

Bryan's Song Ch. 01

by [abbeynormal](#)©

Early autumn in Indian Rocks Beach was a peaceful time. Too early for the snowbirds who routinely flock to Florida's warmer climate. Too late for the summer vacationers. And peace was just what I needed right now. The previous six months of my life had been pure hell. Stress to the 10th degree. All because the man I married turned out to be a philandering idiot.

I'd been working as a manager in a large department store and it fell to me to close the store on a Wednesday night. Even though it was a necessary evil, I didn't like closing. Since my husband, Ben, had switched to working third shift because of the pay differential it meant that I had to clear out of the house in the morning so as not to disturb him while he slept and it cut into what little personal time we had together. I resented his decision, feeling that we really didn't need the extra money as much as we needed our evenings together. It also angered me that he made the choice without discussing it with me first.

That morning I spent a couple of hours at the library and then went to the gym to work out. Since becoming the store manager, my eating and exercising habits had pretty much fallen by the wayside and I needed to get back into the groove. I showered at the gym but then slipped home to change into my business attire. Though I tried to be quiet, I knew Ben was aware of my presence by the way he tossed and turned in bed. I departed quickly, stopping to eat lunch at a neighborhood diner on my way to the store.

I was dog-tired when I got home that night. My feet hurt from being in high heels all day and my brain was spinning from looking at budget reports. I peeled off my clothes and threw on an oversized T-shirt to sleep in. Warily I staggered to the bathroom to wash my face, brush my teeth and take out my contact lenses. The day had been cold and damp so I also took a cold pill as I could feel my sinuses begin to congest. When I finally fell into bed, I hadn't been there more than a minute before I was fast asleep.

To this day, I don't know what woke me up. I can only attest to the fact that my eyes opened and I realized it was still dark outside. When I squinted at the clock, I was barely able to make out that it was just after 5:00am. I was about to roll over and go back to sleep when I heard a noise downstairs. Someone was trying to get in the front door and wasn't being too quiet about it. I reached for the cordless phone by the bed but it was gone. Ben must have made a call earlier in the day and then just set the phone down where ever he ended up in the conversation. It was a habit of his that drove me nuts and now it was having potentially dire consequences.

Fear turned my mouth to cotton and it's probably just as well that I was unable to call the police. I'm not sure that I would have been able to say anything to them anyway. My heart raced even faster when I heard footsteps climbing the stairs. Our neighbor's home had been broken into the week before and I was afraid we were about to be the next crime victims in the subdivision. As the footsteps got closer to the bedroom, I reached under the bed and pulled out the shotgun that Ben insisted we keep there. My hands trembled and I watched the doorway. I'm not a great marksman but you don't have to be when you're using a shotgun at close range. A figure appeared, framed by the portal and I cocked the gun and snugged it tight against my shoulder. The figure paused for a moment and then moved again. In that instant I pulled the trigger.

A deafening boom split the air and I heard a distinct thud as a body fell into the wall and then crumbled to the floor. My hands were shaking so badly that I nearly dropped the shotgun. Once I got it safely to the mattress I reached for the lamp and almost knocked it over in my attempt to turn on the light. What I saw when the room was illuminated made a strangled scream emerge from my throat. There was Ben, lying in a bloody heap just inside the doorway.

Normally, I am the best person to have around in a crisis as I can usually keep a cool head and a calm demeanor no matter what, but this sent me over the edge. I ran around the upstairs looking for the phone for several minutes before it dawned on me that I might have more success if I could see. I cursed my decision to wait until the weekend to go into the optician to pick up my new glasses and fumbled to get my contact lenses back in. With normal vision restored, I was still running around the house like the proverbial chicken with its head cut off. It was a full fifteen minutes later when I finally found the phone (in between the sofa cushions) and was able to call 911.

That day I learned that even at 5:30 in the morning, the sight of police cars and ambulances in front of your

house will generally bring out the neighbors. The gentleman who lived across the street came over when he saw me standing outside, still wearing just my nightshirt and shivering in the cold. He wrapped a big blanket around me and then stayed by my side while the police questioned me at length about what had happened. I thank God that David was there. He was an attorney and although he limited his practice to real estate development, he knew that I was potentially in a great deal of trouble and advised me not to say anything further until I had legal counsel. At first I balked. I'd done nothing wrong and I wasn't under arrest so I didn't feel the need to have a lawyer. But he, in his calm but insistent way, got through to me. Fortunately, he had a friend who did a lot of defense work and Randy came over almost immediately.

