

To Ourselves

1.

All this happened because of my dad staying in Atlanta. Now I was settling in to our small family cottage at the beach, but I was going to be shut in with my mom, who was going to need someone to vent to about my dad. Thank god, there was going to be plenty of alcohol. I got to the cottage before her. Unloading my things, several thoughts sunk in for me. As I carried my bags and some groceries in, I tried to work through them. Would I even be able to stand the isolation?

There was no telling how long I'd be here. Absolutely no idea. I could do my coursework online. But my gig at the restaurant was done. I had a few hundred dollars in the bank and maybe a benefits check down the road. Maybe. It also hit me that I couldn't ever remember spending a significant amount of time alone with my mother. Certainly not as an adult. After graduating from high school and off-and-on in college till now, I'd only been around her on holidays.

Amy Moore could be quite the handful. Sometimes you'd call her lively, but just as much of the time, she could be a bitch. That's simply the truth of it. I just hoped she left alone the whole Wendy thing. I broke up with Wendy and did us both a big favor. That relationship had been over well before we made it official. Of course, we broke up just before being shut-in, and I had no one as back-up. This felt like exile. If mom and I could just peacefully coexist, I'd let her bitch about dad. Just so long as I could study and write. This would be the perfect time to get some writing done.

This old cottage held some great memories. Usually we'd been here during the heat of the summer. Now some coolness still lingered. Nevertheless the rich blue of the water remained the same. Nothing felt better.

I dropped my bags in the second bedroom. The master was for her, and on this trip, the third room would serve as an office, I figured. This was a nice change, since I'd typically settled for the third room. My older sister, Dana, wouldn't get the second one as she was out west with her husband. Fine by me.

Back out in the front of the place, I realized the rooms didn't look quite as big any more. I mean, they were still fine. There was just going to be the two of us.

The sofa facing the television would probably be the focal point, and the spacious kitchen and a dining room provided ample space for it all to seem enough. Damn sure beat my studio at school.

I was still standing in the living room when her Audi pulled into the driveway. Her ray bans shot straight to me as I gawked her way. Even from a distance I could see a faint smile from her. I managed to breathe out at that.

Hurrying from inside, I reached the car as she got out.

"Hey mom," hopefully there was the right spiritedness in my voice.

"Hey Jake." She beamed up at me as I went to hug her. "Not going to distance?"

I pulled her close. "I trust you. Besides. After a couple of weeks, I'll have whatever you have."

She hugged me back, and I whiffed some mix of lavender, vanilla, and something else. Was probably a fragrance more expensive than my rent. Her make-up was light but also near perfect.

Her skin appeared clearer than any twenty-something would have, certainly not that of a forty-five year old. It probably looked so clear because her thick, dark hair framed it. Even pulled up, her hair had this tossed look to it.

Still close, I couldn't believe she kept smiling.

She quipped. "Yeah? But should I trust you?"

Now that was more like what I expected from her.

I heard a click, and then her trunk lifted. I made my way back there to start getting her things. It shouldn't have surprised me to see her trunk packed full.

I looked back to her to make some remark, but she was already headed to the door. All five-seven of her moved gracefully, the years of dance growing-up still evident. Long, lean legs that still did cardio most days stepped with ease.

Her designer jeans made me wonder whether she had lost some weight lately, and I instantly recoiled at paying such attention to her. I wished I was watching those long legs on someone else.

As she got to the door, she glanced back to me, and a half-smile and shake of her head made me feel even more self-conscious.

"C'mon, cowboy."

Cowboy? What the fuck? I chuckled a bit uneasily, and she turned back to the door and let herself in.

Her crisp, white blouse and that wild, dark hair disappeared into the house.

I gathered the bags and got myself in gear to get her unloaded. Inside, she searched about, much like I did earlier. Moving right past her, I got the bags into her bedroom and onto the king-size bed, somehow without banging about.

She entered right behind me. I unzipped each bag, opening it for her to have access, so she could get settled easier. Her steps

slowed, but didn't stop behind me. Hopefully she saw I was trying to show some consideration.

Shifting to turn, I expected to see her at my side. Instead, she had slipped on into the bathroom.

"Jake."

Making my way over to the bathroom, I stood at its doorway while she washed her hands. Both of us stared into the huge mirror that stretched from one wall to the other in front of us. Her hands rubbed vigorously, and I marveled at our contrast in the reflection.

My six foot frame and broad chest and shoulders contrasted sharply with her shorter, more delicate looking presence. She still impressed with her trim and well-kept look, but there was even more of a feminine style next to my rougher, harder image of old jeans and an older, blue t-shirt.

"Jake." Her higher pitch snapped me out of my thoughts. "Wash your hands, son."

Immediately, I got to the sink and lathered up.

Her tone softened a little. "I want to stay really careful, you know?"

"Uh, yeah. Yeah."

When she reached for the towel, her torso brushed mine, and I couldn't help feeling a jolt.

Her brow flexed in the mirror ahead of us. "You alright?"

As she dried off, I noticed the slightest jiggling inside her blouse. Jake, straighten up. Have you lost your mind?

"Yeah, yeah. Everything's fine. Perfect."

She nodded and then went back to the bedroom.

Digging into the suitcases, her hands worked the belongings into the appropriate drawers and the closet as I stood over by the door. Propping my hands on my hips, I couldn't think of anything else to do to help.

"Have you talked to dad anymore?"

Soon as the words were out of my mouth, I wanted them back. Was I inviting trouble with her?

"No. Not since I talked to you." Efficiently she finished with the first bag and went straight to the next one. "I'm talking to him at five."

"Oh, okay. Good."

I was still thinking of what else to ask when she reached a layer of clothing in the suitcase that was more colorful. Red, white, and some pink satiny panties as well as bras appeared. One white lace pair particularly caught my eye.

I was awestruck that these were even hers, and I must've paused a moment too long. Her hands stopped a second, and then one hand pulled a t-shirt to cover the bundle so she could put them away.

The move got my eyes up to hers, and for the briefest of moments, our eyes met. Something in the seriousness of her expression struck me. Like she was acknowledging my stare, and holding back some remark. But what?

She moved swiftly on over to her dresser where she put the underwear away.

Her voice lowered. "Everything good with you?"

My mouth fell open at first. Part of me felt embarrassed, but I also had to forget about being so self-conscious. This was Mom.

"You missing Wendy, I guess?"

I was quick to answer. "No. Not at all."

She gave a short smirk at that.

It was true I wasn't missing Wendy, but it was also true I had been missing any meaningful female connection for weeks. Now there was this.

Her voice softened. "Good. ...I didn't mean to put you on the spot."

"No, no. You didn't."

She glimpsed me with some disbelief and then continued to arrange her things.

I tried to rally. "Hey, it'll be good to have this getaway, you know?"

She flinched, and chuckled. "Okay." A thought passed on her face. "Yeah, it really will."

I stood a little straighter and started leaving the room. "Let me know if there's anything I can do to help you get settled in."

"Thanks, sweetheart."

I went back into the living room, and checked my phone. It was hard to really focus on my phone though, because she had thrown me so just now. I tried remembering when we had really dealt with each other much recently, and I realized that we really hadn't. Occasional calls or some texts. That had been it.

Before much longer, I had the television on as well as getting on my phone, and she drifted about the place as she called dad. I braced a bit, and even wondered if I should step out to give her some privacy with him. Turning off the television, I eased back to the dining room with its long table and solid, high-back chairs.

Standing there in the dining room, I gazed out the large window that framed the rolling waves about fifty yards away. This place wasn't huge, but it was perfectly situated. The sun would soon be setting.

Mom's end of the conversation was surprisingly civil, and the anger at my dad never came. Shocked, I heard her just check on him, say she had gotten unpacked, and that I was fine and said hello. With some inconsequential small talk, she was off the phone with him as quickly as she had called him.

So far, the arrival and afternoon had gone nothing like I expected. I ran a hand through my hair, and listened as she helped herself to something from the fridge. I was about to tell her I was slipping out for a walk when she appeared at my side.

She had a glass of chardonnay in one hand and a chilled Modelo in the other. She handed me the beer.

"Thanks." I managed.

Looking out at the ocean, she took a long sip of her wine. I tossed back a good swig of my beer. She motioned out towards the water.

"I'm going to go for a walk. Want to go?"

I shrugged. "Sure."

We went out into the salty air, and I decided it didn't matter why things seemed off. Hell, everything seemed off a bit. Maybe she felt the same. We could each do our own thing, and just see how things were going to go.

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2.

As the sun hovered off on the horizon, I followed her into the back. There was a small bit of grass for several yards that yielded to white sand. Blue water moved just out in front of us.

After trudging through some sand, we got to the old walkway.

Out on the walkway, her hand went to my shoulder and propped, steadying herself as she slipped off her shoes. The beer tasted delicious, standing there until she was done. I then whipped mine off.

Several more steps, and we were going down the steps of the walkway that put us on the beach. She impressed me with how she balanced her wine glass so as not to spill a drop. My hand already had the wet, stickiness of beer sloshed about.

A quick look up and down the beach showed there were just a few venturing out, and they were a good ways off.

"You sure about this?" I asked.

"Yeah, of course."

"But," I tried for as cool a tone as I could muster given I was showing more concern than her, "I'm pretty sure we're not supposed to be out like this."

She shook her head. "First, we live here part of the year, you know? And also, I don't know about you, but getting out here is going to be a pretty important part of me getting some exercise. I've got to."

"Hey, good points."

She looked over at me, making sure I wasn't mocking her. I wasn't at all. I was actually a little relieved.

My phone rang, and we both saw it was dad calling in. I hesitated, pondering whether to let it go to voicemail.

She didn't hesitate at all. "Go ahead."

Dad's voice was tight. "You guys doing alright?"

"Yeah, yeah. You?"

"Oh, I'm just fine." Dad didn't take long with me. "Hey, how's your mom seem?"

"She's fine. We're headed down to the beach."

"Listen, she's probably pissed with me. Me having to stay up here and all. Talk to her for me, okay?"

"I'll talk to her." I was caught way off guard and said what I thought I should.

My mom kept walking with me, and stared out to the waves rolling in.

My dad got what he wanted and signed off with me. "Talk to you later, son."

"Sounds good."

I braced and swigged my beer. Mom tilted her wine. The salt air hopefully soothed us both.

We walked some more without either of us speaking, and only closer to the water did she speak. It wasn't with hostility though, as I expected. She actually had a bit of sarcasm she tossed my way.

"You going to talk to me?" She smirked at me, but didn't hold my look. Her eyes went back to the water.

"I didn't know what else to say."

"I understand. Don't worry about it. ... At all."

This threw me some. "Yeah?"

She nodded.

I pitched in. Go ahead and get this out. Vent. "I don't blame you for being upset."

"Thanks for that. But you know what?"

I glanced over to her.

She continued. "I'm not. I've decided to stop being angry."

I stopped in my tracks. "You what?"

She stopped there on the beach with me. Looking up at me, she hesitated to speak. She didn't move from me, but her eyes did pan out at the water as she weighed something. Like, whether to open up.

"I shouldn't say much but," her eyes eased back up at mine, "I'm done being mad about it. I just am."

Standing there, her words were sinking in, when she must have seen the shock on my face. Her hand went to my arm and held there.

"Jake, I hope you don't hate me. Or, think bad of me."

"What? Of course not. I'm just surprised is all."

She hooked her arm around mine, and we kept walking along the beach.

"On the way down here, I thought things over. I decided I was tired of wanting him to change."

I just listened.

"He can be however he wants to be."

We both drank and strolled on, and I tried to process whether my mom had just told me she had decided to leave my dad.

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3.

The cooped-up situation turned out to be both good and bad. The first couple weeks or so, we settled into our own routines. I got some of the pockets of time I wanted.

So did mom, I guess. She worked from her laptop from the dining room, while I was either in my bedroom or out in the living room. She didn't interrupt me, and I didn't bother her.

I spent about a quarter of the time doing my coursework, a quarter doing some writing, and all the rest on porn and surfing the internet. This breakdown was rough estimates, but the bright side was that I was getting at least some school work done.

She seemed to be wrapped tight in two clients' projects. Her interior design work was often on site, but there seemed to be job orders of some kind being made, and price bids bandied about. It all kept her busy during the day.

What changed over that first week was the time in the evenings. Our routines started to converge to where we ate something around the same time, and then either took our laptops together to the living room, or watched something on tv together.

By the end of that first week, we were binge-watching some shows, and downing drinks. This turned out to be something we both easily got used to. She liked her chardonnay, and I devoured Mexican beer. I was open to trying different red wines, and so was she, but neither of us were pushing to change from what we liked.

One Friday night, it was her turn to pick the series for the night. We settled in on the sofa and savored our drinks. The first couple of rounds went down easily.

She absolutely loved this show that involved a woman traveling through time and being pretty adventurous. I started off thinking it was a chick flick and I wasn't going to like it, but it surprised me.

We breezed through the first episode and the drinks, and I was already feeling relaxed. It was fine by me to dig into the third episode.

Another habit we'd fallen into was kicking back on the couch and propping our feet on the large coffee table in front of us. The couch was a regular size, and she perched on one end, and I did on the other.

We'd both been running most days to get in some exercise, and on this night, her legs were feeling it. After the second time she worried about them, I decided to help. I chalk this up to the beer as well as to the confinement.

I reached over and took her ankles in my hands. She had on some khaki shorts, and her bare feet looked helpless from my side. When I maneuvered them from the coffee table over to my lap, it surprised her. It also angled her so she laid straight down the couch.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Her eyes were wide and a half-smile broadened.

"Just helping out. Don't mind me."

I looked back to the screen and so did she. My hands started working her feet in a way I'd done from time to time before, but not recently. Kneading the soles and rubbing the tops, I took my time. My hands worked her toes here and there, too. I actually liked doing it. The beer probably helped.

"Oh god, that feels good." Her eyes were still on the tv, but I could tell they were a little narrowed.

"Oh yeah?" I piped up. "You can do mine tomorrow night."

She kept watching the show, but after a few seconds, she spoke softly. "Okay."

As the characters on screen got to an intimate part between them, I was still massaging her feet and decided not to let up. It felt kind of weird, but then again this whole damn thing felt weird with her, shut in together for god knows how long. Plus, I was on beer number four.

The scene unfolding on the show had the hot female character getting nude, and panic set in with me. Blood headed to my middle at the sight of the actress's breasts bared. Knowing the male lead was about to have her got me going. I kept her feet away from what was happening in my shorts.

The male stripped his shirt and started on his trousers, and the realization I was going to see more of this in front of her began to rock me. That was when she spoke up.

That same muted tone. "Damn, he's hot."

Right then, her attention was still riveted to the tv, but her foot rested in my hands. Her legs stretched to me on the sofa, and they were so relaxed the knees opened apart. The crotch of her shorts formed a tight v that stared at me. Something about it all hit me hard. Her stance, provocative and open before me, the alcohol, the days upon days of it just being us two in that house. My cock raged full of blood where I sat. I let her have her moment watching the young guy with his chest as broad as mine take the woman on screen. I soothed her foot, and knew I'd need to take care of myself soon. As the scene ended, I started a sigh at the same time she did. We both chuckled. Our eyes met, and she had this really laid back look about her. Her glance lingered only a moment, and then went right back to the tv.

