure she would ever stop coming, then Sylvia's mother's moans ceased and she went limp on the bed. At first he was scared he'd done something to hurt her but, as he watched her chest rise and fall evenly, he realized she had

either passed out or gone to sleep. He gave her vagina one last kiss, then he stretched out alongside her, put his arm around her, and lay there, contemplating the good fortune that had befallen him. Sylvia's mother was a fantastic lover! He couldn't believe how excited she had been when he was eating her, and he was the man who made her feel that way. His self-confidence got a healthy boost. He hoped that, somehow, they could figure out a way to keep doing this, even though the rest of the family, and especially Sylvia, would be around.

His penis was still erect, it had gotten that way while he was eating her and, as he inspected Sylvia's mother's limp form, he smiled, then he rolled between her lean, lovely legs. "I don't think she'll mind if I..." he thought as he grasped his erection and drove it into her slippery warm opening once more.

Sylvia's mother opened her eyes and smiled up at Jason's passion-filled face, which loomed above hers as he lunged into her. "Oh, Jason!" she murmured happily. She reached up, pulled his head down, and drove her tongue into his mouth. Their tongues dueled, inflaming them even more. "Yes! Oh, darling, yes!" Sylvia's mother moaned. "Give me more! More!"

Jason kept driving into her. Having come twice, he seemed tireless, even though Sylvia's mother's clutching cave was sending fierce rushes of pleasure through him. Her body

rocked up against his. The force of their coupling shook the bed, making it creak.

"I'm not sure I can have another orgasm, my darling," Sylvia's mother whispered, pulling him down to kiss him again. "I've already had quite a few wonderful ones. But don't stop! Oh, darling, what you're doing feels so good!"

Jason wanted her to come again, though, and was determined that she would. He remembered how much she'd liked having her breasts played with the night before, so he lifted one hand, placed it on her breast, and began to roll the rigid nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Sylvia's mother's eyes widened and her mouth fell open.

"Oh! Yes, again! Oh! Oh, Jason! Again! Oh God! Uh-huh! Yes! Uh-huh! Yessss! Again!" she cried as she pushed her hips up to meet his thrusts. Then she stiffened and her body went into a series of powerful tremors. "Uh-huh! Yes! Uh-huh! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Hearing, seeing and feeling Sylvia's mother come was all it took. Jason exploded, too, and his cries of delight mixed with hers. "Gaa! Agghh!" he groaned as, once more, he erupted into her.

Finally, totally spent and sated, they collapsed onto the bed. For a few seconds, Jason remained lying atop Sylvia's mother's lean body, feeling her nipples pressing into his chest. Then he rolled off her, pulled her into his arms, and held her while he recouped his strength.

Later, having decided they would allow themselves a chance to rest before they embarked on any more lovemaking adventures, they were making the bed. Jason had on a pair of jeans and a black T-shirt and Sylvia's mother had on a very short peach-colored cotton dress. They were almost finished when they heard the door open downstairs.

"Mom, Jason?" Sylvia's voice called. "Where are you guys?"

Jason froze and felt a stricken look forming on his face.

Sylvia's mother gave Jason a knowing smile. "We're upstairs, dear," she called. "Jason's helping me make the bed. We'll be right down."

When the bed was finished, Sylvia's mother and Jason started out of the bedroom. Before they went out into the hallway, he

turned, pulled her into his arms, cupped her bottom in his hands, and kissed her deeply. Then he released her and, grinning, he whispered, "I hope she finds something to do this afternoon, too."

"I do, too, my dear," Sylvia's mother said.

Chapter 7

Sylvia looked a lot different when Jason and her mother arrived downstairs. Gone was the "Addams Family" look. She was wearing very little makeup, had her hair hanging loose and straight, and was wearing an over-sized pink sweatshirt and pink plaid shorts. She also had a slight flush on her face. She looked, Jason thought, more attractive than he'd ever seen her look. "Hi, Jason," she said, sounding a little nervous. "Sleep OK last night?"

"I slept OK," Jason replied, a little curtly. He wasn't sure what had happened to cause such a radical change in Sylvia, but he had an idea it might have something to do with the guy who'd come by their table at the Inn the night before. At first he felt a

pang of jealousy, then Sylvia's mother came down the steps and he realized he had nothing to be jealous about. If anything, things had worked out so he'd gotten the best of the deal. "You look pretty this morning, Sylvia," he said.

Sylvia turned bright red. "Ah...thanks," she stammered, looking at the floor as if she was afraid to face him. "I-I decided that since we're up here in the mountains, it was kinda dumb to wear the stuff I usually wear, you know?"

"Yes, dear, you look much nicer today," Sylvia's mother commented as she walked by them. She gave Jason a gentle nudge on the bottom. Sylvia didn't see it because she was still staring at the floor. He was tempted to return the nudge, but just as he was about to, Sylvia looked up, so he decided not to.

"Did you come home for lunch, dear?" Sylvia's mother asked.

"Ah...yeah...I was kind hungry," Sylvia replied. "And...and I wanted to see if Jason had gotten up, too," she added quickly.

"Well, he is, and he's been a big help to me this morning," her mother said. "If it wasn't for him helping me, I'd still be making the beds."

Jason, who was all too aware of the true meaning of Sylvia's mother's words, couldn't help but smile. "If Sylvia knew what I've really been helping her mother with, she'd have a cow," he thought. He felt a grin forming on his face and couldn't stop it.

"I'll make some lunch," Sylvia's mother said. "Would you mind helping me, dear? I think Jason's done more than his share this morning."

"Yeah, OK, Mom," Sylvia replied. Still averting her gaze from Jason, she followed her mother into the kitchen.

When lunch was ready, they sat down at the kitchen table and began to eat. Sylvia, still acting embarrassed, picked at her food and didn't eat much. Jason, who found himself ravenous, ate a lot and enjoyed the food - and Sylvia's discomfiture - immensely. He smiled across the table at Sylvia's mother and said, "This was a great lunch, Karen. You're a really good cook."

"Why thank you, Jason," Sylvia's mother replied, grinning. "I seldom hear compliments on my cooking from my family. It must be my family has gotten used to my cooking, huh?"

"I guess," Jason replied.

"So, Sylvia, what have you been up to all morning?" Sylvia's mother asked her daughter.

Sylvia kept pushing her food around her plate and watching carefully as she did it. "Ah...well...I-I went down to the lodge," she murmured. "There was a whole bunch of other kids there and we just kinda hung out, you know?"

"And what are you doing this afternoon?" her mother inquired.

Sylvia's face turned even redder. "Um...the kids...they were talking about taking a hike up to...to the Overlook," she mumbled. "Jason can come along if he wants," she added quickly.

"Sylvia, you did invite Jason up here for the weekend," her mother said with a very clear scolding tone in her voice. "Do you think the way you treated him this morning has been fair?"

"Ah...no...I-I guess it...it isn't," Sylvia murmured. Without looking up she said, "I'm sorry, Jason. And...I-I mean it about you coming along this afternoon. If...if you want to."

"Yeah, and I'd probably have to put up with you and that Paul asshole pawing at each other and ignoring me," Jason thought. "Look, Sylvia," he said, "I'm not much good at hiking and stuff. Why don't you go and have a good time with your friends? I'll stay here."

Sylvia looked up for the first time. There was a look of total surprise on her face and relief in her eyes. "What...what are you going to do, then?" she asked.

Jason shrugged. "I dunno, I'll figure something out," he told her. "Really, you go ahead. I'll be fine."

"Are...are you sure?" Sylvia asked, studying him.

Jason smiled and nodded. He was positive that if he stayed here with Sylvia's mother, he'd have a lot more fun than if he went with Sylvia and her friends.

Sylvia looked at her mother. "Mom..." she said tentatively.

"Look, if you want to go with your friends, go ahead," her mother replied curtly. "I just want you to remember this the next time you think about inviting someone up here for the weekend."

"I-I will, Mom," Sylvia said, sounding chastened. She stood up, looked at Jason and her mother, said, "See you guys later," and then she left.

After Sylvia had gone, Jason looked across the kitchen at Sylvia's mother, who was standing at the kitchen counter. She smiled back at him. "A penny for your thoughts," she said.

Jason stood up and, feeling a sense of self-assurance that surprised him, started walking toward her. As he approached her he said, "I thought that, since it looks like Sylvia will be gone for the rest of the afternoon - and so will everybody else..." He pulled her into his arms and covered her lips with his.

Sylvia's mother pressed against him and her tongue forced its way into his mouth. Heat rushed through him as her body pressed against his and their tongues lashed. He slid his hands down over her back, cupped her bottom, and pulled her against his middle so she could feel the swelling there.

"Come on," Jason said when the kiss ended. He took her hand and led her toward the living room, intending to go upstairs to the guest bedroom. Then he saw the sofa and decided not to wait until they got upstairs. He sat down on the sofa and pulled Sylvia's mother onto his lap. Her firm bottom pressed against his swollen penis and she squirmed delightfully as he pulled her into another torrid kiss. Sylvia's mother groaned, pressed more tightly against him, and lashed her tongue almost all the way down his throat.

Jason slid his hands up under the short dress Sylvia's mother was wearing and his hands began sliding over her smooth, hot skin, evoking gasps of delight from her. Her hands caressed his face and slid through his hair while her lips and tongue roamed his face.

"Jason, dear, we...we shouldn't be doing this here!" she murmured.

"Who's going to come in?" Jason asked. "Everybody's going to be away until at least dinnertime, right?" Surprised by how bold he was being, he pushed her dress up and slid his hand onto one warm, smooth breast. Sylvia's mother groaned with delight and squirmed on his lap. That made his already-hard penis get even harder.

Sylvia's mother hadn't worn a bra and, with her dress pushed up the way it was, Jason could easily get his mouth on her nipples, which is exactly what he did. He loved the way it felt having them between his lips. From one breast to the other his lips moved, suckling and teasing the woman's rigid nipples.

"Oh! God!" Sylvia's mother groaned while Jason adored her turgid nipples with his mouth. While he suckled, he hands massaged and squeezed the firm mounds gently.

Sylvia's mother began stripping his clothes from him and soon they were sprawled naked on the sofa, his hands roaming over her body, hers clutching at his. At that point, neither of them cared any longer if someone came in, there was no way they were going to stop what they were doing!

Jason slid two fingers into Sylvia's mother's soaking wet vagina and began caressing her clit with his thumb. She responded wildly. "Yes! Yes! Oh, God, Jason yes!" she cried, her body writhing. "Please! I...I need you, my darling! Take me!"

Jason laid back and pulled Sylvia's mother up onto the sofa so she was lying against him spoon-fashion. He wasn't sure exactly how he managed it, but somehow he managed to slide his erection into her warm, snug opening. He found the

position especially enjoyable because it allowed him to continue suckling her breasts while they made love.

"Oh, darling! You're making me feel so wonderful!" Sylvia's mother crooned while Jason's erection pistoned steadily in and out of her. "You...you...oh, God!" she groaned.

Jason was enjoying the effect he was having on Sylvia's mother, and the effect on him, too. She shook every time he slammed into her and all she seemed to be able to do was moan and gurgle with delight. "Sylvia doesn't know what she's missing!" he thought, then he felt guilty. He shouldn't be thinking about other women when he was making love to Karen.

"Oh...Jason...I...I'm not sure I cant wait much longer! Oh! Oh! Jason! I can't wait!" Sylvia's mother groaned. Her body stiffened, then she began to tremble violently as a powerful orgasm rocked her. "Uh-huh! Take me, Jason! Oh, God, my darling, take me! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Even though the lovely woman impaled on his cock was going wild, Jason didn't come. Steadily, inexorably, he kept his erection sliding in and out of her slick opening.

"Jason! Oh, God, Jason! You...you didn't come!" Sylvia's mother exclaimed once her peak had passed and she had calmed down a little. "What..."

"Don't worry," Jason replied. He pulled his erection out of her, rolled her onto her back, laid atop her, and slid his erection back into her. She sighed softly, her body rose to meet his onslaught, and her arms wrapped around him.

"Yes! Oh, God, yes!" Sylvia's mother cried. She slid her hands down Jason's back and clasped his buttocks, pulling him against her.

Looking down into Sylvia's mother's passion-inflamed face took Jason to the point where control was fast fading. She looked so beautiful, so needy, and her body was moving against his so urgently! "I'm gonna come!" he cried, feeling his insides begin to unleash, knowing his explosion was near. "Oh, God! I'm gonna come! Yeah!" His insides uncoiled and he spewed gusher after gusher of hot, sticky cream into Sylvia's mother's clasping vagina.

A look of surprise formed on Sylvia's mother's face, then her eyes closed and her hips began bucking. "Yes! Oh, darling, yes! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!" she mother cried, pulling

at him, her body trembling once more with ecstasy. "Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Oh, God! Oh, God!" Her body arched against his while her tight sleeve milked every bit of pleasure possible out of his plunging organ.

"Wow!" Jason exclaimed breathlessly after their passion had finally run its course and they were lying wrapped in each other's arms on the sofa. "That was really intense!"

Sylvia's mother kissed him. "It certainly was! You are a fantastic lover, young man!" she exclaimed.

"I'm glad," Jason said, "I want to be good for you."

"Oh, God! Are you ever!" Sylvia's mother exclaimed and kissed him again. "I'm so glad Sylvia invited you up for the weekend! I've never had a more wonderful time in my life."

"I'm glad she did, too," Jason agreed.

Sylvia's mother smiled at him. "I think we should go upstairs, don't you?" she said. "This was simply delicious, but it was very risky. We don't want to get caught, do we?"

"Ah...no, I guess we don't," Jason replied.

They picked up the pieces of clothing that had been strewn on the living room floor during their frantic undressing and went upstairs to the guest bedroom. There they stretched out on the bed next to each other. There were some things that had been bothering Jason since the night before, questions he wanted answers for. He decided to ask. The worst that could happen was that he wouldn't get an answer. "Ah...Karen...um...can I ask you something?" he said tentatively.

Sylvia's mother rolled onto her side, facing him. Doing so caused her breasts to move delightfully. "What, my darling?" she replied.

"Uh...I...I don't understand...you know...any of this," Jason stammered.

"Do you mean you're confused by what's happened, is that it, my dear?" Sylvia's mother asked, running her fingers lightly over his bare chest.

"Ah...yeah..." he said. "Um...how come...?"

"Why did I decide to pay a visit to your bedroom last night?" Sylvia's mother asked. She looked thoughtful for a moment. "To be honest with you, Jason, I'm not sure why I did it myself. Heaven knows, I've never done anything like it before. Seducing my daughter's male friends isn't something I normally do."

"I-I didn't think that," Jason said defensively. "I mean...ah...you know...why me?"

"Jason, I think you may have some idea why I may have been feeling a little, well, I guess desperate is the right word," Sylvia's mother began. Her tone did betray a trace of desperation. "Sylvia's father and I, well, our marriage isn't what it should be. It...it hasn't been for...for a long time. When Milton and I first got married, our relationship was wonderful, but the more successful he became, the more his business seemed to mean to him. And recently, he's been drinking a lot, too. You saw how he was last night..." She stopped talking and took a deep breath. Her eyes reddened and filled with tears.

Jason saw the tears welling up in Sylvia's mother's eyes and was sorry that he'd upset her. "Karen...you...you don't have to...to explain," he said. "I...it's none of my business."

Sylvia's mother laid her hand on his arm. "I want you to understand. I...I don't want you to think badly of me..." she said. She swallowed hard and tears began to roll down her cheeks. "My God! What kind of woman have I become?" Deep sobs shook her lithe body.

Jason wasn't sure what to do. Sylvia's mother was lying next to him, naked and sobbing; and he was the one who had upset her. Not knowing what else to do, he slid closer and put his arms around her. With a soft moan, she pressed her face against his chest. As she cried, Jason could feel her tears on his skin.

The distraught woman continued to cry while her young lover held her, stroking her back gently. Unfortunately, holding Sylvia's mother's nude body against his, even though she was upset and crying, was causing the young man considerable difficulty. His body was responding to contact with hers in a way that had nothing to do with comforting her. His penis thickened and grew stiff and, as it did, he pulled his hips back, not wanting her to feel it. He was afraid that would only make her more upset and that was the last thing he wanted to do now.

After a while, Sylvia's mother's sobs stopped. She leaned back, took Jason's face in her hands and placed a gentle kiss on his lips. "You're quite a young man, Jason," she said softly. "I-I hope all that has happened hasn't made you think badly about me."

"No way! I-I think you're wonderful," Jason said. He shifted his hips back a little farther.

Soft hands cupped his face again and once more Sylvia's mother's warm lips covered his. Jason felt a pleasurable jolt when his lips and Karen's joined. They ended that kiss and immediately began a second one. This time it was as if he'd been zapped with an electric cattle prod. It felt wonderful! The kiss lasted longer than the first one did and left both of them breathless when it ended.

"Oh, God!" Sylvia's mother exclaimed. She buried her face in her hands and began sobbing again.

Jason, who had no idea why she'd begun crying again, gathered her into his arms again. He didn't know how, but he had to make her feel better! He rubbed her back as she again sobbed into his chest.

Sylvia's mother finally cried herself out and, after she did, she moved to push herself out of his arms. When she did, her leg - quite by accident - brushed against his erection and, when it did, a shudder went through her and she stopped moving.

Jason was watching Sylvia's mother and saw a look in her eyes he recognized instantly, even though he'd only seen it a couple of times. She looked kind of wild, like she was about to go out of control. Knowing what the look meant, he quivered.

"My word, Jason!" Sylvia's mother whispered as her hand slid down between them and her fingers stroked his again-rigid penis. A grin formed on her face, she giggled softly and said, "I do believe something's come up again!" Her eyes moved downward while her hand continued exploring the length and breadth of his erect organ. "Jason, you have another hard-on!"

Jason nodded. He sure did, and what Sylvia's mother was doing to him was only making it harder and more painful!

"Do you want me again, Jason?" Sylvia's mother murmured, her voice soft and breathless.

Jason nodded and grunted, "Uh-huh!" Did he ever! "I want you all the time!"

Sylvia's mother giggled softly. "I guess you do," she said, giving his erect penis a gentle squeeze. She leaned closer, her face in front of his, her eyes peering deep into his. Closer and closer her face moved - it was as if she was moving in slow motion. Then her soft, warm lips covered his and whatever sensations her previous kisses had given him were totally wiped out the powerful emotions this kiss evoked. Sensations, the likes of which he'd never imagined were possible, roared through his body like a hurricane. Sylvia's mother groaned softly while her tongue lashed his lips and slid between them.

Jason met the woman's invading tongue with his, and their oral digits dueled. He'd French-kissed one or two girls before, but that didn't feel the way this did! Sylvia's mother's arms slid around him, and he tightened his arms around her.

Finally the kiss had to end and two shaken people stared at each other, gasping for breath. Sylvia's mother's eyes, full of fire and need, held Jason's for a second.

Then Jason's eyes moved downward, to Sylvia's mother's breasts, which he didn't seem to be able to look at enough.

Nipples thick as his little finger projected from the dark circles that capped her gloriously formed, petite breasts, which rose and fell enticingly with her heavy breathing. His hand trembling, Jason reached out and touched one of the swollen globes.

"Yes! Oh, yes, Jason!" Sylvia's mother groaned when his hand contacted her hot, smooth flesh. "Touch them! Please, darling! Touch my breasts!"

Carefully, gently, Jason explored Sylvia's mother's breasts. Even though he'd explored them before, he savored how wonderful it was touching and kissing them. Sylvia's mother's hands covered his, pressing them against her and her rigid nipples bored into his palms.

Sylvia's mother lay back on the bed, but Jason stayed seated, his hands roaming over her chest. Finally, he bent over her, took one of the rigid tips between his lips and sucked it gently.

"Oh! Yes!" Karen groaned. Her back arched and her hands went to his hair as his lips and tongue tortured her turgid bud wonderfully. "Uh-huh! Oh, yes! Yes!"

Overjoyed by how much pleasure he was giving Sylvia's mother, Jason was determined to give her more. He kissed from one nipple to the next through the valley between her breasts while she continued to arch her back and pull at him, beseeching him to do more, to make her feel even better.

"You're so wonderful!" she crooned, her body quaking, "Oh, God, Jason! You know just how to make me feel wonderful, don't you?"

While his lips were nibbling on Sylvia's mother's breasts, driving her crazy, Jason slid his hand over the silken, softly rounded surface of her belly to the mat of crinkly hair between her legs. It was still damp and sticky from what they'd done earlier, but that didn't bother him; he was far too aroused. Between her slim legs his hand stole, onto her startlingly soft, silky, wet labia.

"Oh!" Sylvia's mother whimpered when he began caressing her vagina. Her hips rose off the bed and her legs strained from the delight his touch caused her. "Oh, Jason! Yes!" she cried.

The young man toyed with her vagina for a few moments, then he began to rub his index finger over her clit.

"Uh-huh! Yes!" Sylvia's mother cried and her body lurched upward.

Jason began stroking her clit between his thumb and forefinger, just as if he was jerking her off. While he worked on Sylvia's mother's clit over with his fingers, he continued his oral onslaught on her nipples. Her hands pulled at him, then raked the sheets. Her body twisted and turned, her back arched, and her legs flailed. "Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Oh, God! Oh, God! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh! Uh! Oh, Jason! Oh, Jason! Yes! Yes! Yes! Ohh!" she wailed and her body went into a series of wild spasms.

Sylvia's mother's powerful orgasm took Jason by surprise, but since she seemed to be enjoying what he was doing, he kept doing it until, at long last, she lay still on the bed. Her chest was heaving, her eyes were closed, and there was a delighted look on her face.

Finally Sylvia's mother stirred and opened her eyes. She looked up at Jason and smiled. "My God, Jason, are you sure you've never made love to anyone before? Where did you learn to do that?" she whispered.

"Ah...I...uh..." Jason stammered.

"Come here, my darling, I think we need to do something about you now, don't we?" Sylvia's mother cooed. She reached for him and pulled him atop her. "Do you have any idea how long it's been since anyone has made me feel as wonderful as you've made me feel this weekend?" She smiled as Jason shook his head. "It's been ages!" she exclaimed. She kissed him passionately and her arms locked around him.

Jason felt heat radiating up into him from her and her nipples prodded him through his T-shirt, which he still had on. While the kiss went on, Sylvia's mother's hands roamed over his bare back. Her light, teasing caresses were driving him even wilder with need. Then she gripped his throbbing erection in her soft, warm hands.

"Jason! You're magnificent!" she whispered. "I want you in me, lover!" she said, moving her hips, sliding the lips of her vagina against his erection. "I have to have you in me!" She reached between them and moved his erection so the head was at her opening. "Now, Jason! Push it into me!" she moaned, lifting her hips off the bed.

Even though he'd made love with her a short time before, what went through Jason as he sank into Sylvia's mother's super-heated body was the most intense, pleasurable sensation he

had ever known. He never knew anything could feel so good! He groaned and his body began the ritual motions of loving, as if he'd done it all his life. Nothing he'd ever known felt as good as this did! He wasn't a virgin any more! Powerfully, his young hips drove against the lithe body of the mature woman lying under him, and just as powerfully, she responded.

"Jason! My God!" Sylvia's mother groaned. "Yes! God! Oh!" Her slim legs rose and locked behind him and her pelvis ground against his.

Jason straightened his arms, lifting the upper half of his body from Sylvia's mother's and watched her body shake and quiver as he plunged into her again and again. Her breasts bobbed and jiggled, the nipples drawing little circles in the air, as he plunged into her. Her face was flushed, her mouth hung open and she sucked in air desperately. Her blonde hair was a tousled frame for her pretty face. "Jason! Oh, Jason!" Sylvia's mother cried. Her movements became frantic. "Take me, my darling! Take me! Yes! Oh, yes, Jason! Yes! Oh! Oh!"

"Yeah! Oh, yeah!" Jason cried when Sylvia's mother's wildly gyrating body and spasming channel milked his orgasm from him. He experienced wonderful spasms of joy in his loins while his fluids pumped into her.

Spent, the two lovers lay locked in each other's arms for quite a while after their ecstatic joining. Jason had never felt more wonderful in his life and, judging from the way Sylvia's mother was acting, she felt pretty good, too.

"You are a magnificent lover, Jason!" Sylvia's mother told him, kissing him gently.

"Ah...thanks," Jason replied. He wasn't sure what else to say.

Chapter 8

Jason and Sylvia's mother lay in bed next to each other and rested for a while after their intense lovemaking session. The young man wasn't sure whether they were finished for the day or not. If they were finished, it wouldn't upset him too much. He and Sylvia's mother had already made love more times than he could count. His weekend in the Poconos had, so far, exceeded his wildest dreams, and it had barely started.

He soon learned that his partner had no idea of quitting. Karen rolled onto her side and her hands and lips began to move

lightly over his body and he once again felt himself responding to her caresses. "Oh, God, Karen..." he groaned, his hips twisting and turning, while her fingernails traced a trail of fire down over his belly. "God!"

"You're such a wonderful young man, Jason," Sylvia's mother purred while her hands blazed tingling trails all over his flesh. "You've done such wonderful things to me. I think you deserve a very special kiss." She bent over his middle and took his partially erect penis in her mouth.

"Ahh!" Jason moaned. Ecstasy bubbled through him while Sylvia's mother did wonderful things to him with her lips and tongue. Her mouth was magic! His fingers clawed the sheets as wave after wave of delight swept over him. He felt his insides begin to churn. He was going to come! "Oh, Jesus!" he groaned, "Karen...I-I...I'm gonna come if you keep doing that! It...that feels too good!"

If Sylvia's mother heard his plaintive cry of warning and felt the fervent movements of his body, she gave no indication. Instead, it seemed as if her efforts intensified. She began rolling his balls in her hand and trailing her fingernails ever so lightly up and down on the sensitive skin of his inner thighs.

Jason realized Sylvia's mother wasn't heeding his warning and he struggled to maintain control and keep from coming, but the harder he tried, the less control he seemed to have! "Gahh!" he moaned. He couldn't wait any longer! While his loins contorted with powerful, fabulous sensations, he erupted into her mouth.

Sylvia's mother continued licking and sucking the young man until his cock began to soften. Only then did she let it slide from her mouth. Her face slick with his come, she stretched out on the bed next to him and kissed him.

"What about you?" Jason asked. "That was fantastic for me, but what about you?"

"Believe it or not, when you came, I did, too, my darling," Sylvia's mother said softly.

"You did?" Jason asked. He was surprised. He was learning more and more fascinating stuff about sex all the time. "I didn't know that could happen."

Karen smiled at him and caressed his face tenderly. "I didn't either, love," she said softly, and kissed him again. "It's never

happened to me before. Being with you is one wonderful new experience after another."

"It sure is!" Jason agreed and kissed her.

"You are an incredible young man, Jason," Sylvia's mother said and they exchanged another soft kiss. "I wish I'd met someone like you when I was your age. One of these days, you're going to make some lucky girl a fine husband."

Jason blushed. They snuggled a little longer, then Sylvia's mother got out of bed. "I suppose we should get up," she said, slipping into her robe. "But because of you..." She grinned at Jason, "I have to take a bath. I'm all sticky."

After Sylvia's mother left for the bathroom, Jason got up, got dressed, and went downstairs. He was standing in the kitchen, drinking a soda, when she walked into the kitchen wearing a man-tailored pink blouse and slacks. The phone rang and she walked over and answered it. "Hello," she said, then she paused, listening. "What's the matter, Milton?" she asked after a moment. Her voice had taken on an unhappy tone.

Jason, standing there, listening, felt very uncomfortable. He knew Sylvia's father had no idea what had been going on, but that didn't keep him from feeling guilty. And, judging from the look on Sylvia's mother's face, whatever her husband was telling her wasn't good news.

"Of course it couldn't be avoided! None of your damn crises can be avoided, can they, Milton?" Sylvia's mother snapped, then she listened, some more with her lips squeezed together in a straight line and her eyes afire with anger. "Your damn business has been more important than your family for some time! You do have a family, or have you forgotten that?" She listened again, her face reddening in anger. "Do what you have to, then. Go home if it's so damned important!" she snapped.

Jason, who felt very uncomfortable overhearing the argument Sylvia's mother was having with her husband, went outside. Since there was nothing else to do, he found a rake in the garage and raked some leaves out of the flowerbeds that surrounded the cabin. He had finished that and was walking toward the garage to put the rake away when Sylvia's mother came out of the house.

"I don't believe that man!" she said, her eyes flashing with anger. "He says he has an emergency at work and has to go home! Dammit, what's the matter with him?"

Jason listened. He wasn't sure why she stayed married to the man. From what he'd seen this weekend, Mr. Dooley was a real jerk at his best, and at his worst...

"Does that mean we have to go home, too?" he asked. He was disappointed. It looked like his wonderful weekend would be coming to an abrupt and early end.

"No...we don't have to go with him," Karen replied, smiling.

"How...how are we going to get home?" Jason asked.

"We can use the station wagon in the garage," Sylvia's mother replied. "We keep it here so I have transportation when we're up here and Milton isn't."

"Oh, yeah, I remember," Jason said. He'd seen the car when he got the rake.

"I'm not going to take much more of his crap," Sylvia's mother said. She had a look of determination on her face. "I've had it! When we get home, I'm going to tell him he has to make a

choice. Either he begins spending more time with his family, or he's not going to have one!"

"Are...are you sure about...about that?" Jason asked. He felt uncomfortable discussing intimate details of her marriage with her. He also wondered if what he and she had been doing had any bearing on what she was saying. The last thing he wanted was to be the cause of Sylvia's parents breaking up.

Karen looked at him and he could see the determination in her eyes. "Why not?" she said. "He ignores me when he's home, which isn't often. I sometimes think all he wants is someone to wash his damn clothes, raise his kids, cook, and keep his house cleaned up!"

"I-I'm sorry about this..." Jason murmured.

Sylvia's mother looked at Jason and her eyes softened. "Maybe I'm just letting anger override my judgement. Heaven knows I haven't been a saint lately, but..." Her eyes clouded up and tears filled them.

Jason, unsure what to do about the appearance of tears in Sylvia's mother's eyes for the second time that day, stepped inside the garage and hung the rake on the wall.

Sylvia's mother followed him into the garage. "Jason, do...do you think I'm wrong?" she asked, sniffing. That it was a little incongruous for her to be turning to a teenage boy she was having an affair with for advice about her marriage didn't seem to have occurred to her. Jason was there and she desperately needed someone to listen to her.

Jason shrugged. "You have to do what you have to do, I guess," he said. He wasn't sure what else to say.

"It's...it's a little scary to think about," Sylvia's mother said. Then she began to cry again. "I...I don't know if could handle being a single parent. And...and how would the girls feel?"

Jason wasn't sure what else to do, but he knew she needed comforting, so he took her in his arms and held her as she cried. Tears soaked his T-shirt, but he didn't care. He didn't want Karen to hurt.

When Sylvia's mother's tears finally abated, she leaned back in his arms and looked into his eyes. "I'm really glad you're here this weekend, Jason," she said softly. "You've been so good for me."

"It's OK," Jason said. "I'm glad I was here, too."

Sylvia's mother leaned forward and their lips met. The kiss began softly, but rapidly grew passionate. Her arms locked around the boy and her tongue lashed the inside of his mouth. Her hips surged forward, pressed against his middle, and began to rotate.

Jason tightened his embrace around Karen's lean body. While the kiss continued, acting without thinking, he tugged her blouse out of her slacks, slid his hands up her bare back, and discovered that she wasn't wearing a bra. She groaned into Jason's mouth and continued to thrust her pelvis against him, causing his growing hard-on to press against her.

Overwhelmed by lust, the couple tore at each other's clothes. Jason found himself sucking Sylvia's mother's nipples while she clutched him, groaning. He knew they were running the risk of being discovered, but that was the farthest thing from

his mind as he groped at her overheated body and she groped at his.

Jason slid his hand inside Karen's slacks, down between her trembling legs and cupped her vagina. It was sopping wet with excitement.

"Oh! God! Jason!" Sylvia's mother groaned. She shoved her hips forward and wriggled her pelvis against his hand. "God! Oh, God!"

Jason wanted her desperately, but wasn't sure how to do it. Making love on the hard concrete floor of the garage was impossible, but they were almost naked, so there was no way to get to the house. He looked at the station wagon, which was parked next to them! The hood might be just the right height... He lifted Sylvia's mother onto it and stripped off her slacks and panties. Then he moved between her legs, took her in his arms again and once more their lips fused.

Karen's hand slid between them. She managed to get Jason's jeans open, then she slid her hand inside them, seeking, then finding, his rigid penis. She began caressing it, massaging the juices oozing from the tip into the shaft. Finally she released it and leaned back on her elbows. "Take me, Jason, darling! Take

me now!" she cried. She was so turned on, so wild with need, she didn't seem to care where they were.

Jason plunged into her and felt shivers of joy race up his back as his swollen shaft plunged into her warm, damp opening. This was the wildest thing he'd ever done! Powerfully he slammed against Sylvia's mother, sliding her bottom back and forth on the car's smooth metal surface with every thrust of his hips.

"Uh-huh! Oh, God! Yes, Jason! Yes!" she whimpered, clutching Jason's arms. In only seconds, she shuddered violently as an orgasm ripped through her. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Yes!" she yelled.

"Oh! Oh, Jesus! Oh, Jesus!" Jason groaned as his loins went into intensely pleasurable spasms and his seed gushed from him.

Spent by their powerful union, the couple clung to each other while their bodies calmed.

"My God!" Sylvia's mother whispered, her face buried against Jason's bare chest. "That was intense!"

"It sure was!" Jason agreed breathlessly.

"This is incredible!" Sylvia's mother said softly. "God! The minute I get near you I go crazy!"

"I know, it's kind of scary, isn't it?" Jason replied. The powerful forces of lust that had overwhelmed them unnerved him. He was also a little apprehensive. They could have gotten caught. What if Sylvia and her friends had come home while they were in the middle of making love? Or what if Brenda had come home? That thought scared him so much he felt himself shaking.

"Jason, are you all right" Sylvia's mother asked, "You're shaking."

"I...it's just that...what we did...was so...so wild, you know?" he replied. "I mean, it's a little scary, you know?"

Sylvia's mother kissed him softly. "Let me down, my darling," she said softly. "We better get dressed before someone catches us."

Once they had their clothes back on, they started for the house. Sylvia's mother took Jason's hand as they walked. "I know

some people might think what we're doing is wrong," she said, "I have to admit that there have been times this weekend that I've been ashamed of myself for what I've done to you."

Jason squeezed her hand. "You're not doing anything I don't want to do," he said. "I love what we've been doing."

They walked into the cabin. "I know you do," Sylvia's mother said, "but...I still worry. We...we really shouldn't be doing this. You shouldn't be wasting your time with an old woman like me. There are hundreds of girls your age out there who'd be lucky to have you."

Jason pulled Sylvia's mother into his arms and kissed the tip of her nose. "You're not an old woman," he said. He squeezed her firm bottom tenderly. "I know that for a fact."

Sylvia's mother hugged him and kissed his chin. "You're such a sweet young man!" she said. "I wish I was your age." She stepped out of his embrace and frowned. "But that's not the way it is, is it?"

"I guess not," Jason said. "But I don't care. I'll be there for you as long as you need me. I-I really like you. You're a very special lady. I don't think I've ever known anybody like you."

Sylvia's mother gave him a wan smile. "I know you mean that, Jason," she said softly, almost sadly, "But maybe that's not as good as it sounds."

"We'll see," Jason said. He looked at the clock. "It's pretty late. Brenda probably will be home soon. How would you like it if I helped you make dinner?"

"I think that would be wonderful," Sylvia's mother said. She smiled at him and asked, "Can you cook?"

Jason grinned at her. "I'll show you," he said.

Jason and Karen set to work making dinner. It was good they'd halted their lovemaking when they did because, shortly after they started working on dinner, Brenda showed up. She was wearing a sweatshirt and jeans and smelled faintly of horses.

"Where are Dad and Sylvia?" she asked, looking around.

"Your father called and said he had to go home and tend to a business emergency," her mother replied curtly.

"Oh, Jeez," Brenda said, rolling her eyes. "Not again. So where's Sylvia?"

"She and her friends went to the Overlook earlier this afternoon," her mother explained. "I'm not sure when she'll be back."

"The Overlook, huh," Brenda said, grinning. "Want to bet Paul went along, too?" She looked at Jason and reddened. "Ah...sorry, Jason, I..."

"Don't worry about it," Jason said. "I could have gone along, but I decided not to."

"How come?" Brenda asked. "It's really neat up there. You can see for miles. It's one of the best views around."

"I'm not much for hiking in the woods," Jason replied. "And I kind of got the feeling that Sylvia didn't really want me to go."

"Yeah, I bet she didn't," Brenda replied. "Especially since Paul's showing interest again. Did you guys notice that my sister's stopped wearing those silly black outfits she's been wearing?"

"Yes, we did," her mother responded. "Brenda, isn't there something else we can talk about?"

"OK, Mom," Brenda said. She picked a piece of tomato out of the bowl of salad Jason had prepared and ate it. "I was gonna ask Dad if we could stay a couple more days. They've got a guy coming in who's a real expert in training horses and I was kind of hoping we could stay so I could hear what he has to say."

Sylvia's mother paused and looked thoughtful. She turned to Jason. "Is there any reason why you have to go home tomorrow night, Jason?" she asked.

Jason could barely contain himself. If they stayed at the cabin longer, it would mean he'd have more chances to make love with Karen. He wouldn't mind that at all. "I don't think so," he said. "I don't have to work again until Friday night. I have to call my folks and ask them, though."

"Why don't you do that?" Sylvia's mother said. "I'm sure Sylvia won't mind, given what seems to be happening. You can use the phone in the living room."

"OK," Jason said. He called his parents who, as he expected, had no problem with him staying a few days longer.

"Are you behaving yourself?" his mother asked him.

"Aw, Mom, of course I am," he replied. "I'm being good." "You'd have a cow if Sylvia's Mom told you how well I've been behaving," he found himself thinking and felt his face growing warm.

"Well, then, I think you should stay," his mother said. "You could use a break. When do you have to work again?"

"Friday night, I'm closing," Jason said. He'd found a part-time job at a local fast-food outlet.

"Have fun and we'll see you Friday, then," his mother said.

"They said I could stay," he announced when he walked back into the kitchen.

"That's wonderful," Sylvia's mother said.

When dinner was ready, the three of them sat down to eat. "Sylvia's just going to have to make do with whatever is left over," her mother commented as they ate.

Sylvia finally showed up just before the rest of the family, and Jason, were finished eating. "I'm sorry I'm late," she said, blushing. "We stayed up at the Overlook longer than we planned." She pulled up a chair, sat down and began eating.

"Your father had to go back home because there was an emergency at work," her mother told her.

"Does that mean we'll have to go home, too?" Sylvia asked. She looked and sounded a little apprehensive.

"As a matter of fact, we'll be staying a few days longer than we planned," her mother replied. "Your sister wanted to attend some special training at the stables and Jason's parents said it was all right for him to stay, so we'll probably be here until Thursday, or maybe Friday morning."

"Neat!" Sylvia said, smiling. She went back to eating.

Both of the girls retired to the living room and turned on the TV after they finished eating. Jason stayed in the kitchen and helped Sylvia's mother clear the table and get the dishes cleaned up.

"Let's hope those two go to bed early," she whispered as they worked.

"Ah...yeah...it would be great if they did," Jason replied.

After dinner, they four of them got into a card game and played for quite some time, although the girls seemed miffed that Jason was the only one who seemed to be able to win.

Finally, after the fourth game, Sylvia stretched and yawned. "I think I'm gonna go to bed," she said. "I'm really beat. And I'm supposed to meet the kids at the lodge in the morning."

"Me, too," Brenda said. "Eunice is coming to pick me up about eight. I better get some sleep, too."

"Why don't you go up, too, Jason?" Karen said after the girls left. "After we give them a chance to get to sleep..." She smiled at him knowingly.

"Ah...yeah, sure," Jason replied. He got up, went upstairs, peeled off his clothes, and slipped into bed, then laid there, waiting for Karen to come visit him. The longer he laid there, the more his level of anticipation rose. After what seemed like ages he began to get sleepy. He was fighting hard to stay awake and about to lose the battle when he heard the door opening. His excitement surged as he looked in that direction. Karen stood in the doorway, back-lit by the hall light. He looked at her and couldn't breathe. "My...God!" he gasped.

The light from the hallway was shining through the diaphanous negligee, Sylvia's mother was wearing and highlighted her lean, wonderful body.

Karen seemed to be delighted by his response. She closed the door behind her and started toward the bed. "I take it from your response that you like my outfit?" she murmured.

Jason nodded. "I've never seen anything that beautiful!" he whispered.

Sylvia's mother walked over to the bed and sat down next to him. "I'm glad you like my nightgown, Jason," she said. "I intend to make you feel very, very good tonight. Now, be a good boy and lay back."

Jason did exactly as he was told. He was unable to take his eyes off the glorious apparition before him. He shook as Sylvia's mother'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 over his body. She touched him everywhere except for

his erection; which stood rampant, pointing at the ceiling. She continued her caresses, reducing him to a quivering mass of flesh, groaning and twisting on the bed.

When he didn't think he could stand any more, Sylvia's mother ceased her caresses and stood up. Standing in the glow of the moonlight, she slowly let the robe she was wearing slide down over her shoulders and drop to the floor.

Jason reached for her. "Oh, God, please, Karen!" he moaned.

Smiling gently, Sylvia's mother stepped back a step, then she slid one of the straps of her negligee off one 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.

Jason was almost insane with need. He wanted to jump off the bed, grab her, and ravish her, but he couldn't move. He thought she was beautiful and desirable before, but the way she looked now, and what she'd just done, made her seem even more so. Again, he reached for her.

Sylvia's mother moved slowly back to the bed and climbed onto it. Then she straddled Jason's body. She slid her body up

his, then she got to her knees and Jason felt her hand grasp his erection. He gasped when he felt the tip slide between the humid lips of her vagina. "Ahh!" he groaned. "Oh, God, Karen, please! Please!"