I still don't know whether that was a good thing or not. I wonder, if I'd just cooperated with the police to begin with, would they have simply ruled it an accidental shooting and gone on with their business? Was it the fact that I clammed up and got a lawyer over there within the hour that made them dig deeper? Who knows? I can only say that it was the beginning of nearly six months of hell.

Even though I knew objectively that I'd done nothing wrong and that Ben could have identified himself when he heard me cock the gun, I still carried a ton of personal guilt over his death. It was common knowledge among family and friends that Ben and I didn't have the ideal marriage. We fought regularly and usually over the smallest of things. When it was revealed that Ben hadn't gone to work that night and had, in fact, spent the night with his girlfriend, I was accused of having killed him in a jealous rage. Never mind the fact that it's pretty hard to be jealous when you don't know your spouse is stepping out on you. And the fact that I was the one who had arranged for us to see a marriage counselor weighed only marginally in my favor. In the end, I was completely exonerated but an emotional wreck. Surprisingly enough, it was Ben's oldest sister who came to my aid and suggested that I just get away for a while.

My therapist agreed and so I took a leave of absence from my job, left the damp dreary Midwest and headed to Florida. I'd been to Indian Rocks Beach two years before with a couple of my girl friends. Something about the magnificent sunsets over the Gulf of Mexico pulled me back now that I really needed the serenity and I called the realtor who had rented us the condo. Virginia was wonderful and found a small apartment that fit my needs perfectly. Most of the other tenants in the building were middle-aged, like me or older. The odd ducks were the three young men who shared a unit nearby.

I noticed them one night as I was sitting on my balcony drinking a beer. They were cooking on a small grill and obviously having a good time. One of them shouted over an invitation to me. I had to admit that the food smelled very good but I suspected that I was at least 20 years older than they were and didn't want to become their den mother so I waved them off and continued to watch the sun sink below the horizon.

After nearly 20 years of working full time, two of which were also spent in pursuit of my MBA, forced inactivity didn't come easily to me. The first few weeks I spent reading. So many novels I'd wanted to read over the years and now I had the time. I'd always been a fast reader and devoured every word. But after a while, I found I didn't even want to look at a child's picture book. Playing gin rummy with the seniors in my building every day wasn't that appealing but I did it just to avoid becoming a hermit.

I continued my nightly ritual of watching the sunset from my patio while drinking a beer. I only allowed myself to drink one per day and only at that time of day. I knew myself well enough that if I didn't place that restriction; I'd end up drinking far more than I should. Most nights, at least one of the guys was out on the balcony. Sometimes they were cooking. Sometimes they were sitting and drinking as well. They always waved to me and, if they were grilling, they'd extend an invitation to dinner that I would decline.

One Friday night, as I was walking to the fridge to get my beer, there was a knock at my door. I certainly wasn't expecting anyone and couldn't even begin to imagine who it might be. I opened the door to see a young man holding two beer bottles. When my eyes adjusted to the dim light of the hallway I could tell that it was one of the neighbor boys.

"Hi," he said, "Since it didn't look like you were gonna come visit us, I was hoping you wouldn't mind if I dropped by."

On the one hand I was a little put off by his persistence. On the other hand, he was exceedingly polite. The few times that we'd bumped into each other in the parking lot or even when I was taking out the trash, he was very respectful, said a quiet 'hello', smiled and moved on. I'm sure he felt that he'd given me plenty of opportunities to introduce myself. Granted, a more experienced guy would have realized that I just wanted to be left alone, but there was something about his warm, genuine smile that demanded an acknowledgement.

"Well, since you thought to bring along the LaBatts, I guess it's okay to let you in," I said as I stepped aside and allowed him to enter.

He walked all the way to the patio door before he turned around to speak to me.

"Yeah, I noticed that seemed to be your brand."

"That's the nice thing about the higher alcohol content of Canadian beer. Twice the buzz for the same volume," I responded as I walked towards him.