She sipped her drink, and then did a double-take at it. It was empty. Instantly, I hopped up. "Here, I'll take that. I'm ready, too." I got up and went to her for her glass. Right in front of her but hovering over her, I didn't get the awkwardness of it till I was

right there. My crotch wasn't far from her face as I took her glass from her. And I was still semi-hard. For a long moment, she stared at it. Like she couldn't quite process it all. What she saw. Perhaps what she felt. I glimpsed down, hoping it wasn't as bad as I thought. But the bulge strained the shorts tight, and the distinct, solid curve of me that bent to the left was plain. Her eyes eased up to meet mine, and while there was the hint of a smile at her lips, there was also a seriousness in her gaze that I didn't immediately understand. I went with her glass and got us drinks. The question of whether to say something about what had just happened puzzled me. It was late so I just decided to wait. We watched the rest of the episode, and as soon as it was ending, she was saying it was time to turn in. I agreed. There in the house alone with her, it all felt so other-worldly. She had already seemed different here, and now tonight she showed this deeply feminine side rather than the maternal role I'd always known. I figured it had to be similar for her. It had to be, right? I wanted to know. We headed from the living room to the hall where we'd each go to our separate bedrooms. The place was really quiet with the television finally off. Some bathroom light hovered, but otherwise it was dim. I took a deep breath and decided to try to gauge things. "Well goodnight, Amy." The sound of her name rather than 'mom' dropped her mouth open and caused a hearty chuckle. She started to say one thing, but then it was like she changed her mind. Her hand lifted to my chest and lightly traced. "So, it's Amy, now, huh?" She looked up at me with knowing eyes that put things right back on me. It threw me, and I went with what I had already planned to do. I hugged her. "Goodnight." She hugged back, and the moment held a second longer. She didn't shrink from my holding her tight. It felt much better than it should have, so I took a chance as we separated. As her face eased back, I put my lips to her cheek, and pecked there. I was still withdrawing my face from hers, when she promptly reacted. She put one hand to steady my cheek, and

brought her lips to my other cheek. The softest touch of her planting her kiss lingered. I was still absorbing it when she backed from me, and grinned. It was a great grin. She winked, and then turned and went down the hall.

I don't know how long I stood there. Buzzed, I figured I was taking it all as more lustful than it really was. Maybe she intended playfulness. Maybe she was being sweet. Hell, maybe she was just indulging me. I staggered back to my room.

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4. The next day, we were nice to each other, not much was said at first, but we both kept our distance. She worked, and then went for a run, and so did I. She ran on the road, and I tried on the beach. I loved being at the water and the salty air, but I was pretty clumsy with the sand and I didn't get as much distance in. It still gave me plenty of time to think about last night. To me, last night had seemed jarringly different with us. I wondered if I was wrong. Was there some vibe? Or was the drinking and the isolation warping me?

Yeah, me even wondering felt really fucking weird, but that just juiced it up for me. First, there had been the time after the breakup with Wendy when I didn't see anyone. Then, all this started with distancing. The only other outlet with women I had was online, and that usually resulted in porn.

But I could swear it wasn't just me. In the past, she'd always been sort of aloof. And, she'd been, well, stuffy. These last couple of weeks she hadn't been anything like that.

She was different down here, so why couldn't I be different down here?

All I was sure of was that I liked us hanging out together. Around five o'clock, she had a call with my dad. It was a habit they had made to check in each day. I wasn't trying to listen in, but the cottage wasn't big, and she was in the kitchen and I was in the living room. Her words were clipped with him. "Yeah, I know." His end of it I couldn't hear but it lasted a while. "Yeah, whatever." Her saying that turned my head in the direction of the kitchen. I couldn't see her, but I pictured her stern and arms folded. My dad must've been struck by it, too. I couldn't remember her being quite that way with him. He must've tried to rally, because she responded by knocking down whatever he'd tried to suggest. "No. Really, it's okay. You take care of things up there. I'm perfectly fine." When they hung up, I walked over to the kitchen. She forced a smile. "I'm going for a walk." She didn't wait for any response. She turned and walked outside. I watched as she walked straight from the back porch to the walkway that connected to the beach. She glided there, in that certain way she had. But I knew that, despite whatever front she wanted to put on it, she was dealing with some strong emotion.

Heading onto the beach, I went for a walk myself. My mind seemed flooded with her and the way the days blurred together. The question of school and work was setting in when my dad called me. I took the call as I finished my walk.

Dad didn't waste time on small talk. "Hey, what's with your mom?"

I winced a bit. "I don't know. Just working and staying busy from what I can tell."

Dad grunted, not liking my answer. "Well, I'm working, too. Try to make sure she understands that."

I wanted to say, Fucking tell her yourself. Leave me out of it.

Instead I let my muffled, flat tone convey it. "Yeah. Alright."

"Talk to you later." And he was off the phone. Not a single thought or question about how I was doing. Okay.

I decided I was going to be there for her. Something about how she was so damn determined pulled me to her side, where I wanted to help. Strangely, this also triggered some instinct in me. A part of me wanted to take care of her. She'd always been there for me.

I got back first, and plopped down on the steps of the walkway. The breeze invigorated me. This place calmed me while still stirring my mood.

Before much longer, she ambled back, her loose white tee whipped with some wind. Brown shorts flapped about her long, tapered legs. My attention caught at the definition in her calves,

and a guilty thought wondered how much muscle mass she probably had. Yeah, I was losing it, I realized.

The wind tossed her hair about, and it sunk in she had let it grow longer than I remembered it. Her face looked down, careful with her steps. A faint smile remained at her lips probably from me being at the walkway.

In a smooth, easy sway, her hand braced to a handrail, and she lowered herself onto the walkway next to me. Her face poised kind of close, and her attention stayed at me a second. When we had both stared a moment, she smiled a little more. She leaned my way and hugged me to her side.

Again she had mystified me, as the very cuteness of it made my pulse quicken. Breaking from our hug, her face went out to watch the waves roll in. Her lavender scent remained.

I spoke up. "Well, that must have been a good walk."

She nodded. "Yeah. It was. I love it down here."

Searching for what to say, for something to say that might help, I decided to open-up to her.

"I gotta tell you something."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"Um, I mean, I don't want to sound like I'm kissing-up or anything... ."

She laughed. "Kissing-up?"

I softly laughed, too.

Her voice lowered. "Tell me whatever you like."

Yeah?

I drew a deep breath. "I keep thinking about how much... well, how much I... admire you. I do."

She flinched a little, looking my way but not directly. Like at an angle to see water, too.

"Well, thanks, Jake. That's so sweet." She put a hand on my knee. The rock on her wedding ring sparkled. Her red nails contrasted to my pale leg.

"And," this was where I wasn't sure of how to put it, but I was determined to open-up, "you really, uh, it's like you're getting

into a more assured way about yourself. Getting into being a more carefree side of you."

She was taken with this. "Yeah? Thank you. I appreciate that, Jake."

Her arms wrapped my arm closest to her and held it tight. Her words came softly.

"You are being so sweet."

When she eased from my arm, her gaze went to the ocean as well. In a wistful voice, it was her turn to open up.

"Glad I seem that way to you, at least. I've been doing some thinking while we're down here, and I don't think everybody else is going to see me that way soon."

I churned a bit inside at her sharing this. "Um, Dad called while you were on your walk. He was worried about how you sounded with him."

She shrugged. "Okay."

I tried to help. "Hey, you guys have been together a long time. I'm sure you can work this out."

She shot a quick glance to me, and then stared back out.

"Oh Jake," she sounded like she was trying to be gentle, "I shouldn't go into this with you. It's not fair to you. I'll deal with your Dad."

"You can go into it if you want." I had no qualms about that, I realized now. "If it'll help, then I want you to."

Her eyes came around to mine and seemed to gauge me. She continued slowly, and like she might stop at any moment.

"Well, I really shouldn't." Her hands opened and closed in front of her, as she grappled with where she was. "But the essence of it is that we love each other, but we've grown apart. We just have."

I tightened at the plainness of that. I guess I had expected her to minimize it or something. Part of me deflated while another part of me again saw her way differently than before being down here. She never struck me before as even being capable of being apart from Dad. Now, it was like her mind was made up.

My hand reached over and held to her shoulder, and drew her under my arm close.

My face was close to hers as I tried to strike the most soothing tone I could.

"Everything's going to be fine. You're smart. You work hard. You're beautiful. You deserve to be happy."

She cuddled to me, and I was still looking forward when her hand steadied my cheek to peck it softly. Her face nestled on my shoulder, and we sat there quietly a good while.

Eventually, we made our way back to the house.

She flashed a lovely smile up at me as we walked along.

That night, she read just down from me on the couch, as I looked at my phone and read here and there at my end of the couch.

We had some small talk at the end of the night without saying anything more about our conversation on the walkway. I sensed she didn't want to go back to it that night, so I didn't.

We hugged briefly goodnight and went our separate ways.

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5.

The next morning, she set out coffee for us both, and she was quick with hers before darting away for work.

Our brief exchange was about her projects for work, and she was inquisitive about my coursework.

"You staying on track with everything?" She asked.

"Yeah, absolutely."

Before she headed on to the dining room, she paused. "What about your writing?"

I chuckled some. "Uh, that's coming slowly. Mostly notes here and there."

Her face tensed. "C'mon Jake, gotta keep trying, you know?"

I'm sure I must have gotten a goofy grin as I answered candidly.

"Well, you are helping. I'll say that."

This stopped her in her tracks. She shook her head. "I am?"

I smiled back.

Stepping just about out of the kitchen, she asked with a squinted look. "How am I helping?"

I rolled my shoulders and went about clearing my plate away.

For lunch that day, I had finished wolfing down a sandwich when she came in to get something. As I left to get back to my work, she went back to her question from breakfast.

"How am I helping with your writing?"

"You just are," I said as I left.

Already out of the kitchen, but still able to hear, I got her uncertain reply.

"Glad I'm helping."

The rest of the afternoon shot past until I had gotten what I could done. Breaks to run and surf some porn greatly helped, but I was still restless. It seemed to get more intense each day down here.

This restless combined with this closeness I felt with her, and it made me lose some bearing. It was like we had kept to ourselves

so long that I didn't have to worry. I think she liked how things were going.

Deep down, I toyed with the notion of pushing the boundaries between us. I wanted to badly.

Just as dusk set in, I made my way out to the walkway, knowing full well this was ridiculous. Something I had no business trying. But I'd thought about it all day. I might humiliate myself, still I was going to try.

The air was cool. Breezy. I absorbed the salt air, and eased down onto the top step.

She'd gone for her walk almost a half hour ago, and she seldom took longer than that for her walks. I was the same way.

On the one hand, it was a glorious evening, and I was at the beach. On the other, I must have been losing my mind because I was willing to come on to her. My head told me I was nuts, but my core said to charge ahead now.

As my mind swept over some of the moments we'd had, she came walking up. My eyes went straight to hers, and hers didn't move from mine. A sly smile started at her lips, and suddenly I felt like I could breathe.

I spoke up. "Gorgeous tonight, isn't it?"

"Yes. It certainly is."

She veered to my side, like she was going to squeeze in beside me. Helping, I actually stood, took her by the hand, and turned her to face the water. Then, I guided her down to sit on the step right below where I was sitting.

As she settled in, I brought my face close to hers at her side. I could see her mouth was open and her eyes were wide. Good.

Situated between my legs, her long frame was right in front of me. I let my hands drape at her sides. They traced the top of her legs, propped as they were onto the step.

"You have a good walk?"

Still looking out at the tide, her voice came back a little husky. "Yeah, I did."

My hands went from the tops of her legs to rest on her shoulders, and I thought I felt her sway slightly.

She piped up. "You getting your coursework taken care of?"

I don't know why, but that struck me as humorous and I chuckled. "Yeah, I am."

Her face lifted a bit, as if determined to be undaunted.

I turned the question back to her. "How's work going? Everything alright?"

There was a sigh at first. "Yeah. I'm kind of anxious about some of the orders. You know, with everything going on."

"I'm sure it'll be fine. You're working with some good people, right?"

There was a slight pause from her.

"You know, you're right. I am." She tilted in place to glance back at me. "Thank you for that."

"Hey, absolutely." I loved the feeling of having helped.

She turned back to the direction of the ocean and decompressed some.

My hands at her shoulders pressed to grip and rub about. It took several passes to get her muscles to loosen. I liked her relaxing.

The wind eased about us, and some of her thick hair flicked at my face. It had some rich smell I couldn't possibly name. For about the thousandth time I asked myself who this woman really was.

A low purr from her enlivened my interest.

"Am I really helping with your writing?"

My hands dug harder into her shoulders and also worked her back. Her body pushed back at me as I answered her in the same low pitch she gave.

"More and more."

This got a soft laugh from her. "You're going to have to tell me how."

"I will."

My hands still worked at her shoulders when another question came from her. One I didn't expect.

"Have you heard from Wendy?"

I ignored the pang at hearing my ex's name. "No. Not at all."

"Maybe you should call her."

"That's definitely over. I'm sure she's fine."

My tugs across her back went from just beneath her neck out to the points where her shoulders joined her arms. I wasn't sure, but it sure seemed her torso drifted closer into me.

Her tone lowered again. "I should make you stop that."

"Nah. Why do that?"

"You'll spoil me."

Part of me worried at how I was sounding, but I said it anyway.
"Good. I want to."

It was her turn to laugh gently, and it was really soft.

A couple of moments passed. I squeezed at her shoulders, my thumbs putting some pressure into her back solidly. Her back arched, and when it did, her chest lifted and pointed up and out at the water. The pose sent blood hurtling into my cock. I loved the excitement of how wildly wrong this was, and also hated myself for loving it.

That husky tone came from her again. "Hey, maybe this all just doesn't seem real."

"You think?"

My hands lowered. Just under her shoulder blades, they grasped to the sides of her back. Another press once or twice, and then spreading my hands around, I kept them tight to her. I didn't stop at her sides, but ran my hands to her front. They were squarely under her chest, and her whole torso stretched up as she moaned.

"Oh Jake."

Her body settled back into my hands, but her own hands shot to seize at mine.

She blurted. "Careful."

She was right. My hands were high enough for my thumbs to feel the elastic at the bottom of her bra. Her breathing was heavy.

My hands began a circling of her stomach, but it didn't last. She moved them. Off her vulnerable stomach.

I embraced her back to me. Expecting her to stop me, she didn't. Her hair flew in my face, and that luxurious scent whipped again. Her hands held to my arms, and she settled back against me. Thank goodness my hips were planted back so she didn't feel my hardness.

She mumbled through a grin. "This feels good."

But as easily as she had relaxed to me, the next moment she leaned backed up and away from me. My hands fell to her arms again. I didn't have any idea what to say to her.

Her hair tossed wildly in some wind, and she didn't make any effort to contain it. Her face tilted straight up as she soaked up the early evening dusk.

When she faced straight to the sea again, there was another question. "I think you miss Wendy."

Instantly, I answered. "No. Not in the least."

She didn't look back at me, but I could tell she smiled. "No?"

"I'm not even thinking of her. You're thinking of her more than I am."

She peered to her hands in front of her, and they flexed open. Her palms faced away, and it gave a clear view of her red-nailed fingers and that rock on her left hand. Her look lingered a couple of seconds before it returned to the water.

I took my hands to her neck once more. Kneading and descending, I took advantage of the separation between us to really dig into her back and shoulders again. I expected her to stop me this time.

She leaned right back into me. Her pressure back at me emboldened me. My blood raced inside.

I worked the tops of her shoulders and then went over them. Keeping firmly against her, I drew circles over her upper chest. The motion moved her blouse about. Her breasts jostled in her bra. Her head bent lower to one side. Like she was ready to speak to me sitting behind her.