Jason felt Sylvia's mother shudder when his hardened, throbbing penis began to slide into her body, filling her, thrilling her! Then her pubic hair mingled with his and their pubic bones began to grind together.

Once she had him all the way in her, Sylvia's mother sat atop Jason, not moving. He could feel wild sensations sweeping through him, even though they weren't moving, and loved it. Then she started rocking her hips gently.

"Let's do this slowly," she murmured. "It feels so delightful I want to make it last!"

Jason heard her words, but wasn't sure they could manage. Her body, like his, was trembling violently with need.

Karen continued the gentle rocking of her hips, causing his erection to caress her insides and Jason, lying under her, couldn't believe how sweet her actions felt. The walls of her

clutching tube slid along the sides of his rigid pole, massaging him wonderfully, sending glorious sensations coursing through him, filling him with warmth and delight. This was wonderful! It was slow-motion delight; joy building slowly, wonderfully, touching every fiber of his being!

Jason allowed Sylvia's mother to set the pace and was a bit surprised when he felt her stiffen.

"Oh, Jason, darling! I'm there! I...I can't wait any longer!" she cried. Her self-control vanished and her body went wild. "Feels so...so good! So good! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Yes! Yes!"

His lover's ascent to bliss drew Jason along with her. "Unnhh! Unnhh!" he groaned, erupting into her like a human volcano.

After she finished, Sylvia's mother laid atop Jason and, without either of them intending to, they fell asleep.

A bit later, Jason woke up, turned his head, and saw Sylvia's mother lying next to him on her side, with her back to him. He still found it hard to believe all that had happened to him in the past two days, even as he gazed at the curve of her naked back

and the rounded curves of her firm buttocks and legs. As he surveyed her lovely body, he felt himself growing hard.

He turned on his side and slid against her. When he did, his rigid penis insinuated itself into the cleft between her nether cheeks. He nuzzled her neck and felt the warmth of her silken skin against his lips and smelled the fresh scent of her hair.

Sylvia's mother moaned softly and pressed her bottom back against him. He slid his hand down onto one of her breasts and felt the nipple erecting against his palm.

"Oh, Jason!" Sylvia's mother groaned. She stretched and tightened her bottom around his blood-engorged wand. "It looks as if someone's wide awake again!"

Jason found the position they were in absolutely wonderful. The pressure of her buttocks on his erection was a new sensation and was making him wild. He was surprised how many new and different ways they seemed to come up with. He began to move his hips and was surprised how good it felt to have his erection sliding between her buttocks. It felt a lot better than he would have thought it would. In fact, it felt so good he was afraid if he kept it up too long, he might come without ever being in her!

"Oh, darling..." Sylvia's mother purred. Her body was quivering in response to his insistent caresses; "...do you have any idea how incredible that feels?"

"Ah...yeah...I-I sure do!" Jason replied while he continued to thrust his rigid penis between her buttocks. He felt the brushing against her anus and when it did, she gasped. "I wonder what it would feel like to put it in there!" he thought and shuddered. That would be far wilder than anything he'd done with her so far. He thrust again, making her tremble as the tip of his erection moved toward the base of her vagina.

"Oh!" Sylvia's mother moaned again.

"Do you like this?" Jason asked. He captured one of her rigid nipples between his thumb and forefinger and began rolling it gently.

"Oh! Yes!" Sylvia's mother replied. "It's heavenly!" She raised her leg and hooked it back over his. "That's what I want!" she groaned when the tip of his erection slid between her juicy vaginal lips and began to enter her. "There, that's better, much better!" She slid her hand through the rich thicket of her pubic hair and guided the tip of the young man's erection so that

when Jason thrust forward, it slid all the way into her. "My darling!" she moaned, "Oh, my darling!"

Jason felt her hand on his erection, and then he felt warmth and dampness engulf it as it entered her body. He began moving his hips and felt the spiral of delight begin.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!" Sylvia's mother chanted, "Take me! That's it, Jason! Take me! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!"

Jason did just that. At the same time he moved his hand from her breast to her groin, found her clit, and began stroking it while he plunged into her.

"Oh!" Sylvia's mother cried, enraptured, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!"

Jason felt the signals that warned him his body was preparing to unleash itself. Deep inside him, pulsations began; excitement swelled, blossomed, and grew, filling his whole being.

"Karen! Oh, God! Karen, I'm gonna come!" he cried, then his thick cream came blasting out of his throbbing wand.

"Yes, darling! Yes!" Sylvia's mother cried as her lover's torrid fluids splattered her insides, taking her over the top. "Come, Darling! Come! Take me! Take me! Yes! Oh, yes!"

Afterward, they lay on their sides looking at each other. Sylvia's mother kissed Jason and stroked his face lightly with her fingers. "You make me feel better than I ever believed it was possible to feel," she whispered.

Jason blushed.

They snuggled against each other a little longer, enjoying the warmth of having their bodies in contact. Finally, Sylvia's mother rolled on her side and propped herself up on her elbow.

"We need to talk, young man," she said.

Jason rolled on his side, facing her, and asked, "About what?"

"We need to talk about what's been happening between us," Sylvia's mother said. "I've never spend a more delightful few days in my life, but what we're doing could lead to problems

for both of us if we're not careful." She reached out and laid her hand on his face gently. "I know this isn't the most pleasant conversation we could have, my love, but we do need to get some things straightened out."

Jason, puzzled, asked, "Like what?"

"Well, how do you feel about me?" Sylvia's mother asked.

Jason really hadn't thought about it. "I-I'm not sure," he replied. "I guess I like you. A lot. A whole lot! I mean..."

Sylvia's mother nodded and said, "I hope this doesn't sound as if I'm conceited, but I don't want you to start thinking you're falling in love with me."

"Would that be so bad?" Jason asked. "I mean..."

"It would be terrible," Sylvia's mother said. "First of all, I'm married. Second, I'm old enough to be your mother. And third, I have a daughter who's your age. Two of them, in fact."

"Yeah, I see," Jason agreed. He still wasn't exactly sure why they had to talk about this stuff.

"You look puzzled, my darling. Why?" Sylvia's mother asked.

"Well, how come we need to talk about this?" he asked.

"Because I want to make sure both of us understand what's going on, Jason," Sylvia's mother replied. "I care for you and I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't hurt me," Jason replied. "How could you?" He started to caress one of her breasts.

"Uh..." Sylvia's mother stammered. "Because, ah..." She looked flustered as his maddeningly delightful caresses continued.

"You, my darling young man, are impossible!" Sylvia's mother said. She pushed Jason 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!" Jason groaned. "My God! That feels so good!" His hips turned and twisted as thrills roared through him.

Sylvia's mother 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! Oh, my darling!" she hissed. "What am I ever going to do when you aren't here?"

"I don't know, but keep doing that now!" Jason groaned. His hips rose off the bed, forcing his shaft farther into her warmth and wetness. "Just keep doing that! Oh, God, does that feel awesome!"

Sylvia's mother continued to ride him, her hips rising and falling and Jason found he had a spectacular view with Karen on top. Her breasts bobbed and bounced as she rode him, her rigid nipples drawing imaginary circles in the air.

Jason reached up and cupped the jellied orbs in his hands, his thumbs rubbing the tips. Karen's head lolled back, her eyes

closed, and her mouth hung open while gasps and groans of excitement poured from her.

"Yes! Yes!" she cried after she'd been riding him for a while. Her face went slack and the movements of her hips became more and more frantic. Her hips whipped back and forth. "Oh, God! Oh, God! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Oh, God! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Oohh!"

"Yes! Oh, yes!" Jason groaned in reply as he blasted his spend into her, "Me, too! Me, too!"

When her passion was spent, Sylvia's mother collapsed atop Jason again. After giving him a warm kiss, she rolled off him, onto her side.

They snuggled into a fond embrace and, locked in each other's arms, drifted off to sleep.

Karen's gentle caresses awakened Jason the next morning. He opened his eyes, saw daylight streaming in the window, and realized they'd spent the entire night together. Thrilled to find her still with him, he rolled on his side to face her, smiled and, still sounding sleepy, said, "What time is it?"

"It's five o'clock in the morning," she replied.

"Good," Jason said. He reached out his hand and said, "Come here."

Karen shook her head. "Be still," she said, "I want to finish making love to you."

Jason lay back and luxuriated in the erotic sensations which were generated in him as Sylvia's mother's soft, warm hands and lips explored his body. It felt as if she was kissing and touching him everywhere, all at once. In no time, he was writhing on the bed, moaning and gasping.

Karen's actions quickly produced a visible effect. As she watched, fascinated, his penis rose to rigid attention. It was

swollen and distended, with blue veins circling the sides. The top flared into an arrow-shaped purple head. Shiny droplets of Jason's pre-cum glistened on the slotted tip.

Karen reached out a trembling hand touched the turgid organ tentatively. Then she wrapped her slim fingers around it and began stroking it gently. Her actions brought a groan of pleasure from Jason. Licking her lips, she bent and kissed the swollen organ. Once again, Jason groaned and his hips bucked. She bent and kissed it again

Jason was going wild. Never, in his wildest, most far-out fantasies had he ever dreamed he'd find a lover who actually liked giving blow jobs, but Karen sure seemed to! His hips strained and his muscles clenched as sensations more intense than any he'd known jangled every nerve ending in his body.

Jason's powerful reaction to her caresses intoxicated Karen. She opened her mouth, lowered it over the swollen organ, and locked her lips around the flared tip. Then, moving ever so slowly, she lowered her head allowed the thick shaft to slide into her oral cavity.

Jason thought he would explode. He couldn't believe Karen was waking him up by giving him a blow job!

Karen's mouth continued to slide slowly up and down her young 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. Jason could feel her shudder with delight as she tendered her young lover the gift of pleasure. She gently grasped and fondled his balls.

"Oh, God, Karen!" Jason groaned. "Oh, God! It feels too good...I'm...I'm gonna come!"

Seconds after Jason uttered his words of warning his loins unleashed and his hot cream began splashing against the back of her throat and filling her oral cavity. Karen continued to nurse on his throbbing penis while Jason thrashed on the bed, screaming with pleasure.

"Ah! Ahh! Ahhh!" Jason groaned. He felt as if he was coming apart.

Karen nursed Jason'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. He combed his fingers through her hair.

Jason couldn't believe how wild this weekend had been. And he was going to be staying almost the entire rest of the week! As he lay there, with Karen's body pressed against his, he felt completely content. He continued to comb his hands through his lover's short, silky blonde hair as she lay with her head on his chest.

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

"It...it was awesome, just like everything you and I do," Jason replied. He pulled her face to his and kissed her, tasting the tart saline flavor of his essence on her mouth.

"I want to do you, now," Jason said after the kiss ended.

Sylvia's mother lifted her head, looked at him, and said, "What, my love?"

"I want, you know, to do to you what you just did to me," the young man told her.

Karen smiled and nodded. "Yes! Oh, my darling, yes!" she cooed.

Jason moved between Karen's parted legs and examined his partner'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, the small knob that was her clit protruded. He bent and licked the bud with his tongue.

Karen's back arched and she moaned in delight. "Yes! Oh, yes!" she cried.

Jason began licking and sucking her vagina with determination. He dragged his tongue up through the cleft between her labia, then stiffened it and stabbed it into her. Her reaction was wild. Then he clamped his lips around her clit and began to suck on it.

Sylvia's mother's legs clamped around his head and her hips began rocking. "Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!" she cried. Her head rolled from side to side and she clutched her breasts. "Yes! Oh, God, Jason! Oh, God! That feels so good! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Oh! Oh! Jason, yes! I'm so close! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Yes! Oh, God! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Yes!"

His head was trapped in a warm vice formed by the silken flesh of Karen's thighs, so Jason 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 bottom and kept sucking on her clit while she writhed and bucked her way to ecstasy.

Then, suddenly, Karen's legs fell away from his head and she went limp. Jason lowered her bottom and she lay, unmoving, on the bed. At first he wasn't sure what was going on. He lifted himself up on his arms and looked at her. She seemed to be breathing all right, her eyes were closed, and a smile curved her lips.

Cautiously, he got off the bed, walked into the bathroom, and cleaned himself off. When he finished and returned to the bedroom Karen was still asleep. He stood next to his bed, looking down at the gorgeous nude woman who was lying in it, and wanted to pinch himself. He still had difficulty believing that all the things that had happened this weekend were real.

While Jason stood there, looking at her, Sylvia's mother opened her eyes and smiled. "Where have you been, my darling?" she asked.

"I...ah...I hadda go to the bathroom," Jason replied.

Karen raised her arms and said, "Come here, lover, I think we still have a little time before the girls wake up."

Jason joined Karen in the bed and when he did, she turned on her side, pressed her body against him, and pulled his face to hers. Their lips met and her tongue probed into his mouth while her hips began to thrust against him. Jason cupped his partner's firm bottom in his hands, and returned the kiss avidly.

Jason's hand began sliding up and down Karen's back, stroking her well-formed body as it writhed against his. His hands moved boldly over her silky bare skin, exploring, caressing.

With a soft groan, Sylvia's mother pressed against him. "Yes! Oh, yes, Jason!" she purred. "I need you so desperately!" Her hand slid over his chest, teasing his nipple stroking passion into his body. Her other hand slid down and grasped his erection. "Yes! Oh, yes! This is what I need!" She gave his swollen penis a gentle, insistent tug and, still holding onto it, rolled onto her back.

Jason, who was by now very turned on, wasted no time. He rolled on top of her, and as he did, she guided his erection with her hand so that it slid right into her hot, tight, wet opening.

"Yes! Oh, yes!" Karen whimpered. She pressed her hips up against his. "Take me, Jason! Make me feel as wonderful as you always do!" Her fingers dug into his buttocks and her pelvis ground against his. "Take me, Jason! Take me now!"

Jason lay atop Karen, his hips slamming against hers, his erection probing deep into her. He slid his hands under her and grabbed her bottom as their bodies strained together, seeking release.

"Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!" Sylvia's mother panted as he lunged into her. Then she stiffened and her fingers dug into his bottom. "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Ah! Ahh! Ahhh!" she groaned as her hips rocked against his and her body exploded with orgasm. He hung on, riding her thrashing form, clutching her against him, as ecstasy swept through her. Then, with her vagina spasming around his embedded erection, he exploded geyser after geyser of hot cream into her welcoming body.

Afterward, Karen kissed him softly, her eyes bright. "You make waking up such a wonderful experience," she whispered, "I'd love to be able to wake up like this every morning!" She kissed him again. "I guess I'll have to settle for the rest of the week."

She gave Jason one last kiss, then she got out of bed. She slipped on her nightgown and robe and touched him softly on the cheek with her hand. "I'll see you downstairs later," she murmured, then she quietly left the room.

Jason lay there, satisfied and exhausted. Before long, he was asleep again.

Chapter 11

Jason didn't wake up again until almost ten o'clock and the only reason he woke up then was because Sylvia's mother came to get him. She was dressed in a skin-tight red tank top and snug fitting white jeans and, in Jason's opinion, looked as if she wasn't a day over twenty. "Come on, sleepyhead," she said, smiling at him. "It's time to get up." She yanked down the covers, her eyes widened, and the smile on her face grew broader. "My goodness!" she exclaimed softly. "You are up, aren't you?"

"Ah...yeah...I guess so," Jason replied. He had more than half a hard-on. It surprised him that seeing Karen dressed was almost as big a turn-on as seeing her naked.

"Well..." Karen said, sort of absent-mindedly, while she continued to stare at his swollen penis. "We can't have you running around all day looking like that, can we? That would be terribly uncomfortable, not to mention embarrassing." Her hands went to the waist of her jeans and she undid the clasp, then she opened them and slid them down, surprising Jason with the fact that she wasn't wearing any underwear. Once her jeans were off, she knelt on the bed, still wearing her tank top. Smiling, she swung one lithe leg over him and settled down atop him, her damp vagina trapping his penis between them, against his belly.

"After we take care of your problem," Karen said, affecting a maternal tone, "You and I are going out for a while. You've been cooped up in this house for days and I don't think that's healthy." She rocked her hips, caressing his rapidly swelling shaft with her damp opening.

"Oh...OK..." Jason groaned.

"But we have to take care of your problem first, don't we?" she murmured. She lifted her hips, reached down between them, and grasped his erection in her slim fingers. "We need to reduce this swelling, right?"

"God, yes!" Jason groaned as she swept the tip of his now-rock hard organ back and forth between her labia several times before she placed it at her opening. "We...we sure do!"

"You want me to relieve the swelling, don't you?" Karen teased, holding her hips up, keeping just the tip of his swollen penis in the clasp of her hot opening.

"Oh, God, Karen, you know I do!" Jason exclaimed. He hunched his hips upward, driving his erection part way into her.

"My goodness, young man," Karen exclaimed with a smile. "I'm surprised how anxious you are, given what we did earlier. You are a very horny young man, aren't you?"

"I want you!" Jason replied. He found her playful attitude both exciting and a little frustrating. He shoved his hips up again.

"Oh, well, if you can't stop being so impatient..." Karen said and lowered herself. "I suppose I just have to give you what you want."

"Oh, God!" Jason groaned as his erection slid once more into the warm, snug, loving grasp of her opening. "Oh, Jesus, does that feel good!"

There was a subtle, but noticeable, change in Karen's face when Jason's erection slid into her. He saw it and was delighted. He found it wonderful that he had such a powerful effect on her. Once she had him in her, she sat atop him, not moving. He could feel his erection pulsing, and could feel the walls of her snug channel rippling around him. It was wild. The fact that she was still partially dressed made it even more exciting for him. Her nipples had grown hard and formed two buttons on the front of her tank top.

After savoring the feeling of having him in her for a few moments, Sylvia's mother began moving her hips gently up and down. "There, my love, that's what you wanted, isn't it?" she murmured. Her voice sounded thicker now than it had.

Jason raised his hands, slid them under her tank top and placed his palms against her breasts, over her nipples, and began

rubbing them gently. "That's what you want, too, isn't it?" he said.

"Oh, yes, my darling! Oh, yes, it is exactly what I want!" Karen replied. Her movements gradually increased in tempo. "You have no idea how much I want...and need this! God! I'd forgotten how lovely it is to be able to do this every day!"

"Then I guess I better give it to you!" Jason exclaimed. He dropped his hands to her lean hips and pressed her down against him while he hunched his hips up powerfully.

"Yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!" Karen gasped as he lunged up into her. "Please! Oh, please! Oh, please! Yes! Yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!"

It didn't take long before Jason realized he was ready to explode. "You ready?" he groaned. "Because I...I'm gonna come!"

"Oh, God, my darling, I certainly am ready!" Karen replied urgently. "Take me, my darling! Take me! Now! Oh, God, Jason! Take me now! Now! Now! Yes!" Her body went into a series of wild jolts and shudders, her mouth fell open, and she

sucked air in desperately. Her fingers dug into his shoulders and she pressed her middle against his so hard it felt as if she was trying to absorb him into her.

"Uh! Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!" Jason groaned when he felt his juices spurting into her.

When she finished, Sylvia's mother fell forward on top of Jason, who wrapped his arms around her and held her against him. His softening erection was still lodged inside her and he could feel their blended juices trickling down over his balls, into the cleft between his buttocks.

"Oh, God!" Karen purred into his neck. "How do you always manage to satisfy me so wonderfully? I...I can't get enough of you."

"I can't get enough of you, either," Jason replied, squeezing her.

He felt his penis, almost completely soft now, slip from her.

Sylvia's mother giggled when his softening organ slid out of her. "I believe we have taken care of that swelling problem," she chuckled.

Jason laughed and nodded. "Well, maybe for now," he said.

They lay in bed, holding each other, for a few more minutes, then Karen sat up. "I'm going to go get cleaned up," she said. "After that I'm going downstairs to make you some breakfast. You get a bath and get dressed. After you eat, we'll get out of the house." She leaned over, kissed him, got out of bed, and left the bedroom.

Jason got up, gathered his clothes, and headed for the bathroom. Karen was just coming out when he arrived. She gave him a gentle kiss, then she walked down the hallway while he went into the bathroom and took his bath. Afterward, he got dressed and went downstairs, where, as she'd promised, she had breakfast waiting for him.

"How come you want to go out?" Jason asked as he ate the scrambled eggs and bacon Sylvia's mother had cooked for him.

"Because it isn't healthy for a young man your age to be indoors all the time," she replied, again sounding more like his mother than his lover. "And besides, the girls might start to wonder what's going on if you and I spend all our time alone together here in the cabin."

"Oh," Jason said. "I didn't think about that."

"Doesn't it bother you that Sylvia's spending all of her time with that...that Paul person?" Karen asked.

Jason drank some of the milk she'd poured for him, then he shrugged. "I haven't really thought about it much," he replied. "Why should it?" He smiled at her. "I bet I'm having a lot more fun than she is."

Sylvia's mother shook her head and smiled. "You are pretty smooth, I'll give you that," she chuckled. "You know exactly what to say, don't you?"

"I'm just telling the truth," Jason replied.

"I know she's my daughter, and I do love her, but there are times I think Sylvia is much more like her father than she is like me," she said. Then she frowned. "Of course, I guess I can't talk, given the way I've been acting the past few days."

"What's the matter with how you've been acting?" Jason asked. He grinned. "I sure don't see anything wrong with it."

"Well, first of all, I seduced my daughter's boyfriend," Karen replied solemnly. "Jason, dear, don't you see? I'm using you."

"What do you mean, you're using me?" Jason asked, puzzled.

"I'm taking advantage of the fact that you're an inexperienced young man to find something I'm not able to find in my marriage any more," Karen replied softly. "When I think about it, I don't feel very good about myself. I'm using you for my satisfaction and..."

"Don't talk like that," Jason said. "I think you're super. And you aren't taking advantage of me." He reached across the table and laid his hand on Karen's. "I think what we're doing is incredible. And I'm sure not sorry we've been doing it."

Sylvia's mother squeezed his hand and looked across the table at him. Her eyes were wet. "I can only hope that, some day, years from now, when you look back on what we did this summer, you'll still feel the same way," she said.

Jason, looking puzzled, said, "Why wouldn't I?"

She sighed, smiled, and shook her head. "I suppose I would have felt the same way you did at your age," she said. "Unfortunately, as we get older, our perspective sometimes changes." She shrugged then the look on her face brightened. "Are you finished with your breakfast?" she asked.

"I'm all done," Jason replied. "It was really good, too. I was starved."

"Good," Karen said, "come on, let's go for a walk." She grabbed a small knapsack off one of the kitchen chairs and tossed it to him. "You can carry that," she said.

"What is it?" Jason asked.

"Lunch," Karen said.

Jason shrugged into the knapsack, although he would have rather stayed around the house. With the girls gone, there would be more chances for lovemaking. "How come we have to go for a walk?" he asked.

"Because you need to get out in the fresh air," she replied. "You need to do more than hang around the house. If your mother and father ask you what you did this weekend, what will you tell them?"

Jason grinned and said; "That I spent the whole weekend making love to the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

Karen smiled and shook her head. "I do hope you are teasing," she said. "But I do appreciate the compliment. Now come on, let's go." She extended her hand and, when he took it, she pulled him to his feet.

"Where are we going?" Jason asked as they walked along the road behind the cabins that surrounded the lake.

"You'll see when we get there," Karen replied, chuckling. "Try to enjoy being outdoors in the fresh air."

"All right," Jason replied. He wasn't anywhere near as enthusiastic about their walk as Sylvia's mother seemed to be. He'd never been much for doing outdoor stuff, and now especially, he would much rather have stayed at the cabin where there were lots more fun things to do than walk in the woods.

"So, Jason, do you really want to be a lawyer?" Karen asked as they strolled down the road next to each other.

Jason shrugged. "It's one of the things I'm thinking about," he replied. "I know the stuff Mr. Dooley said about lawyers is true about some of them, but I don't think all lawyers are crooks. Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer and he wasn't a crook."

Karen chuckled. "You should have used that line with Milton," she said. "Although knowing him, he'd have probably replied that Lincoln was the last honest lawyer the country has ever seen."

"Well, there have been other honest lawyers since Lincoln," the young man said. He laughed. "But you know, I'm not sure I could tell you who they are. So it's probably good I didn't use that line. I mean when you think about it, Richard Nixon was a lawyer, wasn't he?"

Karen laughed. "Yes, I guess he was." She found the young man's sense of humor and quick wit endearing.

They talked about the things Jason did in school and his job, and about his family, too, although he found he felt a little ashamed admitting to Sylvia's mother that he and his folks lived in a mobile home.

"My parents lived in a mobile home when I was first born," she said, surprising him. She laughed gently. "Back then, they called them trailers and, sometimes, people called us 'trailer trash.' My father was a mechanic and he was trying to keep a little garage going, so we didn't have a lot of extra money when he first opened it. Daddy's garage did turn out to be pretty

successful, and we eventually moved into a house. I think I was a freshman in High School when we did.

"And actually, when Milton and I were first married, we didn't have that much money, either. Not until Milton's business began to be really successful. You should have seen the little apartment we lived in. The problem is, once you have more money than you know what to do with, you sometimes forget what it's like for those people who barely have enough."

Jason looked at Karen with interest. He was a little surprised to learn that her background wasn't all that different from his. For the first time, he found himself looking at her as a person, not just a sex partner. And, much to his surprise, he liked what he saw. She wasn't just attractive on the outside; she was a really nice person inside, too. "It's too bad she's so much older than I am," he thought. "She's really neat."

They had gone about a half-mile when Karen stopped. "Come on," she said, gesturing toward a path that ran into the woods. "We're going that way."

"What's that way?" Jason asked. He'd never been in the forest before and wasn't sure how safe it was. He'd read about forests and knew there weren't any really dangerous animals in the

Poconos, but there were snakes, even poisonous ones. And he'd always been scared of snakes, even the garter snakes that occasionally showed up in the lawn of the mobile home park where he and his family lived.

"You'll see," Karen replied. She started up the path.

Jason looked around. Then, because Sylvia's mother knew where they were going and he didn't, he followed her. Walking close behind her along the narrow path, he couldn't help but notice the way her rear end twisted and her well-formed buttocks moved as she walked. He soon discovered that watching the undulations of her very nice backside was causing his penis to stiffen and bulge out the front of his pants. Not only did that cause him some difficulty walking, he also wondered what Karen would think if she saw the effect that she was having on him.

By the time they arrived at their destination, Jason was out of breath and his legs hurt. He'd walked farther today than he'd walked in a long time. He looked around and saw that the place where Karen had taken them. It was a spot where two high rock ledges met at an almost perfect right angle. A small waterfall tumbled from the junction of the two ledges and the falling water had formed a little pool in the bed of rock at the base of the ledges. The pool had a small, sandy beach, which

was bordered by grass that was so short it was almost like a lawn. The thick forest canopy shaded a lot of the area. As he looked around he could hear no sounds, save for those coming from the forest. The spot was the most quiet and restful place he'd ever been and he immediately understood why Karen liked coming there.

Karen saw him looking around and smiled. "Now, isn't this nice?" she asked. "Aren't you glad I brought you here?"

"Yeah, it's really neat," Jason replied. "That pool looks like it would be a good place to swim."

Karen nodded and said, "Yes, it is. It's a lovely place to swim, although the water is a bit cold sometimes." She looked around and smiled softly. "I found this place shortly after we bought the cabin and I love it so much I've been coming here ever since, except in the winter. I don't know why, but I've never told Milton or the girls about it, and I've never seen anyone else here. I've always been surprised about that. I mean, it's such a lovely place, I can't imagine other people wouldn't want to visit it, too." She chuckled softly. "It's my private place. Sometimes I go skinny-dipping when I'm here," she added, blushing a little.

"You swim here naked?" Jason asked, surprised.

Karen smiled and nodded. "Of course. I've never seen another soul here in all the years I've been coming here," she said, and added an embarrassed laugh.

"Is it fun?" Jason asked. "Skinny-dipping, I mean."

Karen smiled and nodded. "I enjoy it," she said. "I used to feel terribly daring, swimming in the nude out here, but after all the years I've been doing it, it doesn't feel as daring as it used to. Especially since I've always done it alone." She took the knapsack from Jason, opened it, and pulled out a tablecloth. She spread that on the grass, then she started to take some food items out of the basket.

Jason kept thinking about what she'd said about skinny-dipping and, the more he thought about it, the more he wanted to try it. "Want to go swimming before we eat?" he asked.

Karen, who was kneeling next to the tablecloth, paused from what she was doing, looked up at him and smiled. "Would you like to do that, my darling?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'd really like to," Jason replied eagerly. "And if we're gonna do that, we probably ought to do it before we eat, don't you think? I mean..."

Karen's smile broadened and she raised her hand to silence him. "You don't need to convince me, my dear," she said softly. "I would love to go skinny-dipping with you." She stood up and began peeling off her clothes.

Jason wasn't sure what to do. Even though he'd seen Sylvia's mother naked more than once this weekend, he found watching her take her clothes off here in the outdoors surprisingly arousing. It evoked new feelings, too, feelings he couldn't quite identify other than that it felt different than it had before. At the same time, he found that he was feeling funny about taking his clothes off in front of her. Apparently it was one thing to be naked in the house and another thing entirely being naked outdoors.

He tried to watch Karen undress while he took his own clothes off but, when he pushed his pants down, he lost his balance and wound up jumping around in a kind of clumsy one-legged dance to keep from falling. Before he could get his balance and finish taking his clothes off, he heard splashing. He turned toward the pool and saw Karen's slim back as she waded into the water. "Her bottom looks a lot better when she's walking

naked than it does in jeans," he thought as he gazed at her while he stood on one foot, holding a sneaker.

Karen waded out into the pond and dipped under the clear blue water. When she stood up again, only her head and shoulders showed.

Watching Karen disrobe had restored the erection he had developed on the walk up to the pool and, as Jason walked down to the edge of the water, he could feel his rigid penis bobbing and swinging up and down and around in circles with each step.

Karen stood in the water, watching him, her eyes glued to his middle, with a bright-eyed smile on her face. He felt like trying to cover himself with his hands, or a bunch of leaves or something, but he didn't.

"It's a little chilly, but it isn't bad once you get in," Karen observed, her eyes still twinkling.

"OK," Jason said. He didn't care if the water was cold. He wanted to get his erection out of sight. Given all the things they'd done with each other, he had no idea why having

Sylvia's mother see him naked was suddenly making him feel so embarrassed, but it was. He walked slowly into the water, which wasn't that cold and, as he moved into deeper water, his erection disappeared beneath the surface.

Karen grinned at him and giggled. "You know, Jason, certain parts of your body made some very interesting movements when you were walking toward the pool," she chuckled.

"If we ever do this again, I'm gonna get in the water first, so I can watch you," Jason retorted. He splashed water at her.

Without warning, Karen jumped toward him, grabbed his head, and let her weight push him under the water. Jason came up sputtering and disoriented and lunged at the place where she'd been standing, but only wound up going under water again because she wasn't there. When he surfaced again, he heard her laughing and turned around, looking for him. She had swum out into the middle of the pool. The one athletic activity he was good at was swimming and he swam toward her. She started to swim away, but he quickly overtook her, grabbed her by a slim ankle, and pulled her under the surface of the pool.

Karen emerged from the water still grinning and made another grab for him, hoping to duck him again. This time Jason saw it coming and managed to dodge her. He grabbed her and she struggled in his embrace, trying to get free. While they grappled with each other, her body brushed against his erection several times and, then his hand fell on one of her breasts. He began stroking it and squeezing it.

Karen took advantage of the fact that he was distracted and moved away from him. "Thought you had me, didn't you?" she giggled.

Jason started toward her and said, "I still owe you for that first ducking."

"All right, no more ducking," Karen gasped. "Okay?"

"Actually, I'm about ready to eat," Jason said. "How about you?"

"I guess we've done enough swimming for now," Karen said.

Jason swam to shore ahead of his companion, waded out of the water, and waited for her to join him. This time he got to watch

her. As she emerged from the water, Sylvia's mother's breasts bobbed up and down on the surface at first. When they were fully exposed, they jiggled delightfully as she moved toward him.

He couldn't take his eyes off her as she advanced toward him. The sway of her hips and the way her breasts danced with each step she took enthralled him. There was no way he could have stopped looking at her.

Karen seemed to be ignoring his adoring gaze, but the slight smile that gently curved her lips and the flush that had spread over her lovely nude body was evidence that she was aware he was watching her avidly. Gracefully, she sat down on the blanket and took bags of sandwiches and some cold drinks out of the knapsack. Sitting cross-legged, she extracted her sandwich from a sandwich bag and started to eat it.

Jason sat down on the tablecloth opposite her and got out a sandwich, too, but the view he had of Karen distracted him so much he found it hard to eat. The position she was sitting in left her vagina gaping. He had an unobstructed view of the moist, pink flesh between her legs and his reaction to what he saw made him tremble. He noticed that, while they ate, she was looking at his swollen penis, too, although she was being a lot more circumspect about it than he was.

When they finished eating, Karen cleaned up the remains of their lunch, stashed them in the knapsack, and stretched on the blanket. Jason stretched out beside her. Their bodies were close, but not touching. For a few seconds they lay there silently, aware of the sexual tension growing rapidly between them. Finally, Karen broke the silence. "You know...you're the first person I've ever brought out here," she said softly.

"How come?" Jason asked.

Karen shrugged. "I've been wondering that myself," she replied. "And I'm not quite sure that I like the answer I get."

Jason was puzzled by her reply. He turned on his side, facing her, and asked, "What do you mean?"

Karen took a deep breath. "Ever since Friday night, I've been trying to tell myself that what you and I have been doing is having sex, nothing more," she said very softly. "You know how I've been trying to explain things to you?" Jason nodded. "Maybe, even, I've been trying to warn you about...about..." she continued.

"Yeah, I remember. You told me you didn't want me falling in love with you," Jason said. "But what has that got to do with you bringing me here?"

Karen sighed deeply. "Well..." she said slowly, almost wistfully. "I'm beginning to think that maybe I was warning the wrong person."

It took a few seconds for the meaning of what she said to sink in to Jason's mind. When it did, his eyes widened and his heart began to pound. "You mean...are you saying...are you trying to tell me...?" he stammered.

Sylvia's mother remained lying on her back and shook her head. "I'm not sure what I'm trying to say, my darling," she murmured. "All I know is that, somehow, by bringing you out here, I believe I've crossed some kind of boundary. And, unfortunately, it's a boundary I'm not sure I should have allowed myself to cross. I don't know what that means, except that I have a feeling it doesn't mean a happy ending. And that concerns me."

"Why can't it mean a happy ending?" Jason asked. "I mean, if what you're saying is that you care for me, that's no problem. I care for you, too. A lot."

Karen turned her head and looked at him through eyes filled with deep sadness. "I know you think you do, my darling," she said, with sadness in her voice. "But...well..." She turned her head away from him.

For a few more moments they again lay on the blanket next to each other, each lost in their own thoughts.

After a while, Karen turned on her side and faced Jason. He gazed into her still-sad eyes, and then he bent and kissed her softly. While their lips were pressed together, he cupped one of her breasts gently and began rotating his hand, letting her nipple stiffen against his palm. She moaned softly into his mouth and shuddered. The kiss became far more passionate, almost as if they were starting to fuse at the lips. He reached down between them with his other hand down, and slid it between her legs onto vagina, then he slid his fingers inside the cleft between her labia and stroked them up and down, gently and softly. She lifted one leg and laid it over his hip, giving him the freedom to more fully explore the area between her thighs. And, after she did that, she slid her hand down between them and wrapped it around his erection.

Sylvia's mother closed her eyes while Jason's caresses continued. She had a satisfied smile on her face and, as he

looked at her, he realized that, somehow, what they were doing this time didn't feel the same as it had when they'd done it before. He wasn't sure what had changed or when the change had taken place, but what this time making love to her felt different than any of the previous times they'd made love. Touching her felt different, and having her touch him felt different, too. Then it hit him. What they were doing now really was making love. What they'd done before - even though it was wonderful - was just having sex. The realization shook him a little.

Karen continued to fondle and caress his erection and, as she did, his pre-come oozed out and made the movement of her hand up and down on the swollen shaft easier and easier.

Jason was shaken by the feelings - something he thought had to be close to rapture - he experienced while he continued to touch and stroke Karen's breast and vagina. He couldn't believe how wet she had gotten. His finger probed into her and his thumb found her clit. While he slid his finger in and out of her, he rubbed his thumb across her clit, using light strokes. Her hips started to squirm and rotate in little circles and she pressed against his fingers and moaned softly.

Karen's hand, moving up and down on his erection was driving him to levels of pleasure even higher and more

fantastic than those he'd experienced with her before. He could feel the pressure building and building in his loins with each gentle stroke.

Her hips began rotating faster and her thighs pressed in and out against his hand with a steadily increasing pace. She moaned louder and thrust her hips against his hand with an almost frenzied motion. She put her hand behind his head, pulled his face toward hers, and pressed her mouth against his. As the open-mouthed kiss went on and their tongues dueled, their moans of bliss were muffled in each other's mouths.

When the kiss ended, Jason urged Karen to roll onto her back, then he leaned over her and lowered his mouth to one of the firm, yet soft mounds adorning her chest. He licked across the pebbly surface of her hard nipple and the surrounding brown ring of her areola. She arched her back upward a little, pushing her breast up to his mouth. He opened his mouth as wide as he could and sucked in much of her spongy flesh as possible into his mouth. He continued to adore her breast with his mouth, licking over the entire surface, giving it a loving tongue bath. She responded with a series of soft, yet urgent, "Uh-huh!" sounds Jason had heard before but, somehow, they sounded different, more intense, now.

While he suckled her breast, his other hand continued to caress her between her legs. His fingertips traced over the little swollen knob at top her opening, then slid down and entered her. He began moving them in and out of her, sliding them into then withdrawing them from the tight clasp of her rippling vagina.

Karen continued to gently stroke and squeeze his rigid penis. His hips began to work against her hand much like hers were working against his. He began to slide his erection in and out of the ring made by her palm and slim fingers. It seemed as if they'd been arousing each other for hours, but it also seemed as if neither of them wanted the wonderful feelings they were giving each other to stop.

At last, Jason couldn't stand it any more. As much as he loved what they were doing, he had to have her! He shifted position so he was kneeling between her legs and felt his erection brush against her wet, gaping opening. Holding the rigid rod by its base, he swept it up and down through her slick channel, then he placed the tip at her opening and, with a gentle thrust of his hips, began to press it into her.

Although Jason wanted Karen more than he ever had, he also found himself filled with feelings of tenderness toward her that were almost as overwhelming as the pleasure he and she were

sharing. He put his hands on the tablecloth on either side of her lithe body and lowered himself until his belly was pressed against hers. At the same time, he slowly and gently pushed his erect penis all the way into her torrid tunnel. Shivers of pleasure rippled through his body, flowing from the point where their bodies were joined out to the rest of his body. Even the roots of his hair were tingling.

Karen's eyes were open wide and held a look of wonder. She whispered, "It's never felt like this! Oh, my darling! It's never been this wonderful!" She reached up, pulled him against her breasts, and began hunching her hips up against his fully hilted erection. "I...I can't remember it ever feeling this wonderful in my life!" she murmured in a voice filled with awe.

Jason agreed with her. As wonderful as their earlier lovemaking sessions had been, those wonderful times paled in comparison to what he was sharing with her now. He thrust himself against her, matching the rhythm of her movements with his, and said, "It's so wild! Oh, God, it's so wild!" He slid his erection out until just the tip remained inside her, then he slowly pushed it back in.

Karen was gyrating her hips and whimpering, "Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!"

Jason found that, even though he wasn't by any stretch of the imagination a sexual expert, his experiences so far had helped him develop a little bit of control, which was good because if there ever was a time he wanted to have control, this was it. He believed that, in their earlier couplings, he'd enjoyed the ultimate in pleasure, but today the feeling of Karen's warm flesh pressing against his, and her vagina clasping lovingly at the surface of his erection went way beyond anything he'd experienced before. Being deep in her body, feeling the friction of her wet flesh against his most sensitive areas, feeling her hard nipples rubbing against his chest were experiences he never imagined existed, even in his most fervent fantasies! His senses were in overload and he could feel himself rapidly climbing upward, heading toward what he instinctively knew would be the most fantastic moment of his young life.

Fighting for control, Jason continued his slow thrusts in and out of Karen's warm opening. She matched his movements with her own and, when his pace began to speed up, so did hers. Her eyes glazed over, and the only sounds she made now were, "Uh! Uh! Uh!" Her legs rose and wrapped around his hips, holding him against her. Her arms, already around him, tightened. She seemed to be holding on to him almost in desperation, as if she was clinging to him for dear life. Passion arced between them like electricity, growing more and more intense with each pulse.

Suddenly, Karen's body stiffened. Her legs and arms tightened around Jason with such strength that it was difficult for him to keep moving. Her mouth opened and she moaned, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!"

With overwhelming feelings rushing through him, Jason exploded. His juices surged out of him in what felt like an endless series of spasms and jolts, each of which was more pleasurable than its predecessor, flooding her with an exquisite eruption of warm fluids.

Karen again grabbed Jason's head and pulled his mouth down to hers. Her tongue speared into his mouth, he extended his they lashed each other wildly. Even though they were on the downside of their experience, their hips continued making gentle, thrusting movements and small pulses of pleasure still flowed between them. After several long, lovely moments, their motions slowed and, finally, came to an end.

Even though their bodies were limp from the intensity of their shared experience, their mouths remained joined as each expressed their gratitude to the other for the experience they had been given.

When Karen stirred under Jason, he was afraid he might be too heavy for her, so he placed his hands on the ground and began to lift himself off her. When the only contact left between them was his softening erection, which was still in her, she reached up and stroked his cheek gently with her fingers.

Jason noticed that there were tears in Karen's eyes. He pulled all the way out of her and dropped onto his side on the tablecloth next to her. "Karen...are...are you all right?" he asked, concerned. "How come you're crying?"

Tears began to roll down Sylvia's mother's cheeks as she leaned forward and planted a gentle kiss on his lips. "Those are tears of joy, my darling," she murmured after the kiss ended. "You've just given me the most incredible experience I ever had in my life. Was it good for you, too?"