He opened the sliding door to the patio and stepped through the portal. I wasn't sure just where this encounter was headed. The quiet, almost bashful young man that I thought I knew was changing before my eyes; adopting a supremely self-assured and commanding presence. But since he did still have the beer in his hand and since we were on my home turf, so to speak, I wasn't really alarmed just puzzled, and so I followed him.

When we were both on the patio, he looked around and noted how sparsely it was furnished. A single lounge chair and side table were the only functional pieces of furniture. Most of the space was taken up with huge pots full of flowers, herbs and other plants. It was one of the things I missed during a normal Midwestern autumn and winter and I was determined to have an abundance of color and scent around me now that I was in a warmer climate.

I immediately stepped back through the door to bring out one of the dining table chairs.

"It's okay," he assured me. "We can share."

I looked skeptically at the lounge. "I don't think you want me sitting on your lap and you're way too big to fit on mine."

He smiled indulgently at me. "That wasn't quite what I had in mind. Come here."

He took me by the hand and led me to the chair. First he sat down but let his legs dangle over the sides. Then he encouraged me to sit down between his legs and lean back into his chest. It was a very intimate position and one I wasn't ready to adopt. Instead, I turned to face him and sat on the lower portion of the chair, with my legs hanging over the edge as well.

He deftly opened the two beers and handed a bottle to me. I felt self-conscious as he watched me take a long swig of mine. It was a habit I'd gotten into when I first started drinking beer. I didn't really like the taste of the stuff so I drank it in a few long sips just to get past the bitterness. It wasn't until later that I learned there were better tasting beers on the market, but by then the habit was ingrained.

"So," I asked, trying desperately to find something innocuous to say, "What do I call you? I don't think I've ever heard your name."

"Oh, yeah, I guess you wouldn't have. I'm Bryan."

"Thanks for the beer, Bryan. I'm Debra."

"Yeah, I know."

"You know?"

I panicked for a moment trying to determine how he would have found out. My name wasn't on my mailbox and since it locked, there was no way he could have looked at my mail. He chuckled, as my confusion was apparent just from looking at me.

"Yeah. Mrs. Jankowski doesn't know how to keep a secret. She told me all about you."

Ah, one of my gin rummy friends. I should have known better than to confide in a bunch of little old ladies who have nothing else to do but sit around playing cards and gossiping. Still I wondered just how much 'all about me' really encompassed. Did she mention that I was a widow whose husband 'died in a tragic accident' (which was all I had mentioned of the incident, claiming that my grief was too fresh to talk about it) and on the verge of a nervous breakdown? Or did she simply leave it at the fact that I was not married and just wanted a

vacation?

"Thanks. I'll have to remember that in the future."

I took another long sip of beer and then stared at him. I tried to figure out why he had taken this intense interest in me. I certainly wasn't of his generation and stripped of my professional attire and cosmetics, which is how I spent my days here, I was very plain looking; certainly not the type who would normally have attracted the attention of a young hottie like this.

"You know, you're missing the sunset."

I craned my neck around to watch the sky change colors as the sun dropped towards the horizon. It was a sight that I hoped I'd never take for granted or grow to feel it was too mundane to bother with. The purples and oranges that painted the sky in such vivid color were difficult to describe and it dawned on me that I probably should bring out my camera and take pictures some time. I had told Ben's sister about the beautiful scenery when I made my decision to move down here. Perhaps she'd like to see what I meant.

"Debra, you're gonna get a stiff neck doing that."

Bryan's words made me focus once again on the here and now.

"Come on, turn around and sit with me. It's not like I'm some sort of mad rapist or maniacal killer."

I was still suspicious but figured that I could at least turn around. I shifted position but maintained several inches of space between our two bodies. I heard Bryan chuckle but I ignored him and took another long swig of my beer. For a long time we sat and watched the sun sink below the horizon. Even after it was completely dark and the stars twinkled brightly in the night sky; we sat in silence and watched as couples took a nighttime soak in the Jacuzzi and beachcombers walked along the edge of the water.

I gasped when I felt his hands touch my back.

"Are you normally this jumpy?" he asked.

"Only around people I don't know."

"Hey, I'm just trying to help you relax. You're too tense."