I couldn't resist. The top button of her blouse was open. My fingers found the second button and started to undo it. Her hands stopped me.

Her response was quick but muted. "Jake."

"C'mon. It's alright."

"You know better than that."

"No, I don't."

She got up and smirked at me.

Her hand went to help me up.

She shook her head and led me back to the house.

Back in the house, things were quiet. I hung around in the kitchen, while she went on into the living room. I opened the fridge. "Can I get you a drink?" From the living room, her words were faint. "I think I'm just going to go on to bed, and read." I closed the fridge at once and got to the living room. She was already at the hallway. I looked to her, concerned. "Is everything alright?" I asked. She gave a gentle smile and slowly nodded. "Yes." Gradually, she turned from me to go to her room. Pensive. "Goodnight." She said. I followed into the hall as she reached the doorway to her bedroom. She stopped there and looked back at me. She said nothing. But clearly she waited on me to speak. I didn't know what to say. It took a second for me to realize I was just standing there, staring at her with my mouth open. Yet again came her kind smile. I wanted to do something. I walked right up to her. My hands went to her arms. She looked up at me. Suddenly I felt so foolish. She probably didn't know what to make of me. Of how I was being so forward with her. Was that it? I went close and hugged her. Thankfully she hugged me back. And in the slightest of moves, she did something that rocked me. Embraced together, her hand raised behind me and went to the back of my neck. It was a simple gesture. A light touch. But

something about it charged me like I had never been before. We were alone there in that small house. We'd been that way for so long now. I felt so damn close to her and drawn to her. I moved my face to get it to hers. Her eyes met mine, and then they focused on my mouth as it eased towards hers. I closed the distance, certain she would evade me. At the last moment, she closed her eyes. I did, too. Our lips touching was probably the softest touch I'd ever felt and the only kiss that had ever made me lightheaded. It was brief, certain, and when I tried to press, she stopped it. "Goodnight, darling." Her smile was wider and sweeter this time. She turned from me and stepped on into the bedroom, and when I moved like I might follow her. She stopped, looked to me, and shook her head. Another quick smile, and she closed the door.

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6.

The next morning, she was the first thing that popped into my mind. Well, her and the distinct smell of eggs and sausage from the kitchen. I couldn't remember the last time I had smelled that.

Quickly I pulled on a t-shirt and some shorts, and got in there. Sure enough, she was at the stove.

Her face shot straight over to me soon as I walked in.

"Good morning." She said it with a little singing sound to it that I adored.

"That smells delicious."

She prepared my plate. "You're here just in time."

"Thanks. What about you?"

"I've already eaten."

As she brought it over, something struck me. She was wearing shorts, too. Her linen top was casual, but it wasn't really a t-shirt. It was thin.

Closer and standing over me as she placed my plate in front of me, I got it. There in her blouse, about halfway down, the shaking was evident. The swell at her chest occurred a little lower than usual. Each side moved on its own.

I had to make myself stop staring.

Her hand played for a second in my hair before she was walking away. Immediately, blood flowed my middle. I was so glad she couldn't tell my cock grew at her touch to my hair.

My eyes followed her long legs as she made her way across the kitchen.

"You going to talk to me while I eat?" I asked.

"I gotta get to work."

She was almost out of the kitchen when I added what was on my mind.

"I enjoyed last night."

She paused, and shot a glance back over to me. Her expression was trying to be scolding, with a quick look back away from me. Her looking back away from me made it easier for her to hide her expression as she quipped quietly.

"Me too."

And, like that, she was gone to the dining room and on to her work for the morning. I thought about trying to tease her some more. Maybe call out to her. Perhaps take my plate to eat where she worked. Thank goodness I didn't do any of that. I needed to calm down. I really did.

After her great breakfast, I did try to settle into some work from school. It barely lasted for ten minutes, and then I thought about her out on the steps. Then how close we felt in the hall outside her bedroom.

Last night, I couldn't help myself, and got off running the memory over and over in my mind. She and I were on this vibe together, and the fact that it was happening drove me crazy. I had cum so hard.

Yet, here I was again. Sitting in the living room, I thought about how relaxed she was with me. How close we were still being. How she had added her "me too" as she left. Wasn't that her flirting? Or, was I going crazy? She might have just been being nice.

But maybe she wasn't. And it was this possibility that started tenting my shorts and veering my mind into how I could take care of my predicament.

In the midst of my quandary, my phone rang. "Dad Cell."

This was the last call I wanted to take. But instantly I knew I'd dread it if I put it off. I picked up.

I answered curtly. "Hey."

It was the confidence in his voice that put me to ease. "Hey, seems like everything's going well."

"Uh, it is?" They must have talked some more. I stammered. "Yeah, good. Sure."

"Your mom sounds better. Upbeat. You're doing great."

"I am?"

"Keep doing whatever you're doing. You doing okay?"

"Yeah, I guess. It gets a little stir crazy, but I'm hanging in there."

"Good, good. Well, keep hanging in there. I think this thing's going to pass over and we'll be fine."

The problem with Mom? The virus? The fact that I was chasing the last woman in the world that I should be? What the fuck?

I choked out, "You think so?"

"Oh yeah." There was a woman's voice in the background. "Hey, I gotta run. Going to have to jump on a call."

"I understand." Yeah?

"Let me know if you need anything."

"Alright. Will do."

And like that, he was gone.

I wondered if he had popped into his office despite all the warnings. Probably so. That would be like him.

I tried to push it out of my mind and knock out some of my political science assignment for school. It worked for about an hour. Then my sister called.

I shook my head. Might as well deal with her, too. Dad and then Dana. I was on a roll.

"What the fuck, Jake?"

She didn't waste any time, did she?

"Hey, hope you're doing well out there, too."

Her words went from sharp to concern. "What's with mom?"

This stopped me in place. "Huh? What do you mean?"

"I talked to her this morning, and ... she just sounded so... weird."

Uh oh. "How so?"

"First she was asking what really happened with you and Wendy. Then she was, like, wanting to ask how you had treated Wendy."

"How I had treated her?"

"Yeah? I know." Dana caught some breath. "Before it was over, she was asking something she may as well have just been asking you. You guys are right there together, aren't you?"

My throat tightened. "Yeah, we are. What did she ask?"

"She wanted to know whether you had talked about being interested in anybody after Wendy."

I felt almost dizzy at this. "After Wendy?"

"Yeah. I mean, I was almost, like, hell, just ask him yourself."

"This was today?"

"Yeah. This morning."

I gathered myself, to try to downplay any curiosity from her.

"I'm sure she's just trying to not put pressure on me. Not let me think she's prying."

"Mom? Hey---that wouldn't have stopped her before."

Dana was right about that. Then, she chuckled and added.
"That's funny."

"Funny?"

"Yeah. I mean, you kind of defending her right now."

"How's that funny?"

"Before, we hung up, I was busting on you. I said you wouldn't take long to find someone to go after."

"Ugh, Dana. Geez. What did she say?"

"She defended you, same as you just defended her. She said that you're not really like that."

"She did?"

"Yeah. Like, what the fuck, right?"

I was still processing that when she had to run.

For the rest of the afternoon, I tried to get back to work, but my mind kept skipping back to how Mom had been with Dana. It didn't have to mean much normally, but this was Mom, and it wasn't like her to really defend me to Dana. More likely she would have been critical.

The afternoon passed, and I heard the back screen door slam. She must have been heading to the beach. Out of my chair, I went outside in time enough to watch her leaving for her walk onto the walkway.

Quickening my pace, I wanted her to turn to me. She'd see me and wait up. I didn't want to yell out. That would reek with desperation.

As I almost got to the walkway, she descended the steps and trudged out into the sand. I slowed to a stop, discouraged. My entire torso sagged.

Suddenly, she half-turned. She looked right at me, and my pulse surged. A slight grin from her.

But, she didn't stop moving forward. Tossing a hand back to wave to me, she kept right on going. On out to the beach and all that was on her mind.

Good for her.

She should have her break on her own.

Away from us all.

...

7.

Shiny blue waves rolled in and broke into white, and it was the perfect backdrop for watching her return. She took her time. Her long legs didn't seem to struggle with the sand. Her hair was pulled up and back like she liked it.

The khaki shorts contrasted nicely with that same white, linen shirt from the morning. I fought hard not to stare, but there was that movement underneath the shirt again. A playful bounce with each step she took.

The closer she got the longer we held our looks at one another. Was she gauging me like I was trying to gauge her? When she

reached the walkway, she stood right in front of me without a word.

I broke into a small smile and drew my legs open, inviting her to return to the same position we had shared before. There was the glimmer of a grin back, as she turned slowly to sit in front of me like before. For a quick second, as she turned about, her eyes drifted low and she glimpsed my crotch.

She settled into the spot in front of me, and I edged closer. The inside of my thighs brushed to her outer legs, and I scooted even closer. My crotch met her back, and there was already a lump forming there.

Her face turned to the side some like she just might say something. But she didn't. Her attention slowly went back out to the water.

"How was your walk?" I asked.

"Really good."

Taking my time and bracing for something to be said, my hands went onto her shoulders. Gentle. Light rubs.

"Hey," her tone was quiet, "I know things have been... ."

"Different." I suggested.

She chuckled. "Uh yeah. Definitely different. And, I want you to know, it's not like I haven't liked the attention. It worries me that I have."

"It shouldn't." My tugs about her shoulders settled in a bit firmer. Her muscles didn't keep tight.

"Yes, Jake. It should."

"It doesn't have to. It just doesn't."

A sigh from her and then her words came evenly.

"Hey, we've been cooped up together. That's had to have some weird effect, I guess."

My hands spread to do more of a firm kneading into her shoulders, and my thumbs pressed against where her shoulders rounded over her back. With the pressure, she arched her back and her head tilted up. Her hands went to my legs at her sides, and rested atop them.

After a couple of seconds of leaning against the work of my hands, her head leveled again, and her voice lowered.

"For obvious reasons, and with me having more experience here, I know this kind of thing is really bad. It can't go well."

I answered as confidently as I could. "It doesn't have to go any particular way. It's just us being together. This is how it's turning out."

The other day I had massaged down her back. This time my hands went up. I drew deep lines into the flesh at the back of her neck. She relaxed to let her head sway with the motions I was making. I didn't want to stop, and it sure appeared she didn't either.

I decided to be really straightforward. "Hey, I'm a grown man. I know what's going on. I'm thinking for myself. It's not like I'm uncertain at all."

There was a flinch from her at that, and I could tell her eyes closed at hearing me say that. When they reopened, her mouth parted as she searched for words.

Before she could speak, my hands changed their course, and it interrupted her thoughts. My touch lightened against her skin to where my fingertips traced slowly at her throat and then eased downward.

The touch stayed light as my fingertips inched along her bare skin at the top of her chest that the very top of her linen blouse left exposed. Keeping my fingers there, my hands flattened to her

upper chest as well. I started gradual tight circles, and her breasts jostled in her blouse.

Her hands moved up and onto mine, and for a second, I stopped. I didn't move them away. And she didn't try to pull them away. If she had, I would have absolutely moved them.

Her face again half-turned, like she might look back to me. When she didn't say anything, and when her hands didn't go to move mine, I went back to stroking her upper chest.

In a couple of moments, her hands slid off mine and returned to rest on my legs. The movement was shifting her breasts about in her top when she spoke again.

"Jake, there's also something between us... that isn't to be damaged or used. You've always trusted me. Always. That's no small thing and it shouldn't be risked."

'Yeah, I do trust you. I'll keep trusting you. No matter what." I was keeping my hands on her upper chest. "And I know you trust me, too."

She turned wistful at that. Her torso sagged some. Her face peered down. I hoped it was because she understood I was right. But maybe it was because she was being persuaded. Then again, maybe my out-stretched hands covering her smooth skin at her chest simply relaxed her.

I leaned closer against her, and my hands cupped so I could edge my fingers under the sides of her blouse at her chest. Her hands started back up again, but they retreated to rest back at my legs. My fingers on my right hand spread onto the left side of her upper chest under her blouse, and I did the same on the other side.

With my hands flattened against her bare skin in each direction, I realized I wasn't feeling any bra straps. I had been right this morning about her not wearing her bra. I firmly rubbed to each side, and she sighed. Her face glanced first right, and then left, as did mine. Thankfully, we were on our own.

Dragging my hands to the middle of her chest, and then back out again, her skin stretched under my touch, and her breasts swayed side to side. The buttons on her blouse strained to stay fixed. I decided to take a chance.

I took my hands off her skin to get my fingers to the second button. The first button she'd left opened, and the second needed to be opened.

My fingers reached there quickly, and her hands again lifted, like she might bring me to a stop. I paused to give her that chance.

"Jake." Her eyes again shot back and forth on the beach, and still no one was around. She took a deep breath. As she let it out, I slipped the button through the slit in her shirt.

The sides of her blouse fell away, and I riveted to the sight of her cleavage appearing right below me. I gulped and still couldn't believe she'd gone without her bra. I couldn't remember ever having seen her do that.

The sight of the dark divide going between her wide breasts, and the fact she was relenting made my cock engorge hard. The crotch of my shorts tightened, and the tube-like protrusion along my left leg rocked me. My balls tightened.

As my hands went inside the sides of her blouse again, and this time lower since I had better leeway, a whirl of thoughts swept my mind. I wanted to be as gentle and pleasing as I possibly could, even though one part of inside me wanted to take her as quickly and as powerfully as I possibly could. Thankfully, I silenced that voice and thrilled at knowing she was into this.

Her skin seemed so much softer where her tits started their swell outward. Without a bra, they didn't extend out so much as spread wide. Still they were ample. I went slow as the thoughts made sense to me.

All of this time down here had put us in a different world. And it had been just us. In the morning, during the afternoon, and each night. We had gotten along great, and we just felt so close. I decided to put it out there.

"You know, I've felt so drawn to you. I really have." My hands slowly brushed on her chest. "Yeah, this is all kind of weird, but everything going on right now is weird."

My fingers went lower, and her skin became softer still. My caresses out and back moved more fullness of her breasts, and there was a weightiness to them. Her nipples probably dragged against the fabric of her top.

Her mouth was parted, but still no words. I could feel her hands grip tighter onto my legs. I had to make myself take my time. I wanted to feel her nipples.

Barely raising my hands off her skin, I kept slight contact so she would feel, and I made a couple more passes, hopefully causing some tingling there as the contact was minimal.

My next pass went the needed distance to go from the sides of her breasts, full and wide under my hands, straight over her tits to graze first puffiness and then hardness with her nipples, and then back to the center.

She shuddered and let out a small moan. The shudder was in an instant, and afterwards, her chest bowed, her body reacting to wanting the contact again.

My cock pulsed in my shorts. She had to feel it grow against her back. She choked out a breathy response.

"Oh god."

My hands drew back outwards again, this time bringing some added pressure to her tits and manipulating them to pull out with my hands. I savored the feel of the delicate rings of softness swollen for her nipples and then the thick buttons that capped those rings. By their feel, I knew her nipples were large.

Her torso maneuvered to turn about against my hands in her blouse, and I went for it. I took my hands out of her blouse, and sent them down to her waist. I had a hold to her waist band with one hand and the other hand there to unbutton them, when her own hands shot there.

"What are you doing?" Again that sideways back and forth check of hers to see if the coast was clear. It was.

My tone was firm. "I'm just unbuttoning them."