"It wasn't like anything we've done before," Jason replied. "It felt so much better it doesn't seem right just to say it was better, you know? I mean, I can't even think of a word that would come close to describing how great it was."

"I know exactly what you mean, my darling," Karen said. She smiled at him fondly. "What we've done before was have sex.

What we just did was make love. There's a huge difference, isn't there? A very huge and important difference."

"Yeah, there sure is!" Jason agreed. "It's funny, I was thinking the same things you just said. How come it was different out here?"

Karen frowned. "Remember when I said that my bringing you out here changed things?" she asked.

Jason nodded and said, "Yeah, I remember. You said it crossed some kind of boundary or something."

"I think crossing that boundary is what made this time different," Karen said.

They lay there for a while longer, letting their bodies calm, occasionally caressing each other, sharing a few brief, loving kisses. Finally, Karen sat up. "I think we better get back, don't you?" she said as she reached for her clothes. "We don't want the girls wondering where we are or what we're doing, do we?"

"Ah...no, I...I guess we don't," Jason replied.

"We'll have to be careful how we act around each other," Karen warned as they walked back down the path toward the road.

"Why?" Jason asked. He was aware things between them had changed, but he wasn't sure exactly how, and he really didn't understand why Sylvia's mother was so worried about it.

Karen stopped walking and turned to face him. "My darling, you're young, and you've had so little experience," she said. "I'm concerned that you and I won't be the only ones who notice that a change has taken place in our relationship. People who have...strong feelings...for each other give off signs of those feelings, even if they don't think they're doing so."

"You mean you think Sylvia or Brenda might notice something different and figure out what we're doing?" Jason asked. He found that prospect a little scary. He was sure the girls would go ballistic if they found out he was making love with their mother.

Karen nodded, her face very serious. "It's entirely possible that they'll notice something's different about us if we aren't careful," she said. "It may sound sexist, but women seem to notice things like that more often than men do." She shrugged. "Actually, I'm more concerned about Brenda noticing than Sylvia. Sylvia is all wrapped up in herself - and Paul - and most likely wouldn't notice if the roof fell in on her. Brenda's always been very perceptive, though. I wouldn't be at all surprised if she noticed."

"Oh, darn," Jason said. "What can we do?"

"All we can do is be very careful to not let our feelings for each other show," Karen said. She shook her head slowly. "I should have thought about this before I let anything happen. Now I'm afraid it's too late."

"OK," Jason said. "I'll try to be careful." Silently he vowed to be on guard about showing his emotions, especially when Brenda was around.

They started walking again and, before much longer, came out on the road behind the cabins. They turned and started back for the Dooley cabin, walking side-by-side.

"Ah...Karen...can...can I ask you something?" Jason said. He felt his face getting warm and knew he was blushing.

Looking puzzled, she glanced over at him and asked, "What would you like to know?"

"Ah...I...I was wondering how...how old you are," he stammered. His mother had always told him it was impolite to ask a woman her age, but he wanted to know how old Karen was and couldn't think of any other way to find out other than asking.

Sylvia's mother laughed. "I'm thirty-seven," she replied. "I would assume that makes me almost twice your age, doesn't it?"

Jason nodded. "Sorta, I guess," he said. "I'm eighteen, but I'll be nineteen in a couple of weeks. I was sick when I was little and started school a year later than most of the kids in my class."

"I see," Karen said. "That might explain why you seem so much more mature than so many of the other boys Sylvia's brought home over the years."

Jason was barely aware of Karen's comments. He was lost in thought. "Thirty-seven isn't really that old," he mused. "I mean, sure, she's almost twice my age, but she doesn't look it. Maybe if I grew a beard I'd look older." Then the reality of what he was thinking sank in. "Jesus! What am I thinking?" he asked himself, shocked. "She's married! And she has two kids and one of them is my age! Just because she said she cares for me doesn't mean she's going to dump her husband for me."

"Jason, are you still here?" Karen asked.

"Ah...what?" he replied, snapping back to reality.

"You kind of went away on me there for a minute," she said, smiling. "What were you thinking about?"

"Ah...I...I was just thinking about how neat what we just did was," he replied. He was afraid to tell her what he'd actually been thinking.

"I asked you if you'd like to go out to dinner tonight," she said. "Hopefully both of the girls will get home at a reasonable time. I don't feel like cooking and I thought eating out would be nice."

"Ah, sure, I don't mind," Jason replied.

They got back to the house and, since they didn't know when Sylvia or Brenda would be coming back, took separate showers and changed into clean clothing.

Sylvia's mother was coming out of her bedroom at the same time Jason was and, when he saw her, a smile formed on his face and his eyes widened. "Wow!" he said softly. She had on a snug fitting bright yellow tank dress that clearly displayed every curve her lithe, lovely body had and ended about half-way down her slim, tan thighs. He couldn't see any bra or panty lines and assumed she was once again without underwear.

Karen blushed a little and returned his smile. "I assume your comment means you like my dress?" she asked.

"I think it's gorgeous," he said. Then, without knowing he was going to say it, he added, "Or maybe you're what makes the dress gorgeous."

"Thank you for the compliment, my darling," she said. "But remember what I told you earlier. You can't imagine how wonderful it makes me feel to hear your compliment, and see that look on your face, but you really have to watch yourself when the girls are around."

"I know," Jason said, taking a step toward her. "But they're not here yet, are they?" Boldly, he pulled her into his arms and clamped his lips on hers. Their tongues lashed and, as the kiss wore on, they groped at each other's bodies. He confirmed his speculation that she wasn't wearing underwear.

Finally, panting and red-faced, Karen tore her mouth from his, stepped back out of his arms, and stood there, looking at him wide-eyed. Her nipples, hard as rocks, had jugged out of the bodice of her dress. "My Lord!" she said softly, sounding overwhelmed. "I...I don't believe I...I've ever been kissed like that before!"

"Me, either," Jason said. He was finding it difficult to breathe and was shaking a little.

"We...we have to be careful...so, so careful..." Karen whispered.

Just then they heard the door open downstairs. "Mom, are you home?" Sylvia called.

"I'm up here, Sylvia," her mother replied. "I'll be right down." She turned to Jason and, very softly, said, "Let me go downstairs first." She looked down at his middle. "After you've...ah...calmed yourself down...you can come down stairs."

"Ah...yeah...OK," Jason said.

Sylvia's mother headed on downstairs and Jason went to the bathroom and managed to reduce his swollen penis by applying folded washcloths soaked in cold water to it. When it was no longer as stiff as a steel bar, he went downstairs and found that not only had Sylvia come home, so had Brenda. Unfortunately, Sylvia had brought Paul with her. He was sitting on the arm of the sofa, next to Sylvia. He was wearing a blue and white striped tank top and cutoff jeans that showed off the muscles in his arms and chest. That he was there didn't really bug Jason too much, but the fact that he was openly staring at Karen, who sat in a plush chair opposite the sofa did; it bothered him a lot.

"Mom says Paul can go out to dinner with us," Brenda announced, looking a little smug.

Jason wasn't exactly sure why she did stuff like that. Did she want to make him feel bad? Two days ago her comment, and Paul's presence, would have destroyed him. Now it didn't really matter. He could have cared less what Sylvia did, or who she did it with. "Sound good to me," he said and smiled inwardly at the confused look that appeared on Brenda's face when she saw that he wasn't upset.

Paul gave Jason a disdainful look. "How ya doin', Jethro?" he asked. "How come you ain't been hangin' around with me and Sylvia? We been having a lot of fun. You're missin' out on a heckuva lotta good times."

"My name's Jason, and I have been enjoying myself," Jason replied calmly. "I'm just not big on climbing mountains and stuff, you know?"

"Yeah, from what Sylvie, here, says, I kinda figured that," the other boy said. He smirked at Jason. "You sure as hell ain't the athletic type, are you? What is it you do? Debate, or something? What kind of geek shit is that?"

Jason felt a surge of anger. Paul was everything he had always hated: smug, egotistical, and crude. And he probably had money, and would wind up having an easy time of life.

"Enough!" Karen said, frowning. She stood up. "I think we should get going."

Sylvia and Paul drove in Paul's jeep, a bright red one with huge tires, chrome wheels, and a chrome roll bar festooned with lights. Jason, Brenda, and Karen took the family's station wagon. Jason got to sit in the front seat, with Karen, while Brenda wound up in the back seat.

Karen took them to a small Italian restaurant located in a resort town not too far from the cabin. They were seated in a booth and again, Jason got lucky. He and Karen sat on one side of the booth, while Paul, Sylvia, and Brenda sat on the other. The restaurant was cozy, and the lighting was dim. After the waitress took their order, Paul and Sylvia babbled to each other about all the fun they'd been having running around the woods and boating and swimming and stuff, and Brenda was telling her mother about the training she was getting at the stables.

Jason sat there, listening, feeling more than a little left out. He almost jumped when he felt Karen's hand fall on his leg and

give him a squeeze. He had a pretty good idea nobody else at the table could see what she was doing, and if that was true, then they couldn't see him if... He dropped his hand into her lap and found that, because her short skirt had ridden up when she slid into the booth, his fingers were lying on the warm, silky skin covering her leg.

They kept caressing each other surreptitiously while Sylvia's mother continued to talk to Brenda, and Paul. Jason didn't feel at all left out any more. Just when things seemed to have settled down, a big, ruddy-faced man wearing wrinkled khakis and a bright yellow shirt that had an alligator embroidered on the front walked into the restaurant. He wore wire-rimmed glasses, his graying hair was cut short and the shirt showed that he was beginning to get a bulge just above his belt. He looked around and focussed on the table where they were sitting. With a wide smile on his face, he started toward the table.

"Karen, I never expected to see you here!" the man said. He had a rich baritone voice that caused other people in the restaurant to turn and look at him when he spoke.

Jason looked across the table and saw Brenda rolling her eyes and looking disgusted. "Who is this guy?" he wondered.

"Duke, how are you?" Karen replied. She had kind of a half-hearted smile on her face.

"I'm a hell of a lot better now that I've seen you, babe," the man replied. His eyes surveyed her boldly. "Damn, Karen, you look good enough to eat in that dress! If I was your old man, you wouldn't be going out in public looking like that."

Karen blushed and didn't say anything, but Jason did notice that she removed her hand from his leg and that made him feel a little disheartened. "I should have known something like this would happen," he thought glumly.

"How about I join you?" Duke asked. Without waiting for an answer, he slid into the booth next to Karen. "How come you're not on your way home?" He looked around. "Hey, where's Miltie?"

"Milton had to go home because of some problems at work," Karen replied softly. "We - the girls and Jason and - I decided to stay a little longer."

The fact that Duke had joined them in the booth meant she was pressed a little tighter against Jason. Normally, that would

have suited him just fine, but the fact that Duke was pressed against her on the other side didn't please him at all. "Why the hell did that asshole have to show up?" he thought bitterly.

"Milton tell you I got a new sailboat?" Duke asked. "She's a real beauty. A forty-footer this time." He winked at Karen. "Sleeps six. You oughta see it, Karen. Got lots of deck space so you can lay out there and get a tan and all. Deck's real wood too, teak. You gotta see the finish on it. Damn stuff shines like it's under glass."

"It...it sounds nice," Karen said.

"It's fantastic," Duke replied. "Say, seeing as how you're stuck here with the kids, why don't you come over tomorrow? I'll take you for a sail, show you how nice it handles. She's really a sweet-handling craft. Has lines almost as good as yours." He winked at her again. "You got a bikini, don't you Karen?" he went on. "That's the cost of admission for good-looking women. They gotta have a bikini." He chortled. "The smaller the better, really. And they gotta be wearing it to come aboard." He grinned across the table at Sylvia and Brenda. "Same thing goes for you, two, girls."

"Duke, it's nice of you to invite me," Karen said, "but, well, we have company and all and..."

"Company?" Duke asked. He looked around. "What did you do, leave them back at your cabin?"

"Ah...no...Jason, here, is visiting us and..." Karen began.

Duke leaned forward, smiled at Jason, then he sat back. "Hey, he and the girls can come along, too," he said. "You girls have bikinis, don't you? Jesus, what girl doesn't? Right?"

"I don't, Mr. Mack," Brenda replied, her voice dripping with venom. "And besides, I've got things I have to do."

Jason smiled across the table at Brenda. He was starting to like Sylvia's sister. He was starting to like her a lot.

Brenda's sharp reply caused Duke's cheery façade to fade momentarily, but he brightened right up. "You've got a bikini, don't you Sylvia?" he said. "Wanna come for a ride on my boat with your mom and me?"

"Can...can Paul come along?" Sylvia asked. It was clear from the look on her face that she was thrilled by the idea.

"Sure, sweetie," Duke said. He chuckled. "Paul, you don't have to wear a bikini, though."

Their pizzas arrived and, since Duke was there, Sylvia's mother invited him to eat. Everybody was quiet while they ate, except Duke, who kept talking about his boat and all the fun they were going to have on it, waving his arms, and spraying bits of food all over the table while he did. He kept insisting that Karen - and the girls - had to join him on his new boat the next day and said he wouldn't take "no" for an answer.

He kept talking, even after they finished eating but, Jason noticed, their unwelcome guest didn't make any effort to pick up the check.

While Duke continued to babble about his boat and tell Karen how much fun they would have when she went out on it with him, they managed to get out of the booth and leave the restaurant. Duke was parked closer to the building than they were, and kept Karen at his car, talking, while Paul and Sylvia got in his jeep and left. Brenda and Jason, who both were more

than tired of hearing Duke, walked to the Dooley's station wagon to wait for Karen.

"That man is such an incredible asshole!" Brenda snorted as they walked across the parking lot.

"Yeah, he sure is. Is he some kind of friend of your parents or something?" Jason asked.

"He and Dad go fishing sometimes," Brenda said. "Actually, it's probably more accurate to say they go drinking in a boat sometimes. What pisses me off is that he wants to get in Mom's pants and he's so sickeningly obvious about it." She looked at Jason carefully as she said it.

"Yeah, I kind of figured that's what he was up to," Jason replied.

"You don't really give a shit about Sylvia, do you?" Brenda asked, surprising him.

"What?" Jason replied. "What do you mean?"

"Well, if somebody I cared about had invited me to go to the mountains with them and then dumped me for someone else when we got there, I'd either be pissed or depressed," Brenda said. "When Paul showed up, you sure didn't seem any more pissed than he usually makes people, and I haven't noticed you acting too depressed, either. Until..."

Jason, who was watching Sylvia's mother and Duke talking on the other side of the parking lot didn't realize Brenda had stopped in mid-sentence for a few seconds. He turned and looked at Sylvia's sister. "Until...until when?" he asked.

Brenda, who had a knowing look on her face, grinned at him. "Until Duke showed up," she said. "What's going on? Do you have a crush on Mom, Jason?"

Jason felt his face getting warm, knew he was blushing, and was glad they were in a dimly lit part of the parking lot. "What do you mean, do I have a crush on your Mom?" he asked.

"Well, you and she have been spending a lot of time together," Brenda said. "And she is pretty. Personally, I think she's a lot prettier than Sylvia."

"Yeah, me, too," Jason thought.

"You should have seen the look on your face when Duke the Puke showed up, too," Brenda continued. "You looked like you lost your best friend or something."

"The guy's a real jerk," Jason responded. "He spoiled the whole night."

"How come, because he kept Mom tied up all night talking to her?" Brenda asked. "Come on, Jason, I'm not stupid. I can see that something's going on."

Jason decided to try another tack. "Ah...so...so what if I do have a crush on your Mom?" he asked. "That's kinda my problem, isn't it?"

"Well, yeah, I guess so," Brenda admitted. She paused and a thoughtful look formed on her face. "You know, now that I think about it, Mom's been acting a little funny this weekend, too. I mean, she gave in a lot quicker when I asked if we could stay than she usually does. And she isn't all over Sylvia about bringing you and dumping you for Paul the way I figured she'd be and..."

"Maybe your mother knows Sylvia's going to do what she wants to do anyhow," Jason said. He desperately wanted to change the subject. Karen was right, Brenda had a lot more insight and maturity than her big sister did.

"Yeah, but before this, she'd have probably grounded Sylvia for doing the shit she's been doing," Brenda said. She opened her mouth, as if she was going to pursue her line of questioning, when Jason interrupted her again.

"Your Mom finally got away from that guy," he said. "Here she comes."

Karen walked over to the car and, by the time she reached it, the two teenagers were already inside. She slid behind the wheel and started the engine. "I don't believe that man," she said as she pulled out of the parking lot. "He just won't take no for an answer."

"So does that mean you're going over to go for a ride on his new boat tomorrow?" Brenda asked from the back seat. When Jason turned and looked at her, Sylvia's mother shrugged.

"I tried to tell him I couldn't, but I'm not sure he heard me," Karen replied. "I...I'm not sure going is such a good idea, but Duke is so insistent and..." She shook her head. "We'll have to see."

Jason wasn't sure what her response meant. Did she really want to be with Duke? After all, he was an adult, and all. He wanted to ask, but he wasn't sure how to, especially with Brenda in the car, so he stayed silent, as did the car's other two passengers, for the remainder of the ride home.

"I'm beat, I think I'm gonna go to bed," he announced the minute they were in the house. He ran upstairs, to his bedroom, stripped off his clothes, and climbed into bed. As he lay there in the darkness, all he could think of was Sylvia's mother, lying on the deck of a sailboat in a bikini, while Duke leered at her. And, as the upsetting images continued to play through his mind, tears filled his eyes.

Jason had just about fallen asleep when he heard the sound of the bedroom door opening. Immediately wide-awake, he lay there, waiting. He heard the rustle of clothing, then he felt the bed moving. He gasped softly when he felt Sylvia's mother's body pressing against his. Her nipples, already stiff, bored into his back and her pubic hair tickled his bottom as she moulded her hips to the back of his.

"Jason, are you still awake?" she murmured.

Jason nodded and whispered, "Uh-huh."

She began to trail her fingers lightly over his body and her caresses caused the same reactions they always did. "You seemed upset when we got home," she whispered. "Was it because of Duke?"

Once again, Jason nodded and whispered, "Yeah."

"My darling, you needn't be upset about him," she murmured. "He's a boor, a complete jerk. He's been making passes at me for years and I've been turning him down just as long." She bent and kissed his shoulder gently. Her fingers stole down onto his chest and began to tease his nipples, which quickly grew hard as little rocks. He trembled as she toyed with them. "Jason, you have to understand, I never violated my marriage vows before you came along. I'm still not sure I understand what made me do the things I did the night you got here."

"Are...are you sorry you did?" he asked. "You know, I mean what you did with me?"

Karen shrugged and looked thoughtful. "I suppose I should be," she replied. Her fingernails traced down over his belly, leaving a trail of tingling flesh. He felt her shaking her head. "No, I'm not sorry, not one little bit." Her body wriggled against his, as if she was trying to absorb him into her. "You've made me feel more wonderful than I ever dreamed it was possible to feel."

Jason moaned softly when Karen's slim fingers wrapped around his erection and she began stroking it gently. "Oh, my darling, you want me, don't you?" she murmured ardently. She kissed his shoulder again and laid one slim leg over his. "I want you, too. You can't imagine how much."

Actually, Jason had a pretty good idea how much she wanted him; probably just as much as he wanted her. He wanted to touch her, too, so he turned so he was facing her. Immediately his hand reached out and slid onto one of her breasts. His thumb made contact with her nipple, which he already knew, was stiff. Karen's eyes widened and she moaned softly. Her hand again found his erection and began stroking it. He gently cupped her other breast in his free hand and began tendering it the same attention he was giving its mate.

"Oh, my darling!" Karen whispered. "You have such a wonderful way of touching me!" Her lips were parted slightly. Jason leaned forward and kissed her lightly. Their initial light kiss ended, but was immediately followed by another one, which was followed by yet another, each becoming more passionate than the last.

Jason's hands began to move gently Karen's silken skin, gliding over the delicious curves of her hips and onto the incredibly taut mounds of her buttocks.

Karen's hands had left his erection and once again began teasing his erect nipples, just as he had teased hers. Then they slid down and, just as he'd clutched her bottom, she clutched his and pulled her against him.

Jason loved how it felt to have Karen's breasts pressing against his chest while they held each other tightly. Their kisses continued, broken only when there was a need to breathe, or when one of the other wanted to kiss or caress some other area of their partner's body. They kissed and licked each other's necks, shoulders, and cheeks. Jason managed to plant kisses on the dimples on either side of Karen's mouth, while she slid her tongue into his ear, an action that felt so fantastic he gasped and shuddered. Since it felt so good when she did it, he tried it, too. Her response was to giggle softly and bite him on the shoulder.

Slowly, wonderfully, they continued to drive each other wilder and wilder with need. Then, once more, Karen's slim fingers encased Jason's rigid penis and she began rubbing up and down. Jason shuddered and his breath came in short, sharp gasps. He bent his head and took one her breasts into his mouth and began to suckle the turgid nipple while he rolled her other nipple between the thumb and forefinger of his other hand. He kept that up for a while, hearing her soft moans and feeling tremors of delight sweeping through her. Then he slid his hand down between them, over her flat stomach, to the edge of her pubic hair. His hand kept going and suddenly one of his fingers slid inside her.

"Oh, darling, I can't wait, I need you!" Karen whispered. She rolled onto her back and spread her legs. Jason got to his knees and crawled between them, his erection dangling under him. When he felt the tip of his engorged shaft make contact with her wetness, he shuddered. Karen, wriggling underneath him, reached between them and guided him into her. The minute he entered her, Karen began humping her hips up at him, urging him to plunge deeper. She was panting and fingers dug into his buttocks. After a few strokes, they stopped moving and lay still, with his erection buried in her. They once again began to kiss and caress each other. It was a very warm night and they'd been exerting themselves quite a bit, so when Jason went to kiss Karen's breasts, he found her chest sweaty and tasted the perspiration on her breasts when he licked each of them.

At last neither of them could stand being still any longer. Jason began to move again, slowly withdrawing his erection, then sliding it back in. At the same time, Karen began rotating her bottom under him, whimpering softly. Her legs rose and clutched him with such force that he couldn't move and her fingers dug into his sweaty back. Again, they lay still for a few seconds. Then, gradually, they began to move once again. Each of Jason's thrusts was answered by one of hers. His erection plunged deeper and deeper into her until he could almost feel their pubic hairs tangling.

Sylvia's mother pulled his head down to her as their bodies worked easily against each other. "Oh, my darling!" she sighed. "Oh, darling, yes! Just like that! Oh, darling, I need you so much!"

Jason's erection slid in and out and she responded ardently. They moved in synch with each other with what felt like perfect timing. Karen seemed to know just what and when to make moves that added little extra bits of ecstasy to what he was feeling and, judging from the way she was responding, he was having exactly the same effect on her. Their sharing of passion continued and he was surprised that, given how turned on he was, that he seemed to have an endless ability to plunge into her without coming. They kissed again, their lips and tongues joining hungrily; it was as if the kisses and union of their bodies were more important than breathing.

"Harder, now, my darling, harder!" Karen whispered and, in response, Jason began to slam into her with more force. "Yes! That's it! That's it!" she gasped. He pulled his erection almost all the way out of her, and then he drove it home. He did that again and again. Her legs again wrapped around him and, a few seconds later, he could feel her fingernails clawing his back. Her breath caught, then her body went rigid. "Yes! Oh, God, yes! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Yes!" she hissed. Held in place by her slim legs, Jason couldn't move. He lay there, trapped inside her, while she experienced one delightful convulsion after

another. Finally, she relaxed and her legs dropped away from him.

Jason, who hadn't come yet, lay still, letting both of them rest for a few minutes. He was still hard, though, and desperately needed release. When he could bear lying still no longer, he began to stroke again, moving slowly and gently. Karen purred with delight while he kept sliding in and out of her in a steady rhythm. Sweat rolled down over his face and dripped onto the woman lying under him, then he felt Karen slide her hands down to his buttocks again and pull on him, urging him deeper. He lowered his hips to hers and was holding the rest of his body off her on out-stretched arms while he moved in and out, in and out, over and over again, until at last he felt the churning inside his loins that told him his release was near.

Jason was stunned by the power of what he was feeling. In all their previous love-making sessions - with the possible exception of the time they'd made love by the forest pool - he'd never come close to feeling the way he felt right now. Before that, his release had come on quickly and vented itself in a wild outburst. Not this time. It built and continued to build, feeling so excruciatingly wonderful he had to stop because pleasure was verging on pain. Then, finally, he could bear it no longer. "Karen, Karen, Oh, God, Karen!" he moaned.

"Yes, Jason, darling! Oh, yes! Yes! Yes!" Karen cried, her arms wrapping around him, her hips crushing against his, tremors wracking her lithe body.

His strokes grew slower and deeper, then he exploded. The flood of hot juices felt like fire pouring through him and the surges that accompanied it continued for longer than he'd ever remembered them. Even after it was over, instead of disappearing, echoes of the wonderful sensations continued to ripple through him. Slowly, he felt himself softening, then it was finally over. Spent, he pulled his nearly soft penis from her and rolled onto his side next to her.

Karen rolled over to face him and, when he reached out his hand to caress her face, he realized the sheets beneath them were sopping wet.

Karen pressed her face against his hand and stroked his face gently. "Oh, darling, that was...that was...I can't begin to describe it," she murmured.

"It was...it was like heaven!" Jason whispered. "Karen, I...I lo..."

Karen put her fingers on his lips, stopping him. "No, my darling, you mustn't say that. You...you can't say that," she murmured, her eyes filling with tears. "You mustn't. I...it isn't possible."

Jason didn't want to stop making love, even though he knew they'd both had orgasms unlike any they'd shared before. He slid his fingers down over her belly, found the cleft between her legs, and slid two fingers into her. It was hot and slippery with their blended fluids. Karen moaned and fell back against the sheets.

While his left hand was busy between her legs, his right hand reached out to her breast and, as he ran his palm over the silky flesh, her nipple grew rigid against it. He continued to slide his fingers into her and rub his thumb over her clit while she uttered guttural sounds and her head rolled back and forth on the pillow. Her legs clamped around his hand tightly, then she began clenching and unclenching them while he continued to tease her. "Oh, my darling, that's so wonderful...so wonderful!" she moaned.

Karen surprised him a few minutes later by giggling; "Something's come up again."

Jason, who had been so engrossed in what he was doing to her to even notice what was happening to his own body, looked down. There it was, jutting like a thick flagpole from his middle.

"Take me again, my darling!" Karen whispered. "I need you again!" Before he could move, she rolled him onto his back, got onto her knees and straddled him. He looked up, past her breasts, and could see her smiling down at him. Gently she slid forward until his erection was rubbing against her labia. She began to rock her hips slowly, bathing him with the slippery, warm juices oozing from her. As she moved, her breasts bounced enticingly, so he reached up and took hold of them. She lifted her body and he felt the warmth of her opening engulf tip of his swollen penis, then she lowered herself slowly, agonizingly, and took him back inside her. Jason groaned with delight and felt himself shuddering.

Karen stayed still for a few moments, while his hands played over her breasts, teasing her nipples, then she bent down and kissed him. Their lips pressed together while their tongues darted back into each other's mouths. Her nipples bored into his chest. Jason wrapped his arms around her and pulled her against him while their tongues dueled.

After a few delicious moments, their lips parted and she pushed herself back up, so their bodies were at right angles. Then, moving ever so slowly she began to lift her hips, allowing him to slide out of her. He could feel her labia caressing his shaft as it slid from her snug opening and felt coolness as the air wafted over the part she left exposed. When only the head of his swollen organ remained in her grasp, she lowered herself quickly. Over and over she repeated the movement; the slow, tantalizing upward slide, followed by the crashing, wonderful plunge back onto him.

Jason grabbed her bottom and, as she moved up and down he could feel her muscles tensing and letting go. Every move she made was pure ecstasy. His eyes were squeezed almost shut and his hands dropped onto the bed. Then he felt her stiffen and heard her exclaim, "Oh, yes! Oh, my darling yes! Yes! Oh, God yes!" When her orgasm exploded, he could feel her vaginal walls contracting around his deeply embedded erection. It felt as if she was milking him. The longer the glorious caresses of her body continued, the less control Jason had. He grabbed her bottom again and crushed her against him when he, too, let loose with a second explosion, one even more intense than the first had been.

Even after his erection finished sending out his juices, it remained hard, buried deep inside Sylvia's mother's body, which continued to grasp it and caress it lovingly. It would just

be holding him for a second or two, then there would be a sudden rippling. It continued as, for what seemed like ages, she slowly wound down from the intense orgasm she'd enjoyed. He had no idea how long it took, but it seemed like ages before those wonderful, gentle surges of pleasure stopped.

Karen finally allowed herself to fall forward, on top of him and, when she did, Jason held her against him and roll so they were lying on their sides, facing each other. He slid back a little farther and her hand brushed over his penis, which was still hard.

Karen looked at him. "Did...didn't you come?" she asked fearfully.

"I sure did and it was awesome," Jason replied.

"Then...then why...?" she stammered, clutching his still-rigid organ.

"I don't know," Jason replied, shrugging.

"More..." she murmured. She rolled onto her belly, hugging a pillow, and pulled her knees up under her, lifting her lovely bottom up in the air. "Take me again, my darling!" she whispered. "Please, my darling, take me again!"

Jason slid down to her feet and stared at Karen's perfect bottom. Then he slid forward so he was lying on top of her, until his erection was nestled in the valley between those firm, beautiful mounds. He moved his hips, stroking his erection between them while he leaned down and kissed her gently on the neck. A soft sigh came from her when his tongue began to tease her ear and she began rocking her hips, her movements matching his.

He continued to nuzzle her neck and ears while at the same time his hips kept up their own movements. Eventually, he pulled back far enough so that his erection had room to drop and, the next time he moved his hips forward, he felt it sliding into her once more. Still leaning over her back, he reached under her and cupped her breasts while he shoved his erection as into her as deep as he could. He plunged steadily into her, still clutching her breasts, then he felt Karen run her fingertips along the bottom of his penis as it slid in and out of her. It was wild and unexpected and felt so good he almost came when he realized what she was doing, but instead, he shoved himself back into her and remained still until he'd calmed down enough to continue.

The time he spent calming down didn't help much. After just a few more strokes, he felt his insides churning again and, no longer able to control himself, he began lunging into her, driving her face against the pillow, making her breasts, which were still clutched in his hands, jiggle and the nipples tickle his palms.

Although the feelings he got when he came were so intense they were almost painful, little or nothing erupted from him. "Oh, God! Oh, God, Karen! Oh, God!" he cried as waves of pleasure washed over him.

At the same time, her back almost seemed to go into wave-like movements and, inside her; the now familiar rippling on his embedded organ began again. "Yes, my darling! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Oh, yes! Yes!" Karen whimpered as she, too came.

Spent and exhausted, they lay next to each other, nested like spoons, with Jason's now-limp penis pillowed between Karen's buttocks. He wrapped his arm around her waist and, before they knew it, they had fallen sound asleep.

It was still dark when Jason woke up. He turned his head and was delightfully surprised to find Sylvia's mother still in bed with him, but he wasn't disappointed that she was. His conversation with Brenda the night before had reinforced what Karen had said about the need for them to be careful, but both Brenda and Sylvia were late sleepers, which meant there was a slim chance anyone else in the house would be up.

Karen woke up shortly after Jason did, stretched, then rubbed her eyes for a few seconds, and smiled at him. She didn't seem as upset as he thought she'd be. "What time is it?" she murmured.

Jason squinted at his watch. "It's about 4:45," he told her.

Karen caressed his face lightly with her fingers. "Don't look so worried, my darling," she whispered. "Sylvia didn't get home until the wee hours, and Brenda doesn't have to get up to go to the stable for hours yet. There's plenty of time for me to get back to my room."

Jason was a little surprised when, instead of getting out of bed, Sylvia's mother began caressing his thighs and butt.

He looked down at her, lying naked next to him, in the early morning light. Her pale, lovely body glistened and, as her hands stole over him, he felt himself begin to respond. Since she didn't seem interested in leaving any time soon, Jason began doing the same things to her that she was doing to him.

She surprised him, given how many times they'd made love the night before, by sliding down and taking hold of his stiffening organ. "This made me feel so wonderful last night, the least I can do is kiss it 'good morning,'" she murmured. Then she did just that. And, of course, Jason's penis responded mightily to her gentle kisses and grew fully hard in seconds. When it reached full erection, she took it into her mouth.

He pushed himself up on one elbow and watched as Karen, propped up on one elbow and holding his erection in the other hand, guided the swollen organ in and out between her soft lips. Her cheeks bulged when she lowered her head and took all of him into her mouth and went concave as she slowly lifted her head and let him slide out. All the while she did it, she looked up at him with those incredible gray eyes. For the first time, Jason realized that what she was doing to him appeared to be turning her on, too. Her legs began writhing on the bed,

moving involuntarily while she tended to his throbbing erection.

What Karen was doing was starting to feel too good, so he reached down and patted her on the shoulder. "Karen...I...I...I'm pretty close!" he gasped.

Karen raised and lowered her head a few more times, and then she let his swollen penis slip out of her mouth and smiled up at him.

Her short blonde hair stood up in all directions and there were traces of moisture on her face but, as far as Jason was concerned, she was the most beautiful woman in the world. She slid back up next to him, pulled him to her, and they kissed again, hungrily, as if it was the last time they would ever do it. He slid his hands down the ridge of her spine, into the dip at the bottom, clutched her firm butt and pressed his erection against her belly. Her fingers tangled in his hair as she pulled him deeper and deeper into the kiss. He had no idea how long the kiss went on. All he could think of was Karen and the wonderful body pressed against his.

Eventually the kiss did end and, when it did, Jason rolled on top of her and they made love again. He slid into her slowly

savoring the way her passage opened up and allowed him entrance. When he'd reached into her as far as he could, he felt the warm, velvet grasp of her channel on the entire length of his swollen shaft. He bent down and began to adore her breasts with his lips and tongue. Moving from one breast to the other, he gently took each nipple into his mouth again and again. When he had a nipple between his lips, he lashed it with his tongue and soon Karen was moaning softly and her hips had begun the undulations of loving.

Jason began to mimic her movements and their love-making began in earnest, although in slow motion, as each of them savored every inch of his erection as it moved in and out of her. He began moving his hips from side to side when he was fully buried in her and she gurgled with delight. He continued his slow, inexorable thrusts into her warmth and could feel Karen's hips rocking gently in response.

After a few moments, they rolled over and, to Jason's surprise, managed to do so while remaining joined. With Sylvia's mother on top, he was able to alternate between caressing her dancing breasts and teasing her clit while she rode him. After a few minutes, they again changed positions. Jason hunched himself up against the head of the bed and, with their lips pressed together, their tongues darting back and forth, and their arms wrapped around each other, they continued their coupling.

Karen began to lift herself and stop with just the tip his erection inside her, then she'd slide down and he could feel her warm, wonderful opening absorb him, ever so slowly. Up, again, she moved, then, with a soft sigh, she'd sink downward. On and on, they went, kissing, fondling each other, teasing each other, while their need for each other continued to grow.

Before long, Jason began to feel the surges in his groin that told him his control was almost gone. He whispered a warning to Karen, who lowered herself onto him and rocked her hips gently while her mouth pressed against his and her tongue stabbed deep inside. Jason felt exultation and a torrid river of his juices surged up through him and gushed into her body while she shivered and clung to him. He could feel her inner muscles clenching and letting go, milking him until he was dry.

Once again, Jason was acutely aware of the change that had taken place in their relationship. As before, he was spent utterly, but there was more than just sexual satiation. He'd shared something with Karen he wasn't sure he'd ever be able to share with anyone else. A small current of fear ran through him. How would he survive without being able to do this again? What would happen when their time together had to come to an end, which it did in just a few days? Although she didn't want him to tell her, he knew he was in love with her,

and he suspected she was falling in love with him, too. His erection continued to wither and finally slid reluctantly from Karen's body. He knew he didn't want what he was experiencing to ever end.

After they'd lain there a few minutes, recouping their strength, Sylvia's mother rolled over and kissed him. "I don't know about you, my darling, but I need a break," she said softly. "Perhaps this would be a good time for me to go back to my room."

"Ah...yeah...I guess," Jason replied. He watched as she slid out of bed and slipped the nightgown she'd worn to come to him over her head. He found the sight of her body disappearing under the garment almost as thrilling as seeing it emerge.

Karen stood next to the bed, looked down at him, grinned, and shook her head. "We're going to have to change your bed again," she chuckled softly. "The people who do our laundry are certainly going to wonder what's been going on here this weekend, aren't they?"

"Ah...yeah...I guess they will," Jason replied.

She bent and gave him a quick, gentle kiss on the lips. "I'll see you in a little while, my darling. Try and get some rest." Then, in a whisper of white cotton, she disappeared out the door.

"Karen...I...I love you," Jason said to the now-empty room.

Chapter 16

When Jason finally did get up, he was disappointed to discover that it was raining. "Damn," he thought as he walked down the hallway to the bathroom. "If it's raining Brenda and Sylvia will probably be hanging around the house all day." Then something good about the rain occurred to him and he brightened. "Of course, it also means that Karen has an excuse not to go out on that asshole Duke's damn sailboat."

He got the shower running and, when the water was hot enough, he stepped inside and took his bath. When he finished, he got out of the shower, dried himself off, and wrapped the huge bath towel around his waist for his trip back to his room. He figured nobody would be upstairs to see him and, even if they were, the towel covered him more than adequately.

He was surprised to find Karen in his room stripping the bed when he got back from the bathroom. She had on a loose-knit light green sweater and a short cotton skirt. She had started to strip the bed, but she stopped and turned when he came in. "I'm glad you're up," she said, smiling. "Did you notice what kind of day it is?"

"Yeah, it's raining," Jason replied glumly. "I suppose that means the girls are home."

Karen shook her head and smiled. "Brenda's at the riding academy. They have an indoor arena, so it isn't a problem," she said. "And Sylvia went down to the lodge to meet Paul. Why don't you get dressed while I finish this? We can go downstairs and I'll make you some breakfast."

She turned and bent over the bed, reaching for the ruffled sheets. When she did, her skirt rode up, revealing the lower edge of her fine bottom to Jason, whose penis had begun to stiffen the minute he walked into the room and found her there. Displaying a level of boldness that surprised him, he let the towel fall from his waist and, with his erection bobbing in front of him, started across the room toward Sylvia's mother, who remained bent over the bed, apparently unaware of his approach. When he reached her, he put his hands on her

bottom and gave her a little shove, making her fall forward, onto the rumpled bedclothes. He fell atop her and felt his erection pressing against her bottom.

"Jason!" Karen cried, squirming under him. "Oh!" she whispered when she felt his erection continued to press against her bottom. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" she whimpered while he shoved her skirt up and pressed his erect penis against her panty-covered tush. "Jason we...Oh, God! We..." she stammered as he reached between them and fumbled aside the leg opening of her panties. When the wispy band of cloth out was of the way, Jason shoved forward again and felt the tip of his erection brush against her labia which, he was startled to discover, were soaking wet.

"Oh, God! Yes! Yes!" Karen whimpered, pushing her bottom up at him. "Take me, darling!"

"Oh, yeah!" Jason exclaimed when he felt the tip of his erection begin to enter her warm cave. He kept pushing and felt the elastic band at the leg of her panties rubbing him as he sank all the way into her. He was a little surprised that he'd been brave enough to do something like this, but now that he was making love with her again, he wasn't sorry.

"Oh, Jason!" Karen groaned as she lay pinned under him on the rumpled bed. "Please, darling! Oh, God, yes!" Her bottom started making little round and round movements, causing his erection lash to her rippling insides.

Jason, who was still standing on the floor, leaned forward, braced himself on the bed and began shoving his erect penis into her with faster and faster thrusts of his hips. He wasn't turned on at all when he walked into the room, but now he was about to explode. And, it seemed, so was Sylvia's mother.

"Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!" she gasped while he continued to thrust against her. "Oh, darling! Oh, darling, yes!"

Jason straightened up, grabbed her lean hips, and began hauling her back onto his engorged rod. It occurred to him that they probably looked pretty silly, what with him being totally naked while she was completely dressed, but that thought only seemed to inflame him more. With more and more force, he continued to thrust into her, loving the way it felt. Then, try as he would, he could hold back no more. "I'm gonna come!" he moaned and, with the wonderful, powerful surges he'd come to know so well, he exploded his hot juices into her.

"Yes! Oh, darling yes! Take me, my love! Take me!" Karen wailed and her body went wild in his hands.

Afterward, spent, they lay next to each other on the ruffled bed. Karen smiled at Jason and shook her head. "My darling, don't you remember what I told you yesterday about our needing to be careful?" she said as she ran her fingers through his hair.

"Yeah, I remembered, but there's nobody here," he replied. "That's what you said, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, I guess that is true," Karen replied, grinning. She shook her head as if she was trying to clear it. "I don't know what it is about you, my darling," she said softly. "The minute you touch me, I'm wet and..."

"It's the same with me," Jason added quickly. "I walked into the room, saw you, and..."

"Nothing like this has ever happened to me before," Karen said, looking a little concerned. "It's a bit frightening."

"I'm sorry," Jason said, "I..."

Sylvia's mother laid her hand on his lips. "My goodness, my darling, you certainly don't need to apologize," she told him, then planted a gentle kiss on the tip of his nose. "It's just that I'm not used to being out of control and it seems like when I'm near you I'm always out of control."

Jason put his arm around her and pulled her against him. "I kind of like it," he said.

"I do, too, my darling," Karen replied. "But remember what I said. That doesn't mean we don't have to be careful. If anything, it means we have to be even more careful. We'll be in big trouble if the girls ever find out what we've been doing."

"Yeah, all right," Jason said. "I understand. From now on, I'll try to be a little more careful. I promise."

Karen gave him another gentle kiss and smiled at him. "Now," she said, "why don't you go and get dressed while I finish stripping this bed?" She paused and grinned. "And I'm going to be watching my back, buster, so don't think you can sneak up on me and do this again."