That prompted me to smile. If he thought I was tense now, I wonder what he would have thought of me six months ago. I believed I was pretty relaxed, considering all that I'd been through but he obviously didn't agree.

"Okay, I'll try."

"Just give in and go with the flow," he instructed as his hands moved to my shoulders and neck.

I nodded and tried to release the tension from my body, letting him massage away my stress and cares. I could feel my breathing slow down and become more even. I closed my eyes and listened to the crash of the waves on the beach and the call of the gulls as they flew over the shoreline. It seemed like his hands moved in the same rhythm as the waves and I could almost feel myself begin to sway in synchronization.

"That's it," he said softly, almost nuzzling my ear. "Relax and let go of the tension."

A small voice in the back of my head told me to get up and walk away or I'd be getting into something I really wanted no part in but the truth was, Bryan was right. I was tense. Despite having lived in a nearly idyllic setting for several weeks, paradise had not yet washed away all the residual effects of those horrendous six months. And it felt so good to be touched by a man, even if it was simply a back rub.

It should come as no surprise that my sex life with my husband had gone south along with our relationship. As I flipped through the pages of my mental calendar, I realized that it had been nearly a year since the last time I'd had sex with him. Except for a few 'moral support' hugs and shoulder squeezes from my attorney, no man had even touched me since the day I shot Ben. Now I was reveling in the sensation of Bryan's strong fingers massaging the muscles of my neck and shoulders. I could feel myself growing limp under his expert manipulations.

"Debra."

I didn't have time to respond before I felt his lips brush across my neck. All the while his hands continued to squeeze and release my shoulders and upper arms.

"Mmmmm, you smell wonderful; like flowers."

He nuzzled behind my ear for a moment. "And fresh fruit," he added. "The perfect Florida scent."

That caught my attention. It would take a pretty sophisticated nose to identify the blend of peaches and hyacinth that scented the bath products I used. Now I was intrigued and wanted to know more about this young man. Who was he? What did he do for a living? How old was he anyway that he could put together such a smooth seduction? His actions were totally at odds with his apparent age. Once again, I tried to put on the brakes.

"Bryan," I said, leaning forward away from him, "We shouldn't be doing this."

"Why not? We're both consenting adults." He pulled me back to him. "You are over the age of consent aren't you? I'd hate to be charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor."

I chuckled. "Yeah, I celebrated that birthday nearly 30 years ago." I hoped my message that I was quite a bit older than he was would sink in and make him reconsider his actions. I couldn't say that I wasn't enjoying what he was doing and the thought of a roll in the hay with him was interesting but my mind couldn't get past the age difference. Though he joked about it, I really did feel like I was corrupting a child.

He wrapped his arms loosely around my waist and was quiet for a moment. "Don't get hung up on numbers, Deb."

"Easy for you to say. You haven't hit the down hill side of middle age yet."

I felt him stand up behind me and then he was lifting me up as well. He turned me around so that I was now looking at his chest. There was no moon shining in the sky. The security light that normally shined outside my patio was burned out and I made a mental note to call the management company about it in the morning. Only the pool lights and a few tiki torches that a few residents used to illuminate their balconies and patios kept away the darkness. Bryan's rugged handsomeness, so prevalent in daylight, was even more pronounced in the shadows.

"I don't think this is really about age. I think you're just afraid."

I instantly bristled. "Afraid? Of what?"

"Of letting your hair down and just feeling free to be yourself," he whispered intensely in my ear.

The way my heart was beating certainly reinforced the idea that I was frightened but not for the reason he said. At that moment I was very intimidated by him. The shy, quiet and friendly neighbor disappeared and was replaced by this supremely self confident and insistent young man.

I tried to break away but his strong hands remained on my shoulders and pulled me to him in a deep, passionate kiss. His tongue's rough invasion of my mouth met with neither resistance nor compliance. I was simply too stunned to respond in any fashion. The fingers of his left hand intertwined in my hair while his right hand slid down to my breast and almost mauled it with the urgency of his desire. When his mouth finally released mine I was completely breathless.

"You want this, Debra. I can tell. You can stand here and give me a dozen reasons why we shouldn't but you can't honestly tell me that you don't want to."