I unbuttoned them, and then did a quick yank to free away the zipper some. Immediately, my hands went and grabbed hers. I pushed my hand with her right hand down to her shorts. Got her hand past thin panties there right away.

This time she grunted. I couldn't tell if she was going to act like she would or not, but I held my hand tight against hers. As I ran

our hands further and curved them to her mound, I felt both our fingers find wetness.

Her head fell back onto my shoulder, as I kept my hand at hers on her crotch, and my other hand reached back inside her blouse. My hand rustled her blouse to get hold of her tit again, and when I did, I cupped it in my palm. I squeezed her breast just as I dragged her hand through her lips.

I whispered in her ear near my face.

"You want this. We both want this."

She was writhing in my arms. No more looks around. Just low moaning as I stroked her breast, and we both rubbed her pussy. She wouldn't last long."

"Just this once." I mumbled in her ear. "Down here. We get it out of our system. It stays down here, but... we're going to go ahead and fuck each other."

"OOOOOHHHHHHHHHH," she was loud enough this time that I looked around myself, and thank goodness there still wasn't anyone.

She shook in my arms and I held her tight. I could feel our hands soaked in her panties. My hand stayed still atop her breast.

For several moments, we stayed that way. She had to calm down and catch her breath. I loved having experienced her cum while in my arms.

Soon as she came around, she zipped and buttoned her shorts. Her face eased to turn to mine, and I expected a scowl.

What I got was a wide-eyed look of awe and her half-smile.

...

8.

Back in the house, we both moved around quietly. She went to change and so did I. I wasn't sure what to say, really.

I returned to the living room first. I got comfortable with a different t-shirt and some sweats. I flipped on the television, and there was some news on as she was coming back in.

She entered the living room, and my mouth fell open. I couldn't help but gawk, and she tried to act like she didn't notice.

Her thin robe moved about with each step she took back over to the couch. Extending down to mid-thigh, it had a kimono-type

of style, and by its sleek satiny look, I figured it must have been really expensive.

She had it belted tight, and there was no sign what was underneath. Plopping right down on the couch, she directed her attention to the television. I tried to seem normal.

"Want to watch that show you like?"

Looking over to me, she studied me a long moment before nodding. "Yeah."

I reached for the remote to change channels when the newscaster on screen asked some doctor a question about sex I didn't quite catch. Wincing, I didn't like us now hearing something like this after what had just happened. I did catch the female expert's reply.

"If you are sitting and having dinner together and breathing on each other, you might as well have sex," the doctor was reported as saying.

We both looked at each other right away, and we burst out laughing.

Seeing her in her robe and then hearing her laugh put me more at ease. It wouldn't have surprised me for her to react stiffly after what happened at the beach, but she didn't. I was relieved.

I figured I may as well get comfortable, too. I hopped up.

"I'm going to get changed, too." I didn't wait for her reply, and instead went to my room.

In my room, I toyed with whether to slip on some old sweats with a new t-shirt, or... some boxers. Feeling emboldened from earlier, I went for it. Some old, thin blue boxers that almost could pass as swim trunks. They'd be damn comfortable.

Soon as I went back into the living room, I could sense her pause in place. I went straight on over to the couch and sat in my corner. I shot a quick smile to her, and a similar one was returned.

As the show started, I went further. Her legs were propped out forward onto the coffee table, and I reached over to them. Much like previously, I lifted them, and then maneuvered them over to where she could turn to the side and watch the show, but I could have her feet in my lap.

My hands were about to go to work on her when she shifted. Scooting herself so that her legs went more in my direction, it had the effect of leaving her more prone.

Her hands motioned to my feet. "Here."

A broad grin spread on my mouth and I tilted her way. My legs lifted up from the floor. I maneuvered them over and towards her, coming to rest with one on each of her hips.

Lying there facing one another, I positioned her feet into my lap, too. I loved this, and hoped this could become a routine. Leaving her one foot to rest on my hip, I took her other into my hands. I started rubbing it carefully. She purred a faux protest. "You're spoiling me." "You need spoiling." She was pleasantly amused by this. Her eyes arched. Narrowed. A slow grin. I ratcheted it up. Asking in a challenging tone, "You do, don't you?" She pondered some smart reply, as usually she'd just snap right back, but I beat her to it. "Tell me. Tell me you need it." Her grin faded to more of a heated look with her lips barely parted. One of my feet rubbed around her hip. Muted, her words slowly came. With them, her eyes slowly closed and opened. "I need it."

The moment thrilled me, and my cock jumped in my boxers. Her eyes went right there. When they managed to lift back to mine, she smirked. "Looks like I'm not the only one." This brought me to raise up so I could move towards her, but her foot was quick to lift and stop me, going to my chest before I could even leave my place. Her foot pressed to me, sending me back down onto my back on my side of the couch. With me reclined right back, her foot rested straight down. Right onto my upper thigh. We both looked there. Her delicate foot with nice red nails indented the thin cotton of my boxers, which bulged right next to her foot. My bulge throbbed. We looked up at each and a moment passed. I loved how absolutely in the moment her gaze was. Never close to peering away. Her eyes stayed on mine, even though her head tilted up some. Her head adjusted because she repositioned in her spot to send her feet closer over me. She stared at me while

her foot moved on me. Her foot lifted from my thigh, and with the slowest, most deliberate of moves traveled onto the base of me. Lightly it came to touch the hard tent of cotton rising at my crotch. I couldn't help moaning at that. Her eyes drifted lower so she could see what she was feeling. Her bare foot first pressed to my shaft. Even with the cover of the boxers, it was clear the ball of her foot had connected at the shaft of my extended cock. Her foot slightly pressed a couple of times, bouncing my hardness back towards me, and the pumping worked my head back and forward.

I cringed at the feel and the realization. Hard as I had ever been, I wanted to cum, but I also wanted to see what she would do here.

She glanced from where her foot touched me and stared into my eyes. The slightest of grins came to her lips, and I forced one back. Feeling her touch me there made my dick as taut as it could be.

Gradually, her foot pressed again there, and then dragged up the bulge. The push brought me to push my hips forward, wanting the friction. I couldn't help sounding out. An agonized "Ugghhh." Her delicate red-nailed toes and slender foot contrasted with the light blue boxers that gave easily under her pressure. And the pressure varied, some tight and grinding. Some light and uneven. But her foot moved up and down. Slowly. She toyed with me. I tried to stay composed, and just absorb the strokes. But I started losing my inhibition with it. My hips began rocking with her to join her pace. I peered back up at her, and there was something delighted about her face. Lips still parted

and eyes wide, she seemed surprised and also a bit triumphant. I was trying to imagine how she felt when she surprised me yet again. Not breaking into another smile, instead she glared. I felt her other foot move, too. Peering down, her one foot stroked me, and her other drug up onto my stomach like she was bracing or something.

The look of her feet against me, with one at my dick and the other propped up higher was enough to make my blood surge even faster. But as my eyes followed from her higher foot downward to her lap, my view made my head swim.

Her leg cocked up on me caused her thin robe to fall back. The one satin side in particular parted helplessly. Pale, open thigh came into view and the fabric rested at the little curve where her leg met her hip. Right there.

Luckily, my leg outside hers on that side had enough room. I didn't hesitate. All I had to do was bring my leg over hers. It planted against her robe on her side and pushed. The movement took that side of the robe up with it.

Leaving her lap, the robe revealed the swollen vee between her legs and a tight thatch of black pubes atop her mound. Her thighs together obscured some of her.

My eyes lifted to hers, and there was a startled look there. Her foot on me had paused, but didn't stay that way. It regained its steady pace at the same time as her face tilted to the side. When

her eyes were off mine, they eased shut, and I felt her hips shift. Looking back down, I could see that she moved her unexposed side away now.

With her legs both apart, her robe fell open. Her pussy fully displayed. The puffed lips had a hint of a shiny gleam. Her foot on me now electrified me.

After a long stare and pushing in time to her foot, my face went back up to hers, and she was staring at me again. That burning glare that admitted how she intended this. Something about that set me over, and my balls tightened. Release was coming, and I couldn't stop it. Suddenly, my cock jerked hard and shot after shot of my cum soaked into my boxers. Her foot kept going, and it was milking me really well, the pad of her foot grinding the underside of my shaft. My body convulsed and wild spasms fired inside me. Waves of lightness kept cascading as her foot kept working me. Through squinted eyes, I saw my light blue crotch darken, and a wet spot spread from where I was cumming everything I had. I heard myself groaning hard. Finally my hand darted to grab her foot, and had to take her off me. As I did, I could feel some dampness on the sole of her foot. I shook from where the orgasm still pulsed away. I collapsed backwards. She stood. "Let me get you a towel."

I was still regaining my composure as she hopped up.

Even in the daze of having had this happen, I knew I didn't want to just sit on the couch and clean myself up. I got to my feet, too.

Soon as I made it into the hall, she bounded out of her room. Her eyes went straight down to my crotch. There was a large dark circle matted there.

"Here you go," she smiled nicely.

I immediately start patting the towel to me.

Awkwardly, I spoke up. "I'll be right back."

She scrunched her shoulders up. "I'm going to turn on in."

"But---"

She then mumbled words even she didn't sound like she agreed with.

"That was a good 'one time,' Jake." She smirked.

"No," I was quick back, "that wasn't the one time."

I started to try to talk her out of it, but she swiftly pulled close, pecked my cheek, and then turned away. That thin, cute robe sashayed down the hall.

One last look from her before she disappeared into her room, and she was still smiling.

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight," I muttered back, feeling satisfied, but goofier than I ever had.

...

9.

What a damn mess.

The next day I replayed my awkwardness in my mind over and over. There was how we had both gotten each other off, and that definitely revved me up each time I thought about it. A couple of times I even started to have a go at myself while thinking about it.

But something about standing there in front of her, having already shot my load in my boxers, kept making me cringe.

As it turned out, I got a reprieve of sorts. In the morning, she was out for a run when I got started, and then she was working while I was as well for much of the day. By late afternoon, we really hadn't had interaction.

Around five, I heard her talking to dad. I knew it had to be dad, because there was that firm, clipped tone she had now when she talked to him.

"Yeah, everything's fine."

Some silence passed.

"Yeah?"

He must have been explaining something.

"I'm really covered up with this Anderson project, so---"

Knowing Dad, he was ticked with her putting him off.

Whatever he said next didn't go over well with her either.

Her words fired back sharply.

"No, don't try to come. I've got work. You've got work."

There must have been more chatter on his end, before she finished it off.

"Listen, I'm fine. I've got Jake here, we're just hanging out. Let's just keep it like that this weekend."

The next thing I knew was that I could hear the back door drug open and then closed shut. I got to the kitchen in time to watch her cut a line straight to the walkway, where she headed on out to the beach.

It wasn't until right before I turned in that night that I even talked with her. We spoke, standing in the living room. She didn't seem much like talking.

I didn't push.

My shoulders did a little lift and fall gesture. "Hey, I hope I've given you time and space."

Her eyes flashed a bit like she was surprised.

I clarified. "I mean, I know you've had a lot going on with work."

"Oh, yeah. Yeah, true." Her hand brushed through her hair, her eyes went to the side with a quick thought, and her eyes came back to mine. "It's been crazy."

"Your project going okay?" I truly hoped it was.

"Yeah, "she brightened, "it's actually going well."

There was some sustained look between us that made me feel like I was stripped in front of her. I gave a nervous smile. Her eyes raised briefly like she was being nice, but I got the feeling there was some calculation going on. There was no way of knowing what that was.

It didn't feel like there'd be any wildness happening tonight. "I'm going to turn in."

"Yeah, I still got a lot of work to do."

We tentatively hugged, and I felt even weirder than earlier. As I turned away, she spoke up.

"Listen, these last couple of days have been so intense. I've been going so much I've hardly eaten."

I was thinking what to say to that when she made her own suggestion.

"Since it's the end of the week, let's have a nice dinner tomorrow night. Want to arrange some Italian? Maybe pick-up from Sal's?"

I loved the idea. "Yeah, I can do that."

"Good." Half a step closer, her suggestion together with her move made my blood surge. Her tone lowered. "I knew I could count on you."

My voice softened, too. "Yeah, I can take care of that."

There was that glance to the side from her again and a distracted laugh. A slow closing and opening of her eyes. Then she looked directly at me.

"Good." Her eyes made sure to stay with mine. "I want you to take care of it."

She stared at me in a kind of taunt that I didn't have any words for.

We went to hug again goodnight, and it got awkward. I bumped her forehead with mine.

Before I could own it, she brought her lips to mine in a quick, soft peck.

"Goodnight." Soon as she said it, she turned and went back to work.

I thought about going straight to the beach. Taking a long walk to weigh everything rampaging in my mind. The right thing, the thing I would have done before coming down here this time and isolating with her, would have been to take that walk, and think of my parents. Think of my dad. What the hell was I doing?

But for more than a couple weeks, we'd been to ourselves, and things had happened that there was no undoing. Things that had led up to me seeing something from her I couldn't have ever expected. And that something now had me captured unlike anything else. My body sensed it, and reacted accordingly, even right then.

So instead of taking that long walk, and trying to work out what I should do versus what I wanted to do, I went to my room. Instead of anything else, I focused on her words to me. I want you to take care of it.

My old thinking would have considered this a more innocent playfulness. But I was way past my old thinking. My giddiness at the possibilities gave me my new thinking.

Soon as I was in my room, off came the t-shirt and shorts, and so did my boxer-briefs. Before I had even started on myself, I was tossing around how her words could have been innocent or could have been something else. Suddenly, I realized I had been playing catch-up with her for about the last week. Hell, maybe longer.

My cock was already straining when the actual meaning whirled inside me. I want you to take care of it. The look in her eyes.

I crested right over the top and started jumping from my release, as the true meaning dawned on me. She wanted me to take care of it, alright. She wasn't talking about dinner.

She wanted me to take care of her. She was talking about me fucking her.

...

10.

In the bright morning sunlight, I questioned everything all over again. I mean, how could I not? She had to have been teasing. Maybe flirting. But with the light of day, I doubted she thought in the same terms I did.

As I grabbed some cereal, she was already on her second cup of coffee. We exchanged quick good mornings and smiles. My runaway fantasies from the night before may have made me blush a bit.

I was wondering if she could tell I was tangled up inside when she chose to mess with me some more. I had my cereal ready and was needing some milk. She had settled herself for a sip right in front of the fridge.

Looking right up at me, she didn't budge. There was a blank look on her face, so I held my bowl aloft to signal I needed some milk. Her eyes went to the bowl and then back up to mine.

I gently spoke. "I need to get some milk."

There was finally a slight nod, but instead of sliding to one side, she moved forward. Only at the last moment did she turn some to the side for me to get by. The effect was for me to fully brush her as I took my steps. Her breasts, free under her tee, dragged right across my forearm.

Instinctively, I shot her a disbelieving look. She had to have known I would have brushed her since she didn't move hardly at all. I was still looking back with surprise as I opened the fridge.

Her face tilted sort of down with her eyes arched up, like she was surprised at me.

My mouth fell open.

She smirked and left the kitchen.

I ate my cereal in a daze, and had to talk myself into trying to get some classwork done this morning. All I could think about was getting dinner as nice and as perfect as I could make it.

Of course, my class assignment was a written report on Machiavelli's *The Prince*. The last thing my confusion needed was reading and thinking about ruthless means to achieve glorious ends. Despite my confusion, I found my report flowed.

After my political science assignment, I launched into writing some erotica. My current dilemma fueled me. But when the momentum had ramped up well, it came crashing down.

