

Bryan's Song Ch. 02

by [abbeynormal](#)©

To my way of thinking, there is no better way to wake up in the morning than to feel the dawn light gently caressing your face. It was the sunlight streaming in through the sheer curtains at my window that woke me and my mind was still in a haze as I stretched... and came in contact with someone else. Instantly I was wide-awake.

"Good morning," Bryan said. "I was wondering when you were going to wake up."

"Bryan?"

"Were you expecting someone else?"

"Hell, I wasn't even expecting you."

He rolled over and lightly wrapped an arm around me.

"How come?"

"Oh, I figured you would have hightailed it out of here as soon as I fell asleep."

"You've got a lot to learn about me, Debra. I don't just jump into bed with a woman without a lot of prior thought. And I've never been one to 'cum and go'."

A lot to learn? Why would I want to learn any more about him than I already knew? He was a magnificent lover, a decent conversationalist and a nice piece of eye candy. I didn't need to know any more about him. We'd just had a roll in the hay, not pledged to spend our lives together. Inwardly I groaned. The stereotype of the woman becoming clingy and possessive after sex was being shattered before my very eyes.

"However," he continued, "I do need to leave this morning. I promised my dad I'd help him out with some stuff today."

He leaned over and kissed me sweetly and almost chastely.

"I'll see you later, Debra."

"Hmmm," I answered non-committally as I snuggled back under the covers, feigning sleep.

I felt the mattress shift as he got out of my bed. Through slitted eyes, I watched him pull on the swim trunks and T-shirt he'd worn over the night before. I suppressed a sigh at the sight of his body, which was just as magnificent in daylight as it had been last night. I reminded myself that while it was okay to revel in how good I felt at this moment, it wasn't something that was necessarily going to continue. Any dalliance I had with anyone would have to be short term, as I had no plans for living out my days in Florida. This was just an extended vacation. I would have to go back to Michigan eventually.

In the three weeks that I'd lived here I developed a few habits. One of them was making Saturday morning my primary housecleaning time. Since the apartment was relatively small, it didn't need the constant upkeep that a house would. Saturday was also the day I went to the supermarket and ran any errands.

While I was out, I noticed a movie that I had wanted to see back home was now showing at the local second run theater. Figuring I couldn't afford to pass up the opportunity to see a movie for only \$2.00, I made an abrupt turn into the parking lot. Fortunately, I had arrived shortly before the next showing and it wasn't long before I had paid for my ticket and headed for the auditorium. As I settled into the seat, I realized it had been nearly a year since I'd actually seen a movie in a theater. Ben and I had long since quit going out to do things together and with my erratic schedule, it was difficult to plan to do things with my female friends.

When I pulled out of the theater parking after the movie I realized that I'd frittered away nearly all of my afternoon. Out of habit I suppose, I instantly grew anxious. So much to do and I'd just wasted three hours.

Then I laughed at myself and got a grip on reality. There truly wasn't any reason to rush through the rest of the day. Taking the time into account, I decided I didn't have to rush home and finish the laundry and chose to visit a restaurant I'd heard was very good. After dinner I finished my shopping and it was nearly 8:00 when I finally got home and I had an armload of grocery bags burdening me when I finally got to the door of my apartment.

"It's about damn time you got home."

I peered around the sacks to see Bryan standing by my door, hands on his hips and his foot tapping impatiently. I extended my fingers to hand him my keys.

"Here, get the door please."

As soon as I heard the creak of the door hinges I moved forward and rushed to the kitchen to drop my load on the cabinet. Once relieved of their burden, I shook out my arms, trying to get feeling back into them again. I knew I shouldn't have tried to carry them all in one load but I didn't want to take the time to make multiple trips. For a moment I just stood there facing the counter and catching my breath.

Finally I turned around to face Bryan and could see that he was truly angry. His face was bright red and his jaw was clenched like he was trying not to say something. I had no idea why he had a bee in his bonnet but I wasn't that concerned. I'd faced my now dead husband in fits of rage before and always come out unharmed.

"Thank you. If I'd had to open the door by myself I'd probably have dropped something," I said, still gasping for air.

"And where the hell have you been tonight?" he asked with quiet intensity.

I began to stammer an answer and then realized I didn't owe him any kind of explanation.

"Out. And how was your visit with your dad?" I asked, trying to shift the focus off me.

"Don't try to change the subject."

"I'm not. I answered your question and now I'm moving on." I replied, matter of factly.

He stepped towards me and instinctively I stepped back. It was a bad move on my part as I was now effectively pinned against the cabinets. His intensity frightened me. This was not the sweet gentle lover I had seen the night before, the one who had conned and seduced me into having sex with him. This was a very angry young man and I was concerned since his anger seemed to be directed at me. I took a deep breath, trying to remain calm even though I felt like the situation was rapidly spinning out of control.

"Bryan," I said, attempting to be reasonable, "please step back and let me through."

"I told you I'd be back here tonight. Why weren't you here?"

"Bryan," I repeated his name more firmly this time hoping to get his attention off his anger for a moment. "Step back and let me through."

He stood and stared at me, fire still raging in his eyes.

"Look, I'm not going to run away. I'm not going to call the police. I'm even willing to talk to you but not like this."

I watched his face as my words sank into his brain. His jaw was still set but he stepped back and allowed me to move. I walked to the fridge, reaching in for a bottle of LaBatts.

"I realize we're too late for the sunset but do you want a beer?"

"No, thank you."