"Yeah, OK," Jason said, grinning back at her. He got up and, while she finished stripping the bed, he put his clothes on. Then, before they went downstairs, he helped her re-make the bed.

"Are computers your only hobby, Jason?" Karen asked while they worked.

"I like to listen to music, too," he said. "I've got a pretty big collection of CD's and a bunch of old records, too."

"Oh, what groups do you like?" she asked.

"Well, I guess my favorite is the Glenn Miller Band," he replied. "But I like country, too. And older rock, I like that a lot; more than the stuff they play now. I have every album Creedence Clearwater Revival released and most of what Chuck Berry put out, too."

"Really?" Karen said, sounding surprised. "I thought all you teenagers liked heavy metal and that new thing, what do they call it, rap?"

Jason chuckled. "Not hardly," he said. "Compared to the stuff John Fogerty and Chuck Berry did, the stuff they're doing today is junk. Rap, too. It doesn't make any sense to me."

"Me, either," Karen replied. "I like country music, too, but I don't get to listen to it much. The girls don't like it and neither does my husband. Who are your favorite country artists?" She liked this conversation. She'd been intimate with him, but she knew so little about him. It was nice to learn more. She found it nice that they had similar taste in music. She and her daughters certainly didn't.

"That's hard to say," Jason replied. "As far as female singers go, I guess I'd have to say I like Reba the best, although sometimes I think I like Patty Loveless just as much. Martina McBride, too, she has an incredible voice. I like Garth Brooks a lot, but I think Ricky Skaggs is underrated, and so is John Berry. Actually, I like Cajun music sometimes. I loved Mary Chapin Carpenter's 'Down at the Twist 'n Shout.' Have you ever heard Doug Kershaw?"

Karen nodded. "I think I have, once," she said. "He's real Cajun, isn't he?"

"About as Cajun as you can get," Jason replied. "But sometimes I like other kinds of ethnic music, too. I've got every album the Chieftains released, too."

"That's that Irish group, isn't it?" Karen asked.

"Yeah," Jason said. "I'm not sure what it is, but there's something about Irish music that makes me smile. Even the albums they did with American country stars and rock stars have the same feeling."

"I'm not sure I've ever heard the Chieftains," Karen said. "Maybe I'll have to get one of their CD's."

"I could loan you one of mine," Jason said.

The bed was made so they started downstairs.

"I've learned more about you in the past few minutes than I have all weekend," Karen commented as they descended the stairs. "You are a very fascinating young man."

"What kind of music do you like?" Jason asked.

"Pretty much the same kinds you do," Karen replied. "I like classical music, too, but you can imagine how much of that I get to listen to in this family. When we're home, the girls have MTV on all the time."

"Our music teacher played some classical music for us this year," Jason said. "I liked it. It blows me away that it's still popular hundreds of years after it was written. I can't see any of the songs they play on the radio being around ten years from now, much less a hundred."

"You certainly are right about that," Karen chuckled.

They arrived downstairs and went to the kitchen. "What would you like for breakfast?" Karen asked.

"Actually, just some milk and an English muffin or something would be OK," Jason replied. "It's pretty close to lunch time, isn't it?"

Sylvia's mother glanced up at the clock. "Yes, I guess it is," she replied. "My goodness, your mother certainly has taught you

well, hasn't she? I have to fight with the girls all the time not to eat between meals and spoil their appetites."

"I'm pretty good about that," Jason said. "When I first started working at Biggie Burger, I was eating all the time, but I got over that quick."

Karen got a package of English muffins out of the bread drawer, cut one in half, and stuck it in the toaster. "I wish I could convince the girls...and Milton...that working would be good for them," she said. "Actually, I think Brenda would love to have a job. Sylvia..." She grinned and shrugged. "It doesn't help that their father keeps insisting he won't have any daughter of his flipping burgers."

"Actually, I kind of like working at Biggie Burger," Jason said. "Most of the time, the customers are nice, and the work isn't that hard, except when a bus comes in or something. They pay pretty well, and you can get promoted if you do a good job."

"You sound like a recruiter for Biggie Burger," Karen said, smiling.

Jason felt his face get warm. "Ah...you know...it's just that I do like my job and all..." he said.

"You are the most amazing young man," Karen said. "Most boys your age don't have half the manners you do and very few of the ones I've met have your work ethic. You're a bit of a throwback to an earlier age, when manners and a willingness to work counted for something."

"Ah, my being a throwback...is that good or bad?" Jason asked.

Karen grinned. "My darling, I think it's wonderful," she said.

"Oh, good," he replied. "I kinda hoped it was. And if you say it is, I'm happy."

The muffin popped up in the toaster. Karen put some butter on it, put it on a plate, and got him a glass of milk. Then the two of them walked to the kitchen table and sat down.

Jason ate the muffin and drank the milk, then he wiped his mouth with a napkin and smiled at Sylvia's mother. "What are we going to do today since we can't go outside?" he asked, grinning.

Karen blushed, which surprised him, and replied, "I'm pretty sure I know what you're thinking and, to be honest with you, my darling, I'd love nothing better, but...well...with the weather like it is, there's a very good chance Sylvia could drop in any time."

"Yeah, I know," Jason said, sounding a little glum.

Karen reached across the table and took his hand in hers. "Don't look so depressed," she said softly. "We have tonight, and the weather report says tomorrow is supposed to be sunny."

Jason squeezed her hand and smiled at her. "Can we go up to the pool again tomorrow if it isn't raining?" he asked.

"I'd like that," Karen replied, and returned his squeeze.

Just then the door opened and Sylvia, her hair matted down with rain, walked in. Her mother pulled her hand out of Jason's quickly and smiled at her. "You're all wet, Sylvia," she said.

Sylvia made a face. "It's awful out there," she complained. She walked to the refrigerator, got out a can of soda, opened it, and swallowed some. "God, this weather sucks!"

"Sylvia, you know I don't like it when you talk like that," her mother scolded.

"Aw Mom," Sylvia retorted. "It's the way all the kids talk. Jeez. What have you guys been doing?"

"Actually, Jason just got up a little while ago," her mother replied. "He and I have been talking. He's a very interesting young man, you know."

"Yeah, I know," Sylvia replied. She took another swallow of her soda, then she looked at Jason. "Jason, I am sorry about the way this weekend worked out," she said softly. "I...I really screwed it up for you, didn't I?"

"That's OK, Sylvia," Jason replied. "I've been having a fun time with your mother."

"What have you and Mom been doing that's so much fun?" Sylvia asked, looking at both of them with interest.

"Oh, you know, we play cards, talk, and stuff," Jason replied. "Heck, we even took a walk the other day. Actually, it was kind of fun. I've never been out in the forest before."

"Where did you go?" Sylvia asked. "We've been all over this place in Paul's Jeep, but we didn't see you."

"We just walked up the road behind the cabins, dear," Karen replied.

Jason looked across the table at her and saw that she appeared to be a little flushed. "Hey, cheer up, Sylvia," he said. "It's supposed to be nice tomorrow."

"God, I hope so!" Sylvia said. "Call me when lunch is ready, OK, Mom?" She walked into the living room and, seconds later the sounds of rock and roll music filled the house.

"I hate that damn satellite system Milton put in," Karen whispered. "It used to be I at least had some peace and quiet up here. Now I have to put up with MTV here, just like I do at home."

"Let's make lunch," Jason whispered in reply. "I'll help. Maybe she'll go back down to the lodge after she eats."

"Hopefully," Karen said.

Chapter 17

After lunch, Sylvia did return to the lodge. After she left, her mother and Jason washed the lunch dishes, and while they did they continued to talk about a wide range of things and, in doing so, learned more and more about each other. It surprised Jason how much he liked being with Sylvia's mother, even when they weren't making love. And, the more they talked, the more he came to like her. They discovered they agreed on a lot of things, and each of them seemed to understand and respect the other's position in areas where they weren't in agreement.

When the dishes were finished, they walked into the living room. "What would you like to do this afternoon?" Karen asked. She sat down on the sofa and folded her legs under her.

"I'm not sure," Jason said. He walked over to the huge entertainment center and looked over the stack of CD's. He was surprised to find a few he found interesting. "Want to listen to some music?" he asked.

"Sure, why not?" Karen replied.

Jason took a couple of CD's out and put them into the player. Then he pushed the button to start the machine playing. Soft, romantic music emerged from the speakers.

Sylvia's mother smiled at him when he turned around to face her. "My goodness," she said. "I'd forgotten we had those albums. It's so nice to hear good music for a change. It takes me back to the days when I used to like to dance to that kind of music."

Jason walked over to the sofa and smiled down at her. "Want to dance?" he asked, holding out his arms.

"Why, Jason, that would be wonderful," Karen replied, smiling softly. She rose gracefully to her feet and moved into his arms. "You dance very well," she murmured as they glided around the room.

"My mom taught me how to dance like this," he replied. "She told me it was important that I know how to dance for when I went to school dances and the prom. I guess she figured they still played this kind of music at school dances. Thing is, they don't. And I look like a total jerk when I try to fast dance."

Karen slid her arms around his waist and pressed against him. "As far as I'm concerned, this is how dancing should be," she said softly. "I've never really understood how dancing but not being in your partner's arms can be any fun."

"Me, either," Jason replied. He did like having her in his arms.

They danced for a while, as the CD player switched silently from one gentle tune to another. After a while, Sylvia's mother leaned back in Jason's arms and looked up at him. "Does any of what we're doing bother you, my darling?" she asked hesitantly, as if she almost dreaded his answer.

He kept moving in time to the music and replied, "Not really, I guess."

"Does the fact that I'm married bother you?" she continued, her lovely gray eyes holding his.

Jason nodded a little and said, "I guess that does, sort of. I mean, I know you have a husband and all. And I guess what we're doing isn't right, but it sure doesn't feel that way." He took a deep breath. "The thing that really bothers me..." he began, then he stopped.

Karen continued to study his face. Then, almost whispering, she said, "Are you worried that I'll be making love with my husband, my darling? Is that it?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Jason said.

Karen pressed herself against him and buried her face in his neck. "My husband hasn't touched me in three years," she whispered. "And to be totally honest with you, I haven't wanted him to."

"Three...three years!" Jason stammered. He couldn't imagine how a man could be married to someone like her and not want to make love to her. "My God, how did you stand it?"

Karen hugged him and caressed his neck lightly with her lips. "There were a lot of times it wasn't easy," she said. "And I will admit there were temptations. I can't count the number of men who let me know they'd be more than happy to take me to bed."

"Did...did you ever...?" Jason stammered, unable to put the question he needed answered into words.

"Did I have affairs before this?" Karen replied. "No, my darling, I didn't. Not before you."

"Why...why did you pick me?" Jason asked.

"I'm not sure," Karen replied. "There was something about you, I guess. I noticed it almost from the minute you arrived at our house. You are so different from the boys Sylvia dated before. I'm not sure what it was, exactly. There was an innocence about you, but it was more than that..." She paused while they continued to glide around the floor in time to the music. "...I...I think I sensed that Sylvia might somehow hurt you," she continued after a while. "And I also had an idea that, somehow, you weren't one of those boys who brags about his conquests."

"That's for sure," Jason said. "Before this, I...I never had any to brag about," he added ruefully.

Karen kissed him gently on the tip of his chin. "That only means young women today are very foolish," Karen said. "All I know is that the more time I spent with you, the more I found myself attracted to you. When we got here Friday night, and got back from the restaurant, I laid in bed thinking about you for a long time. You have no idea how hard I fought the urge to come to your room."

"I'm glad you lost the fight," Jason said. "God, am I ever!"

"It may sound awful, but I am, too," Karen said. "The thing is, I never intended for this to become what it has. I'm almost ashamed to admit that what I wanted from you, at least in the beginning, was sexual satisfaction. The last thing I expected was that I would...well...that I'd come to care for you."

"Why is that so bad?" Jason asked. "I care for you, too. A lot."

"I know," Karen said, sounding sad. "That's the down side of this wonderful time we've had."

"How can the fact that we care for each other be bad?" Jason asked.

"Oh, Jason, I wish I could explain it to you in terms you can understand," Karen said. "Believe me, the last thing I want is to hurt you, but I'm afraid that will happen and I don't think either of us can prevent it." She leaned back in his arms and looked up at him. This time her eyes were filled with sadness. "You are such a wonderful young man," she whispered. "God, I wish I had met someone like you ages ago."

"Well, you have me now," Jason replied. He bent his head and their lips joined.

Their kiss, although it began gently, quickly grew into something far more than that. Fire flew between them and, moaning softly, they began pressing their bodies even tighter together than they had been. Jason's penis, which had already begun growing hard as Sylvia's mother's body pressed against him while they danced, became a rigid bar in his jeans. Acting as if she felt it, she slid her hands down his back, grabbed his bottom, and pressed her hips tighter against his. Jason quickly found himself doing the same thing as their tongues probed into each other's mouths deeply, entwining and lashing.

After a few moments, Karen released Jason's bottom and, gasping for breath, stepped back. "My God!" she murmured as she gazed at him, wide-eyed. "How do you do that to me?"

"I...I don't know," Jason stammered. "It...it just happens." He grinned. "You want to go upstairs?"

Karen slid her arms back around his waist and pressed against him. "My darling, you know I'd love nothing more," she murmured, "but I'm really afraid the girls might come home and..." She shrugged.

"You want to keep dancing, then?" Jason asked, he tried to keep the disappointment out of his voice.

"Maybe...maybe we...we should stop for now," Karen murmured into his chest. "I'm not sure it's safe."

She'd no sooner gotten those words out of her mouth than they heard the sound of the door opening and someone walking into the kitchen. Both of them jumped back, turned, and looked toward the kitchen in time to see Brenda appear.

"They got done earlier than they figured at the stables," Brenda, who was holding a can of soda in her hand, said. "What have you guys been up to?"

"Ah...we...we were dancing, dear," Karen stammered. "Jason found some very nice music and...well..."

"Must be some of those albums you got," Brenda snorted. "You really like that old mushy music Mom likes, Jason?"

"Ah...yeah...I...I do," Jason stammered in reply. He knew Brenda suspected that he had feelings for her mother. Was she perceptive enough to see that her mother might have similar feelings for him? Then again, did she? She certainly had been talking like she did. He still wasn't sure.

"Well, I'd rather have my teeth drilled without novocaine than listen to that stuff," Brenda said. "Jesus, the next thing you know, we'll be listening to that damn country crap."

Jason smiled and said, "I could put on some Duane Yoakum if you'd like."

Brenda looked as if she'd been sucking on a lemon. "Oh, please!" she replied. "Hey, I'm gonna go upstairs and take a shower. After, I'll help you make dinner, Mom."

"Ah...thank you, dear," Karen said.

Both Jason and Karen stood there, watching Brenda disappear up the stairs. When they heard Brenda's bedroom door close, Karen turned to Jason and whispered, "Do you think she noticed anything?"

"She sure didn't act like she did," Jason replied, although he wasn't sure he was right. He wasn't sure, but he thought he noticed an odd look in Brenda's eyes as she looked at them.

"I certainly hope you're right," Karen continued. "God, if she finds out what I've been doing..."

"Don't worry, I'm sure she doesn't have any idea anything's going on," Jason said. He hoped he'd managed to sound as sure of that as he wanted her to think he was.

Sylvia's mother gave him a weak smile. "What would you like for dinner?" she asked.

"Well, we had Italian last night," Jason said. He smiled. "I know a great recipe for meatloaf. Want me to make it?"

"I think there's some ground round in the fridge," Karen said. "If you want to make the meatloaf, go ahead." She chuckled. "You didn't tell me you could cook."

"You never asked," Jason replied as he started for the kitchen.

Chapter 18

Brenda expressed surprise at finding Jason in the kitchen when she came downstairs after taking her shower. "Jeez, Jason, don't tell me you can cook," she said as she walked into the kitchen. "I didn't know guys did stuff like that."

"Some of us manage," Jason replied. "But it doesn't take a brain surgeon to make meatloaf."

"Tell my big sister that," Brenda snorted. "Talk about someone with zero cooking ability. She tried boiling water once and

burned it. Believe me, any guy who plans to get hooked up with Sylvia better know how to cook, or he better have a lot of money so they can eat out a lot. She sure as heck isn't gonna feed him unless he's into cooking for himself or likes burned TV dinners."

Jason laughed. "Maybe you should be telling Paul that, not me," he said while he mixed the ingredients of the meatloaf together in a large bowl. "It doesn't look like that's anything I'm going to have to worry about."

"Yeah, I guess not," Brenda said. "Oh, well, maybe you'll find someone who can cook." She paused for a minute, then added, "You know, Mom's a terrific cook. She just doesn't get to do it much any more."

Jason turned and looked at Karen, who was standing next to the kitchen table. "Is she right?" he asked.

Karen blushed and said, "I can manage, as long as I have a good recipe to follow."

"Come on, Mom," Brenda chuckled. "You used to make all kinds of good stuff. You ought to taste her cherry pie, Jason."

It's awesome. And, believe it or not, she makes the best Irish stew you've ever eaten. You know, Mom, you ought to make that while Jason's here. I bet he'll like it as much as I do."

"Maybe I will, honey," Karen said.

Brenda made a salad and Sylvia's mother peeled and cut up potatoes to make mashed potatoes while Jason finished the meatloaf and put it in the oven. While the meal was cooking, they played a game of "Hearts", which Jason won.

"Darn it, Jason," Brenda complained as she threw her cards on the table. "You're hustling us, aren't you? You win every game we play."

"I'm just lucky, I guess," Jason replied, grinning. "Maybe we ought to try a game of Bridge after we eat. I'm not as good at that."

"Yeah, sure, I bet," Brenda said.

Jason was mashing the potatoes and Karen and Brenda were setting out plates and silverware on the table when Sylvia and Paul walked in. "You mind if Paul stays for dinner, Mom?"

Sylvia asked. She paused and sniffed. "God, what smells so good?"

"Jason made meatloaf," Brenda announced. "He says it's awesome."

"It sure smells good," Sylvia said. "Doesn't it, Paul?"

"Yeah, sure," Paul replied. He didn't look happy. "You can cook, too, Jonas? You got all kinda talents, doncha?"

"Hey, stupid, his name's Jason," Brenda snapped, surprising Jason.

"Yeah, sure, Jason, sorry, buddy," Paul mumbled.

"I'm not your 'buddy,' and I never will be," Jason thought while he finished mashing the potatoes and carried the bowl to the table. "Actually, if I'm lucky, I'll never see you again after I leave here."

Everybody, including Paul, made a big fuss over the meatloaf and, after the meal was finished, Paul and Sylvia immediately

took off again. The fact that Paul had left cheered Jason up a little bit. He didn't like the way Sylvia's boyfriend leered at Sylvia's mother. And he was sure he'd smelled something on both Paul and Sylvia. It kind of smelled like burnt rope and, because of drug awareness class in school, he knew what that smell could mean. "Are they smoking pot?" he wondered. "I wouldn't doubt it. Nothing would surprise me about that jerk."

"You two can take a break, I'm washing the dishes," Karen told Brenda and Jason. "The two of you did most of the work cooking dinner, cleaning up is the least I can do."

"OK, Mom," Brenda said. "You sure don't have to twist my arm."

"You sure you don't want me to help?" Jason asked.

"No," Karen said. "I'll do it. You're spoiling me. God knows I normally have to wash dishes after every meal when you aren't here."

"All right," Jason said.

"Hey, Jason," Brenda said. "It isn't raining any more. You want to go down to the lake and watch the sunset with me?"

"Ah...OK," Jason replied.

The two of them walked out of the cabin, down to the edge of the lake, and stood on the shore watching while the sun sank slowly below the horizon, leaving a bright, colorful sky.

"You know what I said last night?" Brenda said as they stood there, staring across the lake at the sky.

Jason experienced a twinge of fear. "What do you mean?" he asked warily, even though he knew exactly what she was asking.

Brenda turned and gave him an "Are you dense or what?" look. "I mean about you having a thing for Mom," she said impatiently.

"Yeah, so?" he replied, wondering where their conversation was going.

"I saw the way you guys were looking at each other when I got home," she went on. She stopped talking and studied Jason's face carefully. Then she took a deep breath and asked, "Jason, is something going on between you and Mom?"

Shocked by the blunt question, Jason didn't know how to respond. "Ah...what...what the heck do you mean?" he stammered. "What could be going on between your Mom and me?"

Brenda turned away from him and shook her head, then she turned back. "Jesus, Jason, I'm not blind," she said. "I saw the same dreamy look on Mom's face today I saw on yours last night. And you had the same damn goofy look today. What the hell is going on with the two of you?"

"Come on, Brenda," Jason protested, "I don't have any idea what the heck you're getting at. Do you really think your mother and I are doing something?"

Brenda continued to look at him carefully. "Are you?" she asked softly.

Jason had no idea how to respond. He should lie to her; tell her that there was nothing going on between him and her mother, but lying was hard for him and always had been. And telling a lie that big would be nearly impossible. Fortunately for him, his debate training kicked in and he responded, "What, exactly, do you think your mother and I are doing?"

Brenda, who thought she was in control of the situation, seemed surprised by his response. "Jeez, well, I...I'm not sure," she stammered, looking flustered for the first time since they'd begun talking. "I...I...I'm not sure what I think."

"Well, it seems to me you're making some pretty serious accusations without any solid basis for them," Jason said. He hoped he'd put an end to this particular line of conversation. He decided to change the subject. "The sky's really pretty, isn't it? Must be it's that colorful because of the storm we had, huh?"

Brenda didn't seem to have heard him. "Mom and Dad aren't getting along," she said, her voice a little distant, almost as if she was talking to herself. "They haven't gotten along for as long as I can remember, really. I mean, Dad's drunk most nights by the time he gets home. And the sleep in separate beds, too. I always thought that was weird. I mean, nobody else's parents I know of sleep in separate beds. Do your parents do that, Jason?"

"Ah...no...they...they don't," he replied. Why the heck wouldn't she talk about something else?

"Heck, Mom's really pretty, don't you think?" Brenda said, surprising him.

"Ah...yeah...sure," Jason replied.

"I mean, I don't think Dad's tending to business, know what I mean?" Brenda continued.

"What do you mean?" Jason asked, trying to sound innocent.

Brenda frowned at him. "I mean I don't think they're screwing," she snapped. "Jesus, Jason, either you're the dumbest shit I've ever met, or you're putting on a helluva good act." She studied him carefully, as if she was trying to figure out which it was.

"What's that got to do with me?" he asked. The minute he said it, he wasn't sure he should have.

"Well, I know there have been guys Dad knows who've been after Mom," she said. "But I don't think she did anything with any of them."

"I can't see your mother doing anything like that," Jason said. He wracked his mind trying to think of some way to end this line of conversation. "Look, your mother probably has the dishes done, why don't we go in and play cards or something?" he suggested hopefully. He turned and started to walk back up the path toward the house.

"Jason, are you fucking Mom?" Brenda asked him before he'd taken two steps.

Jason froze in place. He knew he should tell Brenda he wasn't having sex with her mother but, given the strength of his feelings for Karen, he wasn't sure he could pull it off. Slowly, he turned around and took a deep breath.

Before Jason could say anything, Brenda said, "I guess I wouldn't be pissed at either of you if you were fucking each other," she said. "I mean, it kinda makes sense that you guys might be doing that. You know, Sylvia brings you up here and dumps you for that twit Paul, and Dad goes back home, probably so he and his drinking buddies can get loaded. That

leaves you and Mom with a lot of time alone and...well..." She shrugged again. She looked at him with a wry smile on her face. "Did I come close?" she asked. "Is that what happened? You and Mom found yourselves alone and lonely and..."

"You've been reading too many Barbara Cartland novels," Jason told her. "This is foolish. I'm going in." He wanted to turn around, but something in Brenda's face held him in place.

"I got it right, didn't I?" she asked. "Somewhere along the line, something happened and you guys wound up in bed, didn't you? Come on, Jason, you can tell me. I'm sure as hell not gonna tell Dad. Jesus, it would serve him right after the way he's treated her."

"Brenda, I..." Jason began. She knew. He wasn't exactly sure how she knew, but she did. The thing was, he had no idea what to do about it.

"Look, Jason," Brenda said. "I love Mom and I kinda like you. You're a neat guy, even if Sylvia's too stupid to realize that."

"Brenda," Jason said, feeling helpless and trapped, "What makes you think your mother would...?"

"Jason, I'm closer to Mom than Sylvia is. I know her. She's been putting on a pretty good front the last few years, but I know she hasn't been happy for a long time, not really happy, anyhow," Brenda said. "But ever since we got here, she's been different. I can't tell you how, exactly, except that it looks to me like she's really happy, happier than she's been in ages."

"So she likes being up here," Jason offered hopefully. "I mean, being up here is neat and all and..."

"Come on, Jason, don't give me that crap," Brenda said. "I've been up here with Mom just about every weekend since I can remember, but she's never acted like she has this weekend."

"So why does it have to be because of me?" Jason asked.

"Because that's the only thing that's different," Brenda replied. "All of a sudden you're here, for whatever reason, and Mom's happier than she's been in years. See what I'm saying? Or are you going to keep trying to act dumb?"

"So you're saying that if what you think about your Mom and me is true - and I'm not admitting it is - you don't mind?" Jason asked.

Brenda grinned and nodded. "Yeah, that's what I'm saying," she told him. "You gonna tell me the truth now? Are you and Mom fucking?"

"Jesus, she's got it figured out and she'll probably bug me about it until I admit it anyhow, so..." Jason thought. He took a deep breath and said, "No, Brenda, your mother and I aren't fucking..."

Brenda's eyes flared with anger and she opened her mouth.

Before Brenda could speak, Jason said, "We're not fucking. We're making love."

Brenda's eyes widened and she went a little pale. "Oh, damn!" she said softly. "Oh, damn, damn damn!"

Jason was a little scared by Brenda's reaction. "I thought you said it wouldn't bug you if we were," he said.

Brenda shook her head and stared at him. "You...you really are?" she stammered. "Oh, damn! God! I mean, I suspected it, but I never dreamed you really were..."

"Brenda, you can't let anybody know I told you this," Jason said. He was feeling more alarmed the longer this went on. He should have lied to her and told her nothing was happening.

"Oh, damn!" Brenda said again. "Yeah, sure, Jason, I know. I won't tell anybody."

"Not even your mother," he said. "It would kill her if she knew you'd found out. She really doesn't want you to know."

"Don't worry, Jason, I'm not gonna tell anybody," Brenda said. "Damn, Jason, how long has it been going on?"

Jason decided that honesty was the best policy, especially since there was little left to hide. "Since Friday night," he said.

"Friday night?" Brenda said. "You mean when Dad was still here?"

"Yes," Jason said.

"How many times have you guys...?" Brenda asked.

"Brenda, I'm not going to give you a detailed description of what we've done, if that's what you're looking for," Jason said. "I've told you about all I'm going to."

"Yeah, OK, that's fair," Brenda said. "Jesus, I guess I knew it, well, sorta, anyhow. But I never thought you'd admit it." She looked at him even more carefully than she had before. "I have to know one more thing, though."

"What's that?" Jason asked. He had no idea what her next question would be.

"Are you in love with Mom?" she asked.

Jason was as surprised by that question as he'd been by her earlier ones. And yet he heard himself answering it immediately. "Yes, yes I am."

"Oh, damn!" Brenda said again. Then she smiled. "You know what?"

"What now?" Jason thought. "What?" he said.

"I think Mom's kinda in love with you, too," she said, grinning. "I think that's why she's acting like she is. Jesus, is this a trip or what?"

Brenda's words caused Jason's heart to beat a little faster. "You really are going to keep this a secret, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yeah, of course I am," Brenda said. She smiled at him. "Come on, let's go in." She giggled. "The sooner I get to bed..." She gave him a wink.

Actually, Brenda didn't go to bed as soon as Jason would have liked. When they got back in the house, Sylvia's mother suggested they play a game of "Trivial Pursuit." They wound up playing several games, none of which Jason won. While they were playing the last game, Sylvia arrived home and went to bed. After the game was finished, Brenda pushed her chair back, yawned, and said, "I'm bushed, I'm going to bed. See you guys in the morning." She gave Jason a wink her mother didn't see, then got up, and left the room.

"I guess I'll go to bed, too," Jason said.

"Me, too," Karen said.

Jason helped put the game away, and then the two of them walked up the stairs. At the top of the stairs, Karen surprised Jason by pulling him into her arms, hugging him, and giving him a gentle kiss. "I'll see you in a few minutes, my darling," she murmured. Then she released him and they made their way to their separate bedrooms.

Once Jason was in his room, he quickly stripped off his clothes and climbed into bed. He knew Sylvia's mother would join him, but he expected her to wait until the girls were asleep before she did, so he was surprised when, just moments after he'd gotten in bed, he saw his bedroom door opening. "She's early tonight," he thought. "I wonder why." He kept looking at the door and was surprised and delighted when he saw Karen. She had on a pure white cotton nightgown and, in the bright moonlight streaming in the bedroom window; she seemed to glow as she closed the door and started across the room toward him.

"I hope you don't mind," she whispered as she neared the bed. "I couldn't wait until the girls went to sleep. I had to be with you."

"Heck, no, I don't mind!" Jason whispered in reply. "God, you look beautiful!"

"Do you really think so?" Karen asked as she peeled back the covers and slid into bed next to him, still wearing the white nightgown.

"That nightgown is really pretty," Jason murmured as she snuggled her body, covered with soft cotton, against him.

"I know it isn't as sexy as some of the things I've worn for you, but I thought you might like it," Karen said, and placed a gentle kiss on his lips.

"It's gorgeous," Jason said. "You looked like an angel coming across the room just now."

"Oh, Jason!" Karen giggled and ran her fingers through his hair. "You certainly know exactly what to say, don't you?"

Jason shrugged. "I'm just telling the truth," he replied. He laid his arm over her and she snuggled against him. He was surprised that the sexual intensity that usually characterized her coming to him didn't seem to be there tonight, but he wasn't disappointed. He found that just having her in his arms was nice enough. At least for now.

"You and Brenda were outside talking for a long time," Karen said. "What were the two of you talking about? I hope she wasn't teasing you about Sylvia the way she's been doing ever since you got here."

"Ah...no...she wasn't," Jason replied. He wasn't quite sure how he would handle it if she kept asking him about what he and Brenda talked about. Heck, he couldn't lie to Brenda, how could he lie to Karen? "Ah...we...we were just, you know, talking about stuff," he stammered.

Sylvia's mother traced her finger over his jaw. "What kind of stuff?" she asked.

"Ah...you know...just stuff," he said.

"Jason, why are you being so secretive?" Karen asked. A frightened look appeared on her face. "Oh, God, don't tell me she suspects something. Is that it, Jason? Does Brenda suspect something?"

Jason wasn't sure what to do. Should he tell her or shouldn't he? What would she do if she knew the truth? How would she handle knowing that her daughter knew all about them? He decided the truth was the best response. "Ah...yeah...she...she does suspect something," he said slowly. "Ah...the other night she...well, she asked me how come I was acting so depressed when that Duke guy showed up. She asked me the same thing again tonight."

"Oh, my, God!" Karen whispered. "What...what did you tell her?"

Jason decided that he might as well get it over with. He knew he'd never be able to lie to her. "I told her the truth," he said.

Karen's eyes widened. "The...the...the truth?" she stammered. "Jason...Oh, God! Are...are you saying you...you told Brenda about...about us?"

"Ah...yes...I did," Jason admitted. "I mean, she kinda had it figured out already, but, well, since she had, I figured lying to her wouldn't work."

"Oh, God!" Karen exclaimed. She rolled onto her back and lay there, staring at the ceiling for a while. "How...how did...did she react?" she asked, finally.

"Actually, I think she said, 'I'm sure as hell not gonna tell Dad. It would serve him right after the way he's treated her,' or something pretty close to that," he said.

"You mean she wasn't upset?" Karen asked, sounding surprised.

"Did she act upset when we were playing 'Trivial Pursuits'?" Jason asked. "She knew then, remember?"

"I guess you're right," Karen whispered. "She certainly didn't act any different than she usually does." She rolled on her side to face him again. "Why on earth did you tell her?" she asked.

Jason shrugged and said, "I'm not sure, really. First of all, she pretty well had it figured out before we ever started talking. I guess neither of us was as good at hiding our feelings as we thought we were. And I'm not very good at lying. My Mom says it shows on my face when I do. Why do you think I told you about all this? I can't lie. When I do, it's so obvious I might as well be wearing a flashing sign saying 'Liar!' on my forehead." Sylvia's mother giggled at his comment. "And beside all that, I think Brenda should know. She's kinda nice and I do trust her."

"But how am I going to face her now?" Karen asked. "I mean, knowing that she knows..."

"Don't act any different," Jason said, tracing her face with his finger. "She loves you. I'd say she loves you a lot from the way she talked. And she's not angry with you...or me."

"God, this is so unbelievable!" Karen murmured.

"She said something else, too," Jason ventured.

"What was that, my darling?" Karen asked.

"She said she thought you might be a little in love with me," he replied.

"Oh, darling!" she exclaimed.

Jason cupped his hand around the back of her head and began gently urging her face toward his. Then his lips came in contact with hers. The kiss began gently, but didn't stay gentle for long. The longer their lips were joined, the more fervent their oral caress became. Karen's arms slid around Jason's neck and her tongue thrust into his mouth.

As they continued to share kisses, each one more fervent than the last, Jason fumbled open the buttons down the front of her nightgown. He heard her gasp when he slid his hand inside the soft cotton garment, onto her bare flesh and cupped one of her

breasts. "Oh! Oh, Jason!" she moaned. Her nipple hardened against his palm and she pressed herself against him.

Their feverish exchange of kisses finally ended, but Jason's hand remained on Sylvia's mother's breast, his thumb stroking her nipple gently. She leaned back and looked at him, then she began to run her hands over him, keeping her touch feather-light, teasing, tantalizing.

"Oh! God, Karen! That feels awesome!" Jason whispered passionately while her hands moved lovingly over his body.

Karen took her time, touching him everywhere. Everywhere, that is, save for his erection, which jutted proudly from his loins, pointing at the ceiling. Her soft caresses continued, reducing the young man to a quivering, lust-maddened figure groaning and twisting on the bed.

Jason reached for her. "Please! Oh, God, Karen, I need you!" he moaned.

Sylvia's mother slowly straddled Jason's body and slid her body up his. Then she pulled her knees under her, raising her hips. He grabbed her nightgown, which she still had on, and

pulled it up while she reached between them, grasped his erection, and slid the tip slid between the lubricant-drenched lips of her vagina. When she did she shuddered and gasped with delight.

Jason's hips rose off the bed. "Ah!" he groaned. "Oh, God, Karen, please! Please!"

Karen began to lower herself onto him and he could feel her shuddering with elation while his hard, throbbing penis slowly moved into her. At last, her pubic hair mingled with his and, when it did, their pubic bones began grinding involuntarily.

Karen pushed herself upright and sat atop Jason, not moving. It was clear to him as he looked up at her that she loved the sensations that were originating at the point where their bodies were joined and sweeping through both of them with growing intensity. After savoring those delights for a few moments, she started rocking her hips. "Slowly," she murmured, "Tonight we're going to do it slowly and make it last!" Even though that was what she said, Jason wasn't sure she could do it. Her body, like his, was filled with need and trembling violently.

Murmuring softly, Karen began moving her hips up and down slowly, allowing him to slide almost all the way out, and then

slowly absorbing him back into her. Jason loved it. It was slow-motion delight. Inside him, joy was building slowly, wonderfully, touching every fiber of his being! He couldn't believe how sweet it felt as the walls of her clutching tube slid along the sides of his rigid pole, sending an unending stream of glorious sensations coursing through him.

Then Karen stiffened and he knew she'd lost the battle. He watched her face change and felt her body go into violent spasms as her orgasm began, bursting forth deep inside her, then spreading out, delightfully sweeping over her, overwhelming her. "Oh, Jason! Oooo!" she cried. Her coolness and self-control vanished and her body went wild. More wild sounds of passion erupted from her as she rocked madly atop him.

"Unnhh! Unnhh!" Jason roared when he felt himself erupting into her like a human volcano.

When her orgasm finally came to an end, Karen's wild motions finally calmed. She lowered herself atop Jason and, snuggled in each other's arms, they fell asleep.

The next morning Sylvia's mother woke Jason with a gentle kiss. "I'm going to go downstairs and make sure the girls have something for breakfast," she whispered. "You can stay here. Once they're gone, I'll be back."

"OK," he said. He watched her walk out of the room, snuggled down under the covers, and fell back asleep.

Sylvia's mother awakened him for the second time a little later. He sat up, rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, looked at her, and was surprised to see she was still wearing her bathrobe.

"Come on, let's take a shower together," she said, grinning. "The girls are both gone."

Jason got out of bed and, as Sylvia's mother led him down the hallway, she said, "I screwed up my courage and talked with Brenda for a few minutes this morning. You were right, she isn't upset. You can't imagine what a relief that is."

When they got to the bathroom, Jason turned on the water in the huge shower while Sylvia's mother walked to the vanity, opened the door, and took out a bottle.

Jason was watching her, amazed how comfortable both of them seemed to be about being nude in front of each other. When she turned and started walking toward him, holding the bottle, he asked, "What's that?"

Sylvia's mother smiled at him. "Shampoo," she replied. "I need to wash my hair."

Jason didn't know why, but helping her with her shampoo suddenly seemed like a good idea. "Want me to do it for you?" he asked. Then he grinned and added, "Wash your hair, I mean?"

A pleased smile appeared on Sylvia's mother's face. "Why Jason, that's the nicest offer I've had in...well, in a long, long while," she giggled softly. "I'd love it."

They stepped into the huge shower and Sylvia's mother sat down on the ledge that ran around two sides of the huge opening and leaned her head back. Jason took the showerhead,

one of the removable massaging ones that had a hose connecting it to the wall, and began wetting her hair. After all her hair was wet, he poured some shampoo into his hands, then massaged it into her short, blonde hair.

"Oh, God, my darling, you can't imagine how heavenly that feels," Sylvia's mother purred while he worked the rich lather into her hair and massaged her scalp with his fingers.

"She really does like this," Jason thought as he worked his fingers through her lather-covered hair and caressed her scalp. "God, if she was a cat, she'd be purring."

After he'd thoroughly "washed" her hair, Jason took the showerhead again, turned it to the "massage" setting, and began to rinse the shampoo off.

"Oh, God, I don't think I've ever had a more wonderful shampoo," Sylvia's mother murmured. Her eyes were closed and a look of total bliss had formed on her face as Jason carefully rinsed the lather out of her hair. He looked down and noticed that her nipples had grown hard while he was shampooing her and got a playful idea. Smiling, he re-directed the pulsing jets of water from Sylvia's mother's head to her erect nipples.

"Oh, God!" Karen murmured as a shudder went through her. Her hand rose and wrapped around his wrist, holding it in position and keeping the pulsing jet pelting her rigid nipple. "My God, Jason, that feels marvelous. Whatever made you think about doing that?"

"I don't know," he replied. He could feel his penis stiffening. "This is so wild!" he thought. "It's really turning her on." "It just seemed like, you know, a good idea at the time," he added. He twisted his hand, directing the spray at her other nipple, and felt her shudder even more powerfully.

"It's a wonderful idea," Sylvia's mother purred. "God, you are such an inventive young man."

Jason watched Sylvia's mother responding to the caress of the pulsing spray and thought, "If it feels that good to have the spray on her nipples, I wonder..." He began using the shower head to caress her entire body, moving it from her breasts, down over her nearly flat belly, toward the junction of her lithe legs and slim body.

Sylvia's mother leaned back on outstretched arms, allowing him to continue to caress her with the pulsating spray. "Oh, my

darling, that feels so wonderful!" she murmured. "I never knew taking a shower could feel this wonderful."

When Jason finally directed the spray between her legs, which she'd left parted, her hips jolted, her eyes closed, and her mouth fell open. "Uh...Oh, God, Jason!" she murmured.

Carefully keeping the spray directed at the top of Sylvia's mother's vagina, on her clit, Jason reached over to the soap dish with his free hand and got that hand all slippery with soap. Then he reached down and began toying with her rigid nipples while he moved the spray slowly up and down over her vagina. He could feel her shaking and her chest rose and fell rapidly as she gasped for breath. She shook her head from side to side and emitted an unending stream of soft, yet urgent, moans.

"Oh, God! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!" Sylvia's mother gasped suddenly. Her body stiffened and her hips began rocking. "Oh, God, Jason, don't stop that! Oh, please, my darling, don't ever stop that!" she whimpered. Then all that came from her was a series of guttural sounds and her body began trembling so hard it looked like she was having a seizure.

"Damn!" Jason thought as he watched his lover being swept by what looked like a very powerful orgasm. "I guess doing this was a good idea!"

Sylvia's mother's flesh gleamed bright pink and steam swirled about them while she continued to experience what was starting to look like an endless orgasm, evoked by the shower head and what Jason was doing to her nipples.

Then, in the midst of her coming, Sylvia's mother surprised Jason by slipping off the bench, onto her knees. It was his turn to gasp and tremble when she literally gulped his erection into her mouth. "Oh, God!" he groaned as her soft lips slid down over his penis, which had swelled to its full, excited stature.

He cupped her breasts and stroking their soap-slippery surface and her rigid nipples while she suckled him then, unable to bear what she was doing any more without coming, he pulled her to her feet and, slowly sank to his knees, kissing his way down her body as he did. At last, he was kneeling in front of her and his fingers stroked her firm buttocks while his tongue speared between her legs and flicked against her clit. Sylvia's mother's hips gyrated against his mouth and she tossed her head back in forth wildly and whimpered with delight.

"Enough!" Sylvia's mother gasped after a few moments. "Take me, my darling! God, you can't imagine how much I need you!"

While Jason struggled to his feet, she turned her back to him, placed her hands flat against the shower wall, leaned forward, and spread her legs wide. She turned her head and looked down over her shoulder at his swollen penis, which was pointing directly at her.

