



# Summer Storm

By  
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## Chapter One

*April 8<sup>th</sup>*

After my husband of twenty-three years left me for a girl two years younger than our daughter Mia, I was devastated. At forty-one I found myself without the man I'd devoted all my energies and love to since we were both sixteen. At first I was so lost and hurt by Tom's desertion, I felt as if an unexpected summer storm had blown in, destroyed everything I held dear and loved, leaving emotional devastation in its wake.

I've always had a love-hate relationship with summer storms. Tom and I met during one. He dumped me during one. The storm his desertion created, left me not sure what to do with the rest of my life. I'd spent most of my life devoted first to Tom and then to our kids. The fact that Mia was away at college and Tommy in the Middle East with his Marine Battalion, made the transition from wife and mother to divorcee even more difficult for me. But my Granny Mary always said the Lord helped those who helped themselves. So after a few weeks of wallowing in depression, I decided it was time I listened to Mia and got on with my life.

Right up until he dumped me for his eighteen-year-old, Tom and I had enjoyed a very active sex life. Of course, with hindsight, I probably enjoyed it more than he did. But I'm straying from my point, which was after about two months, I started really missing sex. It took me another two months to realize forty-two-year-old, pleasantly plump blondes were not in great demand. I celebrated my forty-second birthday, by myself, feeling a little lonely as I opened up my presents from Mia and Tommy. Tommy had sent me a gift certificate to Victoria Secrets. When I opened Mia's present, my face burned as I found myself looking at a collection of flesh-colored vibrators, various lubes, and bath gels.

Her card read, *Mom, I hope you have fun with Bob (battery operated boyfriend).*

That night, I took a long soak, dried off, and went to bed naked. With soft music playing in the background, I chose the vibrator that reminded me most of Tom's cock. An hour later, unsatisfied, I turned off the lights. It took awhile for me to finally fall asleep.

Two nights later I choose another vibrator called Pink Delight with the same results. It wasn't until I used the last vibrator called Ebony Delight that I was able to arouse myself, although I still wasn't able to achieve an orgasm. That changed the day I discovered one of Tom's porno tapes while I was cleaning the guest bedroom. I'd always hated knowing he got off on watching other people having sex. I tossed the tape in the trash and continued cleaning.

I forgot the tape until that night, as I lay in bed unable to achieve a climax. Recalling how Tom used to fuck me like a man possessed after he'd been watching his porno tapes, I retrieved the tape from the trash and watched it as I used my favorite vibrator. For the first time since Tom had left me, I had an orgasm.

There was no looking back after that. I went online the next day and ordered two adult tapes and a new Ebony Delight vibrator. In no time, I was regularly going to sleep with a huge black vibrator stuffed up my pussy and a smile on my face.

I still missed having Tom sharing my bed, but at least now with my collection of Bobs, I was no longer so sexually frustrated. For the moment, I was content. Actually, I was rather proud of myself. At forty-two I was starting my life over. Shortly after my promotion to office manager at the large CPA firm, I realized I no longer missed Tom.

*April 20th*

Imagine my surprise when I got home one night and found Tom's car in the front driveway. All the pain and anguish I'd felt when he told me he was leaving me washed over me and I had to fight hard to keep my eyes tear free. Giving myself a mental shake, I continued up to the front door, just as he got out of the car.

Tom is a handsome man. He's tall and trim, with short dark hair and green-gray eyes. His smile took my breath the first time we met. As he walked up the driveway, I struggled to keep my gaze from going to his crotch. Although I've since seen much bigger, thicker cocks than his on the men in my porno tapes, his six inches had always kept me happy.

Although I'd become used to getting satisfaction with my Bobs, there's nothing like a real live, hard cock, propelled into your pussy by a hard, masculine body. My pussy convulsed as I recalled the last time I'd felt his cock sliding in and out of me. Little had I known that after banging my pussy and my ass until I was sore, he would wake me the next morning and tell me he was leaving me.

We hadn't seen each other since the divorce. So what could he want now? I swallowed hard to overcome my fear that he'd come to tell me something bad had happened to one of the kids.

As he reached me, I grabbed his arms. "The kids...oh, my God, Tom, what's happened? Which one is hurt?"

He put an arm around me and hugged me so close, my breasts felt crushed against his chest and I felt his cock pressing against me. A rush of desire replaced my fear. I sucked in a quick breath and stared up at him. "Tom...?"

"The kids are fine."

His voice was low and husky...the way it was when he wanted sex. I swallowed several times, noting a look of desire I had not expected to see in his eyes again. "Then...why are you here?"

He bent his head and crushed his mouth over mine. The kiss went on and on until I felt like a bundle of nerve endings. I couldn't think...just feel little electric charges of desire shooting all through me. I melted into him, wrapping my arms around his neck. He tightened his arms around me, sliding his hands down to my ass, devouring my mouth. He kissed me until I couldn't

breathe and I lost all ability to take control of the situation. One moment we were on the front steps pawing and groping each other like a couple of teenagers. The next moment, without my being aware of how it happened, we were both inside, naked in the bedroom we'd shared for so long. I was sprawled on my stomach with my legs spread wide. He lay on top of me, crushing me under his body, biting the side of my neck as he roughly thrust his cock in and out of my ass.

I've never really liked having anal sex, but occasionally submitted to it to please him. Most of the time when he took my backdoor, we both lay on our sides so he could play with my breasts, pussy, and clit, as he ass fucked me. Now, he gave me no such consideration. It became clear after just a few rough thrusts that this was all about him. Knowing the only satisfaction I was going to get out of this was any I could manage myself, I wriggled and maneuvered until I was able to work a hand under my body and slip my fingers into my pussy.

Fingering myself as he rutted into me left me just short of coming just about the time he groaned and came. As he drew out of me and discarded his condom, I bit back the urge to scream at him that I hadn't yet come. I rolled onto my side and found him sprawled on his stomach, clearly not interested in anything but sleep.

I sucked in an angry breath and stalked into the bathroom to take a shower. As the cool water cascaded over me, I berated myself for allowing him to use me. His little teeny-bopper wouldn't allow him anywhere near her flat, narrow ass, so he came to bang mine and I'd been fool enough to allow it!

After leaving the shower, I went to sleep in the middle room, angry at his lack of concern for my pleasure. I woke up several hours later to find myself flat on my stomach, my legs spread wide, and my ass full of Tom's thrusting cock.

That was it. I'd had it. My ass was not his to use as he wanted. "What the hell are you doing?" I screamed at him, struggling to toss his body off my back.

He bent down and bit the tip of my ear. "Don't be angry, Jill. You have no idea how much I miss this sweet, tight ass of yours."

"You should have thought of that before you left me for a teenager. Now get off me!"

"You don't mean that," he grunted and laid his full weight on me.

"I do, damn you!"

Ignoring my protests, he clutched my hips and proceeded to pound my ass until he shuddered and came. When he pulled out of me, I whirled around and slapped him so hard his head jerked back and my palm stung. "You bastard! You had no right to do that!"

"Don't over react, Jill. You used to love it and—"

The days when he could dominate me sexually were over. "I never loved it! Now get the hell out of here and don't you come back until you're ready to apologize and you're not trying to do your no-ass teenager and me at the same time. You cannot have us both. If you want her, fine. If you want this ass, you're going to have to dump her!"

"Damn, Jill! I'm sorry."

When he extended a hand towards me, I slapped it angrily away. "Get the out of here! Now!"

He left and I collapsed in a storm of tears, disgusted at how I'd allowed him to treat me. With his new woman out of town, he came slinking back to me to do something she wouldn't allow him to do to her.

When he sent flowers later that day, I tossed them into the trash and refused to talk to him when he called. Finally, not caring if his teenager heard the message or not, I called his apartment and left a message telling him to stay the hell away from me until he'd gotten rid of his jailbait.

*May 8<sup>th</sup>*

It took me a good two weeks to stop feeling rage every time I thought about Tom daring to think he could have us both. I think part of what made me so angry was the fear that if he came back, I'd find myself spread-eagle on my bed with him rutting into my ass like there was no tomorrow again.

I was still grappling with that uncertainty when Mia called me from school and asked me to go to one of the large bookstore chains in town and pick up a calendar she'd special ordered. The next evening, I left work in a wind-driven rain and took the subway to the bookstore. The clerk, a young male who looked like a teenager, gave me what looked like a smirk. He said he didn't have a bag big enough for the calendar. "But its sealed in plastic."

I took the calendar and hurried back out into the rain.

When my umbrella blew inside out, I thoughtlessly held the calendar over my head and made a dash for the subway. Half an hour later, thoroughly soaked, I arrived home, tossed the calendar onto the hall table, and went upstairs. I undressed, took a long soak, slipped on a pair of pajamas, and went downstairs to fix a quick dinner.

I forgot the calendar until I went to check the locks on the front and back doors and saw the calendar where I'd tossed it earlier. "Oh, no!" I immediately saw the cardboard looked puckered under a rather big hole in the plastic wrap.

I pulled off the rest of the plastic, hoping I could somehow smooth out the calendar. I turned it and it fell open. I looked down and caught my breath. I found myself looking at a handsome, naked, and fully aroused man. My heart thumping, I sank down into chair by the hall table and stared at the centerfold.

Lying on the beach with his upper body propped up on his elbows and his head back so that his long, dark dreads fell around his wide shoulders, he was a vision of ebony silk. His abs were tight and sculptured. His legs were long and muscular. His lower body faced the camera, providing a breathtaking view of the thickest cock I'd ever seen. Although it was only average length, what did length matter with all that luscious girth stretching your pussy out of shape?

I went wet sitting staring at him. With all of his smooth, dark flesh bare, he was magnificent. I couldn't keep my gaze from zeroing on his glorious shaft. Unable to stop myself, I reached out



a finger and stroked it along the length of his cock. My face burned and I guiltily pulled my hand back. I flicked through the rest of the calendar. Every month boasted another naked, aroused male. Although each man was handsome and sexy, I kept coming back to Mr. July.

I must have sat staring at him for at least half an hour, weaving sexual fantasies around him before I put the calendar back on the hall table and went upstairs. I called Mia and told her the calendar had suffered some rain damage. "So do you want me to order another one?" Even as I asked the question, I blushed recalling the clerk's smirk as he handled the calendar over.

"Don't worry about it, Mom. It's already February anyway." She paused before speaking again. "So what do you think of it?"

"What? Me?"

"Yes. You did look at it, didn't you?"

Cheeks burning, I nodded. "Yes...it's...they're...all naked...and black..."

"And gloriously aroused...or so I'm told. There's nothing as sexy as a naked, fully aroused, well-endowed black male."

"Isn't there?"

"No."

I wet my lips. "You sound so...certain."

"I am certain."

I digested that news in silence for a few moments. "Have you...seen many?"

"I've seen one or two."

I swallowed. "I meant in person."

"So did I." She sounded amused. "How do you think I arrived at that conclusion? It wasn't just the Blacks on Blondes porno tapes."

The mention of my favorite adult sex tape series, made me blush. Thank God this conversation was taking place on the phone rather than in person. "So...what do you want me to do with the calendar?"

"Since I have the real thing, why don't you keep it?"

"Me?" My voice came out little more than a croak. "What would I do with it?"

"Oh, I'm sure you'll think of something."

"So your new boyfriend is..."

"Tall, very dark, handsome, sweet, kind, and very well-endowed."

"Oh."

"Is that going to present a problem when I bring him home this summer?"

"No! Of course not."

"That's what I thought, but I just wanted to make sure."

"You know I'm not—"

"Yes, Mom, I do know, but that didn't mean you'd welcome Malcolm."

"Of course I will...as long as he treats you well."

"Oh, Mom, he does. He's the most wonderful man I've ever met. Listen, I have a date with him so I have to go...love you."

"Love you too."

That night I dreamed about Mr. July in embarrassing, graphic, and surprising detail. I lay naked on my back on a beach with him between my legs with his cock rammed up my ass and his lips fastened on one of my breasts. I had my legs wrapped over his thighs, moaning, and groaning in a combination of pain and pleasure as he made sweet, sweet love to my stuffed ass.

In the morning, the bottom of my panties was damp. I felt ashamed of lusting after a man who looked as young as Tommy. Deciding I wasn't any better than Tom when it came to cradle robbing, I put the calendar in the back bedroom and got ready for work.

I was tempted to retrieve the calendar many times during the following weeks, but I resisted the temptation.

*May 31<sup>st</sup>*

Tommy called at the end of the month. "Mom, a buddy of mine is coming home to arrange the funeral of his mom, his only close relative. He doesn't have any other relatives in the states. I told him after the funeral, he could stay in my room for a week while he got himself together. I knew you wouldn't mind."

"No. Of course I don't mind. Poor boy. No other family."

"Not only that, but he's seen some heavy action...and had one of his best friends die in his arms."

"Oh, no. What's his name and when can I expect him?"

"Mom, you're great. His name is Justin Howard and he's already on his way. He's made most of the arrangements from here. The funeral is in three days so he can be there anytime after that."

"Okay. I'll expect him."

"Mom, he's had it really hard. His wife divorced him and took their daughter back to Jamaica where they both died in a car accident. Now he's feeling guilty because his mother died alone. So could you give him a little tender loving care, if you know what I mean?"

"Sure. I'll make him breakfast and dinner every day and I won't fuss if he sleeps late or leaves the bathroom seat up. Enough for you?"

"Perfect. Now, how are you, Mom?"

"I'm fine."

"No. I mean really. How are you?"

"Really, Tommy. I'm fine. I admit the first two months after the divorce were really bad, but that was then and this is now. And now I am...back on track."

"Seeing anyone?"

"No...not yet, but I will when I meet someone...interesting."

"Mom, I have to go. There are other guys waiting to use the phone, but there's something I'm forgetting to tell you."

"What?"

"I don't know. But I've told you the important stuff. You know Justin's coming and he needs to be treated to a mother's love."

"Okay, Tommy, but you take care of yourself. Okay? You take care, Tommy."

"I will, Mom. Don't worry about me. I can handle myself."

"I know, but it's so dangerous over there and—"

"I'll be home, Mom. Don't worry. Now I really have to go. Love you."

"I love you too, Tommy."

After I hung up, I undressed, got in the tub, and allowed myself to weep for a good fifteen minutes. Every time Tommy hung up after a call, I couldn't stop crying.

*June 07<sup>th</sup>*

A week later on a Friday afternoon during a summer storm, there was a gas leak. All the surrounding buildings lost power. The managing partner sent everyone home. I picked up a bottle of wine. On the way home, I daydreamed about lying in a bubble bath with the sounds of the storm providing background music as I sipped a couple of glasses of wine.

I undressed in my bedroom, enjoying the sound of the rain softly falling against my bedroom awnings. Smiling, I opened the bedroom door and froze. A strange man wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist stood in front of my mirror shaving.

As I was about to scream, he turned and I found myself looking into the handsome face of Mr. July. He'd cut off his glorious dreadlocks and now sported a short military-style haircut, and he looked several years older than he had on the calendar, but he was definitely Mr. July. His sleek skin with its taunt, well-defined abs and long, muscular thighs conjured up all manner of sexual fantasies in me. "Oh, my God! It's you!" I whispered, my fear vanishing. "What are you doing here?"

He sucked in a quick breath. "Mrs. Wilson? I'm sorry. I didn't expect you home this early. I thought I could have a bath and fix dinner before you got home from work. I know this is probably your bathroom, but the faucets on the bathtub in the other bathroom are broken."

He had a warm, deep, Barry White type voice that rippled over me, sending an inner shiver all through me. His sexy voice, along with my knowledge of what the towel hid, combined to make me wet-very wet. I blinked, trying not to stare at him at what Granny Mary would have called his neither region. "Who are you?"

He put his shaver down and crossed the room to me. "What an idiot. I haven't introduced myself. Justin Howard, Mrs. Wilson."

"Oh." I leaned back against the door. "You're Tommy's friend."

"Yes." His dark, liquid brown gaze roamed quickly over me. He released a soft breath, reached over to the towel rack, and handed me a towel.

That's when I remembered I was butt naked. Which meant my large breasts, less than flat stomach, dimpled thighs, and bushy-haired pussy were on display. I gave a small scream, snatched the towel from his hands, slammed the bathroom door in his face, and ran back into my

bedroom. I stopped only long enough to snatch up my clothes from the bed before locking myself in Mia's room.

I dressed and then sank on her bed, taking deep gulping breaths. I don't know how long I sat there, my thoughts chasing each other in a jumbled mess until a sharp rap on the door startled me. I bolted to my feet. "Who is it?" Dumb question. Like it could be anyone other than Mr. July.

"Justin, ma'am. I'm sorry I frightened you."