My phone was chiming. "Dad Cell."

I made myself answer. "Hey Dad."

I could hear my mother rustle some paperwork back in the dining room.

His tone concerned me right off. "What's wrong with your mother?"

The next-to-the-last thing I wanted was to be talking to Dad this morning. My head wasn't right for it. But the absolute last thing I wanted was to be talking to Dad with Mom clearly able to hear.

It wasn't so much what I might say, but the fact that I was worried with what I would say to him, and how it might sound to her. The scariest part was that I had no clue what to say.

I forged ahead. "There's nothing wrong with her."

His voice tightened. "That's what you said yesterday. Now, today... ."

"What is it?" Now my throat tightened. What had been said? What could have been said that I didn't know about? Surely she wouldn't let on about anything.

"Jake, I told her I was going to come on down this weekend. It looks like everything's loosening-up, so I'd like to get down there."

"Come down here?" I said it probably just a little louder than I should have, but part of me wanted Mom to overhear. Part of me was also pretty panicky. My pitch must have irked Dad some.

"Yeah, come down there. Can't a guy come to the beach for goodness sake?"

I tried to recalibrate. I needed to be very careful. "What did she say?"

As he let out a nervous chuckle and searched for the right words, I got up and drifted over to the kitchen. A couple of steps into

the kitchen, and I was able to glimpse my Mom over in the dining room.

Her face lifted to see me a moment---a leveled stare that didn't tell me anything---and then went back to her work.

Dad spoke like he was still incredulous at what Mom said. "She said she didn't want me coming down this weekend."

I was looking over to Mom when I repeated his words. "She said not to come?"

Mom's face slowly raised at this. There was some unique calmness to her that drew me. My feet carried me from the other side of the kitchen to where the kitchen opened into the dining room. I was basically standing across the dining room table from her, my phone clutched to my ear.

I leaned against the doorframe still facing her. She leaned back in her chair, her arms easily resting out on the armrests of the high-backed chair she was in. She couldn't have looked more relaxed. Meanwhile, my stomach churned.

Dad's voice snapped me back to the call. "What's gotten into her? What's she pissed about?"

"Nothing's gotten into her." I swallowed hard. "I don't think she's pissed."

She slowly shook her head back and forth.

I followed-up on the phone. "No, she's not pissed."

Dad grumbled on the other end. "Well then, there's no reason I shouldn't be coming down there this weekend."

Mom put a hand to her face like she was going to support her chin, and her index finger extended to touch her lip. I didn't think it was intentional, but I did think there was something sensual about it. At least, it felt that way to me.

I spoke carefully into the phone, not taking my eyes from hers.

"I can see where you would say there's no reason you shouldn't come."

She froze at this.

I continued. "But you know, she's been working hard. Totally absorbed in this project. She really has."

A small smile formed at her lips.

Dad snapped his words back to me. "Since when would that have EVER been a reason for me not to come?"

I straightened in place some, and Mom picked-up on it. My tone tightened. "You don't need to be getting pissed with me."

"I'm pissed because I'm being told not to come to my own beach house this weekend. You damn right I'm pissed."

Her direct look at me with slightly parted lips ready to smile did something to me. I was already there probably. But any other time with my Dad being so pissed, so upset, would have prompted me to pitch in with him. This time was different.

With only a couple of seconds to react, and with my eyes locked with hers, I went with what I hoped she wanted.

"Hey, don't be pissed at all. It's not like that. She just wants some down time. You could probably use the same. Let's all just hang where we're at this weekend. That would be best."

A wide smile slowly spread on her mouth, and a warmth flowed in me.

Even my Dad's disappointed tone couldn't pierce my reaction to her.

"I was fucking looking forward to this." I couldn't remember the last time he'd used the F word around me. It hadn't been much. "Listen, talk to her some."

"I will. I'll talk to her." I realized I was smiling, too. She got up and was approaching me before I was even off the phone with him.

As she walked over, her chest danced about in her t-shirt, with definite points prominent at the front.

I finished the call with Dad. "I'm sure everything will be fine." Everything would surely be fine, because this was all just for down here. That's what I told myself right then.

She was wrapping her arms around me as he spoke barely audible. "Bye."

"Thank you, sweetheart. Yeah, I just need some down time." She brought her lips straight to mine for what was, I'm sure, a sweet peck.

I absorbed it, and as she was backing from me, the adrenaline from the call, the heat from her look, and the rumblings fresh in mind from Machiavelli washed over me.

My hand raised to her cheek to hold her for my mouth to come to hers. Her eyes followed my lips as they approached and then

closed as we kissed. The incomparable tenderness from her full lips meshed with mine, and blood surged into my cock.

My mouth savored hers, first with a soft kiss, then a longer-lasting, stronger kiss. My lips started prying hers open, and that's when she broke our lock.

Her eyes stared up at me wide and blinking, but it was her heavy breathing that thrilled me most. She had to gather herself.

In a breathy half-whisper, she backed from me. "I better get back to work."

Still emboldened, I couldn't help myself. "Are you sure?"

She squinted at me with surprise. Going back to her chair, and having regained her composure, she managed a jab back at me.

She said it with a shrug like she wasn't really sure. "I guess so."

I loved that.

Again feeling a momentum, I went around the dining table, taking only a couple of steps to get near where she had returned to her seat. My heart raced being like this with her.

"Jake." She looked up at me, her eyes open wide.

I grinned down at her and let the moment linger a few seconds.

She shifted in her chair, and her head moved to quickly glimpse my crotch at her eye level before her face came back up to mine.

Quietly she asked. "What are you doing?"

My hands went into her hair and brushed softly. Her head slightly moved and lowered with my hands. I brought my hands to her cheeks and cupped them.

The feel of her face in my hands and her head at my crotch sent a surge through me that made my cock thicken in my jeans. The silence between us led me to take a chance. I edged closer to her and now my hard cock in my jeans was just inches from her face.

I tried to think of whether to do more, when her hands raised tentatively up to my wrists. She gripped my hands there at her cheeks. I sensed I'd taken this far enough for now.

Still, as I backed away, it was her expression that burned into my memory.

Her eyes peered up at me excitedly, dancing and expectantly. Her lips were open, and her chest was lifting and lowering with her deep breaths. Her face said she didn't know what to do. It was unlike she had ever looked before.

I turned and walked away.

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11.

My instinct was to go to my room, jump into bed, and take care of myself. I was rock hard. The moment had felt so damn hot. Had it been for her?

But I wanted to keep that feeling for tonight. And, I wanted her to as well. I avoided any contact with her the rest of the afternoon. A couple of times she headed towards the living room, and I left it.

She didn't try to appear there again, and I think she picked up on what I was doing.

The wild course of the day, together with how things had been changing for us these last couple of weeks, put me in a mood I had never before felt. Before I had let sex pull at me and draw me to it. But now, things felt somehow different. Really different.

Moving further and further with her had changed me. Now today, between dealing with my father, and then the strange exchange of energy between us in the dining room, there was a hunger in me and a drive I had never gotten to. I absolutely loved it.

Over and over in the afternoon, I thought about her look up at me. Her face had been so open, so alive. And, her mouth had stayed open and awed as she gazed up at me.

But there was one other thing. Something that turned over in my mind relentlessly. Yet one more thing that I sensed, but wasn't sure of. Only, this time, there was no question what I'd do with it---I was going to take it like I felt it in my gut.

That one thing had happened before her look up at me. As I held her face in my hands and stood directly before her. At that moment, she didn't move my hands.

She could have taken my hands from her face. She could have said something, anything. But really, I just took she wanted them away.

After more thought, and with that look from her, I changed my mind. I could've done more. I was certain.

At that point she had decided.

Throughout the afternoon, I went along on a buzz. I ordered take-out dinner for us, got us a bottle of red, and got a good run in.

A couple of times, I heard her back in the dining room. Her talk was so upbeat, and professional, working her glowing charm for her decorating accounts. Every time I heard her distinctive, light-hearted chuckle, it made me smile.

That jovial sound from her, together with the progression of things between us, got me reading online. A couple of times in the past, I had come close to some control dynamics with girlfriends, but had never gone anywhere with it. It had always made me curious, but I always pulled up short.

But with yesterday, I felt this vibe between us. There was always the chance I could be reading it wrong, but I really didn't think so. And if this blew-up in my face, then I would just immediately back off. I felt so very close with her now, I figured I could chance it.

So I tried to read up. Her wanting me to take care of things, and then this look up from her made me want to see how she'd respond.

Of course, the closer it came time for dinner, the more apprehensive I became. For all I knew, she wasn't even thinking like me about taking our back-and-forth to another level. That was the impression I had, but this was her.

By the time I was setting out our dinner, I was even second-guessing my different look for tonight. Nice jeans, black expensive shirt, and hair product to tame my thick hair. It was going to be obvious I was making an extra effort, but I had to let that go.

As I included the wine and the almond tiramisu with the entrees on the table, I heard the clicking of her heels coming from her bedroom. Her heels.

I was still grinning about her being in heels when she turned the corner. The sight of her stopped me in place. I swallowed hard.

Her tossed dark hair was gathered up. Exquisite make-up accented her lively eyes, and her full lips held a red gloss perfectly. Her black fitted dress showed a provocative V-neck that I had never seen her try. The cleavage bunched and went deep before going inside the black fabric.

She smiled. Her voice like velvet. "Hi."

I blinked and smiled awkwardly back. "Uh hi."

Snapping to, I went to the side of the table, and pulled a chair for her. Her head tilted appreciatively at my rare show of manners, and we both settled in for our dinners.

We both talked of being hungry and about Sal's consistently good food, but I found I didn't have much appetite for my veal. I just didn't. I actually had to fight to remain calm.

Some worry set in about her picking up on my nerves. This was way more than I could have ever anticipated. Then, I caught a sense of nervousness from her, too

As she answered my questions about the day's work, she gave nice, precise descriptions to me, while she also primped at her hair. To one of my silly takes, she let slip her quick, high-pitched laughter that came so naturally for her.

I only moved my food around. Enjoyed some wine. And really, just absorbed the presence of her.

Something about her style gave such a presence to her. Soft voice. Red-painted nails that matched her lips. I liked how she didn't avoid straight looks between us. The moments were arousing me intensely, and the fact she was so comfortable with me this way sent a warmth over me.

At the same time, I admired her confidence. This was such a bizarre and huge development for us---all of this was. Yet, she sat there next to me, and she went with it, too.

This dinner--and this night—was taking us away from what both of us had always known. We had left the comfortable place we had in each other's lives. Now we were wildly high above that past place. High enough to thrill, no doubt. But the past place was gone.

Sitting there, I knew I'd always remember this room and this meal. I expected she would, too. It would be that night when we'd been so to ourselves and so close that everything changed. My chest rose with my deep breaths for where we were.

This modest dining room, with its big windows looking out towards the beach, served as our special space where everything was changing for us. Between the darkness outside and the silent atmosphere inside, we could not have been more on our own.

Our eyes met a couple of times. I realized I was past the point of her being able to tell how drawn to her that I was. There was no doubt she knew. I only wanted to be as close as we could.

With a deep breath, I set my course. "I want to thank you."

"Thank me?" She gave a low giggle. "Thank me for what?"

"Everything you've taught me while we've been down here."

"I haven't taught you anything, Jake."

"You sure have."

Her face glanced about a little as she pondered this. Then came right back. "I don't think so."

"Before down here, I used to think about how much fun I could have with a woman."

"Ha!" She blurted. "I managed to get you to stop thinking of women as fun." She shuddered.

"No, no. It's not like that." I smiled with her, but shook my head. "Now, I know it isn't about how much fun I can have."

She eyed me skeptically still.

I continued. "I mean, it's still fun. Really fucking exciting, actually."

I let that hang out there. Was immediately glad I got coarse. I liked how she blushed a little. Raised her brow a second. I had gotten beyond her veneer with that. She liked that.

Yet again, much like her look up at me at lunch, I sensed I'd gotten to a new part of her, a different layer.

After a sip of wine, I kept going. "But, now I get that what it's really about is how good I can make it for someone else."

Her eyes narrowed, and she seemed to take a long breath.

I took my time trying to explain. "It's about taking care of who you love. Giving her what she needs."

A slight flinch moved her. Then she murmured. "You didn't learn that from me."

"I did. Our time here, when you've needed space, I've paid attention to that. When we've done things," her eyes fluttered as I kept going, "I've wanted to have it a certain way for you."

She sighed. "Hmm."

I took a chance. "And, tonight, with dinner, I loved trying to make this good for you."

"And you certainly have."

I smiled appreciatively. I cut a taste of the tiramisu, and held it aloft a second. Then, I brought it to her mouth.

First, she braced, startled at the gesture. Then, her mouth opened, taking in the bite. As she pulled from it, her eyes burned into mine.

As she savored the sweetness, I kept wanting to provoke her.

"I wonder if you could get to a place where you could really let go. Where you're not taking care of work. Not taking care of anybody else. Where you are just leaving things to me."

Finishing the taste of our dessert, she sat a little back, her eyes staying on me.

A quick drink of her wine, before she spoke. "Just leaving things to you? Like... ."

"Like, closing the door, and leaving it to me to take care of you."

Her eyes widened, and I realized I'd probably laid this on too thickly. But I wasn't going to backtrack. I really wanted her to have that kind of break. That kind of surrender. And I sensed that she wanted that, too.

She leaned to the table again, this time her hands cradled her glass near her mouth. She tried to be gentle with her words.

"You know this is wrong, don't you? What you're suggesting we do? I mean, even if it is just once."

Her face tilted down some, though her eyes stayed with mine.

I wasn't going to ease up. "No. I don't know that it's wrong. It's what we both want."

Her face opened into this shocked stare again, just like at lunch. Her parted lips curled wanting to smile. They stopped just short.

Her voice lowered. "Well, you sure did a good job with dinner."

She took another drink of wine, and as she did, I felt adrift a second. I wanted this to happen so badly. But this could really end up bad. My eyes searched the room and the windows that held the black night beyond them. Might as well say to her I was concerned, I figured.

As I opened my mouth to speak, I glanced to her glass. Just a simple move. Checking to see if she needed more wine. And there, right in front of me, I couldn't believe my eyes.

Her hands still held the glass, and her left hand sat just lower on the glass than her right. That left hand didn't have a ring on it tonight.

My eyes went from her finger to her face, and her eyes stayed right back on mine a long moment. Then, they slowly closed as she took a breath. When they opened again, she drained what was left in the glass.

I rose from my seat. Came around to her side of the table and took her by the hand. She got up and put her napkin on her plate.

Leading her from the dining room, neither of us spoke. Even going through the living room, nothing was said. Her hand squeezed to mine as we entered the hall. We reached her bedroom door before she stopped us. She tugged at my hand getting me to turn and face her.

Staring up at me, she tensed. "I don't know."

I moved to her, and she raised her arms to go over my shoulders. I hugged her to me. Getting my mouth to her ear, I whispered distinctly.

"I don't know either."

Her body seemed to stop in place even as my hands rubbed her back and her sides. I was still caressing her when her soft response was at my ear.

"You don't either?"

My hands went lower on her back, and my mouth got into the crook of her neck. I softly kissed and pulled there at her delicate skin. Her head tilted to squeeze my face tighter to her.

A soft hum sounded from her with me making a trail of kisses lower onto her neck. Her torso relaxed in my arms, and my hands went downward. Skimming over the tight fabric of her dress, my hands passed her waist and rounded onto her ass. It felt so solid as I squeezed and then drew it to my crotch.