Jason stepped forward and, holding his erection in his hand, inserted it between her buttocks. She gasped when the tip made contact with the mouth of her vagina and, trembling and shuddering, she began pushing back against him, making an eager, grinding motion with her hips. Jason entered her slowly at first, but almost involuntarily, his hips lunged forward suddenly sheathing him in her to the hilt. Sylvia's mother's pretty face went slack with surprise and lust.

Jason's hands slid down her back and he cupped her buttocks tenderly and began working his swollen shaft in and out of her clutching opening.

"Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Take me, Jason! Take me!" Sylvia's mother sobbed as he plunged into her.

Each time he thrust forward, he could feel her buttocks against his thighs. He felt her insides rippling on his deeply embedded organ and heard her moans of joy as plunged into her depths again and again. He could feel her hands, twirling her clitoris as she rocked her hips feverishly. After just a few rapid, deep strokes, she wailed, "Oh, God, my darling! I...I'm coming! Yes, Jason! Take me, Jason! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Yes!"

Jason increased his tempo, ramming against her a vengeance. Then, with his hips pressed against her bottom, he felt his body unleashing and groaned, "Oh, yeah! I'm coming, too!"

Sylvia's mother cried, "Oh, yes, my darling!" as she rocked her hips back and forth ecstatically and her clawed fingers raked at the shower wall. "Oh, yes!"

Jason continued to come, shuddering and groaning, caught up in a maelstrom of passion their coupling had generated in him.

When, at last, their intense union finally ended and Jason's softening penis slid from her, Sylvia's turned, they embraced, and stood, beneath the warm, streaming spray, their bodies entwined, touching from head to toe.

Sylvia's mother slid her hand down between them grasped Jason's nearly-limp penis, and stroked it lovingly while he bent and suckled her nipples which still jutted from her breasts like fingers. The fingers of her free hand combed through his hair and she wrapped her legs around one of his and rocked her vaginal opening against his leg while the after-shocks of their shared bliss swept through both of them.

"God, was that ever intense!" Jason whispered once he was finally able to talk.

"I'm not sure I've ever experienced anything quite like it," Sylvia's mother replied softly. "I have to say, my darling, that I had no idea that your offer to give me a shampoo would lead to anything like that!"

"Me, either," Jason admitted.

"By the way," she said, grinning. "The shampoo was lovely."

"Any time you need one, just give me a call," Jason said, smiling back at her.

"I'll keep that in mind," she said. "Now, would you still like to go up to the pool?"

"I sure would," Jason replied.

"I thought you might, especially since you brought it up yesterday," Sylvia's mother said. "I've already packed a lunch. Why don't we finish up in here and get dressed, then we can go?"

"Sounds good to me," Jason said.

About an hour after their awe-inspiring lovemaking session in the shower, Jason and Karen were hiking through the woods on their way to the little isolated pool and, Jason hoped, more skinny-dipping and more lovemaking. Jason was wearing jeans and a T-shirt. Karen had on a pair of snug-fitting faded jeans and a pink cotton top that clung lovingly to her lean body and was held shut in front by a series of hook and eye-type closures. He'd been fantasizing about undoing those little closures since he first saw her in it.

They walked through the forest slowly, holding hands like lovers and, as they moved deeper and deeper into the woods, Jason found himself wondering about Brenda's comment about her mother being in love with him. "Could it be true?" he mused as he walked with the beautiful woman he cared about more than he ever believed it was possible to care about anyone. He also wondered about Sylvia's mother's reaction when he'd mentioned Brenda's comment the night before. She hadn't denied it, but she'd never really answered him, either.

"So what did you and Brenda talk about this morning?" he asked.

"Ah...well...I...I asked her how she felt about...about us..."
Karen responded, a little hesitantly.

"What did she say?" Jason asked.

"Pretty much the same thing you told me she said when she talked to you," Karen said. "I had no idea how aware of the problems in our family she was. God, Milton and I have really messed up our children's lives, haven't we?"

Jason gave her hand a little squeeze. "Don't be so hard on yourself," he said. "You didn't make your husband drink and I doubt you had anything to do with making him the kind of man he is. Seems to me, that was pretty much decided before you met him."

"I suppose not," Karen replied a little wistfully. "But I can't help but wonder if there wasn't something I could have done, back before things really got out of control, to keep his drinking from becoming as bad as it has."

"That's not true," Jason told her. "It sounds like he may be an alcoholic. If he is, there isn't anything you can do now - or could

have done - to keep his drinking from getting worse. The problem is, people close to alcoholics always feel the same way you do. It's called co-dependency and it's part of the disease."

Karen stopped, turned, and looked at him in amazement. "How do you know so much about alcoholism?" she asked.

"My dad's a recovering alcoholic," Jason told her. "He's been in AA since I was about five, I guess. Mom goes to Al-Anon and I go to meetings with her sometimes. I've been to Alateen meetings, too. And I've done some studying about alcoholism on my own."

"Yes, but your father is sober," she said. "What happened to make him stop drinking?"

"From what he's told me, it was his boss telling him he better get sober or he'd lose his job," Jason said. "That and Mom telling him she was going to leave him. I don't remember much about that time because I was pretty young when it happened, but both Mom and Dad told me it wasn't easy the first year or so. He celebrated his fifteenth year of sobriety last February."

"But Milton's his own boss," Karen said. "And he's certainly not going to tell himself to sober up or else." She shook her head sadly. "And I'm not sure my telling him I'd leave him if he didn't sober up would do much. I'm afraid he'd tell me to go ahead and leave."

"Would that be so bad?" Jason asked. He knew it wasn't right, but part of him wanted her to leave her husband because, deep down inside, he had fantasies that she'd come to him if she did.

Karen thought for a moment. "It might make my life a little easier, but I think it might be horrible for the girls," she said. Then she shrugged. "Although from what Brenda says, I'm not sure she'd mind." She grinned. "And unless Sylvia's lifestyle was disrupted, she might not even be aware that he'd gone."

"I'm not sure I understand how Sylvia turned out the way she did," Jason commented. "She's not at all like you and Brenda. I mean, she really is a...a..." He wasn't sure he should continue.

"You probably would like to say 'airhead,' wouldn't you?" Karen said, grinning. "I sometimes wonder about that myself. I guess she got a larger helping of her father's genes than of mine."

"Probably," Jason said.

They resumed walking and soon arrived at the pool. Jason shrugged out of the knapsack that held their lunch and set it on the ground. They spread out the blanket they'd brought and sat down next to each other on it.

"It really is neat out here," Jason commented. "I'm really glad you decided to bring me out here."

"I am, too, my darling," Karen said softly.

Jason turned toward Karen and she turned toward him. For a few seconds, they gazed into each other's eyes, then he leaned toward Sylvia's mother and she moved closer to him. The next thing they knew, their lips were touching. The kiss deepened while their arms slid around each other and their mouths opened and, feverishly, their tongues began to entwine.

Fire flashed through Jason's body and, holding her against him, he laid back on the blanket, drawing her down with him. He finally got to open the fasteners down the front of her shirt and discovered they weren't nearly as hard to undo as he

expected them to be. Once they were undone almost to her waist, he slid his hand under the shirt, onto her bare breasts.

"Mmmm!" Karen moaned when he began caressing her bare breasts, "Oh, Jason! That feels so nice!" Her hands went to the waist of his jeans, opened them, slid inside, and wrapped around his penis, which was already swollen and throbbing.

Jason shuddered with delight when Karen grabbed his erection. "Oh, God! Oh, God, Karen!" he groaned. He rolled over, pushed her shirt farther open and began sliding his hands over her smooth, warm skin.

When his lips moved onto her straining nipples, Karen groaned and arched her back, pressing her breasts into his. "Uhh! Yes! Oh, Jason! Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!" she exclaimed. Her body strained and twisted as his hands roamed over it.

Jason's hands trembled as he explored Karen's lithe, lovely body. And, as they always did, his gentle caresses evoked a joyous response. While he was still nursing on her nipples, he opened her jeans and pushed them down and was delighted when she kicked them off. He began to slide his hands over the insides of her slim legs. Abandoning her breasts, he started to kiss his way down over her chest and, at the same time, he

began to explore her need-moist opening with his fingers. Gasps of ecstasy continued to gush from Sylvia's mother while he caressed her. When he brushed her clit, her body twisted and strained even more fervently and her groans of joy rose in volume. Finally, now on his knees between her legs, he leaned forward and began to kiss her flat belly. He caressed her everywhere with his lips, including the faint stretch marks he found which, he thought, only made her more desirable.

Karen groaned, "Oh! Ohh! Jason! Jason!" and the movements her body was making became more and more frenzied. "Uhh!" she grunted when he slid one of his fingers into her well-lubricated opening. Her hips began to rock up and down insistently and her head rolled from side to side on the blanket.

Jason, who was almost as turned on as it appeared Karen was, reached down inside himself and found a reservoir of self-control he didn't know he had. Instead of plunging his erection into her, he kissed his way down through her pubic hair and then, while his finger continued plunging into her, he started to lick her clit with his tongue.

Karen's body arched and she went wild in response to his actions. "Ah! Uh! Oooo! Uhh! Jason! Uhh! Oh!" she moaned. Her body stiffened then went into a series of powerful spasms when an orgasm exploded through her.

When, at last, Sylvia's mother lay relaxed on the blanket again, Jason, who had shed his jeans and could no longer wait to possess her, slid his body atop hers. Once he was in position, he lifted his hips, then lowered them and felt his erection plunge into her.

Karen's eyes opened and so did her mouth. "Oh!" she moaned when she felt him entering her. "Oh, darling! Yes! I need you! Yes! Oh, Jason! Oh, Jason! Oh, Jason!"

Holding most of his weight off her on straightened arms, Jason thrust into her powerfully, his swollen shaft penetrating deep with each stroke. The force of his thrusts made Karen's body quake. Her breasts jiggled and her erect nipples scribed tiny circles in the air. She was so tight, so hot!

"Oh, God, Karen! Oh, God! Oh, God!" Jason groaned when he felt his explosion growing imminent. "Ah! Oh, God!" His hot come gushed from him, bathing her insides with moist heat.

"Jason! Oh, Jason! Oh! Oh! I...I...I can feel you! It's so hot! Oh, God, Jason! Oh, God! Oh, God! Jason, Jason! Aahh! Aahh!" Karen cried. Her hips strain upward, and twisted, grinding her

pubic bone against Jason's, while gratification suffused both of them.

When their passion was finally spent, they lay in each other's arms, enjoying the contact of their nude bodies against each other.

"That was incredible, Jason!" Karen murmured. "Oh, darling! You are such an extraordinary lover!"

Jason was going to say something, but before he could, he looked over Sylvia's mother's bare shoulder and noticed movement in the forest. As he watched, a black bear emerged from the woods not too far from where they lay and started shambling toward the pool, looking around alertly. "Karen, look," he whispered, "Over there..."

Karen rolled around slowly. "A bear!" she whispered. "Oh, Jason, I've never seen a bear here before in all the times I've come here. This is so wonderful!"

They lay there, keeping still, watching the bear drink from the pool. A few minutes later, two smaller bears emerged from the underbrush.

"Look, there's more of them," Karen whispered. She snuggled her firm bottom against Jason's groin.

"Those are her cubs," Jason whispered as they lay there, watching the two tiny bears waddle down to where their mother stood next to the pond.

The cubs began to drink while their mother stood guard and looked around warily. When the young bears had drunk their fill, all three of them disappeared back into the woods.

"That was so fabulous!" Karen whispered.

"Want to go swimming before we eat lunch?" Jason asked. He figured it was either that or make love again. Her snug bottom pressing against him was having a decidedly invigorating effect on his penis.

"Sure," Karen replied. She jumped to her feet and, beautifully nude, headed for the pond.

Jason watched Karen dash toward the pond and marveled how beautiful she was. Finally, he got to his feet and started walking toward the pond.

Karen had swum halfway to the center of the pool before Jason reached the water. He launched into a shallow dive into the cool water, came up swimming strongly, and caught up with her in the center of the pool. He grabbed her waist and pulled her against him.

Karen turned in Jason's arms and kissed him as they floated in the chilly water. After a while, they ended the kiss and swam slowly toward shore.

When they reached shallower water, where it was possible for them to stand, they stopped and turned to each other. "Today has been so wonderful, my darling," Karen said. She slid her arms around Jason's waist and pressed her warm, nude body against him.

Despite the fact that they were standing in the chilly water, Jason felt his body reacting to the pressure of Karen's against it and, he saw a smile form on her face as she, too, became aware of his reaction. "My goodness, Jason!" she whispered. She

dipped her hand into the water and wrapped it around his thickening penis. "You...you're getting another erection!"

"Uh-huh," Jason gasped. "I can't stop that from happening when I'm around you." He cupped one of her breasts, thumbed the nipple and felt her shudder.

"Oh, darling, you do know just what to do to arouse me, don't you?" Karen purred. "Let's get out of the water and go back to the blanket!" She tugged on his erection.

"I bet we could do it here," Jason croaked.

An interested look formed on Karen's face. "Do you really think we can?" she gasped. She began to tremble when his hand slid between her legs and he began to rub his thumb over her clit.

"I bet we can do it easily," Jason said. He guided her closer to shore, where the water was a bit shallower. "Lie back and let yourself float," he told her.

Sylvia's mother lay back, letting the water buoy her, and floated on her back. Jason moved between her slender legs and discovered, much to his delight, that she was floating at just

the right height. He grasped stiffened penis in his hand and slid the tip up and down between her swollen, puffy vaginal lips.

"Oh! God! Jason!" Karen moaned, "You have such incredible ideas! We...uh!...this was a wonderful idea. I guess we can do it here!"

Jason slid his erection into her a little way, and then he grasped her hips and pulled her all the way onto him. Once he was fully hilted in her, he began thrusting steadily, making his rigid shaft ride easily in and out of her well-lubricated channel.

"Yes! Oh, yes! More! Give me more! Please, Jason, darling! Please!" Karen cried. Her arms flailed, churning the water, as he plunged into her. "Aahh! Jason! Jason! Take me! Take me! Jason! Jason! Jason! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!"

"Karen, yeah! Oh, God! Oh, God!" Jason groaned. He shuddered and spewed more of his molten juices into her.

When they finished making love, they got out of the water and collapsed in each other's arms on the blanket. A while later,

dried by the warm sunlight, they rolled on their sides, facing each other.

Karen kissed Jason gently. "You are so wonderful!" she whispered as she gazed into his eyes.

Jason gazed back at her, not sure what to say. At that point in time he believed she was everything he'd ever wanted in a woman, and then some. He never wanted to leave her. He began stroking one of her breasts, noting with delight that as he did, she purred softly and pressed herself against his hand.

Karen's hand wrapped around Jason's penis, half-hard and sticky from their recent session of lovemaking. "You really know how to use this thing, my darling!" she giggled softly.

Jason shuddered as a bolt of delight shot through him. She was making him hard again!

Karen, grinning, let go of the swollen organ and stood up and Jason, who'd been lying there, befuddled, enjoying Sylvia's mother's caresses, felt his erection cooling in the soft breezes blowing over them. He managed to get his eyes to focus and

saw her standing next to him, grinning down at him. "Do you want me again, Jason?" she asked.

"You know I do!" Jason replied. He reached for her, but she stepped back, just barely out of his grasp.

"If you really do want me, you'll have to catch me," Karen told him. She turned and dashed away, looking like a lithe, lovely nymph dancing across the grass surrounding the pool.

Jason clambered to his feet and, with his rigid shaft bobbing as he went, he chased Sylvia's mother over the grass surrounding the pool. He quickly discovered that running with an erection isn't the easiest thing in the world, but he kept going, determined to catch her. And, while Karen managed to evade him, he found that the more she did, the more it turned him on.

They'd been romping around the pool for a couple of minutes when Karen looked back over her shoulder to see how close Jason was and, when she did, she stepped into a low spot in the grass, lost her balance, and fell. Before she could get to her feet, Jason fell on top of her, rolled her onto her back, and plunged his erection into her wet, waiting opening.

"Oh, yes!" Karen groaned, jamming her hips up to meet his thrusts. "Take me, Jason! Take me! Take me!"

Jason, more aroused than he believed it was possible to be, slammed against her, forcing grunts of delight from Karen with his pounding hips.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she groaned. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" She clutched Jason's buttocks and her legs locked behind his as passion flashed between them.

"Take me, my darling, I need you!" Karen cried, "Take me! Aahh! Take me! Oh, yes! Take me! Now! Now, darling, please! Take me! Now! Now!" Her fingers dug into his buttocks as her orgasm erupted.

"Yeah!" Jason yelled. He came, too, spewing more jets of his seed into Karen's writhing body. "Oh, yeah!"

"I can't believe you did that!" the young man gasped as they lay side by side on the grass afterward.

"I'm not sure what made me act like that, but it was wild and wonderful, wasn't it?" Karen agreed. "I liked being chased by

you." She giggled. "You aren't angry because I did that, are you?"

Jason pulled her into his arms and kissed her gently. "No way!" he said. "I love you!" His expression of the words that, up to now, he had only thought, surprised him and, judging from the look on her face, it surprised Sylvia's mother, too.

Karen, looking stunned, stared at him for a second, and then she wrapped her arms around him, pressed her face against his chest and clung to him. "I...I love you, too, Jason! Oh, God, my darling, I know it's wrong, but I love you, too!"

The words Karen uttered were the sweetest Jason had ever heard. All that he could think about was that the beautiful woman he held in his arms had just told him she loved him. His mind was swimming, full of wild thoughts. Maybe he could get her to leave her husband and they could get married. That would be so wild! Clearer thoughts intruded and reminded him that Karen was old enough to be his mother. "It doesn't matter," he thought as his mind spun. "She loves me! God!"

A sniffing sound coming from Karen snapped him back to reality. "What's the matter, Karen?" he asked softly. He began

caressing her back, allowing his fingers to trail over her warm, smooth skin.

"I...I didn't want you to...to say that..." she sobbed into his chest. "And...and I...I shouldn't be...be saying...be saying it...either."

Jason was puzzled. "Why not, if it's true?" he asked.

"Because...because I...I didn't want this to...to happen," she murmured. "It...it was the one thing I...I was most afraid of."

"Why were you afraid?" he asked. He had no idea why she was acting the way she was.

"Be...because it...it means you...you're going to get hurt," she said softly. "And that's the last thing I want to happen."

"How am I going to get hurt?" Jason asked.

Karen pulled back and looked at him. Her gray eyes were sad and filled with tears. "You really don't understand, do you, my darling?" she asked while she caressed his face gently with her fingers.

Jason shook his head.

"What will we be doing Friday morning?" she asked.

At first, Jason didn't understand the question, then it hit him. "We...we'll be going...home," he said slowly.

"Exactly," Karen said.

Jason realized he'd purposely been avoiding thinking about what would happen once his visit ended. Now he was being forced to think about it and as he did, he began to realize what she might be talking about. "So?" he asked. "Why does our going home have to change anything?"

"Oh, Jason, darling, I'm so sorry," Karen said sadly. "I should never have come to your room. I've done some terrible things in my life, but that has to be the most terrible."

"Why?" he asked. "I sure don't think so."

"You will," she said sadly. "Believe me, my darling, I'm positive of that. I believe that some day, you'll have second thoughts about what I've done to you. I know you don't understand, but I'm afraid you will."

"All I understand is that I love you," Jason said. "And I always want to be with you."

"That's the problem, though, isn't it?" Karen replied. "Jason, first of all, I am married." She put her fingers on his mouth, keeping him from replying. "I'm sure you are going to argue that I could get a divorce, and maybe I can and will. Who knows? But even then, there's no future for us."

"Why not?" Jason asked plaintively.

"Because...Oh, darling...because I'm old enough to be your mother," she replied softly. "How would it look if...if I divorced Milton and...well...we were to get together? And how would you support us? My darling, you have to finish school, and after that there's college. It would be terribly selfish of me to rob you of all that."

"Maybe I'd rather be with you than go to college and all that other crap," Jason snapped.

Karen smiled sadly and stroked his cheek. "I know you believe that's what you want now," she said, "but I know you'd feel as if I robbed you of something if I kept you from reaching out for your dreams. God, I'm afraid I already have robbed you of something."

"No you haven't," Jason protested. "You've given me something, something more wonderful than I ever dreamed. And I want us to keep sharing it."

Karen sighed softly. "I have a feeling arguing with you isn't going to help right now," she said softly. "So I guess the best thing for us to do is to end this discussion right now."

"Yeah, I guess," Jason said, sounding relieved.

They ate the lunch they'd brought, swam again, and made love again before they got dressed and headed back for the cabin. Both of them were even more acutely aware of the changes that had taken place in their relationship during the time they'd spent together since arriving at the cabin, and each of them was lost in thought, trying to come to grips with what those changes really meant while they made their way back through the forest.

When they walked into the cabin, they found Brenda there, standing at the kitchen counter, with all manner of foodstuffs spread out around her and an open cookbook on the kitchen table.

"Hi, guys," Brenda said brightly. "Have a good time this afternoon?"

"Ah...yeah..." Jason replied. He found it a little disconcerting to have Brenda be aware of what he and her mother were doing, even though she clearly didn't mind.

"We had a nice time, dear," Karen said. "What on earth are you doing?"

"What does it look like, I'm making dinner," Brenda replied. "We got done early at the stable, so I came home and decided to cook."

"Well, that's a change," her mother said. "How's it going?"

Brenda shrugged. "I think I've gotten everything in that it says I'm supposed to put in here in the cook book," she replied. "I'm making a casserole. It's done. I was just about to put it in the oven." She smiled at them. "Everything else is all set, too, even the dessert."

"Honey, what's come over you?" Karen asked with a surprised look on her face and a startled tone in her voice.

Brenda blushed a little and shrugged. "Jeez, Mom," she said, "just because I try and cook once, you have to act like it's the end of the world."

Her mother gave her a big hug and said, "I'm sorry if I'm embarrassing you, honey. I'm pleased, I really am."

"Oh, by the way, Sylvia called and said she was going someplace with Paul and probably wouldn't be home until late," Brenda said.

While the casserole was cooking, they played several games of cards. Jason kept thinking about what Sylvia's mother had said during their time at the pool and wasn't really concentrating, which meant Brenda won all the games they played.

"What's up, Jason?" she asked while they were putting the food out on the table. "I can't believe you lost every game we played. What's going on, you trying to get on my good side or something?"

"No, that's not it," Jason replied. "I was just thinking about things."

They sat down and ate and, much to the surprise of Jason and Karen, the meal Brenda had cooked was quite good. Both of them said so, which caused Brenda to blush again.

"Well, since you guys are so grateful," she said, "you can do the dishes. I've got to be at the stable early tomorrow, so I'm going to bed early." She turned and headed upstairs.

"Jason, I'm sorry if what I said this afternoon upset you," Karen said as they cleaned up the dishes. "But I really do think it's important that those topics be out in the open. My darling, you really do need to face reality about this."

"What if I don't want to?" he asked. He knew he sounded petulant, but he couldn't help himself.

"Jason, you have to face the fact that what I said this afternoon is the truth," Karen said. "Heaven knows, I wish there was some way it could be different, but...well, there isn't."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Jason said reluctantly. "I mean, I'm not that stupid. I just wish it didn't have to be that way."

"I know you do, my darling," Karen replied, touching him lightly on the hand. "Believe me, I wish it didn't have to be that way, either."

Once the dishes were done, they headed upstairs. As Jason took off his clothes and got into bed, he found himself wondering, for the first time since the night he arrived, whether or not Sylvia's mother would be joining him. He lay there, wide awake and scared, hoping that she hadn't decided to end their affair now. It was bad enough that he had to consider the possibility of it ending once he got home. If she stopped coming to him now...

He quickly learned that he didn't have to worry. Not long after he got in bed, the bedroom door opened and Karen, wearing a fluffy pink bathrobe, walked into his room. She closed the door behind her and, as she walked across the room, shed her robe. When she reached the bed, she yanked the covers back and, before Jason could move, she fell on top of him and grabbed his partially hard penis in her hand.

Jason wasn't sure what was going on. Karen was acting different, more like she had the first night she'd come to his room. She slid down on him and began to kiss his belly while she stroked his penis, making it rapidly swell and stiffen. An explosion of delight lit up his mind when she mother took his now-hard penis in her mouth and began working on him feverishly with her lips and tongue. While her mouth was busy, her hands rolled his balls and stroked his legs, making him get even harder and want her even more.

Just when Jason was afraid he'd come in Karen's mouth, she slid up so she was sitting astride his hips. She placed the tip of his erection between her vaginal lips, then she began lowering herself onto his swollen organ. A sigh escaped from her when he began to slide into her. "Oh, darling, yes!" she murmured, and began to move her hips actively.

Jason, still not sure what was going on, decided it didn't matter right then. He grabbed Karen's hips and began lifting his hips up off the bed, shoving himself into her. He could feel her snug, rippling inner walls clutching his penis as it slid in and out of her.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Karen groaned as Jason's erection pistoned into her. "Yes! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!"

Jason continued to hold her hips and shove his hips up against her. He watched her breasts bob and jiggle in response to the frantic movements of their joined bodies. Then he felt the rippling of her vaginal walls grow more intense and felt her stiffen and knew she was coming.

"Aahh! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Ahh!" Karen moaned as explosion after explosion of bliss jolted her.

"Yeah! Oh, yeah!" Jason shouted as he erupted into her, lost in the oblivion of overwhelming passion.

When they finished, Karen collapsed atop him and lay there, silently. Jason didn't move and didn't say anything. He wasn't sure what to do or say. He had no idea why Karen had acted the way she did. It was as if she'd just been using him. Then he felt her shaking, and felt wetness on his chest. Gently, he encircled her with his arms. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Why are you crying?"

"I...I thought I...I could do it," Karen sobbed. "But...but I...I couldn't...I...I can't."

Jason was even more confused. "Do what?" he asked.

"I...I told myself that tonight I was just going to come in here and fuck your brains out," she murmured, shocking him with her use of the coarse word. "I...I hoped that somehow, maybe, I could begin to put some distance between us. To...to make you...to make you...hate me."

"You could never make me hate you," Jason replied softly, caressing her hair. "No way!"

"I...I know," she replied. "And...and I can't just..." She took a deep breath. "I can't do what...what I...I thought I could do. I...I can't help myself. I...I need to make love with you."

"Me, too," Jason replied. He rolled on his side and cuddled her against him while she sobbed. Karen's tears caused him pains that felt like knives plunging into his heart. He didn't want her to hurt like this, not because of him. Gently, he began running his fingers through her hair, trying to calm her down. Then, while he continued to do that, he began placing light kisses on her face.

"Oh, my darling," Karen murmured and snuggled tighter against him.

Jason continued to kiss and stroke her gently and, slowly, his gentle, loving caresses began moving beyond her face. He kissed her ears, then her neck, then her shoulders, while she murmured in contentment. He tried to be gentler than he'd ever been before and he could feel her body relaxing as his caresses and kisses went on.

After a while, Jason began to notice that he had a problem, though. He wasn't sure what effect his activities were having on Karen, but he knew they were turning him on. He gently shifted his hips backward, not wanting her to know that he was getting an erection.

Onto her upper chest his lips moved while his fingers trailed lightly up and down over her arm and she continued moaning softly. Jason knew where his lips were going, he couldn't have stopped them if he'd wanted to, and he didn't. But, somehow, he managed to continue his adoration of Sylvia's mother's body without coming to any of her erogenous zones. At least not for a long time.

Finally, though, he'd kissed every inch of her chest, including her breasts, save for her nipples, which now stood out, erect, from her areolas. Ever so gently, he laid his head on the bed, drew one of the rigid spikes between his lips, and began suckling her gently, as if he was nursing on her.

Karen shuddered and her hands wrapped gently around his head. "Oh! Oh, my darling!" she murmured and leaned into him.

After tendering one nipple a long period of attention, he kissed his way through the valley between Karen's breasts and up to the other one. When his lips closed around it and he began suckling, her hands gripped him more tightly. "Yes! Oh, God, my darling, yes!" she hissed, shuddering. Her hands left his head and began roaming over his body, inflaming him with need as much as it seemed he was inflaming her.

He continued suckling Karen's breasts, moving from one to the other, caressing each in turn gently with his lips and tongue and suckling it. As he did, her body began pressing more and more ardently against his and he no longer tried to hide his erection from her. This was making love, not fucking, and it was what he always wanted to share with her!

Jason gasped softly when Karen's hand slid down over his belly and her slim fingers wrapped around his swollen shaft. While he continued suckling her, she began caressing him gently, moving her hand up and down slowly, massaging the slippery juices oozing from the tip of his shaft into it.

With Sylvia's mother caressing him, Jason was growing harder and harder and knew he needed to do more. The last thing he wanted was to come in her hand. He gently pushed her over onto her back and slid on top of her. When he was in position, he lifted his hips and felt her guide his erection to her opening.

"Take me, my darling," she murmured, tugging gently. "Make love to me!"

Slowly, Jason lowered his hips. A shudder raced up his back as his erection slid into her warm, slippery opening, which clutched it lovingly. He fought the urge to slam into her and continued to take her slowly, sinking in a fraction of an inch at a time, until he felt his pubic bone pressing against hers.

"Yes! Oh, yes!" Karen groaned. She slid her hands down, clutched his buttocks, and tugged on them.

Jason rested for a second, savoring the wonderful, awesome feelings he felt when he was in her. Then, with exquisite slowness, he began to move and, when he did, he felt her body moving along with his. Slowly, wonderfully, their bodies worked against each other while passion swelled and filled every nook and cranny of his being. Making love with Karen had been wonderful from the beginning, but it was never like this!

"Oh, God!" he murmured as his loins strained against hers. "Oh, God, Karen, I love you!"

"Oh, my darling, I love you, too," she moaned in reply. Her fingers dug into his buttocks. "Take me, my darling! Please! Oh, please, take me!"

Jason began moving his hips faster and faster and, as he did, the feelings inside him continued to build. He knew when he came it would be unlike any time he'd come before and was almost frightened by the feelings which were threatening to overwhelm him. Then, without warning, myriad bright colored lights were exploding in his mind and he felt incredible, as if he was being transported to some place he'd never been before. He felt, rather than heard, the sounds that were coming from him and his insides knotted and released repeatedly as he jetted his cream into her.

Karen's fingers raked his buttocks painfully while her body went into a wild rictus of joy. She was wailing and babbling, making sounds more fervent than Jason had ever heard her make before. Their bodies continued working against each other feverishly for what seemed like hours as wonderful pulse after wonderful pulse swept through them.

Eventually the wondrous feelings they were experiencing did begin to wane, but they remained joined, quivering against each other, savoring the gentle after-shocks of the earthquake

of love they'd just experienced. When even those finally stopped, Jason pulled his nearly flaccid penis from Karen and rolled onto the bed next to her.

"Oh, darling!" she murmured, looking at him through eyes filled with tears of joy. "Oh, my darling!" She pressed against him and, exhausted, they fell into a sound sleep.

Chapter 23

Sylvia's mother and Jason were startled awake in the morning by the sound of a soft knock on the bedroom door. Shocked to have someone intrude when they were together, she and he stared at each other wide-eyed for a few seconds, their hearts pounding.

"Mom, it's Brenda," Sylvia's sister called softly. "I just wanted to tell you I was leaving early, so you wouldn't worry if you woke up and I wasn't here. And don't worry, Sylvia's still sound asleep."

Both Jason and Karen relaxed at the sound of Brenda's voice. Still, both of them looked uncomfortable. Even though both of them had talked with her about their affair, it still felt odd to have her actually acknowledge it.

"Did you have your breakfast, honey?" Karen called.

"I'm gonna grab something with Helene on the way over," Brenda replied. "See you guys later." The next sound they heard was footsteps going down the stairs, then the door opening and closing.

Karen and Jason lay in each other's arms, breathing hard and not saying anything for a few moments. Then a smile formed on her face and she began giggling. Her giggles escalated and, before long, she was roaring with laughter and tears were rolling down her cheeks.

Jason, a little confused by how Sylvia's mother was acting, lay there next to her, wondering what she found so funny. He'd been scared until he heard Brenda's voice. What if it had been Sylvia? But, as Karen laughed, her nude body, which was pressed against his, shook, rubbing her warm, silken skin against his. And, as it always did, contact with her body, caused a reaction. His penis began filling with blood and

stiffening. He hunched his hips back a little, to keep her from feeling his erection and watched her as she continued to laugh.

At last Karen's laughter began to calm, then it stopped. "God," she said. "Were you as scared as I was when Brenda knocked on the door?"

"You better believe I was!" Jason replied. "I was so scared I thought I'd wet myself!"

"I'm sorry for laughing, my darling," Karen said, caressing his face gently with her slim fingers. "It's just that, for some reason, the situation struck me as totally silly. I'm not sure why."

"Maybe it was just some kind of nervous release," Jason suggested.

"I guess you're right, my darling," Karen said. The look on her face, which he thought was even prettier than usual because it was flushed from her laughter, grew serious. "I'm sorry about how I acted last night," she said softly.

"You don't have anything to be sorry for," Jason said. "Last night was...I...I don't exactly know how to say it, but it was

incredible. All the times we've made love, it wasn't ever like that. Not even close."

Karen nodded slowly. "I meant the way I acted when I came to you," she said, then she closed her eyes and a dreamy look formed on her face. She opened her eyes again and said, "Yes, I know what you mean, though. What we shared last night was wonderful for me, too." She stroked his cheek. "You make me feel more fulfilled than I've ever felt in my life," she murmured, sounding a little sad.

She snuggled against him, pressed her head against his chest, and kissed his nipples lightly. While she did that, she moved her legs and one of them brushed against his erection. She pulled her head back and looked at him, her eyes wide. "Is...is that what I think it is?" she murmured.

Jason nodded and said, "Yeah. I...I'm sorry, it's just that when I'm with you like this, I..."

Karen silenced his comments with a gentle kiss and, when she did, Jason, no longer able to keep his hands off her, started to caress one of her breasts.

"Uh..." Karen stammered as he began to roll one of her nipples gently between his thumb and forefinger. "I...ah...I guess we...we should...do something about the...the state you're in."

"And the state you seem to be in, too, huh?" Jason responded.

Without saying another word, Sylvia's mother pushed him onto his back and began to caress and stroke him gently. She started kissing him, first his nipples, leaving them hard and tingling. Then her lips moved down over his body, blazing a trail of sweet sensations, until she arrived at his penis, which she took into her mouth. She began raising lowering her head slowly, dragging her lips along the veined surface of the swollen organ.

"God!" Jason groaned. "My God, Karen! That feels so awesome!" His hips turned and twisted as ecstasy boomed through him.

Karen finally let him slid out of her mouth, but she continued to pump his erection with her hand while she moved so she was straddling his legs. She leaned forward and they shared a passionate kiss, their tongues lashing. After the kiss ended, she lifted herself up, raised her hips and, still holding onto his erection, dropped down and impaled herself on him.

"Oh! Oh, my darling, yes!" she hissed.

Jason groaned and, instinctively, his hips lifted off the bed, forcing his shaft farther into her warmth and wetness. "Oh, God, Karen, does that feel awesome!"

Karen began to ride him, her hips rising and falling with a tantalizing, rocking motion.

As always, Jason was thrilled to be making love with her on top of him, especially in daylight, because it gave him such a spectacular view. Her breasts jiggled sensuously as she rode him and he had a clear view of the look of passion on her face and the flush spreading over her body as she grew more and more aroused. He reached up and cupped the jellied orbs in his hands, squeezed the warm flesh gently, and let his thumbs rub over her rubbery, rigid nipples. Karen's eyes were squeezed shut and her mouth drooped open. Her head lolled limply on her shoulders and her body rocked while gasps and groans of joy poured from her.

"Jason, darling! Oh, darling!" she moaned and the movements she was making with her hips began to grow more and more

feverish. "Oh...darling! Oh...darling! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Oooo!"

Jason felt her coming and could no longer hold back. "Yeah! Oh, yeah!" he cried, blasting his juices into her.

Sated, Karen collapsed atop Jason and lay in his arms for a while, calming down. Finally, she lifted her head, kissed him gently, then she rolled off him, onto her side.

"Karen, I love you," Jason said. "I...I really do."

"I love you, too, Jason," Karen replied. She kissed him, then she rolled over and sat up. "I think it's time for me to get back to my room," she said. "We don't want Sylvia to come knocking on your door looking for me, too, do we?"

"Ah...no, I...I guess we don't," Jason replied. He stared at her, letting his eyes roam over her body, surveying every curve, every inch of her lovely skin. He wanted to commit the sight of her to memory.

"I'm going to get a shower and get dressed," Karen said as she gracefully got off the bed and slipped into her bathrobe. "Then I'm going to go down and make breakfast."

"I'll get a shower after you're finished," Jason said. He grinned. "Although I'd much rather take one with you."

Karen smiled and shook her head. "I'd like that better, too, my darling, but we both know we can't." She paused and grinned. "Not right now, anyhow. See you downstairs." She turned and, quietly, slipped out of his room.

"Not right now, huh?" Jason thought, grinning. "Maybe she wants another shampoo."

Jason got out of bed about a half-hour after Sylvia's mother left his room, walked down the hallway, and took his shower. He finished and, when he was coming out of the bathroom, he encountered Sylvia, wearing a fluffy bathrobe and looking a little ragged, shuffling down the hall. "Morning, Sylvia," he said.

Sylvia had her head down and didn't look up at him. "Mornon, Juhsn," she mumbled as she shuffled by him and disappeared into the bathroom.

"God, she looks hung over," Jason thought as he walked back to his room. "I wonder if she and Paul have been drinking? I wonder if her mother knows?" He briefly debated discussing the subject with Karen and decided it was none of his business, then he got dressed and went downstairs.

Karen was wearing a long, loose blue denim dress one whose hem was just above her ankles and had small white buttons all the way down the front. The minute he saw her, Jason found himself speculating on how neat it would be to undo all those

buttons and discover the wonders he knew were hidden under the loose garment.

"Sylvia's up," he said as he sat down in one of the chairs at the kitchen table.

"I wonder what time she got in last night," Karen said as she carried a plate with pancakes on it to the table and set it in front of him.

"Judging from the way she looks, I'd say it was pretty late," Jason replied. He thought better of mentioning his speculation that Sylvia might have a hangover.

"I think I'm going to have to have a talk with her when we get home," Karen said. "I'm not at all thrilled with the way she's been acting this week, and I'm really concerned about her relationship with Paul. I don't like that young man, not one bit. I can't see any future in her relationship with him."

"Me, either," Jason said. He remembered the way Paul leered at Sylvia's mother and felt a surge of anger. "If you ask me, he's a real jerk."

Karen smiled at him. "Why Jason, I do believe you've taken a very strong dislike to Paul," she said. "You aren't jealous, are you?"

"Jealous, hah!" Jason said. "No way! At least not of him and Sylvia. I...I just don't like the way he...he looks at you, that's all."

"Oh, I see," Karen said, smiling gently at him. "Well, my darling, to be honest with you, I don't like it much, either." She hugged herself. "He...he makes me feel...I don't know any other way to say it...dirty, I guess...when he looks at me." She smiled a little more brightly. "Of course, that's not at all how I feel when a certain other man looks at me, you know?"

The fact that she put emphasis on the word "man" wasn't lost on Jason and, in fact, made him blush. "Yeah...I...I know that," he mumbled and began eating his pancakes.

Sylvia came down a little later, drank some orange juice, ate a piece of toast, and was gone, saying she probably wouldn't be back until late again.

"I am going to have to talk to that young lady, and soon," Karen said after her daughter had gone.

"What are we going to do today?" Jason asked.

Karen frowned. "I'm afraid that today I have to do some things that aren't too thrilling," she said. "I need to dust, pick up and get this house cleaned up." She grinned at him and added, "I haven't had time to do that because someone's been distracting me."

"Hey, I'm sorry about that," Jason said, grinning back at her. "Look, I'll help you clean the place up. That way we can get done sooner, OK?"

"Oh, Jason, you don't have to help," she said. "I mean..."

"I want to help," he said. "I really do."

They started working. Jason vacuumed while Sylvia's mother dusted some of the furniture. When the vacuuming was finished, he began helping her dust. Eventually they found themselves dusting and straightening out the books in the den.

"See, this wasn't so bad, was it?" he commented. "We're almost done and it isn't even lunchtime yet."

"You're right," Karen said. "It does go a lot faster when you have someone helping you. Usually, this is an all-day job. They were standing near each other in front of the bookcase when Karen she reached out, took his face in her hands, and kissed him.

Jason liked the fact that she kissed him, but was puzzled. "What was that for?" he asked.

"For helping me with the housework," Karen replied. "And for being so wonderful to me." She kissed him again, this time more gently.

The second kiss was much more intense than the first, and their third kiss was way more intense than that. Their level of passion grew rapidly. Jason slid his arms around Karen's waist and pulled her against him while their impassioned exchange of kisses continued.

Karen pressed her body against his and her weight forced him back, against the shelves they'd been dusting. Their kisses continued, and continued to heat up. Her tongue pushed into his mouth and dueled with his while passion crackled between them like high-voltage electricity.

Jason, holding Sylvia's mother in his arms, turned and pushed her against the built-in shelves. His hands began to slide up and down her back while hers slid under his T-shirt, up to his chest, and began searching for his nipples. They tore their lips apart for a second and stared at each other, gasping for breath. Then he kissed her again, a soft, hesitant kiss that, like the one that preceded it, immediately grew hot. His left hand was behind her back and his right was sliding up and down her side, then he lifted it, cupped her breast, and discovered she wasn't wearing a bra.

"Oh, God, darling, we...we shouldn't be..." Karen groaned when he began unbuttoning the buttons down the front of her dress. When he had enough of them open, he slid his hands inside, onto her bare breasts.

"Oh!" she groaned "Oh, darling!"

Jason began kissing her throat while his hands cupped and kneaded her naked breasts. She was groaning passionately and trembling. He pressed his lips against hers again and, while their tongues dueled and her hand clutched his head, he slid his right hand down and began caressing her between her legs, through the dress. He didn't want to undo the rest of the buttons, so he grabbed the dress and began pulling it up, lifting the hem higher and higher. When he had the dress above her hips, he slipped his hand under it, into her silken panties.