Frightened me? He'd aroused me--big time.

"Can we talk?"

Talk? He wanted to talk? How was I supposed to face him after standing naked in front of him like that? He'd seen all my imperfections--the same imperfections that had resulted in Tom leaving me for his teeny-bopper. I wanted to offer him money to go to a hotel, but remembering all the grief he'd had, I knew I couldn't do that. So what was I suppose to do? What I always did when people were counting on me--came through.

I got up and opened the bedroom door.

He had finished shaving and he was dressed in a pair of black sweats. He was a big, handsome hunk. Tall, dark, and handsome had never applied to any man more. My heart hammered and I felt myself going wet again as I looked up into his dark, magnetic eyes. "I...don't know what to say to you," I whispered, my voice husky.

To my surprise, he took my arm and led me over to Mia's bed. He sat me down and sat next to me. "I'm sorry. Tommy told me you were expecting me."

"I was..." My voice cracked. I stopped and gave myself a mental shake. All I could think about was his thick cock sliding in and out of my cock-starved pussy. "But how did you get in?"

"Tommy gave me his keys. He said it was okay to use them. Didn't he tell you he was giving me his keys?"

So that must have been what he'd forgotten to tell me. "No."

"He said you wouldn't mind."

"I didn't...don't...I just..." It took a deep breath and turned to face him. "I didn't expect to find you...half-naked in my bathroom."

Thick, long, dark lashes any woman would have killed for swept down, concealing the look in his eyes. "He told me you worked during the day."

"I do...there was a gas leak that shut down all the power in my building and we were sent home early. I thought I'd come home and take a long soak before getting an early dinner."

"You can still do that. I have dinner all planned. Roast chicken, green beans, chicory favored-rice, a tossed salad sprinkled with cheese and bacon bits, cinnamon vanilla coffee, and a bottle of wine, if you're so inclined. And for desert, I have a store brought cherry cheesecake."

The only dessert I was interested in at the moment was sitting right beside me. I lay a hand on his arm. "I love roast chicken and green beans." I smiled. "And we won't even talk about cherry cheesecake."

"Tommy told me some of your favorites."

"And you cooked them?"

He shrugged. "I wanted to make a good impression."

Oh, he'd made one all right. "Well...you have."

He smiled and my heart knocked against my ribs. I've always been a pushover for a man with a killer smile. "So can we start over?"

I moved my hand off his arm. "You saw me butt naked. That's not a sight you're likely to be able to forget."

He was silent for a moment before he shrugged. "Who says I want to forget it?"

I blinked at him. "What...oh. You...you...must have noticed I...my body is not exactly perfect."

"Perfection, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder." He paused for a moment before speaking again. "Tommy told me about...a little about your situation."

"My situation? You mean how his father left me for a teeny-bopper with a flat ass?" I knew I sounded bitter. So what? I had reason to be bitter.

"Despite that, having seen you...I don't think you have anything to be ashamed of, Mrs. Wilson."

A flash of heat danced over my body. I was sitting in a bedroom with a handsome man who was the stuff of feminine dreams and was he implying he found my less than perfect body attractive? I moistened my lips. "My...breasts aren't as firm as they used to be."

His dark gaze moved down from my face to center on my breasts. "Aren't they?"

"No...I mean...you must have noticed."

"What I noticed is probably best left unsaid...as is this conversation." He rose and moved across the room to the door. There he turned to look at me. "So are we on for dinner?"

I nodded, my face burning at the shameless way I'd tried to pry intimate compliments from him. I guess I must have sounded like some...I don't know, desperate old broad trying to score with a young hunk. "If you're not afraid to be alone with me."

"Why would I be afraid to be alone with you, ma'am?"

Maybe because I had an insatiable desire to rip off his clothes, grab his cock, and ride him until we were both screaming and moaning in lust? "How old are you?"

"Thirty."

Thirty. He was older than Tommy, but not by enough to make my lust for him acceptable. I sighed. "I know I'm a lot older than you, but please don't call me ma'am. It makes me feel even older." And as aroused as I was, I wanted to feel sexy and wanton, not like an older woman about to rob the cradle. "Call me Jill."

"Jill." He grinned and I noted a dimple in his left cheek. "Kind of makes me wish my name was Jack."

"They went up the hill together."

"Yes," he nodded. "Why do you think Jack fell down and broke his crown?"

Sitting next to him inspired all kinds of wanton thoughts. I shrugged. Jack had probably had his thick cock rammed up Jill's ass at the time and lost his balance when he came in her. Even though I couldn't say that to him, I blushed imagining his thick cock pushing its way up my quivering ass while my pussy filled with cum. Afraid I'd reach out and caress the long, thick thigh next to mine, I clasped my hands together. "I don't know. Ah...I'm sorry for your loss, Justin...all of them."

He sighed, closed his eyes, and leaned his head against the wall near the door. "They still hurt."

He looked so dejected, he reminded me of Tommy's grief when the family cat died when he was ten. I bolted off the bed and rushed across the room to him. I put my arms around him and held him close. "I'm so sorry."

After a brief hesitation, he embraced me and I found myself wrapped in the arms of a handsome, sexy hunk. I tried to keep the mental picture of a grief-stricken man in my mind, but with the feel of his hard body pressed close to mine, thoughts of lust invaded my heart and body.



All I could think about was his thick cock slamming into my pussy and then later stretching my ass wide while he lay behind me with his big hands cupped over my breasts. Maybe he'd nibble at my neck and shoulders as he emptied the contents of his big balls in me. Thoughts of a pussy full of cum that didn't belong to Tom nearly made me squirm with lust.

My pussy aching with the desire, I sucked in a series of deep breaths. *Get a grip of yourself, Jill. He needs comfort not pussy from his friend's mother.*

## Chapter Two

*June 07<sup>th</sup>*

He opened his eyes and we stared at each other in silence for several moments. During that time I don't know what he was thinking or feeling, but I sure knew what I was thinking and wanting. Sex, sex, and still more sex. Lots of it. Endless hot sex that would drive me absolutely insane with lust and satisfaction.

He raked a hand through his short dark hair. "Ah, this is getting intense."

I nodded, my pussy aching.

"Too intense. Maybe I should go to a hotel—"

"No!" The thought sent panic through me. "Of course, you're not going to a hotel. I said you could stay here and—"

"I'm not sure that's a good idea, ma'am."

"Jill. And why should you go to a hotel?"

He gave me a pointed look. "Because Tommy is my friend and he trusts me."

"Tommy is a sweet boy, but he's a long way away...and I'm perfectly capable of making my own decisions."

I watched his Adam's Apple bob up and down as he swallowed.

Seeing the indecision in his eyes, I knew the ball was in my court. He wasn't going to make the first move. If I wanted him in my bed, I was going to have to make it very clear that's what I wanted. I threw the last of my inhibitions to the wind with a toss of my head.

Did I have the courage to be as brazen as I would need to be to get what I wanted him—his cock buried in my pussy asap? "Justin, nothing is going to happen unless it's what we both want..."

"Mrs. Wilson—"

"Jill. This is hardly the time or the place to call me anything but Jill."

"Jill..."

My pussy convulsed. "Nothing will happen unless we need it to," I added in a breathless whisper. "Now I know what I need...what about you?"

He shook his head. "My...needs are irrelevant."

I touched his right hand, which was clenched in a fist at his side. "Not to me they aren't."

"You are my friend's mother. Tommy trusts me with you."

"Tommy is my son, Justin and I love him dearly."

"But?"

"But he's not my keeper. I make my own...sexual decisions—just as he makes his. He doesn't consult me when he wants sex and I don't see why I should be expected to consult him when I want to...need to have sex."

He stiffened. "Sexual? Need to have sex?"

Another rush of heat filled my cheeks. "What? Did I say sexual?"

"Yes, ma'am, you did."

I forced myself to gaze into his eyes. "It's been a very long time since a man...wanted me like I want to be wanted...like I need to be wanted...just as I am, without making me feel...physically inadequate."

"Jill..."

"Does the thought of my having sexual thoughts about you...turn you off?"

"Why would it?"

I pressed a hand against my breasts, feeling my nipples harden. "I know I'm much older and—"

He shook his head. "That's not a problem for me."

"Then what is a problem for you?"

"I'm not interested in a serious relationship at the moment, ma'am."

If I'd had half the shame I was born with left, I would have slunk off somewhere to lick my wounds. Instead, I maintained his gaze. "Who's talking about a serious relationship? Sometimes a woman just wants...needs...sex...no strings attached...no commitment required. It's been a long time for me and I just want sex...wonderful...no-holds-barred sex...where my partner-you does any and everything you ever wanted to do to me."

He took a deep breath. "Anything?"

Licking my lips, I slid my hands suggestively over the ass Tommy couldn't wait to get his cock back in. "Anything."

I couldn't read the look in his dark eyes as he considered me in silence.

Why didn't he say something or better—do something? Like ripping off my clothes and pounding me senseless before I made a complete ass of myself only to have him reject me? Which was clearly what he was about to do—unless I got myself out of the mess I'd landed myself in.

I shrugged. "It's just a thought...something for you to think about to take your mind off your grief."

As he stood staring silently at me, I squeezed passed him, wantonly brushing my breasts against him as I did. Back in my room, I undressed and took a long soak. Lying, frustrated and horny in the tub, I caressed my breasts and fingered myself, imagining my fingers were his thick dick sliding in and out of me.

That got me so hot, I had to get out of the tub and take a cool shower. Afterwards, I pulled a pair of pajamas over my naked body and stretched across the bed. I quickly fell asleep and into a sweet, erotic dream where Justin lay between my legs fucking my ass until my thighs shook and a flood of what Granny Mary used to call my woman juice flooded my pussy.

Strange that just thinking about Justin triggered so many thoughts of anal sex, something I didn't even like. I tolerated it with Tom and hungered for it with Justin.

A rapid tapping on my bedroom door snatched me out of dream just as Justin turned me onto my back so he would drill my pussy.

After getting used to being alone in the house, for a moment, the tapping on my bedroom frightened me. I bolted into a sitting position, looking wildly around for something with which to protect myself. Then I gave a shake of my head. Anyone intending to hurt me wouldn't knock on my bedroom door to announce his arrival.

"Who is it?"

"Justin."

At the sound of his low, deep voice, I licked my lips and fondled my breasts. "Come in."

"Ah...are you decent?"

I stared down at the comfortable red pajamas I'd had for a number of years. I sat on the side of the bed, opened the top, revealing my breasts. "Yes," I said.

The door opened and he stood there, his dark gaze immediately drawn to my exposed breasts.

I smiled. Feeling wanton, I cupped my palms under my breasts. "Justin. There you are. You wanted something?"

"Ah...dinner is ready."

He spoke in a flat voice that gave nothing away, but I was encouraged by the fact that he was still staring at my breasts. They're my one vanity. They are large and still relatively firm. Back in the hot days of our marriage, Tom had called them all-day suckers because he spent nearly as much time with them in his mouth as he spent with his cock up my protesting ass.

Noting the look on Justin's face, I think that's when I became obsessed with getting him into my bed at least once before he left. I rose and deliberately stepped out of my pajama bottoms. Kicking them away from me, I slowly walked towards him. I placed a hand on his arm and moved my other hand over my aching pussy.

When he made no move to repulse me, I took his hand and slid it down to replace mine over my cunt. Breathing quickly, I pushed his fingers between my wet folds. "I'm wet and ready. What about you?"

Pressing against the fingers moving inside me, I leaned my breasts against his chest. "My pussy is wet and achy so if you don't mind, I think I'd like dessert first," I whispered.

I saw a flicker of desire in his gaze, but he seemed hesitant. I reached out and took his other hand. He linked his fingers through mine and gave it a gentle, encouraging squeeze. Heart racing, I placed his big, warm palm against my breasts. He flicked his thumb against my nipples. A tingle of desire shot down my spine. He seemed content to allow things to move slowly. I wasn't. I wanted more and I wanted it immediately. So I guided his hand down from my chest, over my belly, and around my hips, stopping with it resting on one of my ass cheeks.

He sucked in a breath and quickly stroked his warm palm over my cheeks before resting it against my ass. He then slid a finger down my ass crease.

A burst of heat and need seized me. "Do it," I demanded in a shameless voice.

"It?" He gently squeezed my cheeks.

I shivered and spoke in a whisper. "Me. Do me."

The hand on my ass pulled me close and the fingers in my pussy stroked me several times before he pressed his thumb against my clit.

A jolt of desire danced down my spine. I wiggled my hips in greedy anticipation. "Oh...that feels so good." Have I mentioned that although I don't like having my ass reamed, I love the feel of a big hand palming it?

Two fingers worked their way back into my moist pussy, stroking my fevered flesh. I was so horny, I shuddered and drenched his fingers.

He withdrew them from my body, popped them into his mouth, and licked them clean. "You taste so sweet."

When I heard how husky and low his voice was, I knew I was just a breath away from tumbling into bed with the handsome hunk I'd been fantasizing about since I saw him on the calendar. "Would you like to taste me...first hand?"

"Oh, hell...I shouldn't."

I leaned forward, rubbing my breasts against the hard muscles of his chest. "Why not? If we both want it? My pussy is wet and so ready for you. Taste me...eat me...please? Don't make me beg anymore."

"You're sure about this? It's been a long time for me and if you let this go any further, I wouldn't be able to stop."

"Do I look like I might want you to stop?"

He answered by taking my hand and leading me back to the bed. His dark eyes gleaming with desire, he urged me onto my back. I lay with my legs parted in wanton invitation as he pulled off his top, bottoms, shoes, and socks. Underneath he wore a pair of briefs with a noticeable bulge.

He had such a beautiful body. He was tall and muscular, with smooth, dark skin that seemed to go on for miles. And this big, beautiful man was about to climb between my trembling thighs and take me. Imagining his enticing dark flesh tangling with my pale limbs as we clutched each other in a sexual frenzy, was too sweet.

"Take me. If you don't want to eat me, that's all right. Just do something...anything to me. Please."

"You are so beautiful."

He sounded as if he meant it. He really thought I was beautiful. "So come take me then. Do any and everything you want with me. I'm totally yours, Justin."

"Oh, damn, I shouldn't do this, but..."

"Do it...please."

I licked my lips and fingered myself as he removed his briefs. He did it slowly, as if he wanted to prolong the moment. He turned his back to me and I watched with parted lips as his briefs were pushed over his powerful hips, revealing the taunt twin mounds of his ass that a quarter would bounce off.

With his briefs pushed below his tight ass, he slowly turned to face me.

"Oh, my God!" At the size and girth of his fully erect cock, I bolted into a sitting position, my pussy gushing with lust. Dark, with a big, almost purple head, his cock must have been a good ten inches...maybe a little more and lord, it was thick...so deliciously thick.

The thought of that big, thick piece of luscious meat pushing between either set of my lips and then sliding either into my mouth or my pussy nearly made me faint with hunger twinged with fear. "It's so big...it's a monster."

He smiled. He had beautiful, even white teeth. "It's a monster who's very hungry to feel your pretty pussy all around him. You asked for this and now it's too late to back out."

He was nuts if he thought I wanted to back out.

He palmed his cock. "It's time to feed the monster, Jill."

"Oh, my God! I'm about to die of pure lust!"

"Oh, no you don't. Not before you let me make love to you. Are you ready?"

I fingered myself. "Oh, hell, yeah! Bring that luscious-looking cock over here and spear me, Justin!"

He kicked off his briefs, reached down, took a condom from his sweats, quickly slid it over his cock, and joined me on the bed. He lay on his side facing me with that beauty extended in front of his big body...taunting me...calling to me...

Shuddering with hunger, I collapsed onto my back, thrusting my legs as wide as I could. I was ready to be rutted into like an alley cat in heat. I didn't want any foreplay or pretenses...I just wanted his big, hot cock buried to the hilt—anywhere inside me. "Fuck me please," I begged. "Right now, baby. Right now. Take this pussy...my mouth...my ass...take anything you want!"

Instead of falling between my thighs and giving me what I knew would be the reaming of my life, he lay on his stomach with his face inches from my pussy. He titled my hips, bringing my lower body closer.

My pussy filled with moisture. I was almost ready to explode before he'd even touched me. "Oh, Justin..."

His tongue, warm and moist, licked the length of my slit and I purred.

He licked me again. "Hmmm. I love the smell of your pussy," he murmured, parting the lips of my wet folds and pressing quick, hot kisses inside. "And the taste...you taste exquisite. I'm going to eat you and eat you until you come. And then I'm going to lick you dry...but not too dry because you're going to need to be moist when I fuck you."

The words alone, spoken in that sexy voice of his, heightened my desire. "Yes, please," I begged.