My body was shaking with pent up desire. As much as I wanted to deny his words, I couldn't do it. I did want him to take me right there on the patio. My long subdued sexual frustration didn't even want to wait to get to my bed but still I couldn't get my mind past one thing.

"No", I argued. "I'm too old for this."

His voice became tender and his touch gentle. He stroked my hair as if I were his pet. "Debra, don't listen to yourself. You're a beautiful, vibrant, sexy woman. You're in your prime."

I could only stand there and shake some more. He kissed me gently on the forehead and then tilted my face up to look him directly in the eye.

"What did he do to you?" he asked with deep concern.

"Who?"

"Your husband. Mrs. Jankowski mentioned that you'd been married. What did he do to make you doubt yourself so much?"

If he'd tried harder he couldn't have found a better way to cut to the core of the problem. Ben had never been particularly complimentary about my appearance and in the last few years he'd begun referring to me as his 'old lady'. While I laughed about it at the time, it was now apparent that his words had sunk in and caused me to think of myself as prematurely aged. Anger began to burn through the haze of years of negative reinforcement and I started to look at Bryan in a whole new light. So what if he was younger? He was obviously interested and a roll in the hay had to be better than the constant introspection I'd been doing. After all, hadn't I come here to get away from the life that had caused me so much grief?

"Nothing that's worth talking about. And you're right. I do want this."

"Good."

He took my hand and led me back into the apartment. I had barely closed the door behind us when he pulled me close to him, holding me so tightly that I could hardly breathe.

"You're not going to regret this, Debra. I promise you that."

I was somewhat surprised that, considering how ferocious he'd been earlier when he kissed me on the patio, he turned out to be a very gentle and considerate lover. He led me to my bedroom and took great care with my clothes as he undressed me, making sure that each piece was folded neatly and set aside. Despite the fact that I was nearly trembling with anticipation, I took the same care with his T-shirt and swim trunks and he chuckled at me.

Still feeling a bit self-conscious about my appearance, I was very glad that he didn't insist on turning on the lamps. In the dark, with only his words in my ear, it was easy to believe I was young, beautiful and sexy and my body responded in kind. As his hands traced the curves of my breasts, waist and hips, I sighed and felt my knees grow weak. My arms were looped loosely around his neck and I turned my face up to his, aching for the feeling of his lips on mine.

Bryan did not disappoint me. His mouth moved smoothly across mine; tasting, teasing and nipping before sliding across my jaw to a very sensitive spot just below my ear. I didn't realize at first that there was music playing somewhere in the background and finally recognized the sound as coming from my clock radio. It was programmed to play at night while I tried to relax enough to drift off to sleep and now soft jazz floated from the speakers. The music told me that it was actually later than I thought and made me wonder just how much time we'd spent sitting on the patio. Then his hands traveled down my spine and over my ass and my attention immediately snapped back to what was happening now.

"God, your ass is so amazing!" he exclaimed while squeezing it firmly. "I can't wait to fuck it."

That statement took me aback but I passed it off as a comment made in the heat of passion and not something he'd actually follow through on. I let my fingertips brush over his shoulders and chest, dropping down to his nipples and noticed they were already hard. When he pushed me back towards the bed, I didn't resist and fell to the mattress with my arms and legs spread wide, eagerly awaiting whatever it was he wanted of me.

He didn't keep me in suspense long. I giggled as he started kissing my left foot, nibbling on the arch and licking his way to my ankle. Slowly he made his way up my leg, planting kisses along its length; some soft and sensual, others deep and throbbing. When he by-passed the thatch of curls that covered my mound and moved on to my right thigh I was surprised but reveled in the sensations of his mouth covering my leg with a variety of

kisses and giggled again when he reached my foot.

"Mmmmm, you are so responsive," he complimented. "Somehow, I knew you would be.

Before I could answer, my breath was being taken away from me. His mouth clamped over my right breast, sucking hard and strumming the nipple with his tongue. I could feel my pussy get wet almost instantly. My body writhed in fierce pleasure underneath him as he increased the intensity with which he fondled me. I couldn't remember the last time I had been so turned on. In addition to having infrequent sex with Ben, it hadn't been all that passionate or inspiring. In fact, there had been times when I'd had to fight the urge to twiddle my thumbs. Not so that night with Bryan. All my senses were abuzz.