Karen emitted a cry of joy when his fingers began exploring her labia. Her hips rocked forward, pressing her damp middle against his fingers while they continued to kiss and clutch each other.

Jason teased her for a few seconds, then he tugged the panties down. She somehow managed to help him, then she kicked the garment off her foot. They continued to grab at each other desperately, passionately, overcome by intense need.

Jason again tore his lips from hers, bent down and took one of her hardened nipples between his lips. While he sucked on the pink flesh, Karen moaned and her body writhed against his. He could feel her opening his fly and pulling out his erection.

He groaned when she began stroking him and pushed his knee between her legs, forcing them apart. One of her legs rose and locked behind his as he shoved his hips forward. She guided him and, as he pressed against her, pushing her back against the bookcase, he felt the tip of his erect penis press against her opening.

She uttered a soft cry of joy when he began to enter her. Her body, trapped against the shelves, continued to writhe against his as he moved deeper and deeper into her.

Shoving her middle against his, and tightening the leg she had around him, Karen whimpered while he continued to slide into her. When he had entered her as far as he could go, she let out a soft, quavering moan of pleasure.

Karen was leaning back against the shelves and her hands clutched the polished wood so hard her knuckles were white. She arched her back and pressed against Jason while he rocked his hips, making his erection slide slowly in and out of her tight sheath. He bent his head again and resumed suckling her nipples and his hands clutched her buttocks, pulling her against him.

Karen lifted the other leg and put both around him while she held onto the shelf. Each thrust Jason made forced her against the shelf and she grunted every time he lunged against her. His erection continued to thrust deep into her silky, rippling tube and she whimpered and groaned and kept pressing her body against his. One of her legs slid down, but other remained wrapped around him, clutching him tightly.

Jason clutched her buttocks and pulled her against him while he continued to thrust into her. Like his partner, he was uttering a stream of unintelligible sounds as he plunged his erection into the velvet vise that clutched it, lost in his need for her.

Gasping and moaning, Karen came. She writhed against him while he continued to pummel his hips against her, then he exploded, too, groaning with joy.

Still gasping for breath, Jason lowered Karen to her feet and, clinging to each other, they stood there, trembling.

"Karen...I...I'm..." Jason began.

Karen leaned her head against his chest and raised her hand to his lips. "Jason, darling, remember what...what I...I said about...about...about us...needing to...to be careful?" she panted.

Jason nodded. He chuckled softly and said, "Yeah, I remember, but I guess I wasn't listening too well, huh?"

"Oh, Lord, my darling," Karen murmured, clinging to him. "I don't think I was listening, either. My God, I don't know what came over me. I...I've never felt like that in my life!"

"Me, either," Jason said.

The sudden, wild joining they enjoyed in the library left both Jason and Sylvia's mother sweaty and sticky, which meant they wound up in the shower together after all. And, inevitably, as they showered, they grew aroused and made love, although with far less intensity than they'd shown earlier in the den.

After they finished their shower and got dressed again, they went downstairs and had lunch.

"I don't know how I'm going to survive after tomorrow," Karen said, laying her hand on Jason's as they ate.

"I...I don't, either," he replied sadly. He really didn't want to talk about tomorrow, or the next day, because it meant the end of his time with her. At least the end of being able to do the kinds of things they'd been doing.

Karen squeezed his hand. "I hate to see you look so sad, my darling," she said softly. "What is it? Is my talking about going home upsetting you?"

Jason nodded.

"Darling, I don't want this to end any more than you do," she said. "But it has to. At least the way it's been since Friday. I have a life I have to get back to and so do you."

"Yeah, I know," Jason said. He felt his eyes filling and fought back the urge to cry. "I hate it that we have to leave, I really do. I wish there was some way we could stay here forever."

Karen got up, walked around the table, and stood in front of him. Jason leaned forward, wrapped his arms around her hips, and pressed his face into her belly. She ran her fingers through his hair and said, "I wish we could stay here, like this, forever, too, my darling, but we can't, and we both know that. I know you're sad. I'm sad, too."

"But what are we gonna do?" Jason asked plaintively.

Karen continued to stroke his head. "I'm not sure, my darling," she said. "If nothing else, the past few days have shown me that there's no way you can predict the future. If, last week, someone would have told me that I'd meet and fall in love with someone half my age and find a man would make me happier

than I've ever been, I'd have told them they were crazy, but that's exactly what's happened."

"Am...am I gonna see you when...after...after we...we get...get home?" Jason stammered. He'd given up fighting it. Tears were streaming down his cheeks now.

"Darling, I...I don't know what to tell you," Karen replied, sounding almost as sad as Jason did. Like his, her eyes were filled with tears, too. "I...I don't want to lose you, I really don't. But...well...I do have responsibilities and so do you. I honestly don't know what will happen once we leave here. God, I wish I did know. I'm still concerned that I've hurt you. That worries me more than anything."

"You...you didn't..." Jason sobbed. "You...you're the...the best...the best thing that...that ever happened...to...to me." He clutched her against him and continued to sob.

Karen continued to stand in front of Jason, holding him and caressing his head gently, while he sobbed. Eventually, his crying abated and, after a while it stopped. When it did, he leaned back, looked up at her, and saw her looking at him with deep concern in her lovely gray eyes.

"Are you all right, my darling?" she asked.

Jason nodded. "Sort of, I guess," he said. "I...I'm sorry I acted like a baby, it's just..."

"Darling, you didn't act like a baby," Karen said, trailing her fingers along his cheek. "Not at all. I understand how you feel, I really do. I wish there was something I could do to make the pain go away, though."

"Come here," Jason said. He put his hands on her hips and tugged her down onto his lap. She settled onto him and put her arms around his neck. He slid his arms around her waist and they sat like that for a while, holding each other.

After a few moments, Jason leaned back and looked at Karen again. Then, as they gazed into each other's eyes, their heads started slowly moving forward and, before either of them knew it, their lips were joined and their tongues were forcing their way into each other's mouths.

"Oh, darling!" Karen exclaimed after the kiss ended. Trembling softly, she leaned against him.

"I kinda like this...having you on my lap," Jason said. He slid his hand inside her dress, something it was much easier for him to do since she'd left several of the top buttons undone when they dressed after their shower, and began to gently massage one of her breasts. Sylvia's mother trembled and her arms, which were still around his neck, tightened while he moved his hand from one breast to the other, teasing her nipples to full, straining life while she moaned with delight.

"We...we should...we should go...up...upstairs..." Karen gasped. "Please, darling, let's..."

"Why not here?" Jason asked. He didn't want to take the time to go upstairs. He needed her now. He urged her to get to her feet, hiked her skirt up, and guided her so that she was facing him, standing astride his legs. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his erection.

Karen looked down and saw his erection jutting from her jeans. "Oh, darling!" she said, her eyes wide.

Jason grasped her hips and urged her to lower herself onto his swollen rod.

"Oh! Oh, darling, yes! Yes!" Karen groaned as she settled onto his erection, which slid deeper and deeper into her as she sank downward.

When she'd taken him all the way into her, Karen sat atop Jason on the wooden kitchen chair, her arms wrapped around his neck and his hands clamped to her hips while their bodies rocked together. As they always did, intense feelings of pleasure crackled between them, growing stronger and more overwhelming by the second.

They only lasted a short time. Karen began to groan and her body started to tremble violently. "Oh, God, my darling! I'm there already!" she exclaimed. "Oh, darling! Take me! Take me, now!"

"Yes! Yes!" Jason groaned in reply. Shuddering and clinging to each other, they exploded into a wild, whirling world of bliss once more.

"Oh, Jason," Karen whispered. She was still sitting on his lap with her arms wrapped around his neck and his softening penis was still inside her. "That was so wonderful, but we really do have to start exercising some self-control." She shuddered and kissed him on the neck. "I've never, ever been

this out of control, or taken so many risks, in my life," she continued. "It's really a little frightening."

"I guess so," Jason said, "but it's kind of neat, too, isn't it?"

"Yes, my darling, it is neat, but we're taking chances, and I'm afraid our risk-taking is going to get us in trouble if we don't begin to control ourselves," Karen said. She kissed him, then she stood up. "Oh, that tickled," she murmured as his penis slid out of her. "I'm going to go upstairs and get myself cleaned up."

Grinning, Jason said, "I'll come with you."

Karen gave him a stern look. "You can use the washroom down here," she replied. "I need a break."

"Yeah, OK," Jason said.

After both of them were cleaned up, they began making lunch. While they worked on that, the phone rang. Sylvia's mother went and answered it. "Oh, hello, Milton," Jason heard her say. He was surprised to feel anger and jealousy surging through him.

"Sylvia's been gone most of the time and so has Brenda, over at the riding academy," Karen said, apparently in response to a question her husband had asked her.

Jason wasn't sure what to do. He didn't want to hear this conversation. The last thing he wanted was for her husband to intrude on the time he had with her, even though he knew he had no right to feel that way. He continued putting sandwiches together, but wished he had an excuse to go upstairs.

"No, Sylvia's been ignoring him, but it really hasn't been a problem," Karen said. "Actually, he's been helping me with chores around the house."

Jason knew her husband had asked about him and was surprised how cool Karen's reply was.

"If it's so important, why can't you tell me on the phone?" Karen asked.

Jason, unable to ignore the conversation, wondered what her husband had said.

"Oh, all right, we'll talk about it as soon as I get home," Karen said. She paused and listened a little longer. "We're planning on leaving first thing Friday morning," she said. "Jason has to be home for work Friday evening." She listened again. "No, we can't leave before that. Remember when I called you and told you we wouldn't be home until Friday, I explained it was because Brenda had that special program at the riding academy? It runs until tomorrow afternoon." She listened some more and an angry look formed on her face. "Milton, you know I don't like driving at night," she snapped. "Especially not in that old station wagon. What would happen if we had a flat or broke down? We'll leave as early as we can Friday morning. Yes, and I'll call you the minute we're home. Good-bye, Milton."

She put the phone down and sat there, staring at it, looking puzzled. "I wonder what's come up that's so important we have to talk about it the minute I get home," she said softly, almost as if she was talking to herself.

"That...that was Mr. Dooley, wasn't it?" Jason said.

Karen, looking surprised, turned to him. "What did you say, my darling?" she asked.

"That was Mr. Do...your husband, wasn't it?" he asked again.

"Yes, it was," she replied. She shook her head. "He said he really needs to talk with me. Face to face. I wonder what that's all about."

"You...you don't think he...he suspects that we...you and I...are...are doing something, do you?" Jason asked fearfully.

Karen got up, walked over to him, and put her arms around him. "No, my darling, he doesn't suspect a thing about us," she said softly. "I'm sure of that." She released him and stepped back. "Is lunch ready?" she asked.

"Ah...yeah...it's all set," Jason replied.

"Good, let's eat," she said.

They ate lunch, cleaned up the dishes, and spent the rest of the afternoon sitting on the sofa in the living room listening to music and talking. It wasn't that they didn't want to make love. The thing was, having a chance to spend time together, just talking, was so delightful neither of them wanted to spoil the mood. Sylvia's mother asked Jason a lot of questions about his family and was surprised by how close they were and how much he obviously loved and respected his parents.

"I wish my girls felt about Milton and me the way you do about your parents," she mused.

"Brenda does, I think," Jason replied. "She really loves you a lot. And I think, maybe, Sylvia loves you, too, but she doesn't know how to show it."

"I know," Karen sighed. "I suppose the fact that their father is an alcoholic may have something to do with it, but I keep feeling as if, somehow, I've failed them. Sylvia, at least. Brenda seems to be doing pretty well, despite all her father and I have put her through." She paused and took a deep breath. "Jason,

do you think Brenda might be...ah...well...um, ah, gay?" she asked.

Jason was surprised by her question. "Why do you wonder that?" he replied.

Karen shrugged. "I'm not sure, exactly," she said. "Maybe I'm wrong. I hope so. It's just that Brenda hasn't ever had a boyfriend, but she's had quite a few close girlfriends. Almost all the students at the riding academy are girls, you know?"

"I didn't know that," Jason said. "Would it bother you if she was, you know, gay?"

"I'm not sure," Karen said. "I certainly would like grandchildren someday, and I guess part of me would like to see both of my girls grow up and be happily married. On the other hand, if Brenda's happy, that's all I care about."

"My Uncle Rich is gay," Jason said. "He's my father's younger brother."

"How does your family handle it?" Karen asked.

Jason shrugged. "I'm not sure we 'handle it' at all," he said. "The fact that he's gay doesn't usually come up, at least not around our house. He's Uncle Rich and his partner is Mike. They've been together as long as I can remember. They live out on Fire Island. Uncle Rich is a stockbroker and Mike works in New York in the theater."

"And your father isn't upset by the fact that his brother is gay?" Karen asked, sounding a little surprised.

"Heck, no," Jason said. "Dad and Uncle Rich are real close. Mike, too. They came and stayed with us for a while and Mike and Uncle Rich helped Dad build a deck on our trai...mobile home. You should see it, it's really nice. Mike works building sets for Broadway plays, and he's a really good carpenter." He paused. "How do you think your...your husband will act if it turns out Brenda is a lesbian?"

"I'm not sure," Karen said. "He sometimes rants and raves about gays...when he isn't ranting and raving about lawyers. And he and Brenda have never been close. I don't think he'd be too happy."

"So what are you going to do about this?" Jason asked.

"What can I do?" Karen replied. "I'm not sure I can ask Brenda. If I'm wrong, she'd be horribly embarrassed, wouldn't she?"

"Yeah, probably," Jason said. "I guess I'd be if somebody asked me if I was gay."

Karen smiled at him. "We certainly know that's not the case, don't we, my darling?" she said, and gently stroked his face with her fingers.

Jason felt himself blushing. "Ah...yeah...I...I guess we do," he stammered.

"That music sounds so nice," Karen said. "Would you like to dance with me again, Jason?"

"Ah...sure," Jason replied.

They got up and, while the sounds of big band music filled the room, they moved slowly around the living room nestled in each other's arms.

They were still dancing when Brenda arrived home. Grinning at them, she chuckled, "It's a beautiful day and all you guys can do is stay indoors and dance to that old time music?"

"It's classic music," Jason retorted. "The kind that will be around years from now. And besides, slow dancing is fun."

"Yeah, sure," Brenda said. "Elevator music. I suppose you guys figured I was going to make dinner again?"

"Of course we don't expect you to cook for us again, honey," Karen said. "I thought that since it was just the three of us tonight, we'd go out and get some burgers, or pizza or something. I don't feel like cooking, and I don't think Jason does, either. Do you, Jason?"

"Going out and getting something sounds good to me," Jason said. "But let's do something other than burgers. I get enough of them at work."

They decided on a fast food restaurant that featured Mexican-style cooking and, when they got there and were seated, they chatted amiably while they waited for their food. Jason found it amazing how deftly Brenda handled being with them, given

the fact that she knew what was going on. The topic of their activities never came up, even though there was a twinkle in Brenda's eyes as she watched them. She made sure he and her mother sat together on the same side of the booth, and sat in the back seat of the car so he could sit in front.

After the meal, they returned to the cabin and, as had become their habit, they played a few games of "Trivial Pursuit." This time Jason, who wasn't distracted, won all the games handily, a fact that seemed to bug Brenda.

"How do you know all that stuff?" she asked after he'd won his fourth game easily. "Darn, Jason, you know all about TV shows, even those that were on before you were born."

"I watch a lot of TV, and I read a lot," Jason replied. "Stuff just seems to stick in my mind, I guess. My dad always says I'm better at remembering stuff that doesn't really matter than anybody he knows."

"You ought to get on 'Jeopardy'," Brenda said. "You could be teen champion and make lots of money."

"Yes, Jason, you should try that," Karen said. "I think Brenda's right."

"I'm not so sure," Jason said. "The first time I was involved in a debate, I got stage fright so bad I could barely talk."

"I saw you debate once, though," Brenda said, "at that assembly the debate club put on. It sure didn't look as if you had stage fright to me."

"I guess I managed to get over it," Jason said, blushing.

Brenda stood up and stretched. "Well," she said, yawning. "I'm going to bed. I've lost about all the games of 'Trivial Pursuit' I want to lose for one night." She chuckled. "I like playing you better when you're upset, Jason. At least I have half a chance of winning then." Giggling, she turned and started upstairs.

Karen smiled across the table at Jason. "Why don't we put the game away and go to bed, too?" she asked.

Jason grinned back at her and said, "Sounds good to me."

Jason put the game away, then he and Karen walked upstairs holding hands. They went directly to the spare bedroom and, when they got there, they immediately moved into each other's arms and shared a deep, passionate kiss. While they were kissing, Jason began unbuttoning the buttons down the front of Karen's dress. When it was opened all the way, he slid it down over her shoulders and tossed it aside.

Karen helped him out of his jeans and T-shirt, and then they were in the bed, lying naked in each other's arms. Jason found the contact of Karen's bare, warm flesh against his so extraordinarily pleasurable that he felt a shudder race through him and his penis immediately became erect. He couldn't believe he'd gotten so turned on just from having her snuggle against him.

Lying on his side, he pushed himself up on his elbow and began exploring her body. He touched her carefully, as if she was super-fragile. While his fingers trailed gently over her silken skin, he leaned over her chest and drew one partially rigid nipple between his lips, then he began to lash it with his tongue. He got that nipple as rigid as he could, then he shifted his attention to the other one.

"Oh! Oh, God, my darling!" Karen groaned when he began to suckle her nipples. Her hands tangled in his hair and she tugged on his head, pulling his mouth tighter against her breasts. He continued to adore her chest with his lips for what seemed like an eternity, kissing first one breast, then the other, then back again to the other nipple. All the while he did it, Karen groaned and mewled with joy and her body twisted and strained feverishly, rubbing against him, arousing him, too. "So good! Oh, my darling, you're making me feel so good!" she cried.

Jason continued to pay homage to her finely molded body. He felt her skin ripple as his fingers and lips moved over it ever so lightly. He was determined to touch every inch of her, to know her as completely as possible, to give her as much pleasure as it was possible for one person to give another. He was only too aware that their time together was coming to an end and he wanted to savor as much of the time they had left as he could.

Karen's moans and cries grew louder while Jason continued to caress, kiss, and explore her body. When it seemed like she couldn't stand any more, he would stop and look at her passion-flushed face, watch the way she was twisting and turning with need, and allow her to calm down a little. Then he'd begin all over again, skillfully using the knowledge he'd

gained over the past few days to arouse her to still greater heights of need.

Karen grew more and more impatient and, soon, she let him know that. "Please, my darling! Oh, please! I need you!" she begged, pulling at him.

Jason rolled atop her and, as his legs slid between hers, he was startled when he felt his erect penis sliding into her. A powerful shudder went through both of them as he plunged deeper and deeper into her clutching, rippling opening. He couldn't believe it! He was there! In her!! He'd entered her as if that was exactly what was supposed to happen, which it was, of course. It was incredible! As he lowered his hips slowly and sank deeper into her, warmth and delight roared through him, threatening to overwhelm him, sending him to the very verge of control. Desperately, he fought back the intense need to come and began to move his hips, sliding his erection in and out of her.

Apparently their joining it had the same powerful effect on Karen that it did on Jason because, only seconds after he entered her, he felt her body stiffen under him. "Yes! Oh, darling! Yes! Yes! I can't wait! Oh, Jason! I can't wait!" she cried. Her body began to shudder violently and cries of passion

erupted from her. "Yes! Oh, darling, yes! Yes!" she cried, her body bucking against his.

Karen's wild movements and the incredible caress of her channel on his erection drew Jason with her into a joint explosion of bliss. "Karen! Oh, God, Karen!" he moaned when he exploded.

When, at last, they were finished, Jason rolled off her, onto his back.

He was surprised when Karen rolled over and began kissing him, hugging him, and babbling excitedly. "I love you! Oh, my darling, I do love you!" she gushed.

"I love you, too," he told her, kissing her gently. "I never knew making love could feel this wonderful," he said, and kissed her again.

Karen wasn't about to let him alone. Her hands caressed him and he felt himself responding powerfully. There was no way he could not respond when she touched him. Her gentle caresses and touches were driving him wild and soon had made him hard again.

"My goodness, Jason, I do believe you've gotten another erection!" Karen exclaimed, sounding a little surprised, but delighted, too. She wrapped her slim fingers around his sticky, swelling rod, as if she needed to verify what she was seeing.

"Uh! It sure does feel that way," Jason groaned. "God!"

Karen began to stroke his swelling shaft and he got even harder. "I don't believe this!" she exclaimed. Her hand started moving up and down faster and faster on his swollen penis.

"Ah! Ah! Oh!" the young man moaned. "You...Ah!...are too much!"

"I...I want more!" Karen gasped. Eagerly, she straddled his hips and guided the tip of his erection to her opening. When it was in position, she sank down onto him. "Oh! Oh, Jason!" she moaned as his erection slid up inside her. She began moving her hips, riding him.

Jason, delighted, watched her breasts bob and jiggle as she worked herself up and down on his blood-engorged wand. After observing for a second or two, he reached up, gently

cupped her breasts in his hands and began flicking his thumbs over her nipples.

Karen's groans of delight grew more impassioned and her hips began to move even faster. "Oh, God, my darling! It...it feels like you're in me all the way up to my throat!" she moaned. Her motions became even more frenzied. Her knees pressed against his sides, her hands gripped his arms, and her bottom slapped against his thighs while she rode him frantically. "My, God! Jason! Oh, God! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Oh, yes!" she cried when she experienced another wonderful, wild explosion of delight.

"Karen! Oh, God, Karen! I love you!" Jason groaned, erupting powerfully into her once more.

When, at last, there was no more pleasure for them to share, Karen collapsed on top of Jason and lay like that, wrapped tightly in his arms. His penis, still rigid, remained sequestered in her still-rippling channel. As they lay there, holding each other, it softened and slid out of her.

Karen raised her head, looked down at Jason, and giggled. "That tickled!" she said, then she kissed him.

"It did tickle, didn't it?" Jason replied and squeezed her to him.

Karen pressed herself against the young man so fiercely he wondered if, somehow, she was trying to absorb his body into hers. She didn't seem to be able to get close enough to him. Finally, she rolled off him and they lay side by side, looking at the ceiling. "Jason?" she asked softly.

"What?" he responded.

"Tonight...what we did, it was really wonderful..." she whispered.

"It's always wonderful when we make love," he said.

She rolled on her side so she was facing away from him. He immediately slid over, put his arm around her, and pulled her back against him. "I love you, Karen," he said.

"I love you, too, Jason," she murmured.

Jason's hand was resting on one of her breasts. He began toying with the nipple, which immediately started to swell and grow.

What he was doing to her made Karen squirm, which caused her bottom to caress his penis, which, much to his surprise and hers, began to respond. "God! That feels wonderful!" she whispered.

"I hope so," Jason said.

"Do...do you want to...to make love again?" she asked. She continued to squirm her bottom against him. It was having a noticeable effect, but not as much of one as it might have earlier.

"If you want to," he said.

"Ah...I...I don't want you to be disappointed," Karen said softly, "but...well, I'm exhausted."

"Me, too," Jason said. "Why don't we get some sleep? Maybe in the morning, when we're rested?" he suggested.

Karen yawned. "Sounds wonderful to me," she said sleepily.

Jason turned off the lights and, with Sylvia's mother cuddled against him, they quickly fell sound asleep.

Chapter 28

Daylight pouring through the bedroom windows awakened Jason the next morning and, once again he had the delightful experience of learning that Karen was still in bed with him. She was lying on her side, facing away from him. Gently, he eased the covers down, exposing the entire lovely expanse of her back. Then, keeping his touch feather-light, he began stroking her silken skin, trailing his fingers from her shoulders all the way down to her wonderfully formed buttocks. It wasn't long before she murmured softly and stirred. When she did, he slid over, pressed himself against her, and felt his erection nudging into the cleft between her buttocks.

"Good morning," he whispered as he slid his hand down onto her chest and lovingly cupped one of her breasts.

"Good...morning, my darling," Karen replied.

Jason squeezed her breast softly, then he rotated his palm over her nipple. Karen murmured with delight and her nipple quickly extended against his palm. And, while he continued to caress her breast, the movement of her hips began to grow more urgent. Before long, she was purring with delight and her buttocks were caressing his erection, which grew harder and harder as her body moved sinuously against it.

"Oh, darling, this is such a wonderful way to wake up," she murmured. "I wish we could do it every morning."

"So do I," Jason thought ruefully. He continued to caress and stroke her for a while, then he reached down and hooked one of her slim legs over his. Doing so opened her vagina to his caresses. He slid his hand down over her belly, through her pubic hair, and found the engorged bud of her clit. She gasped when he took the tiny finger of flesh between his thumb and forefinger and began caressing it. It was as if he was jerking her off. She shuddered again and the movement of her hips increased in intensity. He could feel the juices of excitement begin to ooze from her and also could feel the tip of his swollen penis, which protruded from between her legs. He abandoned her clit and pressed the tip of his penis between her labia, then began moving his hips, which caused it to rub against her slit.

"Oh, darling, please, take me! Oh, God, Jason, please take me!" Karen groaned.

Jason repositioned himself slightly and the next time he shoved his hips forward, he experienced the sublime thrill of having her tight, wet, channel grasp his erection as it slowly infiltrated it's way into her.

"Oh, darling, I need you so desperately!" Karen murmured, as their bodies began the age-old motions of lovemaking.

Thrills raced through Jason's body from the point of their joining and he returned his hands to her breasts and caressed them while he slid his erection in and out of her need-slick opening. Her hands covered his and pressed them against her breasts while she rocked her hips, making his swollen penis lash her insides.

Their passion grew explosively. Jason driving into her and began to alternate between massaging her breasts and teasing her clit. She tightened the leg that was behind his, pulling him tighter against her.

After a surprisingly short time, Karen began uttering wails of pleasure. Her hips began jerking and her hands flailed, looking for something to grab, as a powerful orgasm shook her. "Oh, darling! Oh, darling, yes!" she cried, "Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uhh!"

Groaning with delight, Jason felt his orgasm begin and felt his body powerfully pumping his fluids into her.

Their frantic joining continued for a while but, finally, Sylvia's mother sagged onto the bed and her leg, which was still over his, relaxed. Jason's softening penis cock slid out of her, but remained trapped between her buttocks.

Jason leaned forward and kissed her on her neck, which was a bit sweaty from their exertions. "Now that we're awake," he said, "What are we going to do today?"

"Would you like to have another picnic at the pool?" Karen asked. Her hands covered his, which were still holding her breasts, and squeezed them.

"That would be neat," Jason replied. "We gonna go skinny-dipping again?"

Karen chuckled. "What do you think?" she asked. She pulled his hands from her breasts and rolled around so she was facing him, then she planted a gentle kiss on his lips. "There," she said after the kiss ended. "I need my morning kiss. Especially because after today..." She stopped in mid-sentence, raised her hand, and stroked his cheek with her fingers. "Don't look so sad, my darling. I know my talking about that upsets you, but we really do need to face the facts. This will likely be the last time we'll wake up in each other's arms for some time."

"I know," Jason said glumly. "God, I hate it that we have to go home tomorrow. I really do."

"I don't like it any better than you do, my darling," Karen said softly. "But we do have to." She kissed him again, then sat up in the bed. "I think I'm going to get a shower and get dressed before the girls get up," she said. "Breakfast will be ready when you come down."

"OK," Jason said. He lay there and watched her as she slipped into her clothes, without underwear, then left his room. He flopped back on the bed and stared at the ceiling. "Damn, why does this week have to be over?" he thought sadly. "I...I'm probably never going to see her again after tomorrow." As he lay there, he felt tears welling up in his eyes and rolling down

his cheeks. "How am I ever going to be happy without her?" he wondered as he cried softly.

Chapter 29

Jason got up once he was sure he and Sylvia's mother were alone in the cabin, showered, dressed, and went downstairs.

Karen was at the kitchen table, putting things into the knapsack they'd used the two other times they'd gone to the pool and smiled at him when he walked into the kitchen. "I thought I was going to have to come up and get you," she said.

"I just figured I'd wait until Sylvia and Brenda were gone," he replied. "Looks like you're planning on spending the whole day at the pool."

Karen smiled at him, nodded, and said, "As much of it as we can. Are you ready to go?"

"I sure am," Jason replied.

They left the house and walked slowly up the road to the path that led through the forest to the hidden pool. Jason was excited about going to the pool, and what he knew would happen when they got there, but he was almost as sad as he was happy. After all, today could very well be the last day he and Karen would get to spend together for a while, maybe even for a long time. He noticed she was quieter than she usually was and wondered if she was thinking the same things he was.

She was wearing a pair of snug-fitting faded blue jeans, a white T-shirt with a wide neck opening, and she had a denim jacket on over that because the morning air was a little chilly.

Jason's outfit was a lot like hers, jeans, T-shirt, and instead of a jacket, he had on a sweatshirt.

And, for the first time since their trips to the pool had begun, Karen held his hand as they walked up the road behind the cabins. It was almost as if she didn't care if someone saw them acting like lovers. Of course, since it was Thursday, there were few other people there to see them, so the risk probably wasn't as great as it could have been at other times.

"I hope it warms up," Jason commented. "It's pretty cold for skinny-dipping."

"It is kind of cool this morning, isn't it?" Karen agreed. "Isn't water usually warmer than air in situations like this?"

"I think that applies to standing bodies of water, like lakes and the ocean," Jason said. "With the way the water flows into that pool, I'd guess it changes entirely every hour or so."

Karen laughed. "You do know a lot about a lot of things, don't you?" she chuckled. "Well, if we can't swim because the water is too cold, we can at least have our picnic."

"We should have brought a sleeping bag or something," Jason said. "At least then we'd have something warm to snuggle up in."

"That would be nice, wouldn't it?" Karen replied and gave his hand a squeeze.

The sun was out, though, and it was growing warmer. By the time they reached the pool, Jason had shed his sweatshirt and Karen had taken off her jacket. They found a spot, took out the

blanket packed in the knapsack, and spread it out, then they sat down next to each other and stayed there for a while, watching the waterfall, not saying anything.

"We're both thinking the same thing, aren't we?" Karen said softly after a while.

"You mean we're both thinking about how this might be the last time you and I get to come up here, don't you?" Jason said.

Karen turned and looked at him, her gray eyes filled with sadness. "Yes, that's what I was thinking," she said softly. "And I was also thinking that I really don't want it to be our last time."

"Me, either," Jason replied.

"I...I wish I could tell you what will happen once we leave here," Karen said, "but I can't. I know what I want, but I don't know how to..."

Jason stopped her in mid-sentence by pulling her face to his and kissing her. The kiss, as all their kisses seemed to do, immediately grew wild. They clung to each other desperately

and their hands began to roam over each other's bodies while their tongues entwined.

The kiss wound on and grew hotter and hotter. While it did, their caresses turned into frantic tugging and pulling at clothing and, the next thing Jason knew he was lying atop Karen and his erection was sliding into her snug, warm opening.

"Oh! Oh, yes!" she moaned, clutching at his bottom. He still had most of his clothes on and so did she, but the important parts of their bodies were both bare and joined. "Please, my darling! Oh, please!" she moaned as she pulled on him, urging him deeper into her.

Happily, Jason responded to her pleas. He shoved his erection as far into her as it would go and, when their pubic bones met, he began rotating and rocking his hips, making his swollen penis lash around inside her. He would have made longer thrusts, but her grip on his bottom was so tight he couldn't. Even so, what they were doing felt wonderful. His insides were churning and he could feel the rippling of her vaginal canal along his embedded shaft. "Oh, God, Karen!" he groaned.

"Now! Oh, darling, now!" Karen cried. Her grip tightened and her body went into a series of rippling movements. "Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Huh! Yes!" she huffed as she came.

Jason had learned that there was no way he could be in her when she was coming and not come, and that's what he did. "Oh, God!" he groaned as he felt his fluids jetting into her, accompanied by the ripples of joy he'd come to love so much.

When they finished, he remained atop her, his partially hard erection still in the grasp of her still-rippling tube. He supported most of his weight on his arms and legs, bent down, and kissed her gently. "God, that was awesome!" he murmured once the kiss ended.

Karen smiled up at him. "It was awesome, wasn't it?" she replied. "I...I didn't intend to get so out of control, but...well...I have to say I'm not sorry I did."

"Me, either," Jason said. He kissed her on the nose, then he pulled out of her and rolled onto the blanket next to her. And, as he gazed up at the sky, he realized it had gotten darker. "Uh...we could be in trouble here," he said.

"What's the matter, darling?" Karen asked.

"It's gotten awful cloudy," he replied. "You think it might rain?"

Karen looked up at the sky. "My goodness," she said. "It does look like there's a storm coming, doesn't it?"

"Yeah, and it could be a big one, judging from how those clouds look," Jason said.

"We'll never get back to the cabin in time," Karen said, sounding a little frightened.

"Is it safe to be out in the woods if there's lightning and thunder?" Jason asked.

"I think I remember hearing that you should never take shelter under a lone tree near the top of a hill," Karen replied. "I don't remember hearing anything about being in the forest. Maybe we should get our things together and start back." She pulled her jeans up, then she sat up and began stuffing things back into the knapsack.

Jason pulled his pants up, too. Then he stood up and began folding the blanket. "Yeah, maybe..." he started to say. He didn't get to finish his comment because suddenly a clap of thunder that sounded as if it had come from directly above them boomed through the forest. A brilliant flash of lightning followed the loud thunderclap, then huge raindrops began pelting down on them.

They quickly got their things in the knapsack and started back down the path. Once the rain began falling, it came in torrents, drenching them. When they came to a thick grove of pine trees, Jason grabbed Karen's arm and stopped her. "Maybe we should take shelter under those pines until the rain slows a little," he said. "It's coming down so hard we can barely see where we're going. Usually this kind of rain stops after a few minutes."

"All...all right," Karen said.

They made their way to the grove of pines and found that, although some rain still fell on them, it was quite a bit less than the torrent that had been drenching them on the path.

Another loud clap of thunder boomed through the forest and another flash of lightning lit the area up brighter than if it had been full sunlight. Karen jumped and began to shake.

Jason took her in his arms and held her against him, very aware of their cold, wet clothing. "Don't be scared," he said. "We'll be safe."

She pressed her face into his chest and wrapped her arms around him. He could feel her trembling. "I've always been frightened of thunderstorms," she murmured. "They...they're so...so...elemental and powerful."

Jason kissed the top of her head. Her hair was drenched and matted against her skull. "I used to be scared of them when I was real little," he said. "But one night I saw some lightning bolts. They fascinated me. Next to tornadoes and hurricanes, thunderstorms are nature's most powerful actions. Since then, I've kind of liked them." He hugged her. "As long as I'm safe."

Karen leaned back in his arms and looked up at him. "Do you really think we're safe?" she asked.

Jason shrugged, and felt her press back against him when another boom of thunder and flash of lightning happened. "I would feel safer if we were indoors," he admitted once the din from the storm ended.

"Maybe...maybe we...we should just go back to the cabin," Karen said, clinging to him.

"OK," Jason said. "It looks like the rain's letting up a little." He released his hold on Karen and, reluctantly, she let go of him. They stepped apart, he looked at her, and a smile formed on his face.

Karen gave him a puzzled look. "What are you grinning at?" she asked.

The rain had drenched both of them and their clothing was dripping with water and clinging to them. Jason wasn't sure how he looked but Karen's blouse had become nearly transparent and the chilly water had stiffened her nipples, so he thought she looked pretty good. Surprisingly good, actually.

She saw where he was looking, glanced down, and her face turned red. "Oh, God," she exclaimed. "Give me that knapsack, Jason. I have to put my jacket on. I can't go walking down the road looking like this. I...I might as well be nude. Besides, I'm cold."

"I can tell," Jason said softly. He stepped toward her, pulled her into his arms, and kissed her. "Maybe I can do something to warm you up," he said after the kiss ended.

"Jason, what on earth are you talking about?" Karen asked. "Come on, give me the knapsack so I can get my jacket."

"Actually, I thought maybe I could warm you up so you won't need the jacket," Jason said, "at least not right now." He knew what he wanted to do was crazy, but something drove him to at least try. He reached out and began opening the buttons on Karen's blouse.

"Jason...it's raining and there's thunder and lightning, what are...Oh! Oh, God!" Karen stopped talking and began to groan when he spread her blouse open, bent, and began suckling her already-rigid nipples. "Oh, Jason...Oh, God, darling!" she murmured, clutching his head against her chest and shuddering.

Jason continued to suckle her nipples and, while his lips were busy with that, he began fumbling with the clasp at the waist of her jeans. Soon the drenched jeans were sliding down her legs, baring her middle. He slid his hand up between her legs, into the wetness of their earlier joining.

"Oh!" Karen groaned when he began caressing her vaginal lips and clit while he continued to adore her breasts with his lips and tongue. "Oh, darling, this is...it's so crazy!" she murmured as she clung to him, barely able to stand because her legs were now trembling so hard.

Eventually, after he'd caressed and suckled her while she was on her feet for a while, they both wound up on their knees. Jason continued nursing on Karen's breasts with his mouth. Now he had one finger plunging into her while his thumb rubbed over her clit, though, and she was gasping with delight, no longer even aware of the storm, which still raged around them.

Jason was hard as a rock and wanted desperately to take her, but he wasn't quite sure how to accomplish that. He could spread the blanket out, but it was probably soaking wet, and he'd have to stop touching her to do that and the last thing he wanted to do was stop touching her.

Eventually, Karen solved the problem for him by falling onto her back. He fumbled his jeans open while she continued to moan and reach for him. Then he leaned forward and she grabbed his arms and drew him on top of her. When he was over her, she reached between them, grasped his swollen penis, and inserted the tip into her opening.

"Take me, my darling! Yes! Oh, yes!" she groaned, lifting her hips upward, seeking him. "Please, my darling, take me!"

Jason plunged into her and, frantically, their wet; slippery bodies began working against each other. Lightning and thunder continued to boom and flash around them while even more powerful bolts of bliss crackled between them as they toiled against each other. Their coupling was wild and feral, almost animal-like, yet somehow it was also loving. While their bodies strained on a blanket of wet pine needles, Karen whimpered cries of delight and endearment and Jason did the same.

"Oh, God, I can't wait!" Jason groaned when he felt his body coiling and experienced the spasms he knew would send his fluids bubbling into Karen's body. "I...I can't wait!"

"Don't wait! Oh, darling, don't wait!" Karen shouted in reply. Her hands clutched his buttocks, hauling him into her, and she wrapped her legs around his. "Take me, darling! Now! Oh, God, darling, take me now! Now! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Now!"

Hearing her words and feeling the quivering of her body was all it took for Jason. Groaning, he let himself go and his fluids began gushing into her. Neither of them noticed it, but at almost the exact second they came, another loud clap of thunder rocked the woods.

Chapter 30

"I still can't believe we made love in the middle of that storm," Karen commented as she and Jason, both drenched and covered with pine needles and leaves, walked down the driveway toward the cabin. "I've never done anything like that before in my life."

"Me, either," Jason agreed. "It was really wild, wasn't it?"

"I guess!" Karen exclaimed. "God, you've gotten me to do such crazy and wonderful things!"

Jason opened the door and the two of them walked into the house.

"Holy shit, look at the two of you!" Brenda said. "I was wondering where you guys were. What happened, did you get caught in the storm?"

"Ah...yes...we...we did, honey," Karen replied. "We...we were too far away from the house to get back in time and..."

Brenda giggled. "Looks like you were rolling around in leaves and pine needles, too," she chortled.

"Ah...Brenda...we..." her mother, whose face was beet-red, stammered. "We...the storm..."

"I think the two of you should go upstairs, take off those wet clothes, and take a warm bath," Brenda said, adopting a surprisingly maternal tone. She also had a twinkle in her eye. "We sure don't want you catching cold, do we?"

"Ah...no...I...I guess we...we don't," her mother replied. "Come on, Jason, let's go upstairs and do what Brenda says. She's right, we don't want to catch cold, do we?"

"Ah...no...I...I guess not," Jason replied. "I wonder if Brenda would mind if her mother and I took a shower together?" he mused as he followed Sylvia's mother up the stairs. "Want to take a shower together?" he asked when they reached the top of the stairs.

Karen looked as if she was going to say they shouldn't, then she stopped and looked thoughtful. After a few seconds, she smiled. "Why not?" she said. "Brenda knows about us anyhow, doesn't she?"

"Yeah, she sure does," Jason replied, grinning. He was glad now that he'd told Brenda what was going on.

"Well, come on, young man," Karen said, taking his hand and starting for the bathroom. "We better get ourselves cleaned up and warmed up."

When they got in the bathroom, both of them stripped their dripping clothes off, then they stepped into the shower, under the steamy spray. Jason took a washcloth from a hanger on the wall, lathered it thoroughly, and began washing Karen.

She giggled with delight as he swept the lathery cloth over her body. "This was a good idea. It is warming me up," she gurgled, sounding delighted. "It feels wonderful!"

"How do you mean that?" Jason asked her, grinning. Being in the shower with her was warming him up, too, in more ways than one.

When he began to lather her breasts, Karen's giggles turned into soft moans of delight. Her nipples grew rigid, and were sticking out through the foamy suds deposited on her breasts by the washcloth. Jason made sure each of her breasts, and nipples, was thoroughly washed. When, judging from the wild look in her eyes, he'd washed her breasts enough, he washed the rest of her lovely body. Eventually, he slid the cloth down over her belly and between her legs.

"Oh, darling!!!" she cooed as she parted her legs to make access easier for his hand.

Jason gave the area between her legs an even more thorough "washing" than he'd given her breasts and, before long, she was trembling violently and clutching his arm for support. Her legs were wobbly and she was breathing hard, making her chest rise and fall rapidly.

"If...if you...you keep doing that," she panted, "You're going to make me have an...an orgasm!"

"I wouldn't mind if you had one," Jason commented and continued the caresses he knew were driving her wild.