My bulge had already thickened and she had to feel that. Her shoulders fell back from my chest, but my hands didn't release her bottom from me. Her drift backward only gave me more room for her chest, and my mouth went there.

My kisses started down her chest right below her throat, and when they did she gave a moan. Her middle pressed into my crotch. My hardness planted firmly into where her dress covered her mound.

I could feel her hands run through my hair as my kisses reached her cleavage. Behind her, my hands got to the zipper of her

dress. Soon as I started pulling it down, I felt her flinch in my arms.

Sliding the zipper down, my mouth brushed the tops of her breasts as the dress was falling away. A thin black bra appeared as I tugged the dress from her shoulders. Hard tips pointed in the cups of the bra.

As my hands drug the sides of her dress on downward, I could feel her hands leave over my shoulders to hurry to get between us. Quickly, I tried to anticipate what I'd do if her hands pushed at me to move me away.

My hands were pushing her dress on off her hips when her hands made it between us. The dress fell away free and must've pooled on the floor, and my hands clasped to her ass and the small black panties that remained. The feel of both her bare cheeks and the panties worked into a vee shot a shudder through me, knowing how close I was.

Her hands circled around to my front, but they didn't press my abdomen. There was a pat to my waist, and then the hands were on my belt. One sure hold there, and then a pull outward made me realize my belt was undone. Oh god.

I kicked at my shoes one at a time to get rid of them, and her releasing my belt and fly together with my kicks made me unsteady a second. I straightened in place. My cock throbbed.

My mouth went back to kissing her shoulders and chest again, as her hands finished getting my jeans undone. Her hands pushed my jeans from my hips, but then I guess they just left me. I didn't feel them at first, and my jeans just bunched at my waist.

I had brought my hands behind her back. Right at the narrow strap in the middle of her back, I grabbed and tried to unhook it. I desperately worried that this would end at any time. I fumbled with the hook and it wouldn't separate.

Glimpsing to her sides, I saw her hands had waited outstretched, like she was tentative. But my struggle with her bra strap sent them moving. Her hands jerked behind her back. My own hands felt hers clasp the bra strap, pull it away from her skin, and deftly unhook it.

I couldn't help but blurt out a breath at her move. My hands shot to her straps at her shoulders and peeled them right off. My face angled to get my face between her breasts, and when it did, I glimpsed the cups tumble off her chest.

There, right in front of my eyes, were her bared tits, wildly impressive. My vague sense had been that her nipples would be wide, but they actually were wide and sat more tilted up than I would have thought. There was a rounded, padded underlay that supported them pointing up that I would never have guessed.

Pointed hard atop each one was the wide dark nipple, and the swollen aureole I'd felt at the beach. From each puffed nipple there was the delicate tip that emerged tight and towards me.

Open-mouthed, I traced a moist line from high on her chest straight down. My hands cradled her low back and supported her up, getting her chest available to my mouth. Her hands dug back into my hair.

The smooth softness of her bare breast gave way to the tender ring of her nipple, and then her taut tip meshed with my tongue. All I wanted was to make this as pleasurable and loving as I possibly could, as it hit me she was probably damn sensitive.

Her hands held my head at her, as my mouth and tongue ever gently suckled her. Massaging and then lightly pulling, I wanted her sensations to fire straight to her core. As much of each breast I could work into my mouth I did. Gradually moving back and forth to each, I savored the distinct soft skin of her breast at my lips contrasted with the harder surface of her nipple rub at my tongue.

Tilting my head so I could glimpse up, I thrilled at the sight of her as well as the feel of her. With her chest arched to me, her shoulders fell back, and there higher was her face bent backward, angled up as if to face the ceiling. But she wasn't looking at the ceiling because her eyes were closed shut and her mouth hung open.

I kept tasting her chest, but one of my hands left her low back. Around to her front, I got my hand between us. As soon as it passed around her hip, I brought it to between her legs. My hand opened and reached, and there was space just under her crotch. Bringing my hand into contact there brought a cry from her.

Pulling my middle two fingers straight across her crotch from back to front told me her small, tight panties were already partly caught up into her slit. The swollen sides of her sex smeared my fingers with her, and she squealed as they slipped right through. My fingers were coated and now her arms wrapped me hard, holding my face tight to her chest.

My cock strained my boxers, and I couldn't wait any longer. My hands went to her ass, and together with my torso, I lifted her. Instantly, her legs got around my hips.

I worried for my unfastened jeans still hanging on my hips, but I shuffled in half-steps and got us inside her bedroom. I could hear her panting near my ear. I could also tell she had to feel my hardness against her mound.

As I was getting her to the bed, her face pressed hard into my neck. Thank goodness it wasn't far before I could lower her to the bed. Her legs fell away, but it was like her arms didn't want to let go.

Straightening up, I started stripping away my shirt and jeans. Her arms raised to her chest and covered herself. The way her bosom bunched under her arms made me pulse even more.

After my shirt and my jeans, my hands busily hooked and tugged at my boxers. Her eyes had been squinted closed but now that changed. With her arms still held to her, she let herself watch me.

Bending forward, I got my boxers down my legs and left them to gather at the floor. Stepping out of them, I at once headed onto the bed. Positioning onto my hands and knees, I centered to get over and onto her.

Her eyes first stared openly, but as I pulled closer, that serious glare of hers returned, following my hardness as it bounced in the air as I maneuvered. Then, as I squirmed myself centered between her legs, that intensity lessened. Her brow narrowed and her eyes slowly blinked.

My hands dragged her sides and found where her panties hung on her hips. Inching them lower, her arms then left her chest. Her hands grabbed my wrists where I was taking on off her panties, and this sent her tits jiggling about unhampered. I still couldn't believe how full her aureoles bloomed at her breasts. If it wasn't for needing to get her panties away, I would have put my mouth right back to her.

As I kneeled just back to finish freeing the panties off her legs, her eyes zeroed right back to my cock, and openly gawked. Hugely self-aware, I moved abruptly. My dick was as hard as it had ever been, and it pulsated obscenely towards her.

When I bent back forward and onto her, it was my turn to stare as my eyes found her now-revealed mound right under me. It hit me right off as I looked---her tuft of black pubes was definitely trimmed from where they had been just last night.

My hands planted to each side above her head, and then my weight eased onto my arms and elbows that angled beside her face. My legs pressed inside hers, and I had to sway firmly back and forth to make myself room.

Her legs pressed right back tight to my hips, as my hips had to shift even more to get myself into place. Glancing down between us, I could see my cock dance between her legs and I had to be about right for her lips there. Her legs kept bracing to me.

My mouth went straight to hers, and I kept my kiss light. She kissed right back, and immediately I felt encouraged. Anytime I could see her stopping us. When I kissed again, she gave a quick peck back, and then moved her mouth. Her hands held to my back hard.

I tried to keeping kissing her, but her face wavered about. The result was me planting small touches at her cheeks, lips and nose, but she didn't stay still. My hands eased to get into her hair.

Shifting my weight from one leg to the other, my dick swung as well, and when it did, it brushed her slick lips at her pussy. She

flinched hard at that. My dick stretched taut. Stayed the slightest in contact with her.

At once, I thought of her, just what was about to happen, and something in me clicked. I stopped moving at all. I almost backed away, but then I just stayed in place and absolutely still. My own breathing was hard, just like hers.

Her face slowed to a stop and looked back up at me. This close and in this moment, her eyes looked so familiar but somehow distinct as well. Beautiful.

I slowly smiled, and to my surprise so did she.

Ever carefully, I brought my lips to hers, and she lifted hers to mine. Our lips still pressed when I barely leaned forward just the slightest bit. It put me tight to her opening, and I waited again. I could feel her legs tighten outside my legs.

Keeping up our kiss, my mouth moved on hers, and her lips brushed mine stronger. My hips went from side to side, but my dick only played at her and didn't move further in. Her hips reacted in kind and struggled to stay.

My kiss on her mouth widened, and as it did, the effect was to part her lips. Her mouth leaned just back from mine, but it went ahead and opened. My tongue passed our lips, and her tongue met mine right off. I shuddered hard, and the shudder shook my head at her pussy.

As my face went just higher to take my kiss further, we both felt my cock wedge tighter, and she grunted at this. Our tongues started lapping, and her mouth tightened onto mine. Her hands rubbed from where they had been planted on my back up higher to hold onto my shoulders. Just as they did, I sensed her legs relax at my hips. First they relaxed, and then each of her legs drifted over to place her feet over and hook inside where my knees bent.

My mouth went further opening hers, and my tongue slipped deeper into her mouth. My hands in her hair held to her head, and we could both feel more of my weight lay into my elbows. Gradually my hips moved forward.

First, my cock just stuck, and then there was the plop of getting past her lips and actually inside her. Her mouth held tight onto mine, and a shrill cry from her into our mouths reverberated. She sucked on my tongue as we felt my cock ease inside her pussy.

I moved again, and more of me pushed up into her, and when I did, her mouth left mine. Her eyes clamped shut and her head tilted back, and I felt all of our beings were focused on the feel of my hard cock further in her.

Warm, wet walls held me, as I throbbed with absolute hardness in her pussy. I immediately worried if I was about to fire hard even though I wanted this to last, and I made myself come to a halt again.

It was like she welcomed the pause, as her hands ran over my shoulders and her breath fought to calm. Her blinking eyes focused back on me.

I realized I was breathing hard, too. I whispered hard near her face.

"I love you."

She grinned. "I love you, too."

We kissed as I backed a bit. Her pussy clung to me, and the feel of her sex holding onto me almost got to me and to plunge right back.

With my cockhead still there, I slowly brought myself forward, and this time I wanted more of me inside her. As I went further than before, her legs widened and her chest pushed back at mine.

Staying slow with her, I again eased back, and I could feel how super-tight my balls held under my dick. When I came, I was going to cum damn hard. I could feel it already close.

More weight propped on my arms, and more of me came forward to her. As I slid deep this time, her back arched up off the

mattress, and her feet hooked inside my legs came out to the sides. I got mostly in, and I could feel the mushy softness deeply at her core.

Her hands gripped my shoulders tight, and her pussy seemed to hold onto my cock. A deep moaning from her throat sounded like she was grunting the first part of uh huh in a drawn-out push.

Rather than pump deep right there, I pulled myself back. Again causing her lips to extend out with me, I got almost out, and stopped.

Her panting drove me wild. Her brow was tight and her eyes darted about quickly. I let her almost gather herself before I was moving again.

Staying with a long, gentle push, my cock plunged back to where I got almost fully into her. As I gave it a second, her arms wrapped onto me hard, and her face came against my chest.

Her face still pressed my chest when this time I eased just back but then prodded right back. The unexpected move made her head nod. She gave a quick grunt.

Backing away, my cock felt drenched with her, and her hands started moving frantically along my shoulders and hair.

She mumbled. "I'm close. I'm close."

This time I didn't fully stop when I came backward, and I drove back fully, and then pumped---one, two, and a third time---before dragging my cock back away from her.

Her legs lifted up, and the effect was to open her hips some, and I didn't hesitate. I was back, and then thrusting forward. This time I gave her four hard drives, and her moaning came in a continuous roll.

As I backed again, my balls tightened again. My cock strained as I heard her murmur hard under me.

"My... god."

I came straight back, wiggled myself to splay her lips around, and then plunged deep again. This time my cock stayed deep and didn't leave. I pumped several steady times, her whole body moving with me, and when I felt her hands holding onto my arms and her pussy quivering inside, I started losing it. So did she.

Screaming out, she was rocking about underneath at the same time I was yelling as well.

Her legs dangled about in my periphery, as her words resonated around the room.

"Oh GOD! OH MY GOD!"

I yelled hard and braced up onto my arms, jammed up deeply inside her as I shot over and over into her.

"OOHHHHH FUCK! OOOHHHHHHH FUCK!!!

Over and over, my orgasm rocked me wildly, shooting bolts throughout my body. Lightheaded and stars firing around, I could barely see through clenched eyes at her head shaking right under me.

I lost all sense of time as I kept convulsing.

Eventually, we both settled down from our highs, I held her close. Feeling spent, I went to turn onto my side, and expected I would slip from inside her down there. She tilted onto her side with me. Still somewhat hard, it stayed at her lips there.

As I got over onto my side, her arms stayed around me. Her legs stayed wrapped onto mine. My weight got to be too much for her bottom leg, so it worked away, but she kept herself onto me, tilting to keep herself half atop me.

My cock stayed inside her, as we drifted to sleep.

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12.

In the middle of the night, I woke up with the mattress moving. It was her. Getting out of bed.

Our time together from last night flooded my mind, and I cringed. Oh my god. What now?

Her voice came low from her side of the bed. "I'm going to get some water. You want some?"

"Yeah," I mumbled.

Watching her leave the bedroom, I wondered when she had pulled on a t-shirt. Her hair was as wild as mine must have been. She seemed to just glide from the room.

Faint sounds of the ice maker from the fridge crept back from the kitchen, as I worried how she might be feeling. I hoped she'd be fine, but this felt so huge. Now I considered it was me who had pushed things, and I wondered if she'd think so, too. I mean, if I possibly felt that way, why couldn't she?

I really hoped she didn't. I loved being with her. Nothing had ever been so thrilling to me. This whole experience with her changed how I thought of her completely. There was so very much more

to her than what everyone saw. About how she handled everything.

From the darkness of the bedroom, I heard the distant swoosh from the kitchen of the back door open, and then that swift, firm bang of the door being closed. I laid still in the bed, but my mind raced. Did she go outside? Another walk of hers? It was the middle of the night. Now she had the intensity of last night to deal with, so I shouldn't have been surprised. I was still a little stunned and sorting it out myself, I guess. So, why shouldn't she? I jumped out of bed, and for a second, I thought about grabbing some shorts, but I was just going to check out the window, and not go outside. If I saw she had cleared the walkway and onto the beach, I could come back for my shorts. As I strolled out of the bedroom and down the hall, I realized for sure that I had no problem myself with last night. Her intense responses to it finally happening last night got myself engorging. But, I kept in mind this couldn't have been as straightforward for her. I turned the corner, and there in the living room, she was walking towards me. Holding the glasses of water aloft, her face brightened at seeing me. I cringed hard at being right in front of her completely nude. I stammered. "I heard the door close." "The door wasn't locked." She answered. Her eyes drifted straight down to my cock and lingered. A full moment passed with her stare, and I couldn't even bring myself to look down at how swollen it must have appeared. When her eyes returned to mine, they'd narrowed. She blinked and then barely tilted her chin up. Her lips pursed. She proceeded to walk on by me, and as she went by, her body tilted to make room, her front opened directly to my front and her face went just under mine. It was a brief pass, but there was something sensual about it, and it registered with a pulse of me in her direction. I followed her long, lithe legs back to bed.

Back in the room, she was very careful with the glasses. She handed off my glass to me as I passed her, and I welcomed the cool relief, as she went right to her side of the bed. She gulped a couple of good drinks heartily before lying back down. I did the same before putting the glass to the side.

"Thanks," I said softly.

"Yeah, absolutely." She replied as she climbed back in.

I was still so groggy. Part of me could use more sleep, but I absolutely had to know how she felt.

I decided I needed to be really up front. I took a deep breath and laid it out there.

"I loved last night."

"You did?" She sounded genuinely surprised.

"Yeah."

Sprawled on her back and facing up to the ceiling, she brought a hand to her eyes and rubbed a few times.