With that, he settled against me and ate my pussy with a slow, ravenous enjoyment that had me sobbing with delight as the most incredible orgasm of my life crashed over me in wonderful waves.

As I shuddered and came, lost in the sweet release, he parted the lips of my pussy and licked and bit at me until I was in danger of coming all over again. Just a breath away from a second climax, he slid up my body and settled his hips against mine.

I dragged a tortured breath into my lungs.

He pressed the big head of his beautiful cock against my entrance. A charge of electricity sizzled through me at the contact.

That was one of the most frighteningly exciting moments of my life. I had long since lost my ability to think. My ability to breathe was in danger of going the same route.

Resting his weight on his arms, he rubbed his groin against mine, sending another series of electric shots down from my pussy to my toes. "Look at me," he said softly.

I tilted my head back and slipped my arms around his neck.

He bent his head and touched his lips against mine, nipping, and licking. It felt so good lying under his smooth, dark, aroused body as he played at kissing me that I was in danger of losing what was left of my mind. But as much as I loved the foreplay...I wanted him inside me the next time I came.

I stroked my hands down his strong back to his tight ass. "Pound me? Please? Put that big dick of yours in me-right now or I'm going to lose my mind."

He kissed my ear. "It's been a long time for me. I want to make sure you enjoy this before I come."



"I've already come once and I'm aching to feel you inside me." I wiggled my hips against his. "It's been a long time since I've had sex and I need to feel your dick in me. Please. I'm ready. Give it to me-now."

He nipped at my ear and surprised me by sliding his body behind mine.

I turned to look at him. "Justin?"

"It's all right," he assured me. Lifting my leg over his, he slipped an arm under my body, bringing his cock against my pussy. He cupped his other hand over one of my breasts.

I put my hands on the arm around my body and tensed, barely breathing as I waited for him to enter me.

He kissed my ear. "I'm so damn horny this may not last long. Are you ready?"

"Oh, God, yes! Do it! Put it in me now!"

"Here I come." His hips moved slightly and then I felt the big, helmeted head parting my outer lips and wedging just inside my entrance.

I moaned. "Oh! That feels good."

"It's going to feel even better soon." He licked my ear. "Look down and watch me go all the way inside your pretty pussy."

*Watch it go in?* That's when I realized the lights in the room were still on. Tom and I had always made love in the dark at my insistence, but I was too far gone to ask Justin to turn off the lights. Besides, the sight of his big, thick, dark dick wedged between the lips of my dark blonde, bushy muff was the most erotic sight I'd ever seen. And he thought my pussy was pretty. How could I resist watching his thick cock go up inside my pretty pussy?

Pressing his arm against my body, he slowly, deliciously slid his hot length into me, taking complete possession of me in a way Tom never had. At the sight of my pale cunt stretched over his huge black cock, I lost it and came all over him.

Instead of thrusting into me, intent on taking his own satisfaction as Tom had done the last time he rutted into me, Justin held me close, whispering softly to me, soothing me as I shuddered to a blissful climax. Lord, it was so sweet. When the last tremors left my body, I lay back against him, happy, but still hungry.

The knowledge that the cock gently pulsing inside my stuffed cunt was long, thick, and ever so deliciously dark, added to my pleasure. Granted a cock of his girth and length would have felt good no matter the color, but its hue made our love-making just a little bit sweeter.

I reached down and cupped his balls. They were big and separate. And heavy. He must need to come badly. I lay against him, pressing my pussy down on his cock. "Now it's your turn, Justin. Take me...take your pleasure... if you like take the condom off so you can empty these two beauties directly in my pussy."

"Oh, damn, Jill, don't tempt me with that!"

Maybe that was a crazy suggestion, but I wasn't exactly feeling very rational. How could I when I was about to have the ultimate sexual experience of my life?

Although he said he was tempted, he didn't take advantage of my offer. Pressing his lips against my neck, below my ear, he slid his hot length slowly in and out of me. Each time he bottomed that sweet dick of his in me, he brushed his thumb against my clit and stroked my outer lips. While he made leisurely love to me, I realized that Tom had never actually made love to me...as if my pleasure was important. From the first time he took my virginity at sixteen, he'd been rutting into me with his chief concern being his own pleasure. Of course I came to enjoy his form of sex, but now being with a man who, even after I'd already come, was going out of his way to make the sex enjoyable for me, made me realize how lacking my sexual relationship with Tom had been.

Not that I had much time to ponder it...not with that smooth, hard length sliding in and out of me, sending ripples and then waves of pleasure all through me. He totally overwhelmed me with his passion, size, and technique. Now this was sex as it was meant to be.

As I came yet again, I decided there was no more delicious feeling in the world than being made love to by a handsome hunk with a big cock he knew how to use. I lost count of how many times I came before he groaned, held me so tightly, I knew he'd leave bruises, and bit my ear as his climax crashed over his big, damp body.

The feel of his cock rutting into me as he came and the sound of his voice, rough with passion was so erotic, I nearly came again. After several moments of holding me close and kissing my ear, he gently withdrew from me.

I nearly cried when he took that beautiful monster out of me. I turned onto my other side to watch him as he rose. He sighed and removed the condom.

I smiled with a lecherous thrill as I noted the amount of cum overflowing well past the reservoir in the condom's tip. Man, had he been horny. My smile widened as I dropped my gaze

down to his now flaccid cock. He had been horny, but not anymore...me and my pretty pussy had seen to that.

"Was it as good as you thought it would be?" I asked, fingering myself.

He sighed, shaking his head. "No. It was better...far better."

"Oh." I smiled as a rush of heat warmed my cheeks.

He bent and kissed me before he went into the bathroom. Several minutes later, he emerged, and climbed back into bed with me.

I kissed him and then went into the bathroom myself. When I returned to bed, the room was dark. I made my way to the bed and he pulled me in his arms, holding me close.

Lying there in the dark with him I felt the beginnings of what was more than just lust. I knew lust and I knew love. Love? Smiling and more sexually content than I'd ever imagine I could be, I stretched out on his body.

He stroked his hands down my back. "Go to sleep, Jill."

Yes. The sooner I fell asleep, the sooner I could wake up refreshed, and we could do it all over again.

*June 08<sup>th</sup>*

I woke to the heavenly aroma of brewing coffee with a sexually based lethargy I hadn't experienced in years. Recalling my shameless behavior of waking in the middle of the night to crawl between his legs to suck his big cock until he shot load after load of seed down my throat, I blushed.

But the strange thing is although I blushed, I felt neither shame nor regret for having spent the night with Justin in my bed. Far from regretting our night together, I was longing for as many repeats as possible. But I doubted if he was. He was just back from a war zone and had probably been too horny to care who he slept with. So it was probably time to get back to reality. Groaning, I rose and went to shower. I entered the bathroom with anal seduction on my mind. Knowing what I wanted, I took particular care to clear my rear end and then I gave myself an anal cleaning, imaging the thin tube up there was Justin's fingers or his cock.

When I came out of the bathroom, with a towel wrapped around my damp body, a tray with several covered dishes sat on my nightstand.

Climbing into the bed, I noted that he'd changed the bedding. What a man. I put the tray across my lap and lifted the lids. The aroma of a Spanish omelet and French toast combined with that of freshly brewed coffee to make my insides rumble with hunger.

After I ate, I got out of bed, brushed my teeth, pulled on a pair of jeans and a top, and then took the tray and went in search of Justin. After another night or two of bliss, I'd give myself a reality check and start looking for someone to date...someone like Justin...just a little older. I knew expecting to meet another man with the whole package like him was asking too much. How many men was I likely to meet who were brave, patriotic, handsome, well-hung, good in bed and the kitchen? I'd have to settle for something a lot less, but at least I'd have a couple of nights of bliss to cherish.

"Justin? Justin, where are you?"

I walked through the quiet house calling his name. There was no response.

## Chapter Three

Frowning, I entered the kitchen and found a note on the kitchen table. *Went for a run to clear my head. Hope you enjoy your breakfast. Justin.*

I sighed in relief, alarmed at my near panic when I'd thought he'd left while I slept. I looked out the kitchen window. It was a cloudy, dreary day, but the thought of spending it and all day Sunday with Justin, made it seem like a bright, sunny day.

I was sitting in the living room staring anxiously out the window when Justin jogged up the driveway ten minutes later. Heart racing, I went into the hall to meet him.

He smiled when he saw me, but I saw a question in his dark gaze. "Hi."

I rushed across the floor to link my arms around his neck. Okay, so maybe with the light of day I should have come back to my senses. But I wasn't going to do that until circumstances forced me to. "Good morning!" I tilted my head back, offering him my lips.

He pulled me close, pressing soft, gentle kisses against my mouth. Soft and gentle was nice, but my thoughts turned towards my dream of the afternoon before. I drew my lips away from his and gazed up into his eyes. "Did you enjoy last night?" Before he could speak, I pressed my fingers against his lips. "I know you didn't enjoy it as much as I did, but—"

He brushed my fingers away from his mouth. "What makes you think you enjoyed it more than I did?"

"Because I'm sure with your looks, charm, and...equipment...you've always had whatever woman you want in your bed. Before last night, I'd never been with any man except my ex...and after last night with you, I realized just what I've been missing."

He stroked his fingers through my hair. "Last night was more than satisfying, Jill."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes."

I smiled. "Would you...like to do it again?"

"Yes, ma'am, I would!"

"Then who's stopping you?"

With his arm around my waist, we went upstairs to my bedroom. By the time we walked in the door, I was already wet. With Tom, it had always taken a while for me to get excited, but I just looked at Justin and my pussy started gushing.

Justin was inclined to want to take things slowly. Me? I just wanted that hot cock in me. I made short work of his clothes and pushed him onto the bed. He sat there with his fully erect cock protruding in front of his body. Keeping my gaze on that beauty, I pulled off my clothes and opened the top drawer of my nightstand.

I handed him several condoms, then hesitated. I sat beside him, sliding my hand over his hard flesh. "Do you know what I'd like you to do with this?"

"I know what I'd like to do with it and where I'd like to put it. But tell me what you want and I'll do it."

I smiled. I loved the way his voice got husky and low when he was aroused. And I loved that he seemed not only willing but eager to please me. It's kind of a heady feeling to have a young hunk at your sexual beck and call. And I was going to take full advantage of the situation and him.

I rose, took a tube of lube from the drawer, and stood with it in my hands.

He gave me a quizzical look. "Jill?"

I took a deep breath. "I want you...up my ass."

He sucked in a breath. "Your ass? Jill, are you...sure?"

"Don't you want to?"

"Only if you're sure. Last night with you was...great. But anal sex is a big step. I know because my wife never let me near her ass."

Foolish woman to withhold anything from him he wanted!

"I'm not your wife."

"I know that, but my point is that I don't want you to offer that unless it's what you want."

Oh, I wanted it all right. After all the years of suffering through Tom rutting into me when I didn't want him to, it was time I had a cock up my butt that was actually welcome. "How's this for an answer?" I slipped a condom over his lovely weapon, opened the lube, and squeezed a generous amount into my hands. I coated the condom and then squeezed more into my hands and pushed it up my butt.

Then I took him in my hands again. Feeling his cock pulsing against my fingers, I closed my eyes, overcome with lust at the thought of it powering its way balls deep into my protesting ass. Oh, yeah, I wanted it.

Trembling with anticipation, I stretched out on my stomach on the bed, spreading my legs. "This ass is yours, Justin. Take it."

As before, instead of just mounting me and shoving his lethal weapon in me, as Tom would have done, Justin put a pillow under my hips. Breathing deeply, he kneaded and kissed my ass cheeks. And that felt so nice. Then he moved his lips downward. With his head between my legs, he lapped at the lips of my pussy while he gently inserted first one finger and then a second in my hole.

I closed my eyes and shuddered. I knew his cock was going to hurt like hell, but it would be a sweet pain. "Justin...do it...I'm ready...please...I want your cock there instead of your fingers."

But he wasn't to be rushed, he continued to lap at my pussy as he fingered my ass. That went on for several delicious minutes. Just when I thought I'd scream if he didn't put his cock in me, he withdrew his mouth from my pussy and his fingers from ass. I clenched my hands into fists at my side.

Strong hands lifted me into a sitting position. Surprised, I opened my eyes. He climbed off the bed, urging me with him. With my hand clasped in his, we walked over to the Queen Anne chair by the window. He sat down, turned me so my back was to his chest, gripped my hips, and gently drew me down. I reached back, grasped his cock in one hand, brought it against my butt, took a deep breath, and pushed down.

My butt had never been asked to yield to such a large cock before. It protested, but I was determined to experience every kind of sex with him, including anal—especially anal. Gritting my teeth, I pushed down, forcing the big head between my cheeks and into my butt.

Then I had to stop and catch my breath while I adjusted to having my butt plugged with the head of his cock.

Making no move to push more cock into me, he leaned forward, raining kisses against my back. "We don't have to do this if you want to change your mind," he whispered.

"Are you nuts? I wouldn't stop this for a million bucks!" I grunted and shoved downward. The head of his cock was driven up into my ass. I cried out, but when he would have stopped, I shook my head and urged my burning insides to swallow more of his sweet dick.

With my ass on fire and sobs shaking my body, his hands on my hips tightened. And despite my protests, he lifted me off his cock. I rose on shaking legs and turned to face him. "What are you doing?"

He rose and led me back to the bed. "I'm not going to force my cock up your ass while you shake and sob."

"But I wanted it."

"And maybe we'll try again when it's not so painful."

"I want to do it now."

"No."

"Why not? I know you'd enjoy it."

"I don't take my pleasure at my lover's expense and I don't get any pleasure out of sex that hurts my partner."

His thoughtfulness, although unwanted just then, was touching.

He donned a new condom, pulled me down onto the bed, and onto his cock.

As he slid up into my greedy pussy, I moaned, found his sweet lips, and kissed him until we were both breathless. Although still lusting to have him slicing his big pole up my ass, the love-making that followed was so tender and satisfying, I felt as if my heart had been torn out of my body and then placed back—ever so gently.

I cried as I came and I then clutched him tight against my body as he shouted my name in ecstasy and came.

I raked my nails down his back and bit into his shoulders to keep from crying out that I loved him. Loved him? After having sex twice? My friend, Shakia, was always telling me, I took things far too seriously. And maybe she was right because it didn't make any sense, but I knew I'd fallen in love, as crazy as it seemed. It had been lust at first sight and love at first fuck. I giggled and pressing my cheek against his shoulder, drifted to sleep.

He woke me several hours later, wanting to eat my pussy.



I'm an accommodating gal, I allowed him to, moaning and shuddering as I gushed against his warm, caressing lips. Of course after he had eaten me, I wanted to return the favor.

I kissed my way down his big body, settled between his strong thighs, and took a deep breath. Have I mentioned that I love the musky, manly scent of his cock and balls? There's nothing in the world like it. And I should point out that I love licking and playing with his weapon. With my nostrils filled with the scent of him, I cupped my hands over his lovely balls. Kissing and licking them, I slowly sucked the big head of his sweet meat between my eager lips.

He groaned and shuddered. "Oh, damn, Jill, I love how my cock feels in your mouth."

So did I. I smiled and sent my tongue moving around his head in search of the hole in the tip. Finding it, I laved it.

His big hands settled over the back of my head. His hips moved forward and several inches of dick slid past my lips and into my mouth.

Overcome with hunger, I squeezed his balls.

"Shit!"

Pulling as much of his cock as I could get in my mouth, I slowly sucked his hard, hot length. His smooth, dark flesh tasted so good against my tongue, pressing against the back of my throat. But I wanted more. I grabbed his ass and pulled forward until I felt the head of his cock moving past my tongue, seeking my throat.

Awash in pleasure and delight, I played with his balls and sucked and nipped at his big dick until he groaned, grabbed the back of my head, and gushed in my mouth. I loved swallowing his seed. I swallowed every drop and then climbed up his body, pressing myself into his arms.

We shared several deep, cum-tinged kisses. From the way he caressed my ass as we kissed, I think he liked the taste of his seed on my lips and on my mouth as he frenched me. I know I liked the taste of myself on him when he kissed me after eating me.

When we finally broke to breath, he settled me against his shoulder and we drifted to sleep.

We had dinner out then went dancing. When we returned later, I convinced him I wanted to have sex again. That time, I was determined to have him actually fuck me there. So I bit my lip until it bled to keep from crying out. Each time he paused to ask if I were all right, I nodded mutely. He took me with both of us on our sides and didn't attempt to get more than half his length in me. Still it hurt, but just as I'd known, it was a sweet pain I gladly bore. When he came, he held me tighter and pushed a little further into me, which nearly made me see the proverbial

stars, but I loved it. Even though I hadn't come, when he eased out of my sore ass, I turned in his arms, and fell asleep.