"Mmmm!" Karen murmured. Her hips began to rock in reaction to the caresses of his hand. "Yes, darling, wash me more! Oh, God, wash me more!" she murmured.

Jason did just that, and, before long, she clutched his arm fiercely, closed her eyes, and emitted an urgent series of whimpers while her body quivered as if she was having a seizure. When her orgasm finally ended, she looked up at Jason. "What about you, my darling?" she murmured. "That was wonderful, but don't you...?"

"I sure do," he replied.

Karen smiled at him and said, "Well, then..." She turned her back to him, bent forward, and placed her hands on the tile shower stall wall. Jason took his erection in his hand and slid it between her finely formed buttocks, into her lathery cavern.

"Oh, darling!" she gasped, "Yes, darling, oh, yes!"

While the hot water continued to pelt down on them, Jason grasped her lean hips and began thrusting into her powerfully. She braced herself against the wall and drove back at him.

"This is...so...incredible!" she groaned, "Oh! Don't stop, my darling! Oh, God! Please don't stop!"

There was no way Jason could have stopped. It was far too late for that. Between touching her and making her come, he was far too aroused. He had begun to feel his loins tightening like a spring waiting to uncoil in a burst of pleasure the minute he slid into her.

"Now, darling!!! Oh, God, darling, now!" Karen moaned. Her body began to jolt and her moans increased in volume and

fervency while her body rocked and quivered as a second intense orgasm swept over her.

The muscles in Jason's groin tensed, then went into powerful spasms, exploding his warm fluids into Sylvia's mother's undulating body. He clutched her hips, hanging on for dear life while his legs went rubbery.

Once their passion had abated, they clung to each other until enough strength returned to their legs to allow them to stand unassisted. Then they finished their bath, toweled each other off, and went to their bedrooms to get dressed.

Brenda was grinning like the Cheshire cat when the two of them came back downstairs. "Did your shower warm you up?" she asked.

"Ah...yeah...it sure did," Jason, who knew he was blushing furiously, replied.

"Never mind," her blushing mother snapped. She had put on white terry pajamas with lace around the cuffs and around the neck and down the front, which was held together by loop fasteners which allowed just a hint of her smooth flesh to be visible.

"Sexy outfit, Mom," Brenda chortled. "I made you guys some soup." She held up her hands. "And before you start in on me about cooking again, it's canned soup. All I had to do was add water and warm it up."

"That sounds delicious," her mother said. "I could use something to warm me up right now."

"Yeah, me, too," Jason said.

"Well, sit down, then," Brenda said. "It's ready."

They ate the soup, and some toast, then they cleaned up the dishes. "What are we gonna do now?" Brenda asked.

"How come you're home early?" Jason inquired.

"The rain messed things up," Brenda replied. "Besides, all the work was done, usually we ride in the afternoons, but with the weather like it is, we couldn't do that today."

"That's too bad, Honey," her mother said. "It's a shame your last day turned out like this."

"Oh, well, I'll make up for it the next time we come up," Brenda said. She brightened. "Max, the manager, says he thinks he might be willing to hire me as an instructor next summer."

"That would be wonderful," her mother said.

While the women were talking, Jason wandered over to the stereo, picked out some CD's and put them in the player. The soft sounds of romantic music began filling the room.

"What, you planning on dancing the afternoon away, that it, Jason?" Brenda asked.

"Well, it's better than sitting here watching it rain," Jason replied. "Want to dance, Brenda?"

This time Brenda was the one who blushed. "Me...you...you want to...to dance with...with me?" she stammered.

"Why not?" Jason asked. "What's the matter?"

"I...I can't dance," Brenda replied. She looked toward her mother, who was grinning at her.

"Go ahead, Honey," she said. "You can do it."

"Ah...I..." Brenda gasped, looking back at Jason.

Jason stepped toward her, put one arm around her waist, and took her hand in his free hand. "Just relax, listen to the music, and let yourself feel the beat," he said. "It's easy. Heck, if I can do it, anybody can."

Brenda did follow his instructions and, after a few moments of moving stiffly around the floor in his arms, she seemed to relax and began moving in time with the music.

"See?" Jason said. "Once you let the music lead, it's easy, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Brenda said. "It's just that I'm not used to this kind of music, you know?"

"If you'd asked me to dance to the stuff they play at school dances, I would have been the one saying he couldn't do it," Jason told her.

They spent the rest of the afternoon dancing and having a good time. Jason especially liked it when he got to dance with Karen. He loved having her in his arms and feeling her body moving under the soft pajamas she had on. He'd just re-loaded the CD player with a new batch of CDs when the back door opened.

"Anybody home?" Sylvia called.

"Yeah, what's goin' on?" Paul yelled.

The two of them walked into the living room and found Jason, Brenda, and Sylvia's mother. Jason and Brenda were dancing, but stopped when Sylvia and Paul appeared.

"Hey, far out!" Paul exclaimed. "Party time! But you gotta put on some good music, not that crap!" Without asking permission, he walked to the CD player, shut it off, and began looking through the collection of CDs until he found some he liked. He loaded them in the machine and turned it on. Loud rock music began thumping through the house. He had the volume turned up so far the walls were shaking to the heavy bass sounds. "There, that's better, that's party music!" he exclaimed. "If you wanna dance, you gotta dirty dance!"

Jason and Brenda had stepped apart. They looked at each other, then at Karen. Their pleasant time together was obviously over; disrupted by Sylvia and Paul. Jason wasn't sure, but he thought he smelled alcohol when Paul brushed by him. And there was another smell, too, one he'd smelled on the other boy once before. "He's been drinking and smoking pot!"

he thought, suddenly a bit frightened. "God, I wonder if Sylvia's drunk and stoned, too." He watched Paul, who was leering at Sylvia's mother.

"Hey, Momma, you're lookin' fine tonight," Paul exclaimed and started toward his girlfriend's mother. "You wanna do some dirty dancin' with me?"

"Ah...no...I...I'd rather...I'd rather not," Karen replied warily. She started backing away from him, but Paul kept moving toward her. She bumped into a chair and couldn't go back any farther and when she did, Paul grabbed her around the waist, pulled her against him, and began rotating his hips in an exaggerated sexual movement.

"Yeah, Momma, this is better than that slow dancing crap, ain't it?" he chortled. He slid his hands down, cupped her bottom, and pulled her tighter against him.

Karen pushed against him, trying to get out of his embrace. "Please, Paul, I...I don't want to...to do this!" she told him.

"Sure you do, Momma," Paul replied. "Let yourself go, you'd enjoy it if you did."

"No!" Karen replied, a little more firmly. "I don't want to dance with you. Especially not like this!"

"Don't be such a prude, Momma," Paul said, continuing to hold her against him and rotate his hips. "Give it a little time, you'll get off on it." He laughed. "I sure as hell am. You're one hot chick!"

Jason was furious. It was bad enough that Sylvia and Paul had shown up drunk and spoiled what had been a nice afternoon. But the way the other boy was manhandling Sylvia's mother was more than he could take. Without thinking, he walked quickly across the room, grabbed Paul's arm, and yanked him away from Karen. "She said she didn't want to dance with you!" he yelled.

Red-faced, Paul turned and faced him. "Oh, the geek's gettin' brave, is he?" he said. He clenched his fist and began drawing back his hand. "We'll just have to take care of that. After I get finished with you, asshole, you ain't gonna be in no shape to fuck with me."

"Stop it! Stop it right now!" Karen exclaimed. "Both of you."

"This ain't none of your business, Momma," Paul growled. "Nerdo, here, put his hands on me. Nobody puts their hands on me."

"PAUL! STOP OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!" Brenda yelled. She was holding the cordless phone in her hand and had her finger poised over the keypad. "You want me to do that, Paul? You want the cops to come here and find you drunk? You aren't 21, are you? Maybe they'll search that Jeep of yours outside, too. You want them to do that, Paul?"

"Aw, fuck," Paul exclaimed. He turned away from Jason and started for the door. "You fucking assholes are a pain. I'm outta here. Have a nice, fucking life with your pain-in-the ass family and Nerdo, Sylvia." He stormed through the kitchen and out the back door, slamming it behind him. Seconds later, they heard the roar of his Jeep's engine as he peeled out of the driveway.

Jason was shaking. He had been sure he was going to get seriously hurt. He looked over at Karen and Brenda. Both of them were pale and looked as if they were shaking, too. Then he looked at Sylvia, who was glaring at all of them.

"What is the matter with you people?" she yelled. "All Paul wanted to do was have a little fun and you all went and spoiled it! I hate you! I hate all of you!" She turned and bolted out of the room. Seconds later, they heard her running up the stairs.

Jason took a deep breath. "Thanks, Brenda," he said. "You saved me a beating, I think."

"What was the matter with them?" Karen asked. "They...they were acting so...so..."

"Jesus, Mom," Brenda said. "They're both drunk and stoned is what the problem was. Couldn't you smell the booze on Paul's breath?"

"Well...I...I guess so," her mother replied. "Do...do you really think Sylvia was drinking and smoking pot, too?"

"I'd bet all the money I'll ever earn the rest of my life against her passing a drug test right now," Brenda snorted.

"Maybe...maybe I ought to go up and see if there's anything I can do," her mother said. "Sylvia was very upset."

"Let her go," Brenda said. "She'll cry and carry on for a while, then she'll probably pass out. It won't do you any good to talk to her in the state of mind she's in right now."

"Are...are you sure?" her mother asked. She looked at Jason.

Jason nodded soberly. "I think Brenda's right," he told her. "If she's drunk, nothing you say to her tonight will register. And she's so angry, your going upstairs would probably make it worse."

"All...all right," Karen said, sounding defeated. "I...I just wish our last night here hadn't ended like this."

"Me, too," Brenda and Jason replied in unison.

"Does anybody want a cup of hot chocolate before we go to bed?" Brenda asked.

"Personally, I could use a stiff drink," her mother said. Then she chuckled. "I guess there's been enough drinking already, though, huh?"

"Yeah, I guess," Brenda said. "I'll make the hot chocolate."

Chapter 32

After they drank the hot chocolate Brenda made, all three of them went upstairs.

"I think I should check on Sylvia," Karen said when they reached the top of the stairs.

"Let me do it," Brenda said. "If she's still awake, which I doubt, I can probably handle her better than you can." She walked to her sister's room, opened the door, and disappeared inside.

Jason and Karen stood next to each other, looking at the open doorway, until Brenda reappeared.

"She's out like a light," Brenda said. "I don't know about you guys, but I'm going to bed." She turned, walked down the hallway to her room, and disappeared inside.

Karen grabbed Jason's hand. "I think we should go to bed, too, don't you?" she said softly.

"Ah...yeah," Jason replied.

When they reached Jason's bedroom, Karen took a deep breath, then she began undoing the fasteners down the front of her pajama top. When they were all open, she said, "Jason!" very softly.

The young man, who had been headed for the bed, turned around. His face flushed and his eyes widened when he saw Karen shrugging out of her pajama top.

Karen stood across the room from him and, as he watched her, she shrugged her shoulders and the soft white pajama jacket slid down her arms and fell silently to the floor. She smiled and, moving slowly, pushed the pajama bottoms down and stepped out of them.

Jason could feel his body responding to the sight of her lovely nude body. "Karen, what...what are you...doing?" he gasped.

Karen looked him directly in the eyes. "I don't want to talk, Jason," she said softly. "I want you to make love to me until we can't do it any more!" While he stood there, wide-eyed, with his mouth agape, she walked to the bed and laid down, then she stretched her arms out to him. "What's taking you so long, Jason?" she asked.

Jason stripped his clothes off and he staggered across the room. When he reached the bed, he tumbled on top of Karen and his lips immediately went to her protruding nipples while her hands sought his erection.

"Take me, Jason! Take me now!" Karen groaned, pulling at him as he lay on top of her.

Jason raised his hips, then lowered them. Without assistance, his rigid shaft slid into her warm, damp channel.

"Yes! Oh, yes! Yes!" Karen groaned when she felt his erection entering her. "That's what I need! That's what I want you to do to me!"

Jason, unable to lie still, began to move his hips and as their hips worked against each other, they rode breaking waves of

jubilation. Their bodies strained together, exchanging the utmost in erotic sensations and seeking more.

Karen surprised Jason by how quickly she came. "Yes! Yes! Oh, Jason, yes!" she cried. "Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Take me! Take me!"

"Karen! Oh, God, Karen!" Jason cried when he felt his torrid juices exploding into his partner's rocking, twisting body.

Finished, Jason rolled off Karen, onto his back, and lay there, gasping for breath. He could barely comprehend what had happened and was surprised when she immediately slid down and began to run her hands over his body. Then she grabbed his penis. He uttered a groan of delight as she insistently stroked his come-slick organ with one hand, while the other rolled his balls and her fingers teased his scrotum.

Jason groaned with delight and arched his back, pushing his hips up off the bed. "Karen...my God! What are you doing to me?" he moaned, his hips twisting and turning. "God!"

Karen's response was to take his re-erecting penis in her mouth.

"Ah!" Jason gasped. He clawed at the bedspread with his fingers as wave after wave of delight, induced by Karen's fervid ministrations, swept over him like waves crashing on the beach. The feelings she was giving him were so intensely wonderful he could barely stand them. "Ah!" he groaned, "Karen! Oh, God, Karen! I...I'm gonna come! It...it feels too good!"

When she heard his passionate groan, Karen let his erection slide from her mouth. Then she slid up, on top of his body. He felt his erection sliding against her belly as she moved over him and a ripple of delight went through him. She rocked her hips, caressing felt the rigid pole with her slick labia, and Jason experienced another tremor of bliss. He slid one hand between their writhing bodies, grasped his erection and, with some difficulty, managed to get the flared purple tip between the lips of Karen's dripping opening.

Karen, who seemed to be more aroused than he could ever recall her being, seemed to him to be moving instinctively, barely aware of what she was doing. As her body writhed atop his, Jason's shaft slid into her and when it did, he felt her shudder with exhilaration.

She sat up and, when she did, his hands went to her chest, clamped around her breasts, and he began rubbing her nipples,

sending even delight into her while his swollen prod rubbed the super-sensitive walls of her furrow.

"Oh! Oh, darling!" she moaned, her hips rocking out of control. "Yes, darling! Oh, God! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Yes!"

Jason felt Karen shaking and quivering. Her movements were so frenzied he was afraid she'd tear his penis from his body. He looked at her face and saw that it was slack with passion, bobbing limply on her lovely neck. She clutched his arms fiercely and her fingernails bit into his skin. Her cave gripped his erection, rippling, squeezing as his deeply embedded erection caressed it as a result of her frantic movements.

"Yes! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Yes! Uh-huh! Uh-huh! Ahh!" Karen moaned, her body straining.

When she came, so did Jason, his explosion torn from him by hers. "Yeah!" he groaned. His neck arched and his hips rose off the bed as what remained of his essence gushed into Karen's vibrating body. "Oh, God, Karen! Oh, God!"

Her lust spent, Karen collapsed atop Jason, too weak to move. She felt his arms encircle her, and his lips softly kiss her on the neck.

Jason lay there, holding Karen, who lay limp on top of him. His penis, which he feared might never get soft again, was still lodged in her.

After a few minutes, Karen pushed herself up on her arms and looked down at Jason. "I can't believe you're still hard!" she exclaimed, sounding surprised to feel his erection still in her.

"Ah...I...I'm not sure I'll ever get soft again!" Jason replied. He groaned softly when she moved her hips, making his erection lash her insides once more.

"Well..." Karen murmured. Her face went slack as passion began to spread through her once more. "...as long as you're hard, and in the right place, we might as well take advantage of it, right?" She increased the pace with which her hips were moving. "Oh, yes!" she murmured. "That's what I need! Oh, yes!"

Jason grabbed his partner's hips and began lifting his hips, driving deep into her. She responded by driving herself down against him with surprising force, given the fierceness of their earlier unions.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Karen groaned as the young man's indomitable wand pistoned into her. "Jason! Jason! Oh, Jason! Take me! Take me!"

Jason continued to hold her hips and watch her tiny breasts bob and jiggle as his frantic movements rocked her.

"Ah! Oh, Jason! Oh, Jason! Oh, Jason! This feels so goo! So good! Oh, Jason! Oh, Jason! Don't ever stop! Don't ever, ever stop! Ah! Ahh! Ahhh!" Karen screamed as still more explosions of bliss jolted her.

"Uh! Uhh!" Jason groaned as he came yet again, with spasms so intense they were almost painful.

Once again, when she finished, Karen collapsed atop him.

Jason didn't move. He couldn't. He was too used up. Even though the last thing he wanted to do was go to sleep, he couldn't keep that from happening.

Sometime later, Jason awoke and discovered, much to his relief, that it was still dark. Karen was nestled against him, with her back to him. He wasn't sure whether she wanted to make love again, but he sure did, and he began to.

"Jason...I..." Karen murmured. She shuddered when the young man slid his hand down from her shoulder, onto her breast.

"Do you want to make love again?" he asked as his fingers trailed lightly over her breast. "Please, Karen, we don't know when we'll get to do this again, do we? I want to make love to you again."

Karen laid there for a few moments while Jason's hand moved gently over her. Then she rolled over so she was facing him, put her arm around him and pulled him to her. He moved into her embrace and their lips met.

When the kiss ended, Jason bent his head down to Karen's chest and sucked one of her rigid nipples between his lips. She

moaned ecstatically, her body arched, and her hands pressed against his head against her. "Oh, darling! Oh, darling! Oh, yes! Oh, Jason! Yes! Yes!" she cried while the young man's lips and roaming hands bestowed tender caresses on her.

Jason was determined to make this, possibly the last time he would have a chance to make love to Karen for a while, maybe forever, an experience she'd always remember. He knew he was turning her on because of the way she was moaning and writhing as he touched her, and he continued to do the all things he knew aroused her. While he caressed her, he felt his penis grow harder, and begin to throb. He wanted to put it in her, to experience the wonderful feelings he knew he'd get when he did, but that would lead to the end of their time together, and he wanted to prolong their time as long as he could. He continued caressing her, even though he could hardly wait!

Karen slid her hand down between them and touched the tip of the young man's engorged shaft.

"Oh, Karen! Oh God! Oh God!" Jason groaned as thrills rushed through him when she began stroking his erection gently. The hot, fleshy lance Karen's was caressing pulsed and jerked as she slid her hand softly up and down the veined shaft.

"Ahh!" Jason groaned when Karen began kissing his chest. She lashed his nipples with her tongue and he shuddered and moaned that what she was doing to him was making him crazy. Her lips and hands continued to rouse him, just as his were rousing her. Each gentle caress, each light touch, each kiss raised their level of need to higher and higher and planes.

"Wahh!" Jason groaned. His hips arched off the bed when Karen slid down and took his erect penis into her mouth. It didn't take long before he was totally out of control. His hips twisted and turned and his hands roamed aimlessly over Karen's body as he tried vainly to caress her, to give her as much pleasure as she was giving him.

Finally, Karen let his erection slide out of her mouth and slid up next to him. She took him in her arms, tilted her face toward his, and covered his lips with hers. The passionate kiss caused more lightning bolts of passion to arc between them and their bodies writhed against each other, demanding.

Then the kiss ended. "Make love to me, now, Jason!" Karen cried, pulling him on top of her and guiding his erection to the soaking lips of her vagina as she did. She shuddered as it slid into her, filling her.

"Oh God!" Jason groaned. "I...I don't believe it!! I'm too turned on. I...I'm gonna come!"

"Shh!" Karen whispered. She kissed him gently and tightened her arms around him to keep him from moving. "Lie still for a minute, my darling. Just hold me and don't move."

Quaking with excitement, Jason did as she requested and found, much to his surprise, that he did calm down a little. When he was calmer, Karen relaxed her embrace and he began to move again.

Karen lay there while Jason's engorged piston slid in and out of her, causing delectable friction that sent delight racing through both of them and drove them toward the heights of rapture they so much wanted to share. She couldn't lie still long, though, and soon was moving against him as urgently as he was moving against her. Then, like a thousand skyrocketing exploding at once, an incredibly sweet orgasm tore through both of them. Her body writhed and bucked and moans and cries of joy issued from her.

"Oh! Karen!!" Jason cried, his hips going wild. "I...I can't wait. I can't wait! Oh God! Oh God!"

His heated fluids gushed into Karen, who was surprised to feel herself plunging into ecstasy once more. She couldn't talk, couldn't think, all she could do was strain against him, her body seeking every wonderful sensation it could get. "Uh! Uhhh! Jason!" she cried. "Oh, God, Jason! Oh, yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" Her body strained wildly against her young lover's.

Slowly, ecstasy faded to pleasure, then pleasure to contentment. Jason lay atop her, resting on her breasts, too weak to move. His penis softened slowly, then slid out of her and, when it did, he rolled off her.

Jason rolled off and lay on his side, looking at her, sorrow in his eyes.

Karen kissed him. "Jason, that was so wonderful!" she told him. "I'll always cherish this time we've had together. Always! You are such a wonderful lover! And such a wonderful young man, too. I...I'm really going to miss what we've had."

Jason looked at her and felt a terrible sadness. He had a feeling she was trying to get him to understand that this would be the last time they would ever get together. "So are you," he said softly. He covered her mouth with his and kissed her hard.

The next morning, they got up early and rushed around, getting things ready to go home, with little help from Sylvia, who was a bit hung over and pouting because, as she kept insisting, they had "ruined her life" by threatening to call the police the night before.

When, finally, their entire collection of luggage was packed in the car and they were ready to go, Sylvia's mother locked the cabin and gave the car keys to Brenda. "I think you better drive, Honey," she said. "I didn't sleep very well last night."

"How come you won't let me drive?" Sylvia grumped.

"After the condition you were in last night, Sylvia," her mother said, frowning, "I'm not sure I ever want you to drive again."

Sylvia glared at her mother, then she got in the front seat on the passenger side. Jason and Karen got in the back seat. Brenda got in, started the car, and they started for home.

Karen fell asleep not long after they started and, shortly after she did, so did Jason. By the time he woke up, they were pulling into the driveway of the Dooley home.

"Look at that, Dad's waiting for us," Brenda exclaimed as she braked the car to a stop in front of the three car garage behind the huge house. "Hey, Mom, wake up, we're home! And believe it or not, Dad's waiting for us. Must be he really has something important to talk about, huh?"

Sylvia got out of the car without saying anything and stomped right past her confused-looking father and into the house.

"Isn't it nice that Sylvia's mood has improved?" Brenda snorted cynically as she got out of the car.

Her mother woke, stretched, and looked at Jason. "I...I guess it's time for us to say 'good-bye,' isn't it?" she said softly.

"Yeah, I...I guess so," Jason said dejectedly.

"I'll never forget what we shared," she said softly. "Never."

"Me, either," Jason replied. He was fighting back the urge to cry.

Sylvia's mother looked out at her husband, who was pacing back and forth, looking impatient. "I really do have to go, my darling," she said softly. "And please, promise me you'll never hate me."

"I...I couldn't forget, not ever," Jason replied.

Chapter 33

Jason went home the afternoon they returned from the Poconos and although he waited anxiously for a call from Karen, none came. As the summer passed, he became more and more resigned to the fact that he never would get the call he fervently hoped for.

When school began that fall, he discovered that Sylvia had returned to her old snobby ways, her old style of dress, and her old group of friends. She hardly spoke two words to him the entire school year. He did occasionally see Brenda, but she acted as if she was embarrassed to see him and they didn't talk. He saw Karen, with her husband, at graduation, but she looked embarrassed when he tried to catch her eye and didn't acknowledge that she'd seen him.

Six years passed, six years that produced a remarkable change in the lives of all of the people involved in the fateful week that Jason visited to the Dooley cabin in the Poconos.

Jason continued to work at Biggie Burgers and, because his boss liked him and knew he was interested in computers, he asked the young man if he could write a computer program to help keep track of the company's business. Jason did write the program, which worked so well that when Biggie Burgers expanded into a small, but successful regional chain, he became quite wealthy. He listened to his father and got a royalty contract. Later he was able to sell the rights to the program he'd written to a large company that specialized in business software. He received a shockingly large sum plus stock options in the deal.

Jason invested most of his income in stocks, bonds, and property, and most of his investments proved quite lucrative. In fact, though few people in town knew it, he was a millionaire several times over by the time he was twenty-five.

Jason tried dating and even managed a few serious relationships, but none of them lasted very long. He dated one girl for almost two years, the longest he dated anyone. But, when he asked her to marry him, she surprised him by turning

him down. "You don't love me, Jason," she told him, looking very sad. "I'm not sure you can love anyone. There's...there's someone else you love, I think. Someone who will always be there, someone I can't compete with."

Jason ruefully had to acknowledge that she was right. Even though he hadn't heard from her in six years, Karen Dooley was the only woman he loved and would ever love.

Wanting to keep busy, although he didn't need the money, he bought a small chain of computer stores. He worked part-time in all of them, but only a few people knew he was the owner and that was the way he wanted it.

And, although he owned several pricey apartment buildings, he chose to live in a small, one-bedroom apartment in one of the lower-rent buildings he owned. His only extravagances were a house he bought for his folks in Florida when his father retired, another piece of property he bought for sentimental reasons, and a couple of pickup trucks he'd restored.

He kept track of the Dooley family and knew a lot more about them than they realized he did, but he made no attempt to contact them. From time to time, he'd see Karen and Sylvia around town, but they never saw him; that was the way he

wanted it. He'd heard Brenda had moved away somewhere and hadn't seen her in ages.

Then, almost seven years to the day he last had contact with Karen Dooley, Jason walked out of a branch bank in the local mall one afternoon and, as he was heading across the parking lot toward his pickup, he noticed two women walking toward him. One of the women - who looked familiar - was dark-haired, wore glasses, and was a bit on the husky side, but attractive. Her companion, who was shorter and red-haired, had a bit of a masculine look. Both of the women were dressed in jeans and sweatshirts and were wearing riding boots.

The dark-haired woman looked at Jason and smiled. "Jason...Jason Weeks, is that you?" she asked.

Jason looked at her a bit more carefully and a smile formed on his face. "Brenda. Brenda Dooley," he said, recognizing Sylvia's sister, who he hadn't seen in almost five years. She'd slimmed down a little, and was wearing her hair cut very short in a style that was almost mannish.

Brenda nodded. "God, it's been what, five years?" she asked. "I haven't seen you since you graduated from high school. How are you?"

"I'm fine, Brenda," Jason replied, "How are you?" He realized he was a little uncomfortable. Seeing Brenda brought back a lot of painful memories.

"Great!" she said. She gestured in the direction of her companion. "Jason, I'd like you to meet Anne Hanson. Anne's my partner."

"Pleased to meet you, Anne," Jason said. "It looks as if Karen's suspicion that her daughter was gay was right," he thought, recalling a conversation he'd had with Brenda's mother years earlier. He grinned. "I can tell by your outfits that you're both cowgirls," he said, misquoting an old song to tease the two women.

Both Brenda and Anne smiled and nodded. "Anne and I have a horse farm out on the old Millerville Road," she said. "We raise and train Lippet Morgans. What have you been up to since high school?"

"Lots of stuff," Jason said, "Hey, it's lunchtime and I was just about to go and get myself something to eat. Would you ladies like to join me? My treat. We can talk about old times, and what I've been doing since high school, over lunch."

Brenda looked at Anne, who smiled and nodded, then she turned to Jason. "Sure, why not? It will be fun to catch up," she said.

A few minutes later, they were seated in a small restaurant near the bank. "So what have you been up to since you graduated?" Brenda asked. "You never did get to be a lawyer, did you?"

"Nope, I never did," Jason replied. "I wound up writing some computer software back when I was working at Biggie Burgers. I wound up being a computer programmer instead of becoming a lawyer."

"You sorry you didn't get to law school?" Brenda asked.

Jason shook his head. "No, not really," he replied. "I'm happy doing what I'm doing. A big software firm bought the rights to a program I wrote for Biggie Burger. I own some computer stores now - the 'Hometown Computer' chain, that's me." He figured it wouldn't matter if he didn't mention the real estate holdings he had.

"So what you're saying is you're doing pretty well financially, is that it?" Brenda asked.

"I guess you could say that," Jason said. He grinned. "Besides the computer stores, I invested in another company here in town a few years ago. I own 51 percent of it."

Brenda looked puzzled, as if she wasn't sure why he was telling her about his business interests. "What company is that?" she asked.

"MD Industries," Jason replied, grinning.

Brenda's eyes and mouth both opened wide. "No shit?" she exclaimed.

"Wasn't that your father's business?" Anne asked.

"Yeah, it was," Brenda said. "Jeez, Jason, I knew somebody bought a majority stake in the company back when Dad got in trouble, but I had no idea it was you. You know Mom owns 25 percent, don't you?" She studied his face carefully, then she grinned, nodded her head, and said, "Yeah, of course you do. Does Mom know you're the majority investor?" Her eyes

brightened when Jason shook his head. "I didn't think so. How'd you keep her from finding out?"

"A holding company I control holds the stock. If your mother had really looked, she probably could have found out who the primary owner was, but I don't think she looked too hard," Jason said.

"Yeah, business has never been Mom's best thing," Brenda said. She frowned at him. "If you know about the company, then you have to know my folks got divorced," she said.

Jason felt his face growing warm as he nodded.

"So, if you knew my folks were divorced, how come you didn't get in touch with Mom?" Brenda asked.

"I wasn't sure she wanted me to get in touch," Jason replied. "I mean, it has been six years. And things did come to a pretty sudden stop back then."

"Is this the guy you told me about?" Anne asked. "The one your Mom had..."

Brenda looked at her partner and nodded. "This is him," she told Anne. She turned back to Jason and shook her head. "I know it's been six years, and I figure you were pretty hurt because you thought Mom dumped you back then, but something tells me that even though you think you know a lot about our family, there are some things you may not know."

"Like what?" Jason asked. He felt a little light-headed. Finally, it seemed, he might get some answers to questions he'd been asking himself for six years. "How is your mother doing?" he asked.

Brenda shrugged. "She tried dating after she and Dad split up, but she wasn't happy with anybody she dated..." She grinned at Jason and shook her head. "Of course, the fact that you weren't one of the people calling her for dates might have had something to do with why she wasn't happy with any of them," she said.

"I didn't think she wanted to see me any more," Jason said. "I mean, after that time in the Poconos..." He couldn't count the number of times he'd wanted to call Karen, but fear of rejection kept him from doing it. Now he was beginning to think he'd really been stupid.

Brenda shook her head and gave him a long-suffering look. "For a guy who claims he's a big business success, you can be a real dummy, you know that, Jason?" she said. "Do you know what happened after we got home that week?"

Jason shook his head.

"When we got home, Dad announced that he realized he had a drinking problem and was going into a program to get sober," Brenda said. "He said he needed all our support, especially Mom's, if it was going to work. You know how Mom is - she already felt a little responsible for his drinking - so his saying he needed her help really hooked her, even though I think she came home that week ready to divorce him."

"She...she did?" Jason asked. His heart began to pound a little faster.

"Yeah, I think she was ready to dump him then," Brenda said. "But she didn't, and she didn't know how to tell you what she was doing, or why. And the thing was, Dad did sober up. For about a year he went to AA, didn't drink, and was starting to act like he might make it."

"Then what?" Jason asked.

"He fell off the wagon," Brenda said sadly. "Christ, his drinking got worse than ever after that. That's when his business went on the rocks. A year later, Mom decided she'd had enough and they got divorced." She shook her head. "You know, it's weird. After the divorce, Dad sobered up again. He moved to Florida, got remarried, and now he owns a little motel down there. He's still sober and he's happier than I've ever seen him."

"What about your mother?" Jason asked. She was the person he was interested in. He could have cared less about her father.

"Like I said," Brenda told him, "she's dated some, but there's nobody she's interested in." She paused and grinned at him. "At least nobody who's calling her, anyhow."

"Are...are you saying you...you think I...I should call her and ask her out?" Jason stammered. "You...you think she...she might be...you know...interested?"

Brenda looked at her partner and chuckled. "To listen to this guy talk, you'd never believe he used to be the captain of the

high school debating team, would you?" She turned back to Jason. "Yeah, that's exactly what I'm saying," she said firmly. "Remember back when you told me what was going on between you and Mom?"

"You mean that night you suckered me into admitting it?" Jason replied with a smile.

"Yeah, that night," Brenda said, chuckling. "Well, one of the things I told you, if you remember, was that Mom was happier then than I'd ever seen her. And I know for a fact she hasn't been that happy since. Not even close." She looked at him very carefully. "What about you, Jason, have you been happy since then? Are you happy now?"

He shook his head slowly and, very softly said, "No...not like I was then."

"Well?" Brenda said.

Jason looked across the table at her. "Well what?" he asked.

"When are you going to call her?" Brenda asked.

Jason shrugged and said, "I...I'm not sure. I...I have to think about it."

"Look, Jason, thanks for lunch, but we've got to get going," Brenda said. "We have horses that need tending to back at the farm, and the vet's coming this afternoon. It was great seeing you again." She and Anne stood up. Jason stood up, too. "And dammit," Brenda said, just before she left, "Call Mom, will you? Don't waste time thinking about it, just call her. You guys had something pretty special going six years ago. You've both wasted too damn much time looking for it somewhere else. Take care Jason."

"Ah...you, too, Brenda," Jason said. Stunned by what she'd told him, he stood there watching the two women walk out of the restaurant.

Despite Brenda's encouragement to do so, Jason continued to put off calling Karen, even though he wanted to talk with her now more than ever. He knew he had to do it sooner or later, but fear of how he would feel if it turned out she really didn't want anything to do with him kept him from doing the one thing he knew, more than anything, would make him happy.

On more than one occasion, he held the phone in his hand and had his trembling finger poised over the key containing the first digit in Karen's phone number, which he knew by heart, but he couldn't force himself to dial. "You may have been a whiz at business," he chided himself when he put the phone down, "but you're a real wuss when it comes to women, aren't you?"

About a week after he bumped into Brenda, he was working at one of his computer stores. He had his back to the counter, entering some of the night's sales reports into the computer, when a soft voice that sounded terribly familiar said, "Excuse me, can you help me?"

He stopped what he was doing, turned around, and his breath caught in his throat and his heart began to pound. A very attractive blonde woman stood at the counter. It was Karen. She was wearing a matching khaki blazer and slacks with a black T-shirt-like blouse under the blazer. Her hair was longer, and styled a little differently, but her body seemed just as lean and wonderful as he remembered it. To Jason, it didn't look as if she'd aged a day. He felt his mouth opening and he took a deep breath, intending to ask her what she wanted help with, but nothing came out.

She looked at him and frowned.

"Say something, stupid!" a voice inside Jason said. "Here's your chance, don't blow it."

Before he could speak, Karen's eyes widened and a bright smile formed on her face. "Jas...Jason...is...is that you?" she asked, sounding startled and excited. "Is it really you?"

Jason's heart was pounding and he felt a little light-headed. "Ah...yeah...it...it's me," he managed to croak. "Ah...hi, Karen."

Karen continued to smile at him. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I...ah...I just, you know...work, ah, here," Jason managed to croak. "Why am I acting like such a geek?" he wondered. "What's the matter with me?"

"So you didn't get to law school after all?" Sylvia's mother said, sounding disappointed.

"Um, ah, no, I...um...I didn't," he stammered. "Um...ah...but...you know...that's OK, I...I don't mind. Ah...how...how have you been?"

"I'm managing," Karen said. Her lovely gray eyes were sparkling and a gentle smile adorned her lips. "You've gotten a bit thinner since the last time I saw you."

"Ah...yeah, I...I guess I have," Jason said. "You look like you haven't changed at all. Except...except you're wearing your hair different." He took a deep breath and quickly added, "But I like the way you're wearing it now."

"Thank you," Karen said, blushing faintly.

"Ah...what...what can I...um...do...for you?" Jason stammered.

"I bought myself a computer, but I don't think I have all the programs I need," Karen said.

"What are you looking for?" Jason asked. He wasn't at all good at talking to women - especially this woman - but he did know his computer programs. Karen told him what she thought she needed and he told her what he recommended. He was gratified when she took his advice. They walked back to the counter and he rang up the said.

"Well, I...I guess I should be getting home," Karen said, sounding a bit wistful.

"Ah...do...do you have to?" Jason asked.

A look of puzzlement formed on Karen's still-pretty face. "Well, not right now, I guess, why?" she responded.

"I...um...I was gonna, you know, have dinner. You...you wanna have dinner with me?" Jason stammered. "Damn, why have I reverted back to being twelve?" he wondered.

Karen stood there, looking thoughtful for a few moments, then the smile returned to her face. "I think that would be lovely," she said. "It will give us a chance to catch up on what we've been doing, won't it?"

"Ah...yeah," Jason said. "Look, I have to do a couple more things. I'll be ready to go in five minutes flat."

"I'll be waiting," Karen said.

Five minutes later they walked out of the mall, and started across the parking lot.

"Ah...all I have is a pickup truck," Jason said, wishing he had a car. "Do you mind riding in a truck?"

Karen smiled, shook her head, and said, "No, of course not."

When they reached the spot where the truck was parked Jason walked around to the passenger side of the truck and opened the door. He inhaled the scent of Karen's perfume as she moved by him and climbed up into the cab of the pickup.

"It's nice to see you're still a gentleman," she said, smiling.

"Ah...yeah...my...my Mom would kill me if she ever found out I wasn't," Jason said. He closed the door, walked around to the driver's side of the truck, got in, and started the engine.

"Where are we going?" Karen asked.

"You ever eat at Cap'n Hal's?" Jason asked. Cap'n Hal's was the best seafood restaurant in town, maybe in the whole state.

"Once," Karen replied. She looked across the cab of the truck at Jason, who was wearing well-worn jeans, a denim Oxford shirt, and a khaki jacket, and frowned. "It's kind of expensive, though. I wouldn't mind eating someplace else."

"I like Cap'n Hal's," Jason said. "And beside, today was payday." That was sort of true. One of his CD's had matured

and he'd transferred the money to his checking account with the intention of investing it in a new and very hot bond fund.

"Are you sure?" Karen said. "I don't want to leave you short for the rest of the week."

"Don't worry, that's not going to happen," Jason said, grinning.

"This truck looks new, but it isn't, is it?" Karen commented as Jason made his way through traffic.

"Ah...no, it's not. It's a '53, actually," Jason said. "I had it restored. I've always liked this model. My grandfather had one like it when I was a kid and I always wanted one. I had a chance to buy this one cheap and a friend of mine fixed it up for me."

"He did a good job," Karen said. "It looks new."

"Except for the cab and body, just about everything else is new," Jason explained. "It has air-conditioning, too, and a really neat sound system. There's even a six disk CD changer."

"Wasn't all that expensive?" Karen asked.

Jason shrugged. "Kinda, but it was what I wanted, and I'd saved up the money to do it, so..." Actually, the restoration and rebuilding of the truck cost him more than several new pickups would have. But the truck, which looked totally stock except for the chrome wheels and big tires on it, was one of his few indulgences.

He pulled into the parking lot of the restaurant, which was jammed with cars, found a parking space, and backed into it. After he opened the door and Karen slid out, they started toward the building, which was built to look like an old fisherman's shanty, an over-sized one.

"My God, we're going to have to wait forever," she commented. "I can't believe there are this many people who can afford to eat here."

"Yeah, this place is pretty popular," Jason agreed. Once they were inside, at the end of a long line of people, he said, "I'll go up and put my name on the waiting list. We can have a drink while we wait."

"All right," Karen said.

Before Jason could move, a short, stocky man with gray hair and a bushy gray beard and who was wearing a sea captain's uniform came out of a door marked "office." When he saw Jason, he smiled. "Jason, you're late tonight," he said in a deep, gravelly voice. "We've got your table waiting for you."

"I need a table for two tonight, Cap'n Jack," Jason said.

The "captain's" bushy gray eyebrows went up. "Oh?" he said. "You finally took my advice and found someone to keep you company while you eat?"

Jason, whose face felt as if he'd been out in the sun too long, nodded and said, "Ah...yeah...I...I did, Cap."

"Well, where is this lady friend of yours?" the man rumbled. "I assume it is a lady."

"Ah...yeah...it...it sure is," Jason replied. "Come on over, I'll introduce you." He led the restaurant's owner over to where Karen stood, watching their exchange with a look of amazement on her face. "Karen Dooley, this is Cap'n Jack. Cap'n Jack, this is Karen Dooley," he said.

"Ah-ha!" the owner said, grinning broadly. "I'm honored to have you as a guest at my establishment, Karen," he said. "Come, I'll show you to your table." He led them past the line of frowning people into the dining room and to a small table set up with a view of the river that flowed past the establishment. "There you go," he said as he held the chair so Karen could sit down. "Hans will be serving you tonight. And, may I suggest the broiled scallops? We just got a shipment in today. They are absolutely the finest we've had in ages."

Jason looked at Karen, who still looked a little befuddled. "Want to try the scallops?" he asked.

Karen nodded slowly.

"Two scallops, then, Cap," Jason said.

"I'll have Henri get started on them right away," the captain said. "And I'll send over a bottle of wine I've been saving for a night like this, too. I guarantee you'll enjoy it." He winked at Jason, then he walked away.

"Jason, what is going on here?" Karen asked. "You know the owner? And you have your own table?"

Jason felt himself blushing. He smiled and nodded. "Well...I...I kinda eat here a lot, you know, and..." He shrugged.

"Jason, exactly what do you do for a living?" she asked. "You don't just work at that computer store, do you?"

"Ah...no...I...I own it," Jason replied.

"You own a computer store?" Karen responded, sounding shocked.

"Actually, I own five of them," he said.

Karen's mouth dropped open. "You own five computer stores?" she said, sounding stunned. "Five of them? How...my goodness...how did you manage that at your age?"

"Well, after I sold my software company, I figured I ought to do something, and the stores seemed like a good investment," Jason replied. He was enjoying her discomfiture but, more than

that, he was starting to feel comfortable with her. Why hadn't he called her ages ago?

"Wait a minute...I'm getting more confused, not less," Karen said. "You owned a computer software company?"