"Jake, Jake." It was her heavy, worried tone.

"Don't," I said it flatly. With much more certainty than I really had. "Don't go overthinking this."

"No?" She chuckled some.

"This... happened over time. We've been alone a good while."

Her body shifted to ease my way, and my pulse quickened.

Under the sheet, her arm and leg made contact with my bare arm and bare leg, and it dawned on me that I was lying there next to her still nude. My mind went to replay where I would have dropped my shirt last night, so that I could possibly retrieve it somehow. I didn't get far as more blood flowed to my middle with the feel of her right there. I couldn't help it. I was growing again.

Letting my hand drift from resting on my chest over to brush the sheet over her leg got her fidgeting. She turned more towards me. More of her leaned on me.

Her voice sounded so quiet in the dark bedroom. "You're being nice." A sigh. "This... ."

I tried to strike a solid tone. "I've never felt closer to anyone in my life."

Her bushy hair partially obscured her face, but I could still detect her grin.

Very slowly, she turned fully my way, propping onto her side.

I glanced over, and her eyes found mine. She didn't fully smile now, but she appeared as though she could. She put a hand over onto my chest, where most of it was exposed out of the sheet.

She spoke awkwardly. "What... what have you done to me?"

I was struck by this. "What do you mean?"

She traced at my chest, and her eyes watched herself do that. Not looking back up to me, she seemed to like drawing some light lines about my pecs. She puckered her lips a second before flattening her hand on my chest.

Her hand braced herself at my chest, and she used it to lift herself so she could have her mouth near my ear.

Her words were muted but sharp in the dark. "You know what I mean."

"No. I don't." I swallowed hard. My dick twitched under the sheet. The jerk of it caught both of our attention, and she smirked.

Her voice stayed low in my ear. "Will you do something for me?"

My eyes angled to the side to glimpse her face next to mine. Her eyes danced back at me. I had no idea what to expect.

"Yeah, I guess."

Her mouth got close enough to my ear for me to feel her lips flicker at me. "Close your eyes."

I drew a deep inhale and then closed them.

A second passed with nothing, and then her hand was pressing to my chest again.

The mattress accommodated her lifting herself beside me. Under the sheet, I felt her leg come over mine, and it hit me she was straddling me. Her hand left my chest and instead pressed into the sheet on the other side of my chest to help her center over me.

Instantly, my cock throbbed.

She half-whispered her words. "What have you done to me?"

My eyes opened to see her staring down at me seriously, but her hand quickly went to make me shut them.

I started to say something, but her hand took mine and pulled it between us. Deftly, she slipped our hands between us, and it hit me how wide she'd taken her knees on the bed in order to position over me. Her hand tilted mine to cup it up, and then she brought my upturned hand right to her crotch.

Her wet, pliable lips held against my fingers, and my fingers rubbed right away.

She spoke hoarsely as she helped drag my fingers through her soaked pussy.

"What have you done to me?"

My fingers kept manipulating her lips as she moved further over me. In a couple of smooth shifts upward with her frame, she got to where she could squat back on me.

She reached between us again and found my hard cock.

As she worked my dick into position, I squinted just barely so I could glimpse her. Right above me her tits hung over me, and I

realized she must have shed her tee. I eagerly reached up and started playing with her hanging breasts.

There was this low grunt-like sound from her, where she reacted to my hands squeezing and cupping her tits.

I couldn't believe how heavy and full they felt in my hands. Their sides bunched outward to even hug at the sides of my hands. I moved my hands roundly to try to make my palms cause friction about her nipples. This brought a low moan from her.

She half-chuckled and raggedly spoke. "I am so angry with you. Do you know that?"

She took a firm hold at my base while she squatted back on me.

I tried to strike a gruff tone back. "Yeah, I know that."

She got her pussy on me, and it was me who groaned out hard.

She sank straight onto me a few inches down, and I gasped loudly. "YEAH."

We barely moved for a second. Slowly, she started swaying up and back on me. I tried to stay still.

She talked through some of her moaning. "I can't believe you did this."

I grunted back. "Did this?"

"You got to me."

I smiled and could feel myself getting ready to cum soon.

I blurted clumsily. "Yeah, I did. And, I'm glad I did."

Her rocking kept up and then grew to more of bouncing. Her wet walls slid wildly with me. About every third or so stroke that she pushed back at me, I used it to thrust up at her. She grunted each time.

I peaked through to glimpse at her. Her body swung desperately over me, making her tits sway wildly above me. Her own face tight, and her eyes squeezed shut.

"You know why?" I said it sneeringly.

She was riding me hard, and could barely concentrate. "What? Why?"

We kept banging against each other, and she was damn close. I snapped at her. "Because I saw it."

She kept bouncing over me, but struggled to make herself focus down at me, wondering what the hell I was saying. "Saw it?"

I could feel the cum load higher in my shaft, ready to burst into her, and I started bucking my hips up, and she jerked up in the air with each thrust I managed.

I blurted. "I saw you needed a good fucking."

I pushed back at her, and she struggled hard to keep a pace of driving at me with every couple of strokes, I was thrusting into her. My surges at her made her head jolt up each time. Her face stayed tight and leveled forward, while her eyes kept squinted closed.

The slapping sounds of her hips hitting mine got faster and faster. Her hands held on to my chest. My hands held tight to her hips.

Soon the smashing back and forth was mixed with both us groaning loudly.

Between her rocking on me and my urging up into her, we hurried to a bouncing frenzy that didn't last before we were both crying out.

I yelled hard. "AAAAGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

She let a high-pitched cry go. "OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH!!!

She kept screaming and twisting about on me, as I shot hard over and over into her. We both just lost it.

We both shook against each for a good while.

It took a long time to calm, and we panted heavily.

She gazed down at me with arched eyes, as she collapsed onto my chest.

At first, we just held onto each other. Gradually, we started to stroke one another. She had a hand in my hair and one to my chest. I had a hand in her hair and one pressed to her back.

At some point, her face nestled tight to my chest, and I sensed a couple of tremors from her and possibly a whimper.

"You okay?"

After a moment, her face stayed to my chest, but it nodded, not looking up at me.

She stayed lying atop me, and there was something still arousing with my cock remaining half-buried in her.

That's how we fell back asleep again. I took it that we both liked feeling me there afterward.

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13.

Saturday morning, I woke up just as some sun started to peek into the window. I couldn't believe I was lying there next to her. This woman I had always looked up to, even revered, was resting on her side, facing away from me.

Her bare shoulders stuck out from the covers, and her body slightly moved with each breath she was taking. That gorgeous dark hair was tossed about, some on her shoulders and some spread on the pillow.

Part of me wanted to wonder what would happen next. On my side, as I faced her, I became strongly aware of the fact that I was still nude as well. What if she woke up and was deeply remorseful?

After our go-at-it again in the middle of the night, I should have been more relaxed, but I just couldn't get there. Deep down, I

expected she would reconsider, and the risk was that she would feel horrible.

I really didn't want that.

My mind drifted to how she had been in the middle of the night, and my body reacted right away. The memory of how she'd been self-conscious but also assertive moved me at my core. My stomach tightened and my dick flinched.

Just as soon as I started to become aroused, she shifted in the bed. Her shoulders eased back, followed by her entire frame. It was like she was stretching herself backward. Her move brought her nakedness directly against mine.

Her shoulders leaned to my chest, and her hips touched to my upper legs. My awakening penis still dangled down and on its own between us.

The moment her bare skin met mine, she stopped in place. She didn't jump away as I might have expected, but she did pause right where she was. Her head still looked away so I couldn't see any expression from her.

As we both laid there, I thought about either saying something simple like 'good morning,' or making some quip about the middle of the night. My hesitation brought a move by her.

A simple gesture, she brought her left hand from in front of her and took it to my leg behind her. The feel of her doing that, and something about the gentleness of it, struck me. My dick pulsed with some more life, and the movement was enough to make it brush at her lower back.

Her head responded instantly to the sensation of me against her, and started to turn in my direction but stopped. It was like she reconsidered whatever she was about to say, and decided to wait. The room was dead quiet.

Her hand at my leg rubbed up and down lightly a couple of times. Then she repositioned. Her hips angled up and her shoulders eased back to me. The result was her hair at my face and her ass against my cock.

The soft but firm feel of her cheeks pressing my growing dick made my blood race. I went from semi-hard to rock hard fast. She had to feel the effect she was having on me.

Thinking back on how she acted on her own arousal in the middle of the night, I went with my own. I brought my arm over hers, and wrapped her tighter to me. My hand reached up to her chest, and found her bare tit there. I cupped it in my hand and gave a nice squeeze. The fullness of it together with the give in it made me even harder.

Her hand that was still at my leg gripped me tight. Her nails nipped at my skin. A pant from her told me she was feeling like I was.

Emboldened, my hand went from one breast to the other and again I caressed, making sure I drug my thumb over her taut nipple. She shook against me. When I pressed my hips forward, her hips pushed right back.

Her hand left my leg, whipped out from under the sheet, and reached behind her to go into my hair. She brushed urgently. Moving her arm took my hand from her chest, but soon as her hand was in my hair, it left her side exposed to me.

My hand went right back to massaging her breasts. Cupping them. Flicking her nipples in my fingers. The swollen, puffy rings around her tips were the softest things I had ever touched.

Something registered deeply with her because she jerked forward as my hand swept her chest. In a whirl of motion, her hand went from my head back to my arm in front of her. Her hips raised to drag higher onto my stomach, and her hand got to my arm to hold it tight.

I traced to her bare stomach, and as my fingers grazed her button there, she surprised me. Her legs had been pressed together, but the higher one lifted. In a smooth stretch backward, she put her upper leg atop my legs just behind her.

I loved what it meant. Loved that she was opening herself to me. I quickly shifted to get my hips under her, and I took hold of my cock to get it centered. Soon as I felt contact between her legs, what I felt was the wetness of her lips waiting.

I poked a couple of times to lodge myself in. She squirmed and let out a soft, shrill sound. Then she bent forward and further away from me.

Her torso bending down worked her bottom up, and with me driving forward at the same time, I plunged deeply into her. Her sound of her groaning an uunnhhh filled the room.

Her pussy was warm and drenched as it held me. I pushed further and she extended to angle across the bed. Her hand reached into the air and held, like she was shocked into place. I grinded some and her hand waved about, with the push from me.

I started to move back, and her head dipped. Thrusting back into her, her entire torso jumped. On another pull back from her, her hips stayed with mine and wiggled at me.

Gradually we fell into a rocking pace of up and back, and she was coming back onto me as urgently as I moved to her. I took hold of her hips, and the way I was grunting probably tipped her that I wasn't going to last much longer.

Her hands were digging into the sheets for more leverage when her phone started chiming. I looked at it, but I didn't stop moving. Neither did she. She may have even gotten quicker.

Several more moments of our pounding at each other passed, and then I heard the front door knob being shaken. I jolted. It was faint but that had to be what I heard.

"Amy?" My Dad's voice was calling out, a bit muffled but right outside the front door.

I slowed in shock. But not her. She tried to make up for my slowing by moving more. Then her hand reached back to my hip. She pulled at me to keep me in place for her thrusts back at me. She didn't let up. At all.

She was on the brink and we both knew it. Her still fucking me, and doing it so hard, started to send me over the edge. Waves of lightness started over me as I heard her calling out.

"I'm COMING. Hold ON." She held me tight into her and started shaking against me. Wildly. Her whole body. Meanwhile, I was convulsing as well and spurting hard inside her.

We both rocked with our orgasms with each other as he pounded on the door. "AMY! Open the door!"

It took several more seconds as we both still quivered from cumming together.

Finally, she started to disentangle from me. Gently, her hips eased off mine, leaving my still plump cock to plop out of her. She started off the bed, and I couldn't help myself.

"Hold on," I said it fast and she stopped just long enough for me to reach to her.

I reached to where her ass still faced me before getting off the bed. My hand got hold of her lower flank, where her cheek joined her leg, and I pried at her so I could see her pussy. I wanted the sight of her gapping lips, and I got it, as well as some white coating from me that remained there.

After my hand left her, she looked back over her shoulder at me, and it was the same intense look of neither smiling nor frowning from her. She had to have sensed what I wanted to see. And it seemed like it enthralled her.

We both feverishly grabbed at our clothes. I scooped up my jeans, jacket and shirt. Starting to the door, I saw my socks and shoes still on the floor. Quickly, I bent and gathered them as well.

As I passed by her, she was pulling over a t-shirt. Somehow, I couldn't resist. I brought my face to close to hers. Even though she was so stressed, she stopped to look at me. My lips moved

to hers and we kissed. Quick but certain. Then, I hurried over to my bedroom.

As soon as I closed the door to my room, I just stood there, absolutely floored. My mind raced. What in the hell is going to happen? I had no idea how she was going to handle this.

As I tried to weigh everything for how it could be handled, I searched across for the room for fresh clothes to put on. We just have to act normal, that's all.

Pulling on a t-shirt myself and some jeans, I listened as she made her way to the door. She worked at unlocking the deadbolt, and I could hear Dad huff loudly as soon as he was in the living room.

"What in the hell took so long?" I know his glare, and I'm sure he was glaring at her. "Why didn't you answer the phone?"

To her credit, she struck right back. "I told you not to come this weekend. What are you even doing here?"

He blurted a disgusted breath. "What the fuck, Amy? You don't want me coming to the beach?"

"I told you I wanted some space. And I still do."

"I'll give you some space. But first, I'm putting my bag away."

I could hear him walking from the living room to the bedroom. Feeling like shit about everything, and on so many levels, I didn't think I should stay hidden away in the bedroom. I didn't want to be there between them, but I didn't want to make her face this on her own.

Leaving my bedroom, I saw Dad just as he was about to go in their bedroom. He glanced over to me.

"Hey son," he forced a smile. "How are you doing?"

"Good, thanks."

He ducked on into the bedroom to put away his bag.

I got to the living room and looked over to Mom, and as if things weren't weird enough, she stared back with a mischievous smile. Part of me was startled that I seemed more concerned than she was. But another part of me, a part I hadn't ever known was there, thought back on just moments earlier. The sight I took of her pussy open and wet with me.

Dad marched back into the living room. He was holding the two glasses Mom had brought us in the middle of the night. His eyes couldn't believe what he was holding.

"What is this?" He asked her. "Did you have someone over last night?"

She stammered some, and I interrupted.

"That was from me." I could barely breathe.

He gawked over at me totally stumped, and glanced over to Mom who couldn't speak, and then back to me.

He shook his head. "I don't understand."

I had to do something.

I blurted. "I stayed with her last night."

Dad shook his head. "You what?"

Mom jumped in. "He was drunk and---"

"No," I interjected, but realized I was fucking things up. "I mean...
."

Dad struggled hard with what he was hearing.

"So," he looked first to Mom, "you didn't want me to come down in the first place."

He shot his eyes to me. "And you're telling me you stayed in your mother's room last night?"

Mom saw I had fucked-up and started with a low-key tone to try to cover things.

"Bill, it's awkward, but it's not really that big a deal. I---"

I spoke up. There were a million things I could say right then, and more than nine hundred thousand of them would have smoothed things out. I opted not to do that.

"It wasn't you." I responded to her. "It was me."

Dad gazed at me puzzled. Mom, well, she actually had a small smile.

"It was you." She repeated slowly, and it sounded like she was trying to figure out my approach.

"It was you?" My Dad sounded like he wanted a way out of this.

I drew a deep breath. "I went to her last night. Wanted to be with her. The glasses are from where she brought us water."