"Oh God, Bryan, please don't stop."

"I won't; not until you beg me to."

Not much chance of that happening. I was having the best time of my adult life. He released my right breast and concentrated on the left one. His mouth was soft and warm. I was getting wetter every time he lapped at my nipple and I felt my juices beginning to pool in between my legs. When he kissed his way down my abdomen I giggled wildly as he hit several ticklish spots along the way but my mirth didn't deter him. Instead it seemed to spur him on even more and when he finally came to his destination, he didn't disappoint there either.

One thing I could say for my deceased husband, he was an oral sex enthusiast and, when he wanted to take the time to really do it right, could bring me to tremendous heights of pleasure. However, it had been a long time since he'd been so inclined to do it right, or do it at all for that matter so now I was moaning just to feel a man's tongue on that sensitive spot.

Bryan seemed equally enthusiastic and gave every sign that he would take the time to be certain that I enjoyed myself to the fullest possible extent. He was gentle and intense at the same time, stimulating a spot until it was almost too much and then moving on. I was never quite sure where the next spot would be since his movements seemed totally random. Again and again he returned to my clit but there didn't seem to be any rhyme or reason to getting there.

Finally he did settle on that small nub of flesh and my back arched as he concentrated his efforts there. I could feel myself pushing against his mouth, trying to get the fullest impact from what he was doing. He teased by pulling away, making sure that the tension in my genitals grew slowly, letting me savor every tingle instead of hastily pushing me over the edge. Eventually, however, I couldn't hold out any longer and my orgasm overtook me, causing my body to violently convulse. It was all I could do to refrain from clasping his head, since he didn't stop while I writhed and gasped.

My climax finally subsided and I was nearly breathless. I was panting hard and fast when he bounced up onto the bed and kissed me passionately, sharing my juices with me. Bryan's body slid against mine, making me aware of the layer of perspiration that appeared on my chest. His face was nearly covered and I didn't realize until that moment just how wet I had gotten. Never before had I climaxed from oral stimulation alone. Ben had always had to finger me too in order to get me to cum.

"God, you're magnificent," he complimented as he held me in his arms.

Feeling suddenly energized by his presence\\,\\ I gave a mighty shove and rolled over so that I was now on top of him ready to return some of the pleasure he'd given me. I kissed all over his face and neck, spending extra time at the point where his shoulder and neck met. He shivered when he felt my lips there and I knew I'd found the first hot spot. The point of his shoulders also seemed to elicit a strong response from him and I wondered what he'd be like when I finally got to the more conventional erogenous zones.

I got my answer once I kissed my way down his chest and flicked my tongue very firmly over his left nipple. His hips bucked hard and I heard him gasp. Just to check, I did the same thing to the right nipple and got a similar response. When I first married I thought Ben had an amazing capacity for sexual arousal but Bryan was demonstrating even more than I could ever hope for from a young man. Briefly, I considered staying here and exploiting this hot spot but decided to move on and come back to it periodically. After all, turnabout was fair play wasn't it?

I continued to kiss my way down across his abdomen and only then did I take a good look at his cock. My eyes

grew wide at the sight. In all my years I'd never seen so large a penis. It had to be at least eight inches long and nearly as thick as my wrist. Even in the dim light I could tell the head was purple and swollen. Words like 'turgid' and 'tumescient' came to mind and I suppressed a giggle at the thought. While I wanted nothing more than to explore it further, I reminded myself that we had plenty of time and there was still a lot of his body to cover. Just to keep him a little off kilter, I switched my attention back to his nipples briefly before I went back to his pelvis and kissed that delicious valley just inside his hipbones.

Taking a page from his book, I chose to travel down his legs and see if I could trigger any reactions there. While he sighed softly, nothing sparked an extra pleasurable response. When I got to his ankles I didn't really feel like stopping so I instructed him to roll over. He raised his head and gave me a questioning glance which I answered with a wistful smile and batted my eyes. He laughed for a second before complying but then turned over on his stomach.