*June 09<sup>th</sup>*

We made love the first thing Sunday morning. After a leisurely shower, during which we had a quickie, we dressed, and spent the morning walking. We had another hot quickie for lunch, another shower fuck, and then had dinner out.

I loved dancing with his arm around my waist, our groins pressed close together. It was more of a sexual grind than it was a dance, but it got and kept us both aroused.

When we returned home that night, I wanted him in my ass again, but he said I'd be too sore. And not being used to getting so much sex, I was sore, but I couldn't say no when he ate me twice before he gave me a raunchy pussy fuck that made my back arch and my toes curl.

As I slammed myself down on his pistoning cock, I came in a spark of lust and love. My climax was so powerful, I lost complete control of myself, and sobbed that I'd never been so happy and satisfied before. "I love you!" I screamed, squeezing my pussy as tightly as I could around him cock, wanting to make him come quickly behind me. "I love you so much, Justin!"

He stiffened for a moment, then clutched me close, and thrust hard and deep in my pussy as he came. Oh, God, the sex with him was so good, it had to be love. As he held me afterwards, I kept chanting that I loved him. Although he didn't respond in kind, I wasn't worried. It had taken Tom ages to admit he loved me...and then he had groaned it while I shivered in pain as he rutted into my ass. That pain took some of the pain out of hearing the words for the first time. So I wasn't worried that Justin didn't immediately blurt out that he loved me. That would come in time. I could wait until he was ready-even if I had to wait until we saw each other again on his next leave.

When I woke in the middle of the night, he stood staring out the window. I sat up, hugging the covers to my breasts. "Justin?"

He turned to face me. "Did I disturb you?"

"No. What's wrong?"

He shook his head. "Nothing. I'm just...trying to deal with issues in my head. Go back to sleep."

"I will-when you come back to bed. I want to go to sleep in your arms, Justin."

He slid into bed beside me.

I pushed into his arms, eager for some late night loving. I wiggled my hips suggestively against his. "Justin?"

He shook his head and to my disappointment, he held me, but made no attempt to make love to me.

"What's the matter, Justin?"

"Nothing. I just have...issues to deal with."

I stroked my hands over his naked body. "Can I help?"

"Thanks, Jill, but these are my issues. I have to deal with them alone."

It bothered me that after all I'd shared with him he didn't feel as if he could share his issues with me, however, the level of trust needed for that would come in time.

At the moment, he clearly was not in the mood to make love to me. Oh, well, there was always the morning. Thinking of starting the workweek off with early morning loving, I smiled as I drifted to sleep.

*June 10<sup>th</sup>*

When I woke on Monday morning and realized he was gone, I felt as if all my tomorrows and nights of love and passion had been snatched from me. At first, I thought he'd just gone for a run, as he had on Saturday. Then I saw the note on the kitchen table. Even before I read it, I *knew* he was gone.

When I read the letter, my heart nearly broke.

*Jill, this past weekend has been incredible for me. I hope the regrets I'm sure you're now feeling don't run too deeply. You'll never know how much our weekend together meant to me. Thanks for your kindness. I'll never forget you.*

*Justin*

He'd never forget me? That sounded as if he wasn't planning to see me ever again. "No!" I dropped the note and rushed through the house. "Justin! Justin, where are you?"

Clutching the towel around my body, I rushed to the front door, hoping I'd see him walking down the driveway and be able to stop him. There was no sign of him. I ran back upstairs, threw on a pair of sweats and sneakers, grabbed my keys, and ran from the house.

I ran the two blocks to the nearest subway station so fast, my shins ached. There was no sign of him on the platform so I boarded the train and headed downtown. I arrived at the bus station just as a bus pulled out. Tossing my pride to the winds, I rushed over to the ticket window. The lone, male clerk smirked at me when I described Justin and asked him if he'd brought a ticket.

"Friend of yours, miss?"

Feeling my face burn, I lifted my head. "Yes. Have you seen him?"

"He left half an hour earlier."

I wet my lips. "Where was he headed?"

He shook his head. "Can't remember."

"What do you mean you can't remember? How many people bought tickets here this morning?"

He frowned. "Why don't you try staying close to your own color line? If you so horny you want a younger man, maybe I can help you. I get off work in a few hours."

"Fuck off, you idiot!"

He shrugged. "Your loss, honey."

"Don't you dare call me honey and I wouldn't sleep with you if you offered me a million dollars!" I snarled and stormed out of the station.

I returned home in a near panic to find Tom waiting in the front driveway with flowers, candy, and a lustful look in his eyes.

After my nights of absolute paradise with Justin, there was no way being with Tom was going to do anything but make me mad. Besides, I was not in the mood to have my ass used and abused for his pleasure.

He smiled. "Hi baby. How are you?"

"Not desperate enough to want to spend any time with you."

"What?"

I took the flowers and candy he extended to me, tossed them at his feet, and went inside, closing the door firmly in his face.

When he knocked on the door, I pressed my face against it and hissed. "Fuck off, Tom! Now!"

Okay, so maybe I didn't behave well with him. But so what? He hadn't cared how I felt when he left me. Why should I waste time worrying about his feelings?

Looking back, I'm not sure how I got through that first week. The days were long and I hurried home each night after work, hoping Justin would call. He didn't and the nights were unbearable. I spent the first weekend at home, hovering near the phone, hoping...praying that Justin would call and I could talk him into coming back.

*June 17<sup>th</sup>*

Shakia came over on Sunday afternoon.

"Forget him, Jill!" Shakia told me, handing me a beer.

"That's easy for you to say. You didn't spend an absolutely blissful weekend with this young, delicious hunk."

She shook her head, a far away look in her eyes. "I know, but I know a young, hard bodied hunk I'd like to spend a weekend or two with."

I gave her a long look. At thirty-eight, she was a number of years younger than me. And with her smooth, dark skin, she was pretty. She reminded me of a young Tina Turner with her long legs and slightly husky voice. She was tall and what Tommy had called padded in all the right places after I'd introduced them at the company picnic the previous year before he was deployed in the Middle East.

"I didn't know you went for younger guys, Shakia."

She grinned. "What's not to like? They have eager cocks that stay hard longer and they can get and keep it up far more frequently than older men. And you can often teach them to love you as you like. As I said, I know one I'd love to spend a weekend with."

"Why don't you?"

"He's out of the country at the moment."

"Traveling?" I was curious because she had never mentioned a young man to me and we'd developed a close friendship over the last three years.

"No. He's in Iraq...in the service."

"Really?" I sipped my beer. "I wonder if he knows Tommy."

"Tommy?" She averted her gaze. "I...I don't know."

Shakia wasn't exactly the shy type so her reaction surprised me. "Are you and he lovers?"

She shrugged. "I didn't come here to talk about me. I came to talk about you."

I sighed. "If Justin doesn't contact me soon, I don't know what I'll do."

"I'll tell you what you'll do-you'll get on with your life. He's not the only young hunk who will be eager to get carnal knowledge of you."

Although the idea was intriguing, I had no desire to be lusted after by anyone but Justin.

But after two weeks of silence from him, I had to admit that the nights, which had meant so much to me and given me the push I needed to send Tom packing once and for all, had meant nothing to Justin.

He'd been a considerate, passionate lover who had taken me to heights I'd never hoped to reach, but now I'd have to make due. But not with Tom. My days of being used by him were over. He and his teeny-bopper were welcome to each other.



*July 10<sup>th</sup>*

When Tommy called two weeks later, it was all I could do not to immediately ask him about Justin. We talked for ten minutes before he finally mentioned him.

"He...he only stayed here a few nights. Have you...heard from him lately, Tommy?"

"No." He sounded bewildered. "Where did he go when he left? Why did he leave? I thought he was looking forward to getting some of your tender loving care."

I'd clearly given him more tender loving than he'd wanted or expected. "I...I don't know. When I woke the next morning, he was gone. Do you...the next time you hear from him...will you tell him that he...I...ask him how he is and tell him...he's welcome to stay here anytime he finds himself in the area."

"I will, but maybe he just needed some time alone. He's been through a lot of shi-stuff lately. I kind of hate to think of him by himself."

So did I, but then I was the one who'd run him away. He'd blown through my life like a refreshing summer storm...one I wouldn't soon forget.

"Mom, I'm hoping to come home soon on leave. When I do, I was wondering if you'd invite some people."

"Of course. I'll invite all your friends I can locate."

"Great, but it doesn't just have to be all my friends. You could invite one or two of yours if you like."

That shocked and pleased me. My little boy was growing up. "Don't worry I won't take you up on that offer," I promised.

"No, Mom, I mean it. If you want to invite a friend...like...what's her name? The woman you work with? Your old supervisor."

"Shakia Mitchell?" I asked, surprised that Tommy remembered her. They'd only met once and hadn't spent more than half an hour talking together at our company picnic.

"Yes. Her. Feel free to invite her...to dinner one night when I'm home."

"I will. Now, how are you again?"

"I'm fine."

We hung up and I stared crying as I always did.

In the morning, I decided life went on. Looking back, I realize the moment I saw Justin's picture on that calendar, mental storm warnings should have sounded in my head and heart. One look at him in the flesh and I should have known he was going to leave me broken hearted, just as Tom had.

Meet a handsome man during a summer storm and expect trouble. I shouldn't have slept with him. Nevertheless, I didn't regret our weekend together. I wasn't sure what the future held for me, but I knew that if my path ever crossed Justin's again, it would be during a summer storm. And something else I knew, if he blows back into my life, I wouldn't let him get away again—no matter what I had to do to keep him in my life and in my bed.

## Chapter Four

*August 25<sup>th</sup>*

It took two months before I got to the point where I was able to fall asleep without lying awake for hours longing for Justin. During that time, Tom finally saw the light, dumped his teeny-bopper, and came begging me to take him back. Imagine that? Him thinking I could be satisfied with him after I had known Justin in the biblical sense of the word. Not that he knew that of course. But I had the extreme satisfaction of telling him to go fuck himself. The look on his face, when I did, was priceless. He couldn't believe I was finally over him. But I was. Now all I had to do was get over Justin.

"And that won't be so easy," I told Shakia as we had lunch at work one day.

She nodded. "I know the feeling. I'm still hungering for the man I told you about."

"Are you in love with him?"

"Love?" She shrugged. "I want him...I think about him...I dream about being with him...is that love? Or lust? I don't really know anything except that I want him...and I haven't got a damn hope of getting him."

"Why not?"

"He...his mother wouldn't understand."

"So? He's an adult, isn't he?"

"Yes, but...he's young...about...eleven...maybe twelve years younger than me."

"So? That's about Tommy's age. Why should his mother have a say in who he loves?"

Shakia wet her lips and looked up from her salad to stare at me. "If you were his mother...wouldn't you object?"

I thought of Tommy with a woman eleven years older than himself and felt an immediate rush of annoyance. I swallowed it. I had no room to talk. If Justin's mother was alive, she'd probably have objected to my sleeping with him. Just as I thought of Tommy as my baby, she'd probably have felt the same way about Justin.

"I don't know," I admitted.

"There. You see? You had a lovely weekend with a younger man and still you don't like the idea of an older woman with your son. It's just human nature."

I sighed. "You make me feel like such a hypocrite."

She smiled and squeezed my hand, but didn't contradict me. Shakia is nothing if not honest.

"You know what I say? I say the first chance you get, you go for it, Shakia and let his uptight mama learn her son is old enough to pick his own lovers without her approval."

"You mean that?"

"Of course I do."

"Good...because if I get the chance...I just might do that."

"Good. I'll be rooting for you both." Little did I know those words would come back to haunt me in a way I couldn't imagine. But I'm skipping too far ahead.

A few months later, Mia, accompanied by Malcolm, came to spend two weeks at home. Malcolm was tall and handsome and I could see why Mia had fallen so hard for him. Of course he wasn't as hunky as Justin, but then who was?

As I watched them together, my regret about Justin intensified. I think that's when I began to despair. Sure Justin was a fantastic lover, but I shouldn't still be so hungry for him after six months. Yet I was.

But the final break from Tom had taught me that I was a lot stronger than I'd thought. I'd gotten over Tom and I could get over my one heartbreaking, gut-wrenchingly lovely weekend with Justin.

*August 28<sup>th</sup>*

During Mia and Malcolm's stay with me, one night when Malcolm went to a ballgame, Mia and I were home alone. After dinner, as we lay on chaise lounges in the backyard, she asked me who I was breaking my heart over.

I sat up, staring at her. "What? What do you mean?"

She sat up too. In the light cast by the backyard lamps, I could see the worry on her face. "I thought you'd have gotten over Dad's insanity by now."

"I have!"

She frowned. "Then who are you pining for, Mom?"

I wondered what she'd say if I told her the truth? Would she be angry or resentful? I decided it wasn't important since I wasn't going to see Justin again. I shook my head. "I think it's time I got myself a man...I have...needs...if you know what I mean."

She nodded, smiling. "Oh, I know what you mean all right. And you should do something about it as soon and as often as possible, Mom."

I lay back against my lounge. "What if I...fall for someone unsuitable?"

"If he makes you happy and content, how could he possibly be unsuitable?"

I shrugged. "Oh, I don't know. He could be...younger..."

"So? As long as he's legal, what difference would that make?"

"What if he were...black?"

"Young and black, huh?"

"Yes."

"Now you're talking."

At the amused sound of her voice, I turned to find her smiling at me. "What?"

She arched a brow. "Why are you looking so surprised?"

"I didn't expect you to react so...well."

"Why wouldn't I? I'd be an awful hypocrite if I had a problem with you falling for a black man when I'm in love with one myself." She tilted her head. "You have someone in mind, Mom?"

I closed my eyes then decided I'd kept my secret long enough. And it clearly wasn't necessary with her. "Yes."

"Well? Tell me about him."

I wet my lips. "He's Tommy's Marine buddy."

"Who? How did you two meet?"

"He spent a weekend here about six months ago."

"And?"

I opened my eyes and turned my head to find Mia still sitting up, staring at me. "He's a very handsome man...he's what you would call a stud muffin or a hunk...or whatever the current terminology for a hot man is."

She grinned. "I think such a lovely, rare creature is called a Malcolm."

I laughed. "You really love him, huh?"

"Yes, I do, but we were talking about you. What happened or did anything happen when he was here?"

My courage failed me and I shrugged. "Any woman, no matter her age, would find him attractive and irresistible."

"Malcolm?"

"No!" I laughed. "Malcolm is handsome, but I meant-"

"Tommy's friend? So how old is he?"

"I don't know. He's a sergeant so I guess he must be older than Tommy. I'm not sure by how much."

"So he finally got the juices flowing, huh?"

Remembering how my juices had flowed all over his cock, I blushed and closed my eyes. "Yes," I whispered.

"So why don't you have a go at getting him?"

"Wouldn't that bother you?"

"No. Dad leaving you for a silly slut younger than me, bothered me. Your getting it on with a man with good taste enough to see what a good catch you are would never bother me...as long as you were happy and he treated you well. I wouldn't care if he were an eighteen-year-old green guy."

"What if. ..I'd already...slept with him?"

"What if you had? You're entitled."

"You mean that."

"Of course I mean it."

Tears filled my eyes. "You are the best daughter any mother could ever have."

"It's easy to be a good daughter when you have the best mother in the world. I love you, Mom."

"I love you too, Mia."

She got off her lounge to sit on mine and we clung to each other. "You want him, Mom, you have him and don't you give a damn what anyone says."

Great advice. If only Justin was still around and was interested in pursuing a relationship with me.

*August 30<sup>th</sup>*

Two nights later, I came home early and found Mia and Malcolm locked in what Granny Mary would have called a torrid embrace. They were on the sofa in the living room. Although fully dressed, Mia sat on his lap, kissing him and rubbing her butt against his groin as he held her breasts in his hands.

Feeling my face burning, I turned and tiptoed out of the house. Standing on the steps for several moments, I rang the doorbell. Then I used my key and went back inside.

This time when I stepped into the living room, Mia and Justin were on their feet, walking towards the door.

I smiled. "You two should go upstairs and take care of a little business while I get dinner ready."

Malcolm's dark eyes widened and he shook his head. "Business? Ah...no, Mrs. Wilson. We..."

Mia laughed and stroked his arm. "Give it up, baby. She knows we're lovers and she's okay with it."

Of course I'd known it, but to see them locked together like that...I looked at him. He was tall and almost as big as Justin. The thought of him lying on top of my pretty, petite, blond, blue-eyed daughter, gave me pause...until I realized she wanted him as much as I wanted Justin.

How could I begrudge her the happiness and pleasure I wanted for myself? "I'm fine with it," I told them. "Go upstairs and...relax. Dinner will be waiting when you're ready for it."