If Mom wanted to cut me off from my explanation, she could. At this point, I'd go along with whatever else she wanted to say about it. But something inside me wanted to let that out. At least that part of the truth.

Dad looked over at Mom, and he looked like he was ready to laugh. Then his eyes were right back on me.

"You wanted to be with her?"

I opened my mouth to say something vague and stupid. It didn't get out because Mom interjected.

"I wanted to be with him, too." She gave a gentle smile like she wanted to be nice about it, but it was true. "Listen, I know it's crazy. And, well, really, really wrong."

Dad staggered a little bit, and put the glasses down. Holding a hand into the air like that might somehow level things out. Nothing was going to level this out.

"C'mon, what's going on here?" He looked back and forth at the both of us.

It was our chance to bail on the truth and the look she gave me acknowledged this.

I took my time. "The thing is, I mean, it's just been us down here. We've kept to ourselves. And... we've gotten close."

Mom left her eyes on me a sustained moment. Her lips parted. Dad got nervous and turned to me.

Dad's tone got shaky. "So, you got drunk and crashed in her room."

This time Mom chirped up. Her eyes lingered on mine as she added a breathy response. Breathless but absolutely clear.

"It was more than that." When she looked over to Dad, her eyes were wide, fully knowing the enormity of what she was saying.

Dad looked like he might be sick. "This is some sort of sick fucking joke, and I'm going to take a walk."

He half-turned to leave, but then stared at me, wanting more. Wanting the answer that would undo what he was hearing. His eyes blinked with some disbelief.

I didn't want to turn back on all this. The way she had gotten the first time last night, then in the middle of the night. Now, this morning. I spoke slowly and deliberately.

"I'm in love with her. I love her."

Dad's mouth gaped open and his eyes bulged. Before he could speak, Mom joined in.

"I'm in love with him, too."

Dad swayed around, not knowing how to react. Shaking his head hard, he managed one more question.

"What... in the... fuck... is going on?"

He looked back and forth at us. Incredulous, he posed the question.

"Did anything happen?"

A long silence passed, and Mom and I exchanged looks. Her serious look, with no hint of a smile, prompted me. She took a breath ready to speak, but I beat her to it.

"Yes." I gulped. "We made love."

Dad stared back in absolute shock. Then he looked over to Mom.

She half-smiled. "Um, 'made love?'" She squinted hard and then got serious again. "We were together. Definitely."

Dad turned and staggered out.

I looked to my Mom and expected emotion, but she had a big grin. "Let's get out of here."

I nodded and went to pack. My stomach churned.

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14.

We didn't know if he'd stay stunned or get highly pissed-off. It wasn't like him to get physical, but this was such an extreme situation. Better for everyone to have some distance and sort this out.

We quickly packed and left. I followed her Audi with my old SUV, and I took the time to try to come to terms with what I had done. It was the worst.

It churned in my gut how I must have hurt my Dad. I took some consolation that it seemed he and Mom were already having problems. But when I got right to it, I probably took away any hope there might have been. And on top of it, I had absolutely ruined my relationship with my Dad.

I couldn't believe I'd done this.

As I drove along, I kept berating myself for my wrongs. But even as I hated how I'd made things, I kept coming back to this one vague feeling. Something that was true and wasn't going to change. Something that had come together and wasn't going back to how it had been.

I kept my attention on her car, and fixed on her flowing hair that tossed every now and then, whether she was turning her head or catching some air conditioning. I kept coming back to how strongly I felt for her. How being with her made me so totally alive and everything else was just waiting.

I smiled when she called just as I was thinking that.

When I picked-up, her voice had this low, conspiratorial sound.

"I know we're only an hour and a half away from home, but I'm running tired."

"I understand." I figured she wanted to stop for a break.

"I saw a place back an exit. Let's go there."

"Okay."

We doubled back, and a couple of turns from the interstate was a place that I would have never noticed. Older and plain, the hotel was nothing like she would have chosen before. It surprised me.

As she got out of her car, I tried to understand what she had in mind.

"I was thinking you just wanted a break. Maybe something to eat."

She stared back.

My words came a little slowly back.

"You want to stay here?"

There was a quick forced smile from her, and then a couple of nods. Then she headed for the front desk.

She checked us in, and I got our things up to the room. Things were quiet between us. Neither of us probably knew where to start with what had happened.

I started to say something, and she drew close to me. Right in front of me. That intense look came around yet again. Now she had me conditioned to physically react to it, as my jeans started to swell in the front.

The sparse room emphasized we were alone again. The shabby décor made it seem so far from home. The only sound was the faint whirl of the air conditioning.

She half-whispered as she stood close and peered up at me.

"Tell me it's going to be okay."

I stared back a moment and then gave her my most sincere tone.

"Everything's going to be okay. I'm sure of it."

I smiled, and thankfully, she smiled tightly back.

I opened my arms and pulled her to me. She snuggled in close and hugged back. I wondered if she could feel the tent she had caused in my front. I had to think so.

I had to ask her about the hotel. "Tell me. Why did you pick this place? Was it something in particular?"

She brought her face close to my ear. "In here... call me Amy in here."

"Yeah?" I loved it. "Okay, Amy. But you still haven't told me. Why here?"

Her eyes left my face, and instead fixed at my chest, where her fingers first tapped to me and then made a gesture like she was smoothing my shirt.

"I think you know."

"Tell me." I was wondering but didn't really know.

She acted coy. "Guess."

"No. I want you to tell me. Amy, you have to tell me."

Her hands came to a stop on my chest.

She grinned at this. "I do? Okay."

Taking a step to me, her hands held to my arms, and her face drew close to my ear again.

"With the way that I'm feeling... about... what's going on... . I think... this is where I belong."

My posture stayed straight, but my mind was doing flips. I hoped I was right about where she was going with this. I had trusted her. She had trusted me. And now she was taking it further. Much further. This thrilled me more than anything else ever.

I asked. "You do?"

She nodded.

Feeling some momentum, I teased. "You're going to have to do better than that."

She turned incredulous. "What?" Her eyes searched up at mine. "You know what I'm saying."

My eyes kept on hers, and I gave her a small smile.

"You got to tell me, Amy."

She politely smiled. "I can't." Shook her head.

I started undoing my belt. Unspooling it. "Tell me."

Her breath caught. Her brow tightened.

She looked down to where I was tugging my jeans and boxers down.

Again, she said, "I can't."

I got my jeans over my stiff cock, and down to my thighs, then I brought her hand onto me.

There was one quick recoil, but I held her there, and she grasped to it readily.

"Amy, tell me---out loud---why you're here."

Silence.

I moved her hand, and it stayed wrapped around my head and shaft in a very slow up and back down.

I kept my tone firm. "In a cheap hotel room. With your son."

My hands went to the tops of her shoulders, while her hand stayed holding onto my dick.

My words murmured in the room. "About to suck his cock."

Her eyes squeezed closed, and her head bowed a couple of seconds. When she did speak again, she didn't look up at me, but she made her words clear.

"Because," as softly as ever, "I'm a whore."

I choked out the words even as I was reeling. "You're a whore?"

She looked straight up into my eyes. "I am your whore."

I kissed her deeply. My tongue wrapped and played with hers, my mouth moving firmly at hers. When I broke our kiss, I took her hands and pulled gently down.

For a split second, I wondered how much I'd have to urge her. But by the time my hands went from her hands to the top of her shoulders, she was already easing downward. Her hands propped to my legs, so she could lower herself down to her knees in front of me.

As she settled on her knees, I gripped the base of me. Her hands with her beautiful red nails at her tips braced to my thighs. Her face stared right down at it and anticipated.

Ever so slightly, I leaned in her direction, and my hand put my cockhead to her lips. Her eyes closed and her lips puckered. She kissed once and then twice.

I eased just back, and waited until she opened her eyes. Soon as she did, I had her watch my fist drag one long stroke up and back down again, getting myself taut and harder for her. Her face swayed in front of me.

When I went back in her direction again, her reaction was instant. Her lips parted, and her mouth moved to meet me. Her lips brushed my head and widened to take me. Her fingers pressed harder, as my cock plunged deeper into her mouth. Her warm, wet mouth and tongue clasped tight to my hard cock.

"HHHMMMMMMMMM," her almost-urgent hum sounded out in the room, and she had to have been as driven by this as I was, after what she had said. I loved learning this part of her.

Her cheeks hollowed inward with her sucking at me, and I struggled to get a hand on one of hers at my leg. I could have easily fallen over at how overcome I was with this. I got her hand from my leg and directed it lower.

"Put your hand down there. Touch yourself."

I couldn't see clearly her hand get where it needed to go, but I saw it working inside her jeans, as her mouth started moving on me. She had already pulled and pushed her mouth on my dick a couple of times, when I straightened back up.

Standing back fully, I got my hands into her hair at the sides of her head. They cradled her firmly. Her mouth kept long, slow strokes going, and it drove me wild how wet she coated my shaft.

With her one hand on my upper leg and her other between her legs, I tried to keep in mind that she needed me to keep her in place. My hands held her steady, and I thought about something else I wanted to do.

All of this had been so overwhelming, and her surprising turn with her talk had jarred me deeply, so I felt emboldened. She had been more affected by all of this than I had realized. Her dirty turn was her signal to me how deeply this had reached her. At least as provoked as me. Probably more.

My hand held to her hair, and gently my hips rotated up and back. The first couple of times were just slight, but the third and fourth times were distinct. My hips were pushing to her face.

A low acknowledgment rumbled from her. "Mmmmmmm."

My balls tightened and that familiar swelling crept into my shaft. I wanted this to last, but the sheer wildness of it and her mouth holding tightly to me was making it impossible.

Looking down again, I saw her arm that reached a hand to her crotch pistoning heavily.

Holding her still, I took my hips farther back, and drove longer strokes inside her mouth.

Quick muffled hums came right back. "Mmmm.mmmm, mmmmm."

Suddenly, I felt a surge down there, and instantly I pulled back. I plopped from her mouth just as the first rope of me spurt forward, and splashed her open lips. Another shot fired and splashed her lips and chin.

My hand reached for my cock, and I moved even further backwards to try to redirect. My hand got on my cock so I could pump for relief once I was away. As I leaned backward, her face came more forward. I stared in shock as her hand from her middle whipped to up to my cock and held me as her mouth got back over my dick. A strong draw from her mouth pulled a gush of cum straight from cock.

I screamed out. "AAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Her fist pumped me and her mouth sucked hungrily. I could feel her swallowing in perfect time with my bursts and I staggered on my feet. Over and over, I was shooting cum and convulsing, and she was staying right with me, and draining what I had to give.

Only after I had stopped shaking did her mouth relax on me. Even then, it didn't move right off. She waited, her mouth cradling my still-swollen shaft, and keeping her face at my crotch.

When I backed away, she pulled off. Her hand delicately raised and wiped at her mouth, cheek, and chin. I helped her up onto her feet, and she smiled as she turned to get over to the bathroom.

I barely got my words out as she glanced back, beaming.

"Wow, that was so very hot."

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We showered together. I washed every inch of her. I even washed her thick, luxurious hair.

This rhythm developed between us where I did something for her, or said something to her, and she reacted or responded in a way that matched or corresponded with me. I told her that I felt like I was only beginning to really understand her. To see certain sides of her.

She understood, and she even worried she had come on too strong too quickly, especially with some of our talk between us. She thought maybe she should have waited. I immediately told her not to worry, that I'd loved it.

Grinning back at me at this, she gave a low, purring-like response. "Yeah?"

I was ready to go once again, and the way she was perched up on the bed, that kimono wrapped but flimsy, signaled she might be ready, too.

I was headed her way, with only boxers and bare-chested when my phone started chiming.

It was my Dad.

I figured I had to face this sooner or later. Better to get it out of the way. She watched me intensely as I answered the phone.

"Hey Dad."

Upon hearing me say what she had expected only made her wince that much harder.

I knew she still watched as I listened to Dad's weary tone.

"I can't believe you. Either of you."

I shot a look over at Amy who stared right at me.

"Alright." It was all I could muster.

"Alright? That's it?"

I paced around a bit. She put aside her phone she had been reading, and folded her hands in her lap. Propped in the bed, she had been curled onto her side, but now she leaned back onto the pillow tilted to the headboard.

I held my tongue.

"Where are you at?" My Dad asked.

"On our way back."

"Where's your mother?"

Glancing over to her, she hung on our words. Her hand brushed through her hair.

"She's here with me."

"Put her on the phone."

"Put her on the phone?"

I looked over to her. She shook her head back.

"No. She can't talk right now."

"What do you mean she can't talk right now?"

"She can't talk right now."

"Are you two at some hotel together?"

I paused a second wondering how he guessed, but it didn't matter. "Yeah."

"Are you in the same room?"

"Don't ask me that."

She seemed puzzled so I mouthed and gestured what had been said.

Speaking back into the phone, I went ahead and leveled with him. "Yes. She's with me."

"Jake. Jake."

"Dad, I know this isn't what you want to hear, but there were already serious problems before this lockdown."

Soon as I had gotten this out of mouth, her head was nodding vigorously. She had a stern look.

Dad's voice tried to modulate. "Listen, we can get past all this. It's something that happened. But these are weird times. We can fix it."

I took a deep breath, and tried to take it easy.

"Yeah, these are weird times, and thanks for offering to get past it all, but... ."

Amy again shook her head. She was adamant. I finished my thought.

"This is the way it is now."

There was some kind of grunt on his end as he really didn't like my response.

Amy, in the other hand, started a long, slow grin, and her body lowered flatter onto the bed, dragging herself off the headboard. Her push lower dragged the hem of the kimono up to her thighs.

I gawked at her legs, and she relished my attention. Her hands held up the ends of the small tie that knotted her robe together and seemed to toy with them.

Dad tried again. "Listen Jake, here's the thing. Take the next year. Go to Italy, or the U.K., like you've mentioned in the past. Take some time. Your mom and I can get some counseling, and we'll see how things stand in a year."

Part of me inside cringed. The old me that hung out before this lockdown would have jumped at this.

I repeated his offer, as if I was getting it right, but I wanted Mom to hear.

"So you're saying, me take a year, go study abroad, and give you some time with Mom."

First Mom stared back, but then her hands moved. Each hand pulled apart the tie, and it didn't take much for the satiny robe to relax. The sides parted, and there was several inches of bare flesh revealed, from the cleavage that stayed apart and revealed, but with nipples still hidden, to her soft, pale tummy with the button on display, down to the black patch of pubes atop where her legs were still together and bent to an angle up.

When my eyes came back to hers, she had that serious look that didn't waver, and my voice was thick back into the phone.

"I don't think you understand. I love her, and we're together now. That's not going to change."

There was complete silence on the other end of the phone, but over on the bed, her legs opened to each side. When they did, the soft trail of black pubic hair didn't obscure her shiny pink lips at her middle. I swallowed hard.

Her legs both spread again further, and her hands fell back over her head to rest on the pillow above her head.

I spoke up. "Let's talk later, Dad."

He hung up on me.

I tossed my phone to the side, and stripped my boxers. Her attention locked straight onto my hard cock. When she looked back up at me, it looked like she tossed her head just back, summoning me on.

I got between her legs, and grasped her feet. When I lifted them hard onto my shoulders, she yelped in surprise.

We both smiled at each other as I entered her again.

I bent close her way, with the effect of lifting her ass off the bed, and plunging deep into her. She held onto my arms hard, as I savored the feel of moving inside her, right where I belonged.