I kissed and stroked my way back up his calves and enjoyed his giggle as I brushed across the back of his knees. When I got to his ass, I sank my fingers deeply into the well-defined muscles, kneading and massaging them. He groaned low and long as my thumbs move closer to that cleft between the two marvelously rounded globes of flesh. I let one lightly brush across his anus and felt him shudder beneath me. Mentally, I cataloged that spot and moved on, using my fingers; lips and tongue to trace abstract patterns over his back and shoulders. I finally returned to his neck and shoulders and his reactions to my ministrations were still strong.

"You like?" I whispered?

His answer was to grab my arm, roll over and pull me to him. He kissed me hard and I felt his tongue push past my lips. This time I welcomed the invasion and let it stroke my teeth and the roof of my mouth. I moaned and gently closed my teeth on it, sucking it in and holding it there. He pulled away and then peppered my neck and chest with kisses as well.

"Oh God, Debra, I'm so hard it hurts," he nearly groaned.

"Well, I don't want you to hurt," I cooed. "What can I do for you?"

He looked me straight in the eyes and I felt as if he were looking deep into my soul. "Roll over. Let me in."

The combination of his gaze and his words were too compelling. I couldn't resist even if I'd wanted. I found myself moving to lie on my back with my legs spread wide. Bryan rolled over and planted himself between my thighs. He reached for my legs and gently pulled me towards him. I could feel his cock brushing against me and I shuddered as a moment of panic washed through me.

What the hell was I doing? I didn't know this guy from Adam. Though he'd said he wasn't a criminal, how did I know he was telling the truth? At the very least he could be carrying some kind terrible disease. I turned my head to look at the door and quickly planned an escape. I don't know whether or not he sensed my nervousness but I heard him curse softly and jump off the bed. A moment later he was back with something in his hand.

"I thought we might both feel a little more at ease if we had less to worry about."

I noticed then that what he held was a condom.

"Do you want to do the honors?" he asked.

"No, you're probably far more experienced with those things than I am."

I couldn't read the look that passed over his face before he answered. "I'm not sure whether to be flattered or insulted."

"Be flattered," I insisted.

In truth, I was the one who should have been insulted. The fact that he'd brought a condom with him made it obvious how he thought the evening was going to end. I was a foregone conclusion.

"Whatever you say," he responded, kissing me briefly before ripping open the package.

I watched him closely, finding it erotic to observe him handle his genitals and see just how practiced he truly

was with this task. While the job was done efficiently, he didn't seem entirely smooth with it either. I wondered if he was just inexperienced with condoms or with intercourse in general. The first thought filled me with trepidation but seemed more likely than the second considering what I'd see and felt so far.

He finished and kissed me again softly. "Having second thoughts?"

"Were my musings that transparent?"

"We don't have to go any further, Debra. You make the call."

"You're sure? I thought you were in pain."

He chuckled for a moment. "Well, it's not so bad since I took that short break."

"This has got to be the most insane thing I've ever done but I don't want to stop now."

"I'm glad."

He kissed me one more time before positioning himself strategically between my thighs. He reached between us and lightly stroked my clit. My hips bucked in delight and I was surprised to find that I was still very wet, despite our pause. Next I felt him begin to penetrate me and I slowly exhaled, trying to relax. Frankly, I wasn't at all sure that I was going to be able to accommodate his length or his girth even if I was completely calm and but I tried to overcome my nervousness and even visualize myself opening up to him.

Though I hadn't said a word, he seemed to know how I felt and made his way in slowly. Perhaps he'd just had enough experience to know that this was the way he had to do it. In a way, the slow deliberate movements were driving me crazy and yet I also appreciated the opportunity to savor every sensation caused by his massive prick being eased into me.

"Oh, yessssssssssssss!" I hissed as he finally hit bottom.

Slowly, sensuously, he stroked in and out of me. My hips lifted to meet every thrust and my legs wrapped around him. While I first thought that there was no way he'd ever be able to fit in me, I could feel the walls of my cunt relax and accept his prick. It was such a marvelous feeling, both physically and emotionally to be having sex again. While I mentally warned myself not to become too involved in this, I knew that it was something I certainly didn't want to give up.

The sensation of fingertips stroking down my belly and across my hipbones aroused me from my mental exercise and brought my mind back to the here and now. With every brush of his fingers, Brian was working closer and closer to my pussy. I felt him unfold the lips of my cunt and gently part them. When he pulled his cock all the way out of me, I groaned my protest.