Malcolm looked embarrassed, but Mia gave me a hug. "You are one in a million, Mom. We'll be back after a quickie."

"Mia!" Malcolm looked as if he was on the verge of having a stroke.

With Malcolm objecting, Mia took his hand and led him from the room.

Taking a deep breath, I headed for the kitchen.

They were gone for nearly two hours. When they returned, Malcolm looked everywhere but at me and Mia had this big smile on her face. I sighed. At least one of us was happy.



*September 04<sup>th</sup>*

Two days after Mia and Malcolm left to spend a long weekend with his family, Mia called and told me they were engaged.

We laughed and cried together and then I called Shakia, who came over. We celebrated with a bottle of wine she brought. "So. Will...Tommy be home for the wedding?" she asked.

"I'm not sure when they're getting married, but I sure hope so. He and Mia are very close and it would break her heart if he couldn't be at her wedding." I smiled at her. "I hope you'll come."

"I will if I'm invited." She lifted her wine glass. "Here's to martial bliss."

"Or just plain old every day lust with a young, well-hung hunk!"

"Amen!" she said and we laughed together.

After Shakia left, I took a long soak, put in a porno tape, used one of my favorite Bobs with less than great results, and fell asleep.

*September 05<sup>th</sup>*

The next morning, I woke to an angry banging on my front door. I stumbled out of bed and pulled a robe on over my naked body. When I opened the door, Tom, his eyes flashing with fury, swept past me into the house. I closed the door and turned to face him. "What brings you here so early?"

"*Your* daughter!"

For a moment my heart raced with fear then I realized he was very angry. Tom loves both kids, but he's always been nuts about Mia. If she were hurt, he'd be in tears, not angry. "What about Mia?"

"I just hung up the phone on her. By God, Jill, do you know what she's done?!"

I stared at him. "You mean her engagement to Malcolm?"

"Yes! What the hell is she thinking?"

I shrugged. "You knew they were dating. She introduced you two when they came for a visit."

"I knew they were dating, yes!" He paced up and down the hallway. "But my God, Jill. What was she thinking?" He shook his head. "Never mind. Forget the question. Clearly she isn't thinking...she's in the grip of some damned...jungle fever or something."

I blinked at him. "I don't believe you just said that...after all our years together...I never knew you were prejudiced."

He swung around and leveled a finger at me. "I'm not and well you know it, Jill! Just because I'd prefer my only daughter not marry outside her race doesn't make me a bigot. It just makes me practical. You're her mother. Can't you talk to her and make her see sense? Let her date the guy...hell let her move in with him for a while...while she's still in school. But marry him? Hell no!"

"Hell yes! They're in love with each other. He treats her well and makes her happy. They're not satisfied with just living together. They want to get married." I narrowed by gaze. "What's the matter, Tom, you want her to marry a white guy who will ditch her for a younger woman after she gives him the best years of her life? Is that what you want for her?"

His nostrils flared. "Don't hand me that shit, Jill! You think black men don't make the same mistakes? Isn't that a racist assumption on your part?"

"Look—"

"Okay, Barbie was a big mistake, I admit that. I've begged for your forgiveness, which you selfishly refused to grant."

I gave him a cold stare. "I don't give a damn about your mistake with Barbie anymore. The days when where you put your cock mattered to me are long gone."

His face turned red. "Fine. I get the picture. You're a cold, unforgiving bitch. Got it."

I sucked in an angry breath and only just resisted the urge to slap him until his head spun around.

"But that doesn't mean Mia should marry a man who—"

"Who she loves and who loves her? Does that matter to you, Tom? She loves him."

"The hell she does! What does she know about love at her age?"

"She's older than your Barbie was!"

His lips tightened. "And that means what? The only thing she loves is probably his oversized dick!"

"How do you know it's oversized? Have you seen it or are you caught up in the stereotype about all black men being well hung?"

"This is not about stereotypes. It's about our daughter."

I shook my head. The look on his face gave him away. "So that's it. The thought of him having a decent sized cock makes you feel inferior? Don't you think your daughter deserves to spend her life with a man with more than five short inches?"

Okay, so I know that was pure meanness on my part, but I figure after the way he'd treated me, it was about time he got slapped down a peg or two. Hell, he deserved to be slapped the hell off the whole ladder.

His handsome face turned so red I thought the top of his head would blow off. "You bitch! You silly, little bitch! I don't believe you just said that."

"Believe it...you small dick bastard!"

He'd never been violent, but for one awful moment I thought he would hit me. He actually clenched his right hand into a fist and half raised it from his size.

I cringed and took an involuntarily step back.

But I should have known better. For all his faults, Tom was not into domestic violence. During all our years together, he'd never raised his hand to me.

Although I'm sure he probably would have liked to have at least had the satisfaction of slapping me, he turned and stormed out instead, slamming the front door behind him.

Shaken and a little ashamed of myself, I leaned back against the closed door. After a moment, a smile curved my lips. It was going to take a long time to banish thoughts of Justin out of my head, but at least Mia was going to be happy with her Malcolm...despite Tom's objections. I doubted that Tom's opposition would last long. Although he'd had no problem hurting me, he loved Tommy and Mia and I knew in his heart he wanted her to be happy. As soon as he realized that would require she and Malcolm get married, he'd be onboard.

*October 05<sup>th</sup>*

A month later, I literally bumped into a sexy blond with short dark hair and a warm smile as I was rushing down the steps to catch the sub. He was coming up and he had to dance out of the way to keep from colliding with me. Startled, I stumbled and would have fallen down the five or so remaining steps, but he reached out and caught me around my waist, keeping me on my feet.

"Well, what do you know? Mom was right. She said if I waited long enough the right woman would fall into my arms."

When I looked up into his smiling eyes, I felt a ripple of interest. "What? Do we know each other?"

"We do now. I'm Dan Rader. And you are?"

"Jill Wil—Parson. Jill Parson." I'd recently resumed use of my maiden name.

"I'm delighted to meet you Jill Parson." With his arm still around my waist, he swept me down the steps and out of the way of the people rushing down the steps to catch the train.

"Hey! What are you doing? I'll miss my train."

"Give me your number and I'll let you be on your way."

I usually do not allow strange men to pick me up. But I had two reasons for not refusing his request. First, I was desperate to get Justin out of my system. Second, Dan was sexy and I wanted to get to know him, so I gave him my number.

He smiled and released me.

My body still tingling from where it had touched his, I turned and raced along the platform just in time to bolt onto the train a second or two before the doors slid shut.

I didn't think he'd really call me. Why should he? He looked roughly seven to ten years younger than me and almost as hunky as Justin.

## Chapter Five

*October 12<sup>th</sup>*

To my surprised delight, he did call me and I agreed to go out with him. Over dinner a week later, I discovered that Dan and I had very little in common outside of an obvious lust for each other. But since I wasn't looking for a serious relationship, that didn't bother me. Our lack of commonality didn't seem to concern him either.

After a candlelight dinner at an expensive restaurant, he took me in his arms. We slow danced for over an hour before he took me home. As he held me, I closed my eyes and imagined Justin was the man holding me.

But when he kissed me with a hungry passion, I thought only of Dan. It was difficult to think of anything but him when I could feel his cock hardening against me as he kissed me breathless. Knowing I wanted to have carnal knowledge of his cock, I readily agreed when he asked to see me again.

I saw him several times during the next two weeks. Each time we said goodnight, he kissed me until I arched into him. Each date ended with me hot, aroused, and ready and willing to go to bed with him.

*November 01<sup>st</sup>*

Three weeks after we met, we spent the night at his condo. Normally I would have been a little uneasy undressing in front of him with the lights on, but with the knowledge that I had kept Justin's cock hard and busy for an entire weekend, I whipped off my clothes with all the assurance of a sexy twenty year old.

I cupped my hands under my breasts. "So? Like what you see?"

He leered when I was nude and waved his cock at me. Fully erect, it was only a little bigger than Tom's, but a lot thicker. "Bring your pretty ass over here and let the loving begin, baby."

What could I do in the face of such a down-to-earth request? I took my ass over to the bed where he lay and climbed onto it and his cock. It felt nice going up into me. Nice though BOBs are, there is absolutely no substitute for the real thing. Smiling down at him, I rode him slowly, savoring the joy of having my pussy full of a hard cock again.

I enjoyed setting the tempo our first time until he decided it was time he took control. He rolled me into my back and lay between my thighs, his chest crushing against my breasts. Oh, Lord, it felt so nice.

He was a considerate and competent lover. I liked the way he cupped my face between his palms and greedily kissed me as he slowly fucked his sweet cock in and out of my aching pussy. A slow fire built in me, which he put out with a number of powerful strokes of his thick, hard cock. The earth didn't tilt on its axis for me like it had with Justin when I came. But Dan was sweet and at least made sure I was coming too before he took his own satisfaction. And a cock, albeit, only six inches was so much nicer than the biggest, most powerful BOB. And I did come.

Afterwards, as we lay in a tangle of arms and legs, he played with my pussy and clit and gently sucked and nipped at my breasts. "Oh, Jill, baby, you are so sweet with good pussy and lovely tits!"

I don't generally like a guy calling my breasts *tits*, but with the ache in my pussy assuaged, I was in no mood to protest. I fondled his balls. "Glad you enjoyed yourself."

"Oh, sweet baby, I did. The first time I saw you, I knew you'd be a good in bed." He licked my nipples. "I want some more pussy."

And I wanted some more cock. "So who's stopping you?" I demanded, parting my legs, my cunt moist and ready for another plundering.

When he put on a new condom and crawled between my thighs, I held the lips of my pussy open with one hand and guided his cock inside. Closing my eyes, I rode him quickly until we both came in a rush of shouts and grunts.

Then I pressed my ass against his groin and fell asleep in his arms.

Without either of us having any illusions about what was going on between us, we became regular lovers, every chance we got. And when two horny people want sex, they can find all kinds of opportunities to fuck, which is what we did.



*November 30<sup>th</sup>*

Four weeks after our first night together, while we were catching our breath after a quick, hot, rather brutal pussy pounfinh, he surprised me by asking me to move in with him.

Lying on my side, I leaned over him. He was on his back, his semi-hard cock lying against one thigh. I kissed his lips, wondering why he'd never shown any interest in anal sex. "Thanks for the offer, Dan, but we promised to keep this casual."

He threaded his fingers through my hair and pulled me down on top of him. "I want more. I need to have you around so I can love you whenever I want to."

With his cock pulsing against my pussy, it seemed a bad time to tell him all I wanted from our relationship was sex...no strings...no ties...no chance of either of us getting hurt. I just wanted him and his hard cock around when I needed my itch scratched. But I didn't want him in my life and I was not about to risk my heart with him.

He slid his hands down my back to cup my ass. "I want to know this hot pussy is mine and mine alone. I don't want any other prick inside my pussy."

His unexpected show of possessiveness left me a little uneasy. And my pussy was mine to share with whomever I liked. And if I met another man who turned me on...I wanted to be free to do something about it if I were so inclined. Not that I was going to tell him that. And not that I expected to start sleeping with every Tom, Dick, or Harry who waved a stiff cock at me. "I don't sleep around. You are only my third lover!"

He urged me onto my back and rose over me. "That's not what I meant. I meant I want us to belong to each other. I want this to be my sweet pussy."

"It's yours," I assured him, wiggling my hips, eager to have him slide his cock inside my wet pussy. At least it was his while we were together and as long as he kept me satisfied. I wasn't ready to make any promises beyond the moment. I think that's because part of me was hoping Justin would return one day. If he did, I didn't want him to find me committed to Dan or any other man.

But when Dan thrust his hot cock into me, he pushed thoughts of Justin out of my head. It's difficult to think of another man when the one lying on top of you is buried balls deep inside you, thrusting for all he's worth. Moaning against his lips, I settled my hands over his tight ass.

Pushing my hips up against his, I matched him thrust for thrust, my pussy sucking at his hard cock.

Gripping my hips in his big hands, he held me still and we enjoyed a rough, quickie with him sucking my breasts and thrusting wildly into me, rotating his powerful, lean hips. I loved when he dug his dick as deep into me as he could get it, as if my pussy really did belong to him.

Wrapping my legs around him, I shuddered.

Sucking at the side of my neck, he stabbed his cock in and out of me with a sweet precision that had me crying out and coming in no time. Clutching me tightly to him, he came too, biting my breasts as he blasted his seed into me.

I stroked my hands down his damp back, thinking he had a very hard ass. "Nice...very nice, Dan," I whispered.

"Oh, yeah, baby."

Still lost in the afterglow of our climaxes, we spent several sweet moments kissing and caressing each other. As we did, I kept my eyes closed and held thoughts of Justin at bay.

Damn if I was going to let thoughts of him to continue to dominate my life. He was gone. Dan was in my life and in my arms. He was the one I needed to concentrate on.

Nevertheless, when Dan tried to broach the subject of our moving in again, I pretended to be asleep. I felt bad, but I knew I wasn't ready to talk about moving in. The next thing I knew, he'd want to marry me.

*December 01<sup>st</sup>*

*And that would be bad because of what?* I couldn't dismiss the question as I rode the bus home the next afternoon. Dan was a handsome, successful engineer, who wanted to do more than share my bed on the weekends and the occasional weeknight. I liked him, he treated me well, he was considerate, and romantic. What more could I want from a man? So he wasn't Justin. So what? There was life after our weekend of bliss.

I do think I'd come to that conclusion, but as nice as the sex with Dan was, the emotional attachment I'd felt with Justin was missing. And I think that's what kept thoughts of him in my head long after I should have gotten over him. Great sex with a powerful emotional attachment wasn't easy to come by. Small wonder I kept looking backwards instead of ahead with Dan.

I arrived home one Saturday afternoon after a morning of window-shopping to find a dozen roses lying on the front steps. Picking them up, I smiled. So maybe it was time to consider taking my relationship with Dan beyond the purely physical.

Inside, I put the roses in water and undressed. I took a long soak and dressed in a pair of sweats. When I came out of the bathroom, I moved across the room to read the card, curious to see what message Dan had written. I frowned when I found the card blank. I turned it over and only the name of the florist printed in tiny letters adorned the back. So he wanted to pretend to be my secret admirer? I kind of liked the idea.

Over the next two weeks, I received a dozen roses each week. Funny enough, although Dan and I never talked about the roses, they sure added spice to our sex life. I think we both liked the added spark never mentioning them brought to our relationship.

After every new bouquet, Dan got a little extra loving.

"Damn, baby, what's got you so hot?" he asked one night.

I just smiled and slammed my pussy down on his cock. We were sitting in a chair. With my ass on his thighs, I rode his cock mercilessly until he shouted, grabbed my hips, and came.

His response triggered my climax and we came together. After catching our breaths, we moved to the bed. I fell asleep in his arms with his lips against the side of my neck.

*December 16th*

The next night, feeling hornier than usual, we had anal sex for the first time. He went wild, groaning and grunting like a caveman as he slammed his thick length into me with a passion I hadn't expected. Although I didn't really enjoy it, I was glad he did.

"Did you enjoy that?" I asked, trying to catch my breath.

"Oh, baby, you know I did," he said in a low, passion-slurred voice.

"Good. Next time I get to ride your ass," I teased.

He shuddered. "It'll be a cold day in hell before I let you anywhere near my ass."

"Just teasing," I said, surprised at his response.

He relaxed against me. "Sorry," he muttered.

I curled my body against his. "It's okay," I told him. As I drifted to sleep, I decided my next big step would be to suck his cock. When I could do that, I knew I'd be over Justin.

*January 07<sup>th</sup>*

Five weeks after the first bouquet of roses arrived, as I was about to fall asleep one night, the phone rang. Thinking it was Dan, I leaned over and picked up the receiver. "Dan! The roses were absolutely beautiful! If you keep this up, you'll spoil me and then I might just allow you to persuade me to move in with you after all! And then this pussy and tight ass really will be all yours. You'll be able to enjoy them both any time you like. What do you think about that, baby? Make you want to come over and bang my ass?"

Silence greeted my words. "Dan? Are you there?"

A dial tone sounded in my ear. Frowning, I turned on the light and looked at my caller ID screen. A message stating that information was not available was posted. I frowned. He was carrying this anonymous nonsense too far, but who was I to rain on his parade?

*January 08<sup>th</sup>*

When I got home the next night, there was a message from Dan saying one of his subordinates had a car accident and he'd had to take his place on an out-of-town business trip. He said he would be gone for a week or so.

Disappointed, I sighed, and realized I was no longer used to spending my weekends alone. After talking to Mia after dinner, I put on soft music and sat in my dark living room, wishing I were with Dan.