"Well, it was kinda small, and pretty specialized," Jason said. "What happened was I wrote a program for Biggie Burgers, and things just kind of took off from there. The business software division of one of the major software companies made me an offer for the rights to my program that I couldn't really refuse, so I took it."

"I see...I think," Karen said. "You wrote a computer program for Biggie Burgers, then you sold your program to a bigger company?"

"That's about it," Jason said. "I saw Brenda a couple of weeks ago," he went on; figuring changing the subject might be a good idea.

"You did?" Karen looked surprised. "She didn't mention that to me. Of course, I don't see her much. She and Ann have several horses about to foal and can't get away from the farm often.

And, unfortunately, I don't get out there as much as I should, I guess." She smiled at Jason. "I guess you know that our speculation about her being gay proved to be true."

Jason nodded. "Yeah, I met her partner. In fact we had lunch together," he said. "I understand you're divorced."

Karen nodded slowly. "Yes...I am...I..." she stopped and looked at him with tremendous sadness in her gray eyes. "Jason...I...I'm so sorry for the way I...I treated you...I...I should have called you..."

Jason held his hand up to stop her. "You don't need to apologize," he said. "I could have called you, too."

The wine steward brought the wine, which was every bit as outstanding as Cap'n Jack promised.

"I also understand you're unattached right now," Jason said once the wine steward had left.

Karen nodded. "And you...are...are you...?" she said softly.

"I'm unattached, too," he said.

"I...I'm surprised to hear that," Karen replied. "I can't believe you haven't had the chance to get married. I mean..."

"I have," Jason said, interrupting her. "I proposed to a girl a year or so ago."

"And she turned you down?" Karen said, looking surprised.

Jason nodded. The server brought their meal, and he waited for the man to leave before he replied. "She told me she'd love to marry me, but she said she didn't think it would work out," he said.

"Why?" Karen asked.

Jason took a deep breath, held it for a few seconds, and then he let it out and answered. "She said I didn't love her, that there was someone else getting in the way," he said softly.

"Someone...else?" Karen said slowly. "Were...were you seeing someone else, too? At the same time?"

Jason slowly shook his head. "No, I wasn't seeing anyone else," he said. "In fact, at the time, I hadn't seen the person she was referring to for almost four years."

Karen looked surprised by his answer, then realization of what he meant began to show on her face. "Are...are you saying the other person who...the person she was talking about...was...it was...it was me?" she stammered.

Jason had taken a bite of his scallops and, because his mother had taught him never to talk with his mouth full, he nodded.

"But...but Jason, how...how could that be?" Karen stammered. "You...I mean...we...we hadn't seen each other in four years. And after what I...what I did to you and..."

"Karen, I'm in love with you," Jason said, now that he'd swallowed the food he had in his mouth. "I've always been in love with you. And I guess I always will be."

"Oh!" Karen said, looking stunned again.

"Eat your dinner before it gets cold," Jason said, deciding that it might be best to put off this discussion until a little later. "Scallops taste fishy if they get cold. Even good ones...and these are fantastic."

Karen, still looking bewildered, did begin to eat and they finished their meal without saying anything more. When the meal was done, they decided they didn't want any dessert, so Jason paid the tab and they got up and left.

"Will it be two for dinner again next week, Jason?" Cap'n Jack asked with a twinkle in his eye when they passed him on the way out.

Jason looked at Karen, who still seemed overwhelmed, and nodded. "If it's up to me, it will be," he said.

When they got outside, he stopped. Karen didn't realize he'd stopped at first, and was a few steps ahead of him when she finally stopped and turned to find out where he'd gotten to.

"I have something I want to ask you," Jason said, his heart pounding. "I...ah...I have a surprise for you."

"I'm not sure anything could be more of a surprise than what I've heard already," Karen said softly.

"This will be," Jason said. "The thing is, you're going to have to trust me. And be willing to take a little ride with me. You think you can?"

"Well...I guess there really is no pressing reason for me to get home right away," Karen said. "All...all right."

They got in his pickup and headed out of the restaurant parking lot. Because Jason didn't want Karen to know where they were going, he actually started the trip headed in the wrong direction, hoping she'd fall asleep.

As they rolled along the road, he turned on the CD player and the soft sounds of the Glenn Miller Orchestra filled the cab of the truck.

"You still like Glenn Miller, do you?" Karen asked.

"I sure do," Jason said.

They talked about a lot of things at the beginning of their journey, but before long, Karen said she was feeling a little sleepy and, in a short while, she was sound asleep. That was just what Jason had been hoping for. He turned the truck around and headed in the direction he had to take to reach the destination where his surprise for Karen waited. He hoped she'd stay asleep. If she was asleep when they arrived at the location where his planned surprise was located, it would make the surprise that much better.

The nearer they got to their destination, the more nervous Jason got. What if Karen was upset by his surprise? What if she didn't like it? What would he do then? He'd been planning this for four years, hoping and believing he was doing something she'd like, even though he hadn't been able to actually contact her and give her the surprise. What if he'd been wrong?

He turned off the highway onto a dirt road he first saw six years earlier, and had only been on once in the time since. He drove carefully down the dirt road, avoiding the bumps. He didn't want to waken Karen until they reached their final destination. After about a mile, he turned into a driveway and stopped the truck. He took a deep breath, reached into his

pocket and pulled out an electronic remote control. Then he touched Karen gently on the shoulder and said, "Karen, wake up, we're here."

Karen woke up slowly. It was fairly dark, so she couldn't see much inside or outside the truck. Jason watched her as she looked around groggily at first, trying to orient herself. "Jason, where...where are we?" she murmured. "I...I'm sorry I fell asleep." She yawned and stretched.

"That's all right," Jason said. "Look." He pushed a button on the remote control and the floodlights he'd had installed came on, illuminating the exterior of the cabin where he'd first been with her.

"Jason! Oh, God!" Karen exclaimed, her voice catching. She looked at him, then at the cabin, then back at him. "The...the cabin...our cabin. But...but we...we had to...to sell it because...because of the divorce."

"I know, I bought it," Jason said softly. It was the one property he'd bought with no intention of ever selling.

Karen turned and looked at him, wide-eyed. "You...you bought it?" she stammered.

Jason nodded and said, "Yes. I...I knew how much it meant to you and I didn't want to see you lose it, so..." He shrugged again. "Do...do you want to go inside?"

Karen, still looking a little stunned, nodded and, in a shaky voice said, "I...I suppose we should, since we've driven all this way. Oh, Jason, I...I had no idea."

"Come on, I want to show you the inside," Jason said. He got out of the truck, walked around to the passenger side, and opened the door for her.

Karen slid out, looking at him oddly, then she clutched his arm. "I...I don't know what to say," she murmured as they started toward the cabin. "Have...have you been up here since...since you bought it?" she asked.

"A few times. I had some work done and came up to make sure it was done the way I wanted, but..." He took a deep breath. "Mostly I...I was waiting."

A puzzled look caused Karen's brow to furrow as she looked up at him. "Waiting, for what?" she asked.

They walked up on the porch and he unlocked the door to let them in. Inside, he flipped on some lights. "Waiting for the time I could bring you back up here," he said softly.

Still clinging to Jason's arm, Karen looked around. "It...it looks just like it did when...when we left it the...the last time," she murmured. "I...I thought you said you made some changes."

"A few. I put in the outside lights and the computerized security system and I made one other change," Jason said. His heart was pounding and he was having a very difficult time breathing. "It's upstairs. Come on, I'll show you." He led her to the stairs and they started up. When they reached the top of the stairs, he walked to the spot where there once had been two doors leading to the bedrooms Karen and her husband used. He opened the door, reached inside, and turned on the light. "That's the only other change I made," he said.

"Oh, Jason!" Karen whispered as she looked into the single large master bedroom he'd created by combining the two bedrooms. Inside, in the center of the huge room, stood the king-sized four-poster bed in which they had spent so many

wonderful hours during his visit there six years before. She let go of his arm and turned to him. "After all this time you..."

"You didn't want me to say it six years ago," Jason said, interrupting her, "but things are different now. Karen, I am in love with you. I've never loved anyone else and I don't think I ever will."

Tears filled Karen's eyes as she looked up at him. "Jason...I...I...I don't know what...to...to say," she stammered. "I..."

Jason looked down at her and could feel his heart pounding. "You know what to say and now you can say it, Karen," he said softly. "I know you feel the same way. You did then and I hope you still do."

Karen pressed against him and buried her face against his chest. She stayed like that, clinging to him, for a few moments. Then she took a deep breath and whispered, "Jason...I...I love you, too. I...I've known that ever since that day at the pool."

"That's what you meant that day when you said we'd crossed a boundary, wasn't it?" Jason whispered as he ran his fingers lightly through her silky hair and held her against him.

She nodded. "Yes...that's what I meant," she whispered. "I...I didn't know if you understood what I meant then but I guess you did, didn't you?"

Trembling, Jason moved them closer to the bed, which he had dreamed of sharing with her again ever since the day he had it moved to this room. He found the prospect of seeing her naked again every bit as exciting as it had been the first time it happened. The thought that he would be seeing, and touching, her lean, lovely body made his blood pound.

Karen looked up at him and her hand flew to her hair. "Oh," she said softly. "I must look a mess. I'm sorry, Jason."

"No you don't!" he replied, meaning it more than he'd ever meant anything in his life. "You look beautiful."

Karen held her hand out, pulled him towards her, buried her face against his chest again, and started to cry. Jason, confused, slid his arms around her and they stood next to the bed holding each other. He wasn't exactly sure why she was crying, but he hoped it was out of happiness.

As she sobbed against him, her tears dampening his shirt, his hands were massaging her back and, as his fingers moved over her bra strap and he felt her breasts press against him, things began to happen. His penis began to harden in his jeans and he held his hips back, hoping she wouldn't feel it. He somehow didn't think it would be right, not yet.

"Why...why did I...I let you go six years ago?" she sobbed. "Oh, darling, I've missed you so much!"

Hearing her words further aroused Jason, who began to feel a little light-headed. "It doesn't matter," he said softly. "We're together now." He bent and kissed her on the top of the head.

Karen continued to cling to him and he returned her embrace. It felt so right to have Karen's body pressed against his. An ache that he'd felt for six years was finally being healed.

After clinging to him for a few more minutes, she started to pull away. When she did, he allowed one of his hands to slide up over her shoulder, and he gently cupped her cheek. Her skin felt was silky and warm as he stroked her warm, soft skin. She looked up at him, and what he saw in her eyes was overwhelming.

One of her hands rose slowly to his face and she traced his chin gently with her slim fingers. She looked up at him, her eyes searching his, studying him. Her breath gently caressed his face and he knew that at long last, he was going to get to kiss her once more.

He bent his head and she moved her face a fraction of an inch closer to his. She opened her mouth, showing him the tip of her pink tongue, then he pressed his lips against hers and their mouths began working against each softly and gently. The kiss was every bit as perfect as he knew it would be. The longing he'd felt during the years he'd waited for this disappeared in a flash of ecstasy. Their mouths opened and they gently exchanged tongues while they tightened their embrace and pressed fiercely against each other. Jason no longer cared whether or not she could feel his erection.

When the kiss ended they leaned back and gazed into each other's eyes again. Jason felt as if he was drowning as he gazed into the gray eyes he adored so much. Karen smiled and he bent and placed a kiss on each of the dimples that framed her pretty mouth.

"Jason...it...it's been so long..." Karen whispered as she pulled him tighter against her. "Do...do you still want me?" she

whispered. Her eyes gazed into his as she waited for his answer.

"I've never stopped wanting you," Jason replied. "You're so beautiful, Karen. I've wanted you every day for the last six years..."

"You really mean that, don't you?" she asked, sounding a little surprised. "You aren't just saying that?"

Jason took her head in his hands and kissed her again. It began as a gentle kiss, but soon turned into a fervent joining of their lips. After a few seconds, he pulled away and kissed the tip of her nose. "I...I haven't been celibate for the past six years, but every time I...I kept thinking about you," he whispered.

Karen smiled at him, but at the same time, a new flood of tears filled her eyes. "My darling Jason," she whispered. "I'm so sorry for the pain I've caused you..."

Jason shook his head. "That doesn't matter," he said. "You're here, in my arms now, and that's all that matters." He ran his fingers lightly up and down her arms and felt warmth rushing through him.

"Jason, I do love you, I really do," she murmured.

Once more, they hugged. Her arms were at first pressed against his chest, then they slid around him and she pulled him against her as they again joined their lips in a kiss that caused fantastic feelings to swirl through them. One of Karen's hands moved to Jason's neck and she pulled him harder against her. Not wanting to break the kiss, they breathed through their noses. His body was pressed so tightly against hers there was no way she could avoid feeling his urgent need.

Finally, she tore her lips from his and leaned back. "Come with me, my darling," she said softly and took his hand. She led him to the bed that occupied the place where the separate beds she and her husband once used had occupied.

When they reached the bed, she had Jason sit down on it and stood in front of him, between his legs. After gazing at him for a few seconds, she took his hands and placed them gently on her waist. He leaned forward and nuzzled her belly through her dress while she smiled down at him and ran her fingers through his hair.

"Undress me, my darling," Karen whispered. "I want you to make me naked for you."

With shaking hands, Jason started undoing the buttons that ran down the front of her loose dress. Each one slipped easily its opening and, before long, they were all undone. He spread the dress apart and was blessed with a view of her flat, lovely belly. Again he leaned forward and buried his face against her skin. He smelled her fresh, clean scent, then he began to kiss her stomach and lick it, and heard her groan as he did. He finally stopped what he was doing, wonderful as it was, and stood up. He'd grown a little, which now meant she was about five inches shorter than he was. She tilted her head back and her startling gray eyes looked directly into his. They were filled with love and need and caused his insides to lurch as she gazed into them. He slid the shirt off her shoulders and down her arms with trembling hands, then he grabbed the hem of the T-shirt she wore under it and yanked it over her head. A lacy bra, holding her lovely breasts, was exposed to his avid gaze and, as she gasped for breath, her breasts jiggled gently. She was clearly just as excited and nervous about what they were doing as he was.

Jason traced her neck lightly with his fingers, then let them trail them down along her slim throat and across the top of her chest. Lightly, ever so lightly, he traced the outline of her bra. Karen bit her lip and shivered as he did, then she rose up on

her toes and leaned into him, as if she was trying to get more contact from his hand. Jason, trembling softly, watched his hand as it moved across her chest to her other breast and began to stroke it through the sexy, silken material of her bra.

He lowered his face and kissed the side of her neck while his hands slid around to her back and began to search for the clasp of her bra. She giggled and said, "It's in the front, my darling."

"Oh," Jason murmured. He looked between the lovely globes on her chest, saw the clasp, and reached for it. He was surprised how easily it opened, given how much his hands were trembling. Once the clasp was undone, the cups of Karen's bra remained clinging to her heaving breasts for a moment, then the bra began to slowly peel away from them. It wafted downward, forming a lacy white puddle at her feet. Freed of their restraint, her breasts sagged ever so slightly.

Jason noticed that she was staring at the floor, avoiding his gaze. He reached out and cupped her face gently. "What's the matter?" he whispered.

Slowly, Karen raised her face. "I wasn't sure that, after all this time you'd...I mean, if you've been with girls your age, they're..." she stammered softly.

Jason laid a finger gently on her lips. "I've never seen anyone I wanted to look at more than you, or who is more lovely than you are. I love you, Karen. All of you. Every exquisite inch of you. You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

"Oh!" Karen said. She threw her arms around his neck, pulled his face against hers, and they kissed again.

It was as if they couldn't stop kissing, even though there was so much more each of them wanted to do. During that time, Jason grabbed hold of her firm bottom and pulled her against him. It felt so wonderful to be holding her again.

Finally, both of them felt the need to move on, to consummate what they'd begun. His hands went to her waist and he shoved her pantyhose and panties down.

She stepped out of them, smiled, and said, "Now it's my turn to undress you." She moved her hands to the buttons of his shirt and opened them. Then she slid the shirt off. Next her hands went to his waist. Eagerly, she tugged his T-shirt out of his jeans and pulled it over his head. "Mmmm," she said and kissed one of his nipples. "I think I like it!"

"I love that! Let's g...get on...on the bed," Jason croaked as he shoved his pants down and kicked his loafers off. Leaving his socks on, he joined her on the bed.

Karen reached for him, wanting to take him into her arms, but he gently urged her to lie on her stomach. "There are things I've been dreaming of doing for six years," he said. "Let me do them."

"All right, my darling," she replied.

Jason started with her legs, just above her ankles. He began by kissing her calves, every inch of them; while Karen whimpered and squirmed in response. Then, moving slowly, being as gentle as he could, he began to move upwards, kissing and licking the back of her knees, then the backs of her thighs. When he reached her marvelously formed bottom; he kissed each cheek softly.

"Oh, God, Jason!" Karen groaned, shuddering. "You can't begin to imagine how wonderful you're making me feel!"

Jason had an idea of the effect his caresses were having on her and was pleased. His fingers followed his lips, stroking and squeezing every place he kissed gently, trying to arouse her more than he'd ever aroused her before. Karen squirmed under his caresses and was singing a constant song of delight while his hands moved over her wonderful body, the body he'd dreamed of possessing again for six years. He worked his way slowly up her back and, when he reached her shoulders, he kissed the back of her neck gently.

"Turn over," he whispered, and she did. Her breasts shimmied enticingly as she did but, with some effort, he ignored them and began kissing her flat chest just below them; then his kisses and caresses began to move slowly downward. Sylvia's mother's legs rose, bent at the knees, and fell apart and he could smell the scent of her need for him.

Lower and lower his kisses moved, while her moans and cries, and the sinuous movement of her body, grew more urgent by the second. At last, his lips and fingers moved between her legs. As he gazed at the opening now exposed to him, Jason was so overwhelmed with ecstasy that he moaned.

"What's the matter, my darling?" Karen asked, sounding concerned.

"You are so beautiful!" he said reverently, then he lowered his face between her legs. As he approached her pulsing opening, he blew on it, then he reached out with his tongue and gave her a gentle lick.

Karen whimpered and her hips rose. "Oh, God, my darling! You can't imagine how many nights I've laid in my bed dreaming of this!" she moaned. "Please, my love! Don't stop now!"

Jason had no intention of stopping. He cupped Karen's firm buttocks in his hands, lowered his mouth to her, and began caressing her hungrily with his lips and tongue. He extended his tongue and trailed it from the base of her opening, up between her labia, to the top. Then, after caressing her clit with swirling licks, he trailed it down again, stopping on the way to inside her.

"Oh, God! Uh-huh! Uh-huh!" Karen gasped. Her hips rose off the bed and twisted against his face.

Jason continued what he was doing, and began to using one of his hands to tease and caress her clit while he licked her gently. Her fervent movements and cries of joy told him she was getting very close to coming. He lifted his eyes and saw that

she was fondling her breasts, pulling and twisting her nipples. Her head was rolling from side to side while her hips continued to rock up off the bed and press her middle into his face.

The next thing he knew, Karen's hands had released her breasts and were clamped around his head, pressing his face against her vagina. Wailing loudly, she was bucking wildly as she enjoyed what seemed like an incredibly powerful orgasm on his mouth. Her gyrating hips smeared her juices all over his face while he held onto her bottom, licking and sucking and gulping the juices that were pouring from her. Gasping for breath, he inhaled the scent of love, pure passion, desire and frantic need.

At last, she calmed and, when she did, she pushed him away. He slid up next to her and, immediately she took him in her arms and they shared a tender, intimate kiss. "Oh, God, Jason!" she gasped. "I...I can't believe how wonderful that was! God!" She laughed, then she kissed him again.

Jason loved it. It had been so long since he'd heard her laughter and he found it a wonderful sound, a sound he wanted to hear for the rest of his life. She continued to kiss him, then he realized that her kisses, like his had done a few moments earlier, had begun to move downward. She nibbled on and

sucked his nipples, which grew hard as little pebbles. Delightful sensations resulting from what she was doing made him tremble. From his nipples, her lips ventured downward, over his stomach, with a pause to licking his belly button. His penis, which was already erect when they started, felt as if it was going to explode off his body. He was desperate to feel her touch there.

He lifted his head and watched as Karen knelt between his legs. She began to bend forward and, as she did, he could see her breasts swing forward and jiggle. He groaned when she wrapped her long, slim, fingers around his erection. For a few seconds, she just stared at the swollen shaft in her hand, then her eyes lifted and she smiled. "I think bigger than I remembered," she whispered softly. "If that's possible." She stroked his swollen organ gently for a little while.

Another groan came from Jason when Karen lowered her head and kissed the tip of his erect penis softly. Then, as his groans of joy grew louder, she went to work on him. She licked the entire length of the swollen organ gently, leaving him wet and slick. An added delight, Jason realized, was the gentle caress of her soft hair, which tumbled over his middle as she worked on him. She lowered her face even further and licked his swollen balls and shivers raced up and down through his body. He groaned even louder when she lowered her open mouth, and took all of him into it.

She moved her head slowly at first, but soon the pace of her movements began to increase. Her head bobbed up and down while her lips and tongue caressed him. At the same time, she trailed the fingers of one hand up and down the insides of his thighs and the other one gently rolled his balls.

Jason lay back, unable to watch her. He was entirely too aroused. If he watched, he'd come in a second! But even laying back and closing his eyes didn't help much. Just seconds later, he could feel his insides tightening and, apparently, so could Karen. She tugged on his balls, as if urging him deeper into her mouth, then, with a powerful spasm, accompanied by a moan of joy, he began coming, filling her mouth with his hot juices. She gulped it down eagerly until, at last, there was no more. Then she slid her body up his and kissed him.

"Make love to me, now Jason!" Karen whispered urgently. "Please, my darling! It's been so long! I need you!" She gazed into his eyes and brushed a wisp of hair off his forehead. The look in her eyes, though demanding, was also sweet and loving.

At that moment, Jason knew that his six-year wait had been worthwhile. This was what he wanted and needed. He felt as if his life was finally complete. Never again would he allow her to get away from him.

He rolled on top of Karen, who spread her legs open as he did. He could feel her heat and moisture pressing against his still-hard shaft. He lifted his hips, reached between them, and grasped his blood-engorged rod, then he slid it up and down between her well-lubricated labia and, after teasing her for a few more seconds, guided it to her entrance.

Once he was in position, he slowly began to lower his hips. Inch by inch he sank into her and, as he did, he gazed down into her face. She chewed on her lip as he moved deeper and deeper, then her eyes closed and a feral groaned came from deep inside her when their pubic bones met. Her vaginal walls, already rippling, clasped his embedded shaft, milking him.

Karen looked up at him with a blissful expression on her face. Her hand rose and she gently trailed her fingers over his cheek. "You should see the look on your face," she whispered. "You look like you're having a religious experience."

Jason turned his face and kissed her palm, then he smiled down at her. "I...am having...a...religious experience," he managed to whisper, "And I intend to have it for the rest of my...of our...lives." Her smile widened when he started moving. He withdrew slowly, and savored the way the walls of her vagina clasped him, as if it was trying to keep him inside

her. When all that remained inside her was the tip, he slid forward again. Both of them moaned softly as they experienced pleasure and ecstasy.

"Take me, Jason, darling! God, I need you so much!" Karen murmured. She tugged his head down and raised hers and kissed him. The kiss, even in the midst of what they were doing, was surprisingly gentle and loving. It was an expression of love.

Since their foreplay had assuaged the intense need both of them felt their lovemaking was neither demanding nor hurried. Both of them were able to savor the experience, to get from it the maximum pleasure and satisfaction possible. Karen's legs rose up and wrapped around Jason's waist and her arms encircled his neck as their bodies undulated against each other. It was everything he remembered making love with her being, and more.

He continued to make love to her. After a while, he knew he was getting close, he knew, and that it wouldn't be long before he exploded. He slid his hand down between them and began to stroke her clit gently.

Karen's eyes flew wide open and she began to buck up against him with surprising force. The clasp of her vaginal walls grew incredibly tight around his plunging penis then, at exactly the same second, they both exploded.

"Now, Jason, darling! Take me now!" she groaned. "Yes! Oh, darling, yes! Yes! Now!"

Pressing his hips against her so that every last inch of his erection was inside her, Jason exploded. As they shared the ultimate in bliss, they clutched each other and their bodies strained to wring every possible bit of joy from their union.

When, at last, the passion they were feeling began to ebb, Karen started to laugh a sound that seemed to started deep inside her and exploded out in a chorus of delight the likes of which Jason had never heard before. He wasn't exactly sure why she was laughing, but he sensed it had something to do with what they'd just experienced. "What's so funny?" he asked.

"It...I've never...I've never, ever, ever felt this happy and wonderful before in my life, my darling!" she panted. "Even what we had before, it wasn't as wonderful as that was!"

He smiled down at her and said, "I guess I did it right, then, huh?"

"God, darling, you can't imagine!" Karen replied. She tightened her legs around my waist, holding his softening penis inside her, and murmured, "I love you, Jason Weeks."

"And I love you, Karen Dooley," he said. He held her against him and rolled over so that he was on his back and she was lying on top of him. She brushed his hair back and kissed him gently. When the kiss ended, it was his turn to burst out laughing.

Karen looked puzzled. "What are you laughing at?" she asked.

Jason shook his head. "Nothing," I said. "I was just thinking about how happy we're going to be."

She trailed a slim finger over his chest. "I'm not getting any younger," she said, grinning. "You're going to wear me out."

"Do you really care?" he asked.

She shook her head and said, "No, Jason, I don't care. I never, ever, want to be apart from you again!" She continued to stare down into his face while her hand caressed him. The smile on her face was incredibly loving. "I'm still not sure I understand all this. I mean, you're a young man. You have your whole life ahead of you. Why me?"

Jason shrugged and said, "I have no idea why, exactly, although I could probably go on at some length about all the things about you I think are incredible. Mostly, it's because that's how I feel. And nothing has changed those feelings over the years. It's my reality. I don't know why and I don't care why...I just know I love you more than life."

Karen bent and kissed him gently. Then she raised her head, smiled, and said, "I feel exactly the same way." Once more she lowered her head and her mouth pressed against his and opened.

Before they fell asleep, exhausted, Jason and Karen made love twice more. Then, locked in each other's arms, they slept the sleep of people who are in love and happy.

Jason was surprised when he woke up alone in the big bed the next morning and, for a second, he felt disappointed. Then he smelled coffee and knew where Karen had gone. He got up, slipped on his jeans and T-shirt, and went downstairs. When he walked into the kitchen, he found her at the counter, wearing what looked like the shirt to a pair of men's pajamas. It especially delighted him that the shirt just barely covered her wonderful bottom.

When she saw him, Karen turned, wearing a delighted smile on her face. "You left all of my things here," she said.

Jason smiled and nodded. "I hoped you might get to wear them again," he said. He'd left all of her clothes in the master bedroom closet and dresser, although he did have all of her ex-husband's things taken out.

He took a couple of steps across the kitchen and she moved toward him and pulled him into a passionate embrace. Her hands clutched at him as she pressed against him. Their lips joined and they kissed hungrily.

"Last night was so unbelievable!" she gasped when the kiss ended. "Jason, darling, I do love you."

"And I love you, more than you can imagine," he replied.

Karen reached up and caressed his face gently. "I want to make you some breakfast," she said. "Would you like some? I see you've managed to stock some things in the freezer. There are some of those egg replacements and some sausage, I could make scrambled eggs and sausage."

"Sounds good to me," Jason replied.

She turned to the counter, intending to begin working on something for them to eat. But, as she leaned forward to get something, the shirt exposed one of her delightful buttocks. It was more than Jason could take. He stepped behind her and ran his hands lightly over her bottom and up under her top until they were holding her breasts. He shivered with delight when he felt her nipples boring into his palms.

"Oh, darling..." Karen groaned and shuddered. She pressed herself back against him and wriggled her bottom against his

swollen penis. "I...I suppose we can eat a little later," she murmured.

Jason, holding her against him, burrowed his face under her hair and began kissing her neck, cheeks, and ears while she gurgled with delight and continued to rub her bottom against him.

Karen turned in his arms and kissed him lightly on the cheek. "We...we should go back...up...upstairs..." she murmured, and wrapped her arms around his neck.

"We don't have to worry about being caught any more," Jason replied, his voice quavering with passion.

"You...you're right, I guess we...Oooo!" she moaned when his hands again slid onto her breasts. Slowly, they sank to the floor and made love. It wasn't the long, slow lovemaking they'd shared the night before, but it was intense and loving. Once more, they shared a shattering orgasm and, when it ended, Karen kissed him tenderly. "I don't ever want to lose you again," she said. "I...I love you, Jason."

"You'll never, ever lose me again," Jason replied seriously.

Later, after they finally managed to make breakfast, they got dressed and were sitting on the sofa, talking. Karen was wearing a navy cotton sweater with a deep V-back and a form-fitting white Lycra stretch twill mini-skirt that displayed her wonderful legs to Jason's avid gaze. Under it, all she wore was a thong bikini. He knew that because he'd watched her get dressed. And, much to his surprise, he found watching her get dressed was a very stimulating experience.

Karen's legs were folded under her and her head lay on his shoulder, her soft hair tickling his cheek. One of her slim hands gently toyed with his thigh. "Do you have any idea how wonderful it feels to be here with you again?" she asked. "And it's even more special because this time there's no guilt."

Jason smiled and nodded. "Based on how I feel, I think I have a pretty good idea," he replied.

Karen sighed. "There...there is so much we need to...to catch up on," she said and snuggled tighter against him. "I have a feeling you may have been understating how well you've done financially. I mean, I know what the price we asked was, how on earth could you afford to buy this place?"

"Actually, this place and my truck are all I've spent my money on that doesn't give me any income," Jason said, "I invested the rest of it in the computer stores, some income property, one business, and stocks and bonds."

Karen leaned back and looked at him. "What business did you invest in?" she asked.

Jason grinned at her. "M.D. Industries," he said. "I own a 51 percent share."

Karen's eyes widened in surprise. "You...you bought Milton's company? And you put in the new manager, the one who has done so well with it?" she asked.

Jason nodded. "I met Joe Bartlett when the conglomerate bought out Biggie Burger. Everyone said he was a sharp manager, and I guess they were right, huh?" he said.

"I guess they were," Karen said. "I'm so glad my attorney had me ask for stock in the company instead of support. I'm not sure how I'd have lived otherwise."

Jason pulled her onto his lap, into his arms, and kissed her. She returned the kiss avidly. He teased her lips with his tongue and she returned the lingual caress. Her hands tangled in his hair, pulling his mouth against hers.

He began to caress her back, most of which was exposed by the deep Vee of her sweater, and he felt her skin move, wave-like as his hands glided over it. He teased the back of her neck, then combed his fingers through her soft, fragrant hair.

Their kiss finally ended and both of them pulled back, gasping for breath, and stared at each other. Jason slipped the sweater over her head while Karen feverishly opened his shirt. Then, with their upper bodies bared, they resumed their kissing and caressing. Before Jason could do much of anything, her lips went to one of his nipples and she began kissing it and sucking it erect. "Oh!" he groaned. His body twitched in response to her sudden, intensely pleasurable caress. His hands moved over her naked back, savoring the warmth, smoothness, and softness of her, then stole into her hair, pulling her to him.

Karen's lips continued moving on his chest, blazing a trail of heat to his other nipple and drew it, too, out to a stiff peak.

"Damn, you make me feel so good!" Jason whispered into her hair, his throat thick.

Karen stopped what she was doing and leaned back, gazing into his eyes. Her eyes were bright, her lips red, and her breasts, capped by those luscious hard nipples, moved in and out on her heaving chest. Jason cupped the delectable globes in his hand, his thumbs going to the hard tips, then he gently began kneading and teasing them. Karen's eyes closed, a lovely smile curved her lips, and her head lolled back.

"Ah!" she whimpered, pressing her body against his seeking hands. "Love me, Jason! Love me!" Her hand stroked his face, caressing his lips with feather-light touch.

Jason captured a hardened nipple with his lips.

"Oh!" It was Karen's turn to moan and jump as pleasure coursed through her lithe body. Her hands again tangled in his hair and she pulled him against her. "Yes! Yes! Oh, God, Jason, yes!" she murmured, her voice tremulous with passion. Her impassioned plea sent ripples of pleasure through him.

Jason transferred his attentions to her other breast, noting she seemed to be having a hard time breathing. He held his head still, maintaining just the slightest pressure on her stiffened bud, allowing the movement of her breathing to thrust it in and out of his mouth. That seemed to delight her.

"God, Jason, that feels so wonderful!" she murmured, "More! More! Do it more!"

Jason began caressing her arms, shoulders, and belly with his free hand, and felt the heat radiating from her. She jumped and jerked more and more under his touch.

"Oh, darling!" she moaned. "You make me feel so wonderful!"

"Let's get more comfortable," Jason suggested. He undid the zipper at the rear of her skirt, and slid it down over her incredibly slim hips and off. Wearing just the scanty bikini, she presented him with a spectacular vision of erotic beauty.

With a groan of delight, Karen came into his arms and again their mouths sought each other and joined. Their tongues thrust and parried, then withdrew and dueled again. Charges

of electric pleasure arced between them. He wanted to devour her!

They needed to breathe, so their kiss ended. Gently, Jason ran his hands up and down Karen's arms.

"Oh!" she moaned as his hands reached her shoulders, then slid across her chest, stroking, outlining, then teasing her nipples. They were so erect and hard!

"Unnhh!" Karen murmured. Her body shook as his hands caressed her.

Jason moved his caresses to her abdomen, which was flat, but soft. He kept his touch feathery, moving his hand everywhere. Her body vibrated in response. He laid her flat and moved into a position that allowed him to kiss that lovely body. His lips explored her navel and her hands again enmeshed themselves in his hair.

"Mmmm!" Sounds of enjoyment continued to escape from Karen's lips. "God, Jason! That feels so good! I...I've missed how wonderful you make me feel! I've missed it so much!"

Jason moved all the way down and took one of her feet in his hand, then he began stroking, kissing, and tickling his way up her leg, leaving no area of skin untouched. Lightly, his fingers moved over her, along with his lips. He could hear Karen gasping and murmuring with joy while his lips and hands filled her with warmth and pleasure.

Up onto her velvet-smooth thighs, along the silk-encased Vee of her sex, he slid his hands, then he followed the waist of those scanty underthings to her side and down the other leg, worshipping her gorgeous body with touches and kisses.

It seemed as if hours were passing as Jason made love to her. He was erect and wanted her badly, yet he restrained himself. He wanted to build her to the most intense peak of pleasure he'd ever given her.

An eternity of sensual delight passed before Jason eventually arrived at Karen's other foot. When he finished his attentions to that, he ran his hands up the outside of her legs, back to the narrow waist of the pretty, scanty, underthings she wore.

"Oh, God, Jason! You're driving me crazy!" Karen moaned.

Jason left the silky covering in place and touched her through it, caressing the area it covered with light, circular movements of his fingers. He got her to turn on her belly and worked on the soft skin of her rear, loving the sensuous appearance the scanty garment gave it.

"You're making me feel all tingly inside!" Karen whispered, while her body continued to writhe under his insistent caresses.

Jason rolled her on her back, slid his hands over her belly, then between her legs, feeling the wetness that had begun soaking through the filmy garment.

"Oh!" Karen groaned. Her body jolted when his fingers found her erect clit through the sheer fabric. "Take them off! Please, Jason!" she begged. "Take them off and touch me!" Her back arched, delivering her center to his touch.

Slowly, tenderly, Jason did just that. He slid the negligible garment down the sweet columns of her legs, leaving her totally nude, legs splayed, pubic hair glistening with the dampness of excitement. He moved between her legs, put one hand on each hip, and leaned forward. As he neared her, he could feel her tense, then he kissed her belly button.

"Oh!" she moaned, trembling with anticipation.

Across Karen's flat, lean belly - which was covered with skin that was so satiny smooth and warm - his lips and tongue moved. From side to side, and down, his caresses ventured.

"Please!...Please!..." Karen murmured fervently.

Her beseeching stirred him, but still Jason held back and continued the deliberate pace he'd set for himself. Slowly, his lips descended her nubile form. Her back arched and her hips rotated, her body joining her mouth begging for his touch.

"Oh!...God!...Please!...Please, Jason!" Karen's desperate pleas continued.

Slowly, Jason continued, his caresses moving toward where he wanted to go.

"Oh!" she groaned.

His lips were on her pubic hair now. Straining, her hips twisting, she offered her treasure to him. From side to side, from the valley where her legs and body joined, across the soft brown curls, to the other side, his lips and tongue explored, loving, seeking, touching.

"Oh!...Oh!...Oh, Jason, please!" Karen whimpered. Her body shook as his lips and tongue touched, then engulfed her nerve-filled, erect bud. Jason sucked it as deeply into his mouth as he could, then holding her buttocks in his hands; he began punishing it with his tongue.

Karen's body shook and she grabbed his head and pulled it against her as his tongue slid down off her clit, between her labia, opened her, then slid inside her.

"Oh!" Karen moaned and her hips bucked, as if she were trying to take all of him inside her. "Oh!...Oh!...Oh!" Her passionate moans continued as Jason worked her over avidly with his lips and tongue. He licked and sucked, and teased her opening, making her wetter, driving her to higher and higher levels of need, giving her more and more pleasure.

Without taking his mouth off her vagina, Jason slid a hand up her thigh and began touching areas left uncovered by his oral

attentions. Then, gently, he inserted a finger between her swollen labia and thrust it into her.

"Oh, yes!" Karen's hips rocked upward, off the sofa. Jason wrapped his lips around her clit and began rhythmically sucking, while at the same time he was pumping his finger in and out of her. He could feel the walls of her inflamed vagina begin to tighten around his intruding digit and sensed the onset of the clasp, rippling effect that signaled her orgasm.

Suck and thrust. "Oh!" Suck and thrust. "Ah!" Suck and thrust. "Oh!"

Karen's arched back forced her sex against his mouth while she responded wildly to what Jason was doing to her. Her legs clasped his head, mashing his mouth tighter against her, and still he continued, his finger delving into her, his lips and tongue punishing her, while she worked her middle against him.

After a while, Karen's muscles relaxed and her cries softened. He continued doing what he was doing, enjoying the movement of her body and the rippling of her vaginal wall on his finger. Her legs unlocked and fell from him, thumping to the bed. The movements of love, though lessened, continued.

"Oh!...That was so nice!...So nice!" she murmured, then was still. He gave her succulent middle a last kiss, then sat up.

Karen lay there, her eyes closed, breathing softly, completely limp. Her breasts, topped by half-erect nipples, rose and fell with her steady breathing.

Jason got up, stripped off the rest of his clothes, then he laid down next to her. Karen murmured softly, but didn't open her eyes. There was a satisfied smile on her lips.

Immediately, his body afire with need for her, he bent and teased a nipple with his lips.

"Oh!" she moaned in response to his new erotic assault. The nipple rose into his sucking lips, hardening, growing. Having restored that one to full life, he moved to the other one, arousing it, too.

His hand slid over Karen and Jason cupped her passion-soaked vagina, then he slid his index finger into her. Her hips rose in greeting.

"Oh!" Another soft moan erupted from her and her body began to move sinuously as his finger probed her insides. He could feel heat returning. More insistently now, his own urgency driving him, he re-awakened her passion and stirred her to new heights of passion and need.

His finger probed deeply while his lips moved from one rigid nipple to the other. She writhed and moaned, her hands clutching at him.

"I want you, Jason! I want you! Please, Jason! Take me! Please take me! I want you!" Karen cried out her need, pulling at him. "Oh, God, darling, I need you so desperately!"

Jason's penis was erect and throbbing, as hard as it had ever been. The level of sensitivity was unbelievable! Just the air moving over it as he climbed between her legs teased and stimulated his swollen shaft as if someone was touching it! He knelt before Karen's altar of love and surveyed the sight before his eyes. Her vagina was open, wet, red, and swollen; begging him to enter. Her hips moved slowly up and down and her beautiful eyes, filled with passion, implored him to possess her! Her slim, lovely arms beckoned to him.

"Please, Jason! Please! Take me! Oh, please, my darling, take me!" she begged.

Jason slid forward, then his body jerked when his hot hardness contacted her soft, open wetness.

Karen grasped him, guided the rigid shaft into her, and he thrust it home. A cry of joy gushed from her and her hips bucked up to meet him.

Jason supported his weight on his arms and drove into her. She braced her feet on the bed and forced herself up to meet him. Again, as they'd done so many times, their bodies strained together, plunging, writhing, pounding, drawing pleasure.

Intense spasms of joy swept through Jason as jets of his warm cream spouted from his wildly pulsing organ, filling her, bathing her insides. He ground against her, while what seemed like endless supplies of his fluids gushed into her.

Karen screamed out in delight when the hot blasts of his fluid splashed against her womb. Her fingers dug into his buttocks and her legs wrapped around his. It was as if she wanted to

meld herself to him permanently. He couldn't ever recall her responding to him more urgently.

Their lusty attack on each other finally slowed, and as Jason held himself above Karen, watching as her features relaxed and her eyes closed. Still hard, still embedded deep inside her, he rotated his hips.

Another spasm of pleasure shook Karen and she bucked against him. "Oh!" she moaned, then relaxed again.

Still hard and buried in her, Jason lowered himself and kissed her. Then, feeling himself begin to soften, he pulled out and rolled off her.

"Oh!" Karen gave him a look of disappointment.

Jason lay next to her, watching her, devouring everything about the way she looked, trying to etch it indelibly on his memory. He reached out and tickled her face tenderly, bringing a smile of pleasure to her face.

"Mmmm!" she purred. "I almost forgot how gentle you are when you touch me."

Jason had been thinking about something ever since they went out to dinner the night before. He decided to act on his thoughts. "Want to get married?" he asked.

Karen's eyes widened and her mouth dropped open. "Wha...what?" she stammered.

Smiling, Jason kissed her on the tip of her nose. "I want to marry you," he said. "The sooner the better."

It took a few seconds before Karen could get her mind working again, but when she did, she grabbed him, yelled, "Yes!" and kissed him fiercely.

THE END