"Shhhhhhhh, don't worry, you'll like this," he insisted.

I felt him reach down into my cunt with two fingers and pull out some of my juices. I watched in awe as he sucked them clean, savoring the taste. Again his fingers disappeared into me and this time they were presented to my lips. There had been times when Ben and I had been married that he'd fuck me nearly to orgasm and then want to finish in my mouth, so I wasn't totally unfamiliar with the flavor of my own juices. That night I noticed something a little different and thought it must be due to the condom but since it wasn't a bad difference, I eagerly accepted the gesture. The next time his fingers slid into me, he thrust them in deep and wriggled them inside me. Involuntarily my body wriggled right along with him and when he pulled out, he rubbed the juices up on my clit.

I was still highly sensitized from his oral assault there earlier and my hips bucked hard. He reached in deep again and dragged his fingers across the top of my pussy as he pulled them out and then slid the full length of his long fingers against my clit again. I was in sheer bliss. A familiar tingling started deep in my groin and I knew it wouldn't be long before another orgasm hit me.

The next thing I felt sliding into my cunt was his cock. This time it slid in easily with no resistance. He still held open my pussy lips with his fingers and I felt his thumb come to rest on my clit.

"Fuck me, Debra," he commanded as he plunged into me while his thumb flicked my clit. "Fuck me hard."

There was no way I wasn't going to comply with that directive. I thrust my hips up and forward with great vigor and he met me stroke for stroke. All the while he was pressing his thumb firmly against my clit and letting it slide around, lubricated by my own juices. It wasn't long before the tingling became a tightness that signaled an impending climax.

"Harder, Bryan," I groaned, "I'm gonna cum."

That was all he needed to hear. He began pumping fast and hard into me, still expertly manipulating my clit. I was meeting his thrusts and pushing up against him, reveling in the feeling of having a big hard cock pound my pussy. I locked my ankles around behind his back, and used my legs to pull him in even deeper. His hand shifted positions on my lips and I had no clue what he was up to but trusted that I'd enjoy whatever he had in mind.

'Enjoy' didn't even begin to cover it. He lightly pinched my clit between his thumb and forefinger and I thought I was going to fly through the roof. Then he let them slide off, almost as if he were milking it and a completely different set of sensations overwhelmed me. He did it again and again, all the while still fucking me vigorously and it pushed me hard over the edge.

Wave after wave of convulsions started deep in my cunt, squeezing his stiff cock harder and harder. My body reacted as though it had been given a series of electrical shock and I was babbling somewhat incoherently and calling out Bryan's name. My orgasm must have triggered some reaction in him as he fucked me even harder, which I couldn't have imagined was possible.

"Oh, fuck! Debra!" he called out as his body trembled with the force of orgasmic pleasure.

I don't recall ever seeing a man cum as hard as Bryan did that night. As he surrendered to the power of his climax, he tried to thrust even deeper into me, impaling me on the length of his cock. His torso convulsed in a manner I've never experienced and his hands grabbed my thighs so hard that the next day there were faint bruises to outline his fingers. And when it was finished, he rolled over and disconnected from me.

"No!" I cried out, not wanting to lose the sensation of his cock nestled inside me.

Shhhhhhhhh, baby, I gotta take care of this."

He rolled over and grabbed some tissues from the box on the nightstand. I could hear the wet, squishy sounds as he removed the condom from his cock. The bed shook gently as he wiped himself off and then made a perfect shot with the tissues into the wastebasket.

"You scored," I said as I heard the thump of the paper hitting the bottom of the metal receptacle.

"I certainly did," he replied as he rolled back over and put one arm protectively around me. "Thank you, Debra. You are magnificent."

Seconds later I could tell by the even rhythm to his breathing that he'd fallen asleep. I'll admit to being a little disappointed. There was so much more that I wanted to do to Bryan. However, I did have a vague recollection of the recuperative powers of the young, and had no doubt that he'd be in shape for another go around after a short nap.

A cool breeze began to blow in from the gulf. I thought about closing the window but enjoyed the fresh air far too much. Instead, I pulled a light blanket from the back of the bedroom chair and carefully draped it over us before rolling to my side to join Bryan for a restorative nap.

The End.