The ringing phone startled me. Putting my glass of wine down. I reached for the cordless phone. "Hello?"

"Jill?"

The sound of the warm deep voice in my ear sent me shooting straight out of my chair. "Oh, my God! Is that you...Justin?"

"Yes."

I took the phone and pressed it against my chest as I gulped air into my lungs.

"Jill? Are you still there?"

I pressed the phone back to my ear. "Justin! I...why are you calling? I thought you..." I licked my lips. I was no longer sure what I'd thought. "Are you all right?"

"I'm...yes...I guess."

"Where are you?"

"Sitting in a dark SUV at the corner of your block. Can I come in? Are you...alone?"

I'd spent months getting to the point where I didn't need to curl into a miserable ball and sob my eyes red every time I thought about him. I had a good man in my life now who wanted to get serious. I did not need to risk becoming obsessed with Justin all over again. I was *not* going there again. The pieces of my life were back together and I was keeping them that way.

"Jill?"

I shook my head. "No, Justin."

"You're not alone?"

"Yes, I am alone, but no you can't come in."

"Why not?"

How like an arrogant man. He ran out on me while I slept, stayed away for a year. And then he came back, expecting...what? "Because I said no."

"Jill--"

"I said no, Justin and I meant it!"

"Oh, honey, please. At least give me a chance to talk to you."

I swallowed hard to dislodge a lump of pain. "No! Just go the hell away, Justin!"

"I can't...not until we talk. If you still want to be left alone after we talk, I promise I'll go. Now come and open the door."

I shook his head, blinking rapidly to keep tears at bay. "No."

"Open the door, Jill, or I swear..."

"What? What will you do if I don't open it?"

I heard a dial tone and stood staring at the phone until it started making that receiver-off-the-hook noise. Then I slammed it down. If he ever dared to call back and if I ever got my hands on him...

I heard the front door open and bolted to my feet. I ran into the front hall in time to see Justin leaning against the closed door. He held a set of keys. "Or I'll use Tommy's keys, which I still have, honey."

I told myself later that I didn't order his ass out of my house because he sounded so desperate, but the truth is, the *honey* whispered in that low, deep voice of his left me incapable of saying no to him for one very good reason. As we faced each other, I knew I was still as hungry for him as I'd been that night over a year earlier when I first saw his picture on the calendar.

He was dressed in dark sweats. His hair was still cut military style, but a trim goatee covered his lower face. The smile curving his lips didn't quite reach his eyes. "Hi, Jill."

I took a deep breath before I could trust myself to speak. "They were from you, weren't they?"

He didn't have any trouble following my logic. "The roses? Yes. Did you like them?"

I didn't bother answering that question. "And you were the one who called and hung up."

He nodded. "Guilty."

"Why?"

"When you answered the phone, it was clear you thought I was another man...a man you've grown very close to. When I heard you telling him your pussy and ass were going to belong to him...I realized I'd waited too long to come back."

I hated the guilty blush that covered my cheeks. Why the hell was I feeling guilty? He was the one who'd run out on me without a single care for my feelings. "Then what are you doing here?"

He shrugged. "I've tried, but...I can't forget you or the weekend we spent together."

"You've managed to forget it for nearly a year now."

He shook his head. "No. I didn't."

I was not going to allow him to hurt me again. I lifted my cheek. "That's too damned bad—for you."

"Jill—"

"Don't you 'Jill' me!" I snapped and then had to stop to suck in an aching breath. "It took me a long time, but I got over you. I don't need or want you walking back into my life turning it upside down again. I have another man in my life now."

"That's too damned bad...for him."

I narrowed my gaze. "And you. Now will you kindly give me my keys and get the hell out of my house?"

"No, I won't. Not until you've heard me out." He pushed away from the door and moved to stand staring down at me.

A wave of longing washed over me and I fought hard to keep my eyes from filling with tears. Damn if I'd let him bring me to tears again. "Get out, Justin. Please."

"I've come back because I can't forget you. And I want what's mine-you." He stroked a finger down my cheek.

Despite myself, I shivered, but I shook my head.

"Jill..."

I stepped away so that his finger fell away from my face. "There's someone else in my life now. Someone who didn't spend a weekend giving me a taste of paradise and then just walk away with no regard for how I'd feel when I woke and found him gone. Do you know how I felt when I found that ugly, cold note of yours?"

He spread his hands helplessly. "I had to go. My leave was up."



"You didn't have to go without telling me! So why did you?"

He shook his head.

Well, that just made me mad. I balled a hand into a fist and hit his shoulder. "Do you want to know how long I...cried myself to sleep because of how you left? I knew there could be nothing permanent between us and I knew you'd have to leave...but not by slipping away in the night without saying goodbye...as if our time together had meant nothing to you. And now you come back expecting what? That I drop Dan and throw myself at your feet? After the way you left me?"

He raked a hand over his hair. "I left because what was happening between us started to mean too much to me."

"What? You expect me to believe that any of what happened between us meant anything to you?"

"Yes, I do!" He sighed. "On our last night together, you said something that scared the hell out of me."

"What? I didn't say anything that could possibly send you sneaking away in the middle of the night. So don't you think I'm going to let you get away with blaming me for your actions!"

He pressed his fingers against my lips. "I'm not doing that."

I slapped his hands away from my face. "Then what are you doing and why did you treat me with such a lack of consideration?"

"I never meant to hurt you, Jill."

"Well you did."

He sighed. "You know I was married and that my wife took our daughter and left me because she objected to my serving in Iraq."

I shook my head. "I didn't know why she left."

"She felt the war was unjust, but I was ordered to go, so I went. While we were separated...my wife Jemma and my daughter Julietta were killed in a car accident."

His voice trailed off and I watched the muscles in his jaw clench and unclench.

After a moment, he sighed and gave a little shake of his head. "When they died, part of me died with them. After that, I didn't really care about anything. Then my mother died—alone—and I decided love was nothing but trouble. I love someone and they die. Then I met you and in

just three days, you turned my world upside down when you said three little words I never wanted to hear again."

"What words?"

"You said you loved me."

I stared up at him. Had I actually said the words aloud? I couldn't recall. "You left me because I said I loved you? You didn't want me to love you?"

"Truthfully, no."

## Chapter Six

"And I didn't want to feel anything but lust for you."

"But...are you saying you did?"

He lifted my hands to his lips. "When you screamed out that you loved me, I nearly grunted out that I loved you too."

Tears welled in my eyes. "And that would have been bad because of what?"

He squeezed my hands. "Everyone I have ever loved has died...when I was twelve my father died...when I was sixteen...my older brother died and then my wife...my daughter, my mother...my best friend. Love hurts, Jill. I didn't want to risk falling in love again and getting hurt and I didn't want to hurt you."

"What?!" I jerked away from him. "You big idiot! You ripped out my heart and tossed it on the ground because you didn't want to hurt me? You big, dumb-assed jerk! You break my heart and then you come back when I'm involved in a relationship that's starting to heat up and expect me to toss him over for you?! Is that what you expect?"

I saw a defeated look in his eyes before he lowered his head, allowing his shoulders to slump. As I bit back the urge to reach out to him, he suddenly sucked in a breath, lifted his head, and stared down into my eyes.

I lifted my chin and stared back. "Well?"

He pulled me into his arms and stared into my eyes. "Yes!"

His answer infuriated me. Before I could tell him what I thought of his arrogance, his mouth crashed down on my lips. And I do mean crashed down. He'd nearly always been tender and considerate when we made love. Now his hard mouth and body demanded an acquiescence I wasn't sure I wanted to surrender. He'd hurt me badly once without even trying. Why should I trust my heart to him again? My body? Maybe. But not my heart.

I kept thinking that as he took my hand and led me up the stairs to my bedroom. He practically ripped off my clothes and his, and slipped on a condom. Although moisture filled my pussy at the sight of his big, dark, beautiful cock, I made an effort to hold onto my resolve.

I shook my head. "If you think I'm just going to allow you to—"

"What I know is that I'm going to have you—right here and right now."

With my pussy aching and my heart racing, I shook my head again.

"Get ready, Jill."

"Justin—"

He eased me onto my back on the bed and stood looking down at me.

Overcome by emotions I could no longer control or deny, I made a small helpless sound, and parted my legs, exposing my wet cunt.

He climbed onto the bed and slipped between my trembling thighs. Staring down into my eyes, he thrust his lips forward and took quick possession of my body—as if it and my pussy were his.

With his big cock fully embedded in me, pinning me to the bed, I tried to assert myself one last time. I pressed against his shoulders, giving a little shake of my head.

He responded by pressing bruising kisses against my mouth until I gasped and parted my lips. He then thrust his tongue inside my mouth. And then he started moving against me...on me...in me...like a man reclaiming his property. He didn't make love to me. He fucked me nearly senseless. Oh, my, that wonderful, sweet dick of his nearly pounded my pussy to a pulp. I loved every second of it. Wiggling my hips and draping my legs over the backs of his strong thighs, I wildly thrust myself on the long, thick, hot cock stretching my pussy as only he could. My pussy wept with moisture and lust at being invaded again by his huge, hard weapon.

It was moisture I needed because he fucked me with a relentless hunger that sent endless shudders of delight all through my body as I came. And still he pounded me. Sliding his big hands under my ass, he jerked up my body, and fucked me hard and fast until my back arched, I screamed his name, and came again—all over his sweet, sweet, dick. Only then did he shudder, pound me harder, and come himself. I've never known anything as delicious as that sweet, raunchy sex we shared. With him still buried nuts deep in me, we clung to each other while we caught our breaths. Then he withdrew from me, put on another condom, and we had sex again...and again...each time sweeter than the last.

Finally, when my pussy started to burn, he shifted me on my side. I glanced over my shoulder at him. He was on his feet, slipping yet another condom on over his cock. My pussy pulsed in protest—until he reached for the lube. My heart raced and my pussy pulsed again—with anticipation and lust this time.

Catching my gaze, he smiled. "I've missed you...and your lovely ass." Putting the lube on the nightstand, he got back in bed, caressing my ass. "Did you and he have anal sex?"

I briefly considered lying. "Yes, but I didn't enjoy it. He's only average size and incapable of inflicting the sweet pain on my ass that you did."

"How many times has he been up your ass?"

"Two or three times." Dan, who prided himself on being a pussy man, preferred my front door to the back one. Feeling wicked I tossed my head against Justin's shoulder and whispered to him, "Asses are not his forte. No one makes anal love as sweetly as you do."

"Oh, is that right?"

"Yes, baby, it is."

For my insolence, he slapped my ass-hard enough to make it sting. Although I gave a cry of surprise, a tingle of desire shot through me. I stared at him in wide-eyed wonder.

Laughing softly, he slapped my ass again. "It looks like someone likes having her lovely ass slapped." He slapped each cheek.

"Oooh." I shuddered with pleasure.

Fondling my stinging cheeks he rained kisses along the back of my neck and shoulders. His weight shifted again then I felt him parting my cheeks to lube my ass. When he had, he lubed his cock, slapped my cheeks again, and then moved his body behind mine.

"Get ready for some back door loving, baby."

Feeling his cock pressing against one of my cheeks, I moaned.

He brushed his lips against my ear. "Now I get to experience a pleasure I've been dreaming about for months."

"Yes...oh, yes," I whispered. "Take my ass...make it your ass."

He fingered my pussy while he gently worked the head of his dick into my rear end. It's funny how you can go from tolerating anal sex to loving it. I guess it's all in who you're having anal sex with. I caught my breath as I felt him sliding into my protesting bottom. That first wonderful inch or so of cock up my anus sent an exquisite pain through me. Moaning, I wiggled my hips and pushed back against him, wanting it all.

Licking and biting my neck and shoulder, while fingering my pussy, he eased what felt like a third of his luscious cock up my protesting back door.

Reveling in the pleasure-pain, I tossed my head back against him and greedily ground myself against him. In the grip of lust, he rammed his hips upward and the rest of his hot, delicious length slammed up into my ass. I screamed in an ecstasy of pleasure-pain. Mostly pain. Oh, but it was a sweet pain. I know that probably sounds crazy, but there is no feeling in the world as sweetly tortuous as being fingered while the most handsome man in the world claims your burning ass as his own. And the pounding he gave me left me in no doubt that both and I and my ass belonged to him.

The last time we'd made anal love, he'd been gentle and tender. Now he thrust his cock into me with a hunger that totally destroyed my defenses and made my ass and my heart his for the taking.

And damn, but he took my ass, giving it a workout that nearly made me lose my mind. Gripping one of my hips with a powerful hand to hold me still, he rutted his thick length in and out of me with such force my entire body burned with unmitigated lust. With my ass stuffed full of cock and my wet pussy dripping around his fingers, I hovered on the brink of an explosive orgasm. He drew his cock half way out of me, brought his big palm down on one of my cheeks until it stung, and then slammed his cock balls deep up my ass.

An exquisite pain sliced through me and I nearly saw stars. Sobbing with pleasure, my inner thighs shook like jelly, my ass hurt like hell, but I wanted more. Numb with hunger, I shoved my hips back at him, and ground my ass against his groin until his thrusts forced me over the edge and I tumbled down an impossibly high cliff into the valley of absolute, unmitigated bliss.

With my world centered around the cock branding my ass as his, I blew apart, my pussy gushing over his fingers.

Once I'd come, he lost all restraint. Rolling me onto my stomach, he spread his big body over my back and powered into my rear like there was no tomorrow. My ass racked with the most superb pain, I sobbed, curled my hands into fists, and came again.

"Oh, my God!" I sobbed. "I can't bear anymore. Please stop. It's good...too good. I can't bear anymore."

"Just a little more...a little more...your ass is so tight and sweet."

The power of the climax left me drained. I lay under him, feeling limp as he continued to thrust deep into my ass until he groaned, forced the fingers of one hand under my body and into my pussy, and came.

After the last shudder left his body, he collapsed on top of me, his cock still buried deep in my ass...my ass...hell...after the delicious experience he'd just given it and me, it was his ass...and I was his woman for as long as he wanted me. Hopefully it would be longer this time than it had been the last time.

After he eased out of my ass, we got out of bed, and went into the bathroom. After a quick shower, we climbed into the tub. I lay on top of him, hoping the warm water would soothe my aches. I also needed to say the right thing to him so I could find out why he'd left me. Oh I know he'd told me a version of why he'd left in the way he had, but I wasn't sure I believed it. I wanted more answers but I didn't want to risk running him off again. "Justin?"

"Yes, baby?"

"What have you been doing while we were separated?"

He stroked his hands over my breasts, nuzzling my neck. "Finishing my commitment. I had six months left when I returned to bury my mom."

"Oh. I thought for sure you were posing naked for more calendars."

His hands stilled on my breasts. "What? I've never posed for a calendar-with or without clothes."

I turned my head and nipped his shoulder. "There's no need to be embarrassed. It was very tastefully done...and incredibly erotic."

"I have no reason to be embarrassed. I've never posed for a calendar."

"You have too. I saw it..." I frowned. "Although I have to admit I was wonderfully pleased to find your cock was so much longer than it appeared on the calendar. What was up with that short cock? I mean it was thick, but so much smaller than your prize."

"What are you talking about?" He slapped the side of my thigh, making it tingle. "I said I've never posed for a calendar."

"Hmmm." I turned over so that I lay on him, pussy to cock, breasts to chest. Lovely position to be in. "Where do we go from here, Justin?"

"You tell your boyfriend, your man is back and it's over between the two of you."

My man. I liked the sound of it, but I wasn't looking forward to telling Dan. I offered a silent prayer that he wouldn't be hurt when he learned the truth about me and Justin. Of course I wasn't yet sure exactly what constituted the truth about us.

But one thing I was very sure of, I wanted more sex. Not that I was going to ask for it-yet. The water cooled and we got out of the tub. We dried each other off and went back into my bedroom. I kissed his lips, resting my hands on his chest. "You wait right here and I'll be back."

He slapped my ass as I left. I threw him a lecherous look and went into Mia's room. I retrieved the calendar and went back to my bedroom to show Justin. "You are busted. Look at this handsome hunk and tell me it's not you when you were younger."

He studied the picture in silence for a moment, frowning before looking at me. "Close, but no cigar. With that short cock and locks you should know it's not me."

"How?"

"I've never worn locks, Jill. It's not me...it's my cousin Rasheed. My mother and his were sisters. The last time I heard from him, he was living in Sweden. That was several years ago. I tried, but couldn't locate him when my mother died. He's younger than me and, as you can see..." He heaved his cock in his hand. "He's missing more than a few inches off his cock. My cock hasn't been that small since I was a preteen."

I blinked at him. "It's not you?"

"No." He tossed the calendar onto the floor, grabbed me by my hips (we were both still naked), pushed me against the bedroom wall, and stared down into my eyes. "It's not."

"Oh."

"So what's it going to be, Jill? Are you my woman?"

I took his cock in my hand and rubbed the big head along my wet slit. "I don't know, Justin. Give me some time to think about it and get back to you," I teased.

But he wasn't in a teasing mood. He gave me a cool stare. "You'll answer me now."

I lifted my chin. "Or?"

"Or I'll spank your ass until it's red, screw you up it until you beg for mercy, and then I'll pound your pussy until you can't walk."

I sucked in a quick breath, trembling with lust at the prospect of his threat. "I don't know how to tell you this, buddy, that's not much of a threat. I like the idea of your spanking me and then fucking me in every hole I own." I ran my hands up his chest. "Want to try again?"

His dark eyes lit with laughter. "How about if I ask you nicely?"

I slipped my arms around his neck. "Then I will say...was there any doubt that I am your woman?"



He nodded. "After hearing you tell another man your pussy and your ass were going to be his? Yes, I had a few doubts."

I withdrew my arms and shook my head. "Don't go there again, buddy," I warned.

His gaze narrowed. "Oh, we're going there all right."

"No, we're not!"

"Yes, we are! We're going to have to talk about what you've been doing. Who's been enjoying pussy and ass that belongs to me? You'd better know now that I do not share my woman with any man."

I stared at him, not sure if I should be flattered or annoyed at this display of jealousy. I decided the new me dictated the later reaction. "As I said, don't go there. Let's not forget the facts. When said pussy and ass were being enjoyed by another, more considerate man, it was *after* you'd discarded and left me, and I'd decided it was time I got on with my life. What did you expect? That I'd sit around waiting...hoping you'd come back?"

To my amazement, he nodded.

I tossed my head. "Well, now you know better in case you ever decide to pull another stunt like that. Don't you?"

"You were sleeping with him."

"Yes, damn it, Justin, I was sleeping with him and enjoying it too. You have a problem with the truth?"

His eyes shot angry sparks at me. "What the hell do you think? You were on the verge of getting serious with him!"

"Yes, but you have only yourself to thank for that. Had you bothered to call or write me, I would have had a reason to wait for you. You did nothing and I went on living. If you have a problem with that...too damn bad."

He sighed. "Do you love him?"

I cast my eyes towards the ceiling. Men, especially the handsome hunks who should know better, can be so damned stupid. "How can I love him when I've been in love with you since the first day we met?"

A smile warmed his eyes. "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"So you're mine."

I shrugged, determined not to make things too easy for him. "Maybe...maybe not. Or maybe just for now."

"If you think I'm going to play games with you like before, you are sadly mistaken." He curled his fingers in my hair and stared down into my eyes. "Now what was that answer?"

Have I mentioned how I love forcefulness, when the right man wields it? No? Well, I do. And I know when it's time to be a woman and let my man dominate me. I leaned forward, rubbing my breasts against his chest. "Yes," I said weakly. "I'm yours."

His gaze softened and he gave me a tender smile that turned my heart to mush. "That's better. For how long?"

"For as long as you have this big, hot, addictive sausage between your legs." With his cock pressing against my pussy, I eased my hips forward, breathing slowly as it parted my outer lips and the head rested just inside my cunt.

He stiffened, his hands on my waist, halting my forward motion. "Hold that thought while I get a condom."

I shook my head. "Not tonight. Tonight, I want my meat plain...no condiments...just bare, hot cock, shooting baby-making juice deep in my pussy."

"Baby-making juice?" He laughed. "You'd better stop watching those porno movies, Jill!"

"What porno movies?"

"The ones you have hidden in Tommy's room."

I gave him a bold stare. We'd shared too much for me to be embarrassed with him. "I want your cock and your cum," I insisted. "And I want you now—naked and hard inside me."

"It's crazy without a condom."

"I know it's crazy, but I've been crazy since the moment I met you. If I'm your woman, it's going to happen sooner or later. Won't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want it now. Dan and I have always used a condom. What have you been doing since you left me?"

"Beating my own meat."

I caught my breath. "You haven't been with anyone since me?"

"No."

Damn that knowledge was good for my ego...if I believed it, which I did. Did that make me silly? Maybe, but I believed him and loved him all the more for it.

He glowered down at me. "Unlike you, I know how to control my desire."

I slapped his cheek. "If you're trying to embarrass me, you're wasting your time. I've been shameless since the moment I saw your cousin's picture. But back to you. Before we met what were you doing sex-wise? Who was getting the benefit of this beautiful cock of yours?"

"I'd been celibate for a year."

Now that I wasn't sure I believed. Why would a handsome, well-hung hunk like him be celibate? "Why?"

His eyes darkened. "Because I was separated, but still married."

"So?"

"So, I was hoping to get back with my wife."

"Why would that make you celibate?"

"Because I was hoping to get back with her. I could never lie to her and if she ever took me back, I didn't want to have to admit I'd been with other women."

"Did you get back with her?"

"No. Before I could...she and...they died."

"I'm so sorry." Even as I whispered the words, I knew I was lying. I wasn't sorry. Well, I suppose I was sorry she was dead. I was certainly sorry his little girl was dead, but I wasn't sorry he was free to be with me. I know that sounds awful and I'm not an awful person, but I wanted him so badly.

I saw the look of pain in his eyes. I guessed he was probably recalling his many losses. I gently stroked his cheek. "Since you've been celibate and I've used protection, we have nothing to worry about. Now give me my cock." I slid my hands around his body, grabbed two hands full of tight ass, and jerked.

He stood like an unmovable tree trunk for several moments before I felt the tension leave his body.

"Give me my cock!" I snapped.

He eased his hips forward, allowing his length to part my wet folds and slowly take possession of my pussy.

"Oh, yeah, baby," I whispered, feeling wanton and needy. "Give it to me...give it all to me." I closed my eyes and moaned as he moved forward, driving his thick, naked dick where it belonged—balls deep in my welcoming cunt.

"Ooooh." I moaned softly.

Bending his head, he gently nipped at my nipples, which immediately jumped to attention. "Satisfied?" .

I slipped my arms around his neck and stared up at him. "Not if all you're going to do is hold it still inside me. Either screw me or get out of the way and I'll use my fingers."

He laughed and slapped my ass-hard. Pushing me against the wall, he drew back his hips and then thrust forward.

His cock shot back into me and I shuddered and nearly came. Oh, God, I love that man's thickness and girth. If the Lord had made anything better than having a pussy full of a big, hard dick, I had yet to hear of it. "Oh, Justin...baby, do it. Take me...take your pussy...enjoy your cunt."

He took me. He fucked me deep, hard, and rough—just as I'd grown to like it...Like it? Who am I kidding? I loved it. I loved every minute of it. As I exploded and felt him shooting his cum into me, I knew I had just begun a new exciting phase of my life. In one night, I'd regained the man I loved, discovered the joy of having my ass spanked, and had my pussy shot full of the sweet seed of my wonderful lover. Life is good and I plan to go on enjoying every moment ahead of me with my handsome Justin.

The trick now would be to see just how long I could keep him interested in me. For as long as that was, I was going to be his woman. Justin's woman. It had a nice ring to it, didn't it? There are probably going to be people we both know who are not going to approve of our relationship. Tommy is a little like his dad, so there's a chance he's not going to like his buddy and his mom being lovers. But you know what? I don't give a damn. I know that doesn't sound very maternal, but Tommy is an adult who lives his life how he likes. That's just what I'm going to do because when you meet a man who fulfills all your desires while living up to your wildest fantasies, you don't let anything or anyone stand in your way. You reach out, grab his tight ass, slide his big dick into your greedy pussy, and enjoy the ride of your life. Right?

As Justin drove me down to the carpet and mounted me, I closed my eyes, and imaged a raging summer storm providing perfect background music, I gave my heart and soul, not to

mention my pussy, unreservedly to my young, hot lover. A line from a song, *Almost Paradise* came to mind just as I came the first time. I rejected it. There was no almost about it. This was as close to paradise as I was ever likely to get and you know what? It was more than good enough.

Wrapping my legs around him, I clung to him and greedily cried out as he pumped his seed into me. "I love you." I moaned and let the delicious waves wash over me in torrents of pleasure as we came within moments of each other.

Later when I woke in the middle of the night, I lay on top of him, cupped his face between my palms, and nibbled at his lips until he woke up. When he did, I stared down at him. "I love you!" I told him and sighed with pleasure when he wrapped his arms around me. We didn't make love again, but I loved him so much just lying on top of his naked body is a turn on.

## Chapter Seven

*January 09<sup>th</sup>*

Dan called the next morning and told me he was going to be away longer than he'd thought. And that was a relief. When he returned home a month after he'd left, we met for dinner. All through the meal, he seemed as tensed as I was. I knew why I was unnerved but didn't find out the source of his discomfort until we had coffee. It was then that he took a deep breath and told me that while he was away, he'd met someone he thought was going to be very special.

I released a long sigh, feeling the proverbial weight lift off my shoulders. "You have?"

"Yes." He raked a hand through his hair, not quit meeting my gaze. "Jill, damn, I'm so sorry."

"Is she why you extended your stay?"

"Yes."

"Then she must be very special."

I watched his Adam's Apple bob. I frowned. "Dan?"

"Yes...yes...only...oh, hell..."

"What's wrong?"

He took a deep breath. "It's not a she."

I stared at him. "Not a...a man? You're involved with another man?"

He blushed. "Don't get the wrong idea, Jill. I'm not gay."

"So it is a man?"

He gave a small nod of his head.

If I didn't have my Justin back, I might have been hurt or insulted to be thrown over for a man. As it was, I was just curious. "Have you slept with him?"

"Well...I...that's a very personal question, Jill."

"I know it is. But I'm asking it of the man who's been my lover and had anal sex with me. I think I have a right to know. So what's the answer?"

He swallowed hard several times before answering in an almost inaudible voice. "Yes."

I moistened my lips, overcome with curiosity. "Who fucked who?"

"That's really none of your business!"

"Oh, give me a break, Dan! If you've told me this much, why not everything?"

"Look! You're making me sound gay and I'm not. It's only happened a couple of times..."

"But he fucked you. Didn't he?"

"I'm not gay."

"You have anal sex with another man and say you're not gay? What do you call it?"

"I'm not gay! I've never been with another man in my life. I've never been attracted to another man. I like women."

Boy was he in denial. "Then how do you explain what you just told me?"

He shrugged. "God, Jill! I just don't know."

"Is he someone you knew?"

"No. I met him on the trip."

"Where? In a special bar or club?"

"No! You think I hang out in such places? I don't."

"Then where and how did you meet?"

He sighed. "I don't know what happened. After a long day I went to the hotel gym and worked out. Then when I went into the sauna...he was there. We started talking."

"About what?"

"Sex. What else?"

"Sex with who?"

"Women!"

"Don't bite my head off. I'm just trying to understand."

"We got pretty graphic as two guys talking about sex do. First we talked a lot about how good fucking a tight, hot pussy without a condom felt. Then we started talking about anal sex. He said he loved a tight ass almost as much as he loved pussy. With all the talk of cocks slamming into hot, tight holes, I was getting aroused and I guess he was too because the next thing I knew he got quiet and when I glanced at him, I saw this...bulge under his towel, along one thigh. And when I say bulge, I mean bulge. He was big. I immediately looked away, but the next thing I knew, I was looking again. This time I could see the head of his cock peeking out at me from the towel. I looked away, but then I had to look again...the head was...big."

"And?"

"He caught me looking."

"Then what?"

"He gave me a kind of...smile and pulled the towel back...revealing his cock." He licked his lips. "And damn, Jill, but I swear he must have been a good eight inches long and thick. And man, he was aroused. The sight of that big, dark dick with the pink head made me so horny...I had to touch it. When I did...it felt hot and hard and...I don't know how it happened, but the next thing I knew, we'd tossed our towels aside and we were both on our feet. I was pressed against the door and he was behind me with his hands on my hips to hold me still."

I sucked in an angry breath. "You mean he forced you—"

"Forced? No. He gave me time to object and there was no way he was going to have my ass without my full permission. Instead of telling him to stop, I reached back and parted my ass cheeks as wide as I could. I wanted to feel him moving in my ass. He asked me if I'd ever had my ass drilled. When I said no, he stretched my hole as much as he could and ejaculated against it.

"He then caressed my body and kissed my neck and shoulders until he was hard again. When I felt his cock head banging against me, I was more than ready. I'd never wanted anything more than I wanted that big, black cock up my ass. I knew it was probably going to hurt like hell and he'd probably bust my ass good, but I swear I did *not* care. I pushed back, he pushed forward, and then all eight inches of that black monster was shooting between my cheeks and straight up my ass."

I think somewhere along the way I became a pervert because as I leaned forward, eager to hear all the details of Dan's first man-on-man sex, moisture flooded my pussy. "Then what?"

"And then I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. Who knew having an ass full of cock would be so life-altering? He whispered that I had a tight, sweet ass. Reaching one hand around to fondle my cock, he wrapped his other arm around my waist and damn if he didn't fuck the shit out of me. It hurt but it also felt damn good. I had to bite the side of my hand to keep from crying out as I came. And when I felt him cumming in my ass, it was the most incredible feeling in the world."

Recalling how much I loved Justin's cock up my ass, I nodded. "Then what?" I asked, eager for more details of man-to-man anal sex.



"He held me, kissing my neck and my shoulders, whispering how special he felt that I'd given him my anal virginity. He held me until I stopped shuddering. When I had and he was still behind me, holding my soft cock, I was stunned and ashamed of what had just happened...until he turned me around and kissed me on my lips.

"He has these warm, full, sweet lips. Then he frenched me and I nearly lost my mind. When he drew me down to the floor, I rolled on my stomach with my legs parted, but he turned me on my back. He said he wanted to be able to kiss me as he screwed me.

"He got on top of me, slid that big, hard dick of his up my sore ass, pressed his lips against mine, and we kissed and fucked until I could barely walk. As he drilled me, I felt as if I'd finally found something that had always been missing in my life."

"Wow. You almost sound as if you're in love with him."

He shrugged. "I...he's the most...incredible thing that's ever happened to me....but I'm not gay."

"You mean you're bi?"

"I mean I'm straight!"

Now that annoyed me. I frowned. "Let me get this straight, you allowed a strange man to fuck you in your ass without a condom?"

He flushed. "I didn't plan it. Neither of us planned it. He's not gay and neither am I. It just happened."

He must have thought I was crazy when I just sat there grinning at him like a lunatic. Sometimes life throws a break your way, huh?

"Jill? Please don't hate me."

He sat there looking absolutely miserable, expecting me to be brokenhearted no doubt. Men. Always overestimating their charms. I took pity on him and told him there were no hard feelings and that I hoped he'd be happy with his new love.

"What's his name?"

"Ray."

I smiled. "Nice name. Is he a nice man?"

"Yes. Yes, he is."

"So are you." I grinned at him. "You know what they say, don't you?"

"About what?"

"Once you go black, you never go back," I told him.

When he just blinked at me, I reached under the table and grabbed a hand full of his cock. "I'm sure he'll be very happy with you and this sweet dick of yours...even if he never lets you near his ass. But then I'll just bet his dick is kind of sweet too?"

"Oh, Jill, you have no idea."

Oh yes I did. "Be happy with your Ray, Dan, and let's keep in touch."

"Wouldn't that bother you? I mean when I left, I'd asked you to move in with me. And now I come back and—"

I told him about Justin. "So you see, you have no reason to worry about me. And there's no reason we can't be friends...unless your Ray would object to your being friends with an ex."

He shook his head. "He knows there's no reason for him to be jealous of anyone—man or woman."

Boy did he have it bad. I smiled. "So we'll keep in touch?"

He grinned and went away promising we'd keep in touch and one day he'd introduce me to his Ray.

With the worry of Dan out of the way, I was free to enjoy myself with Justin without guilt. When I called Mia and told her Justin had come back, she screamed with delight and we cried and laughed together. Then she shared her news with me. We cried together again.

In case you're wondering what her news was, it was about the tall, dark, handsome guy she was in love with. He was so in love with her, he insisted she set a date for their wedding.

But have I mentioned that before? If I have, you'll have to forgive me. That was such a difficult time in my life that looking back, it's hard to keep the timeline straight.

*January 10<sup>th</sup>*

The next day at work, I told Shakia that Mia and Malcolm had set a date.

After telling me how wonderful that was, she sipped her coffee in silence for several moments. "So...Tom will come home for the wedding?"

"I'm sure he will if he can."

"Oh. That'll be nice...for you and Mia and his father."

"Yes," I nodded. "It will be."

She smiled, her dark eyes a lit.

"So who is he?" I asked.

She frowned. "Who is who?"

"The man you're thinking of now who just made you go all...dreamy looking."

She sighed. "One of these days...if anything ever comes of it...I'll tell you."

I had to be content with that, although my curiosity was roused to say the least.

*August 09<sup>th</sup>*

Seven months later, at Mia and Malcolm's wedding, after Tom and Mia finished their father-daughter dance, I pulled Tom to one side and introduced him to Justin. With his gaze constantly straying to Mia (who could blame him? She looked absolutely gorgeous in her white lace wedding dress) Tom was all smiles-until I told him Justin was my lover.

"What? Your...lover? You mean..."

"I mean my lover, as in when we share a bed at night we do a lot more than sleep."

Watching the look on Tom's face, I almost felt sorry for him. Almost, but not quite. He hadn't given me a second thought when he dumped me for his teeny-bopper. At least I hadn't cheated on him. "Justin is my lover," I said, just to rub it in a little.

"I...I see." Although he blanched, he turned and shook Justin's hand, kissed my cheek, and walked off without another word. I stared after him, quite impressed at how much he'd grown as a person since our divorce. As I stared after him, I found myself hoping that he'd soon find himself another woman--one with a tight ass he could spear until his cock went limp.

Okay, so he had cheated on me and broke my heart. But he'd been my first love and he was a loving father to Tommy and Mia. He was far from all bad.

"You didn't have to rub it in like that, Jill," Justin told me.

"I know that—now." I sighed. "It's time to tell Tommy."

He took a deep breath and nodded. Walking side by side, we went to find Tommy. To my surprise, we found him with his arms wrapped around a woman slow dancing...dancing? Slow grinding was more like it. Watching the movement of his hips, there was no doubt that he was grinding his cock against the woman's body.

"Maybe we should let them finish the dance," Justin suggested.

I probably should have, but the thought of some hussy allowing Tommy to grind against her like that in plain view at his sister's wedding, pissed me off. "No," I said and called his name. "Tommy."

Imagine my surprise when he turned, with her still in his arms, and I found myself looking at Shakia.

We stared at each other for several moments before she moved away from Tommy. As she did, I couldn't help noticing that the front of her dress, in the area of her pussy was wrinkled as hell—from all that grinding of Tommy's cock. What the hell was going on?

She smiled, without quite meeting my gaze. "Jill, you must be very proud of how beautiful Mia is."

I nodded, so surprised to find my friend allowing my son to grind against her like that that I was briefly speechless.

"Ah...thanks for the dance, Tom," she said and walked away.

Raking his fingers through his hair, Tommy turned to stare after her until she left the room before he turned to face me. "Mom, couldn't whatever you want wait until after the dance?"

"Dance? You were grinding against her, Tommy! You're lucky she didn't slap your face!"

I felt Justin stiffen beside me.

Tommy shrugged. "What did you want with me, Mom?" He nodded absently at Justin.

I reached for Justin's hand.

Tommy looked surprised, but didn't say anything.

I swallowed and told him Justin was my lover.

He laughed and slapped Justin on the back. "That's a good one. You two had me for a moment."

Justin shook his head. "It's not a joke, Tom."

"What?" Tommy stared at me, shaking his head. "What?"

"It's true," I admitted. "Justin and I are lovers. We have been for awhile."

"What the hell?" He clenched his hand into a fist and swung around to face Justin. "What the fuck have you been doing to my mother?"

For a moment, I thought he was going to hit Justin, but he glanced at Mia, smiling up at Malcolm as they danced, clenched his jaw, and turned back to me. "Mom—"

I placed my hand on his arm. "I know this is a shock, but—"

"Mom! What are you doing sleeping with my friends?"

I felt myself blush. "Don't make me sound as if I'm working my way down some list! I'm not sleeping with anyone but Justin."

"And that's supposed to make it better?"

I sighed. "Look, Tommy, I know this is difficult for you to accept, but I love him and he loves me."

He pulled away from me to stare at Justin. "Damn it, I trusted you with her! I tried to help you when you were down and out and you repay me by sleeping with my mother?! You horny bastard! I knew you liked older women and that's fine, but why the hell did you have to pick my mother? How the hell would you have liked it if I'd done your mother?"

"Tommy!" I gripped his arm. "Tommy!"

He shook his head and jerked away from me. He pointed an angry finger at Justin. "You and me, buddy...trust me...later." He swore angrily and stalked away.

Justin swore and started after him, but I caught his arm. "Let him go cool off. He'll come around when he has."

He stared down at me. "I'm not sure of that, Jill. He has a point. If our roles were reversed, I'd be just as mad. I'd kick his ass."

I squeezed his arm. "He's my son and I know him. Trust me. In a day or two he'll come around. I know he will."

He took me in his arms and we finished the dance. Then he took me to stand along the wall opposite the bar. "What if Tommy doesn't come around?"

"He accepted Malcolm. Why shouldn't he accept you?"

"Malcolm is in love with, and married, to his sister, not fucking his mother. There's a big difference."

I swallowed, hurt by the way he'd characterized our relationship. Was all we were doing fucking?

To hide my hurt, I shrugged and walked away from him.

He followed me, brushing his fingers along the back of my hand. "Where are you going?"

"To find Shakia."

"Why?"

I swung around to stare up at him. "Because my son was grinding against her like some horny teenager that's why! I have to apologize to her."

"Why?"

"Why?" I blinked at him. Why was he being so dense? "What do you mean why?"

"Did she look as if she minded?"

"What?" I frowned. "Of course she minded. She was so embarrassed she couldn't even look me in the eye."

"I think you're misinterpreting the situation, Jill. I don't think she minded at all."

"What are you implying?"

"I'm not implying anything. I'm asking if she looked as if she minded."

"Well, of course she minded! And I didn't raise that boy to go grinding on my friends like that!" I gave him a cold look and stormed out of the room. I made my way along the corridor outside the ballroom and stepped into the cloak room and froze.

Standing with his back to me and his pants down below his ass, Tommy had a woman pinned against the wall. One of her slender legs was wrapped around his thighs. From the way he was pumping his hips and groaning, I knew he was inside the woman. Noting the slender, dark hands moving against his back, a hint of apprehension shot through me. The simple gold ring on one of her fingers looked familiar.

I frowned and glanced down at the floor. A crumbled red dress lay to one side of them. I immediately recognized it as the dress Shakia and I had spent hours picking out for Mia's wedding. Shakia! Tommy had her pinned against the wall—slamming into her.

From the speed with which Tommy's hips were moving and judging by the sound of his cock sliding in and out of her pussy, I knew one or both of them were about to come.

I placed a hand against my mouth. Stepping behind me, Justin hooked an arm around my waist and swept me back into the hall.

I turned to stare at him with wide eyes. And his dark gaze bore no surprise. Now I knew why Tommy hadn't been staying home while on leave. He'd been staying with Shakia.

Justin touched my cheek. "Jill? Are you all right?"

I slapped his hand away from my face and gave him an angry look. "You knew...didn't you?"

He shrugged. "Knew? No. Suspected? Yes."

"And that's all you have to say?"

"What should I say?"

"Didn't what we just saw bother you?"

"Bother me?" He arched a brow. "Why should it? It's not as if she's my woman or my mother."

I blushed at the implication of his words. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what? Do you really want to know who your kids are sleeping with, Jill?"

I glared at him. He made my interest in my kids sound unnatural somehow. "That's not the point."

"What is the point, honey?"

"Don't you honey me!" I pointed to the closed door where I could hear them both moaning. "She...that shameless...hussy is in there...fucking my little boy!"

He grinned. "Actually, from what I saw, she's in the process of getting the shit pounded out of her. I don't think she's forcing herself on him."

I clenched my right hand into a fist. "It's not funny. I thought she was my friend."

"What makes you think she isn't?"

"Because she's in there with my little boy! How could she betray me like that?"

Justin took my hand and pulled me down the hall. "He's not a little boy and she didn't betray you. Don't over react, Jill. You and I are enjoying each other. Why shouldn't they?"

It was all I could do not to slap him until he saw stars. I was in love with him and he kept harping on the fact that we were sleeping together. Didn't he have any real feelings for me that didn't center around sex?



## Chapter Eight

We were standing there, staring at each other in silence, when Shakia, came out of the room. She stopped when she saw us, her hand flying to her mouth. "Jill!"

Tommy, in the process of sliding his zip up, came flying out of the room after her. He stopped when he saw me. "Mom!" He looked at Justin. They exchanged a long, silent look before he spoke again. "Get her out of here, man. Please?"

Justin slipped his arm around my waist and walked me down the hall. I turned in his arms and buried my face against his shoulder.

He kissed my hair. "No one has betrayed you, honey. Tommy is risking his life to serve this country. He has a right to find relief in the arms of a willing woman without asking anyone's permission."

I stared up at him. "But...why my friend?"

He kissed my lips. "That's the question he's asking me about you. Remember?"

"That's different!"

"Not from where he stands." He arched a brow. "If it's okay for us, why not them?"

What could I say to that? He took me back to the reception and I tried not to notice that Tommy and Shakia didn't join us. She was probably somewhere with her legs splayed open wide while my baby boy pounded inside her like there was no tomorrow...much like Justin did with me...Justin and me...

I sighed. Justin was right. I had no right to get on my high horse when I was doing the same thing Shakia was...sharing my body with a younger man I couldn't resist. But Tommy was my baby!

Later that night, as we were about to leave the reception, Tommy appeared in front of us. Justin tensed beside me, but one look at Tommy's face and I knew it was all right. Ignoring Justin, he hugged me. "I love you and I do want you to be happy, Mom."

I cupped his face in my hands and stared up into his eyes. "Then I need to be with him. I love him, Tommy, and he loves me. Can you accept that and us as a couple?"

"Do I have a choice?"

"No," I said gently. "You don't. We are going to be together. Having your understanding would make it so much more special, but I'm not giving him up for any reason, Tommy."

"I should kick his ass!" he hissed.

I smiled and touched his cheek. "Go ahead but just know I still have that paddle I used to take to yours when you were being unruly," I warned.

"You wouldn't dare."

I threaded my fingers through Justin's. "I love you, Tommy, but there's not much I won't do to keep the man I love in my life. If you want me to be happy, you'll have to accept Justin...just as you accepted your father's ex."

"That was different."

"Yes it was. He was cheating on me with her. Neither Justin nor I are cheating on anyone."

He sighed. "I'm going to need a little time, Mom."

I nodded. "I know and I can wait until you adjust, Tommy."

He raked a hand through his hair. "About Shakia...I know how our coming out into the hall must have looked, but—"

Deciding it was time we laid our cards on the table, I shook my head. "I came into the room, Tommy."

He stiffened. "What? When?"

"When you had your pants down and had her pinned against the wall...I saw you...having her."

"Oh, hell!" He shook his head. "I...we didn't want you to find out that way."

"Why were you...carrying on like that at your sister's reception? Couldn't you wait until you got her home before...doing that again?"

"Again? That's the first time we've fu-been together."

"You haven't been sleeping with her?"

"No. I've tried, but until this afternoon she'd always resisted my overtures."

Recalling all her remarks, which I now knew were about Tommy, I frowned. "Why?"

"She knew you'd be upset and she didn't want to lose your friendship over this." He sighed.

"Look, Mom, I'm sorry. I know you don't like the idea, but—"

"Don't like the idea? Where'd you get that idea?" I smiled and decided it was time for a little harmless white lie. "She's my friend...if she makes you happy...who am I to object if you two spend some time together? Just do me a favor, Tommy?"

"Sure...if I can."

"Next time...get a room. Okay?"

He stared at me and then he laughed. "You're really okay with us?"

I wasn't...at least not then, but I was hardly in a position to object, was I? "Where is she?"

"She was so upset, she went home. Your friendship means a lot to her and she hates the idea of your feeling betrayed."

I widened my eyes. "Betrayed? Don't be ridiculous, Tommy. Of course I don't feel betrayed." I touched his cheek. "You go to her and straighten her out. Okay, honey?"

"Mom!" He shook his head. "You are the best!"

"Yes, I am."

He kissed my cheek gave Justin a sheepish look, and shrugged. "So I guess we're both suffering from jungle fever, huh, man?"

Justin shook his head. "It's more than that for me."

So Tommy thought he and Justin had a case of jungle fever? Oh yeah, it was jungle fever all right, I thought later that night as I lay on my stomach with my cheeks stinging and tingling from a spanking and my ass full of lovely hot cock. Jungle fever motivated by a passion and love I was prepared to dare all for-even my relationship with Tommy if that became necessary. Thank God Tommy and I had reached an agreement.

By my thoughts were brought back to the present as Justin whispered that he loved me and came. I smiled and tightened my ass around his cock, making him groan in protest. He eased out of my ass, discarded the condom, and drew me into his arms. I was wet and ready for him.

"Take me baby," I whispered, grinding my pussy against his cock. I love how he can stay hard so long.

Easing me onto my back, he slipped his cock into my pussy.

Instead of making love to me, he raised his weight onto his extended arms and stared down into my eyes. "You are so beautiful."

I grinned up at him. "You're pretty good looking yourself, handsome."

"Will you do something for me, Jill?"

I wiggled my hips, impatient. "Anything...just love me. We can talk about favors later."

"Will you marry me?"

My chest tightened and I felt as if I couldn't breathe. Then I gasped, my eyes welled with tears, and unable to speak past the lump of emotion lodged in my throat, I nodded weakly, raking my hands down his back.

"Are those happy tears?"

I nodded again.

"Good because I'm ready to take the plunge again."

So was I, but I had to be realistic. Sleeping with an older woman was one thing. Marriage was another. "Does the fact that I'm older bother you?"

He drew his hips back and leisurely pushed into me. "Does this feel like anything about you bothers me?"

"No," I admitted. He was hard and hot and I loved him...and his wonderful cock.

"My wife was ten years older than me. As you heard Tommy say, I like older women...I always have. Your being older is just icing on the cake, baby."

What could I say or do after a sweet remark like that? I slid my hands down to his ass, and tightened my pussy around his cock.

"Oh, shit, Jill!" He bent his arms and rested his weight on me. I sighed in satisfaction. I love the feel of his weight on me. Clutching him tight, I closed my eyes, and cried as he gave me a tender pounding. That was the sweetest sex of my life. And why wouldn't it be? It was the first time when we both knew that what we felt was real and worth any obstacle we might have to overcome to be together.

Not that the thought of obstacles bothered me. With Justin by my side, I was ready to take on the world—no matter what it threw our way. Hell, I was even ready to discard the idea of slapping Shakia bald the next time we met. Of course I don't know what Tom is going to say when he realizes his entire family has crossed the color line for love and sex, but hey? What can I tell you except that if he has a problem with it, too damn bad.

Tommy spent the rest of his leave with Shakia. And they must have really been into each other because she took three days off to be with him. When we saw each other after he returned to Iraq, I noticed that she wore his class ring on a chain around her neck.

That's the ring he'd never taken off since he got it. So I knew he wanted more from her than a series of casual encounters. As we had lunch, she cried and tried to explain how she had felt herself falling for him the moment they met. She hadn't thought he even knew she was alive...until he showed up on her doorstep when he came home for the wedding.

She had been surprised and then pleased when he swept her up into his arms and gave her a kiss that made her toes curl. She said they ended up kissing. Although she'd been hooked, she'd refused to allow him to sleep with her...until at Mia's wedding. She'd wanted to tell me how they were feeling, but had been afraid to tell me.

She and Tommy are exchanging letters and phone calls. And when he calls me, all he wants to talk about is Shakia. Where is their relationship headed? I have no idea. I just know that I've come to accept it-just as he's come to accept the fact that Justin and I are will be getting married in two months in a quiet ceremony.

Two weeks ago, Tom invited me and Justin out to dinner and introduced us to Heather. She's about ten years younger than him and absolutely gorgeous with short auburn hair and a pair of beautiful sea-green eyes. Although she is the most stunning woman I've ever seen, she is warm, friendly, and seems sweet.

I think Tom has a winner in her.

All is right in my world. I'm so happy sometimes I wake up at night, afraid that I'm dreaming. Then Justin takes me his arms, tells me he loves me, and makes sweet love to me. What more can a horny woman ask out of life? I've come a long way from the sad, frightened woman Tom walked out on. I'm proud of my newly discovered sexuality and I have a man who loves to explore every aspect of it with me. Tommy and Shakia should only be half as happy as I intend to be with Justin. Will that happen for them? That's a story for another time and one that maybe Tommy or Shakia will one day tell.

With Justin's cock still inside me, I fell asleep smiling. If Granny Mary could only see me now with a pussy full of cock and cum, I think she would have been proud and pleased I'm so happy.

The End