I grabbed one bottle for me and opened it before motioning him to follow me into the living room. I didn't look to see if he was following, knowing that he had something to say and that he wasn't going to leave without saying it. I settled into a corner of the sofa, tucked my feet up under me and watched him as he weighed his

decision before finally choosing the love seat next to it.

"So what's your beef?" I asked before taking a long swig of my beer.

"I came over to see you and you weren't here."

"And did you call before you came over?"

"No, I don't have your phone number."

"Oh, you mean Mrs. Jankowski didn't share that with you too."

"Of course not."

"So you showed up on my doorstep unannounced to find that I was gone and I'm at fault?" I asked incredulously.

"I told you I'd be over tonight."

"No, your exact words were, 'I'll see you later'. There was no mention of exactly when or where. For all I knew, tomorrow night you would wave to me from your balcony."

"Deb, I told you this morning that I'm not that kind of a guy."

I couldn't hold back a chuckle.

"I'm not!" he insisted.

"Bryan, no man wants to admit he's that kind of a guy but they are. I'm speaking from years of experience here."

"Look, you can ask my roommates if you don't believe me. Since I broke up with Stephanie last year, I haven't spent the night with anyone and I haven't had anyone over to spend the night. Hell, I've hardly gone out with anyone."

I sighed, obviously not able to get my point across.

"Sweets, I'm not accusing and I'm not judging. This is the time of your life when you should be dating a lot of people. I'm not advocating that you become promiscuous but trying out a few and finding what you like and what you need isn't a bad idea."

"I like you," he butted in.

"And I'm tremendously flattered."

"You're different than anyone I've ever dated."

"I dare say I'm older than anyone you've ever dated."

He smiled at my remark.

"Yeah, I'll give you that but you're different too. It's obvious in the way you speak and you move. You're more comfortable with yourself and when you decide to ditch your hang-ups, you're way more sensual."

He stopped to move over to the sofa with me. I stretched out my my legs in an unconscious gesture to keep some distance between us.

"Deb, you're the most exciting woman I've ever met. I'm not talking about anything permanent but I really don't want last night to be a one night stand."

I leaned forward to emphasize my point.

"Oh, you're so sweet," I began.

"No. Don't say that!" he interrupted vehemently. "'Sweet' always precedes a rejection."

This guy had definitely been around if he'd caught on to that.

"Well, you are and yes, I suppose this is a rejection, but it's for a good reason."

"What reason?"

"Bryan, how old are you?"

"I turned twenty-four last August."

"And I'll be forty-four in three weeks. Think about that." The words I dreaded were about to come out of my mouth. "I'm old enough to be your mother."

"I don't care."

"You may not care now but think about what your friends will say. Think what the girls who might otherwise want to meet you will say. They'll wonder if you're so desperate for sex that you have to get it from an old woman."

"Look, I don't give a damn what other women have to say. If they had even half the maturity you do, I'd be chasing them. I'm sick of taking out girls who eat three bites of salad and then complain that they're fat when I can sit across the table and count their ribs."

I could tell how agitated he was by the way he used his body to emphasize his point. He wasn't just gesturing with his hands. His hips, torso and shoulders were into it as well.

"Maybe there's something wrong with me but when a girl spends 30 minutes of dinner conversation about the disagreement she and her colorist are having about how blonde her hair should be, I find that incredibly shallow."

He leaned forward and grabbed my calves firmly but gently and stared into my eyes as if he wanted to make sure that he had my attention.

"I want to spend some time with a woman who's got life experiences; someone who knows how to have a good time no matter what she's doing."

"And you think I'm that person?"

"I know you are," he said with a chuckle as he sat back into the sofa. "The truth is I've kinda been watching you ever since you moved in."

A moment of panic washed over me.

"What?"

"Oh, not with any malice. I just happened to see you the day you moved in. You were out on your patio late that night."

I thought back to the day I had arrived here. My flight had been delayed due to weather and by the time I made the drive to Indian Rocks Beach, I was exhausted. Even though it was the first of November, it had been exceedingly hot and humid and I was perspiring heavily by the time I got my two large suitcases and my carry-on bags into the apartment. I took a shower to wash away the accumulated sweat and fatigue. Since the night was so balmy, I simply wrapped a sarong around me and went out on my patio. I reclined in the lounge chair and closed my eyes, listening to the sound of the waves and smelling the wonderful salty scent of the ocean. It wasn't until a cool breeze drifted over my body several hours later that I realized that I had fallen asleep outdoors.

"You saw me?"

"Yeah, I saw you drag your stuff in as I was coming down the corridor from Mrs. Jankowski's. A little later the guys and I were out on the balcony and that's when I saw you. Ya know, it's not a good idea to spend the night on a patio around here. We don't have a lot of problems in town but there's always the occasional criminal running around looking for an easy mark."

"Yeah, it was stupid but I lived to tell the tale. So, once you realized you had a moron living in the building, is that when you started stalking me?"

He laughed as he answered.

"No, it wasn't until I saw Mrs. Jankowski again later in the week that I really started watching you."

"Oh, and what did she have to say?"

Again I wondered just how much of my story she had passed on.

"Well, she told me your name and that you'd moved here from Michigan after your husband had been in some freak accident."

"Then you decided to check out the grieving widow."

"Something like that. And then we noticed that you sat out on your patio every night about the same time and drank a beer. That's when we decided to start inviting you over."

"We? Your roommates were in on this stalking?"

"I wish you'd quit calling it 'stalking'. I prefer to think of it as observing."

"Look, I'm not going to argue semantics with you. It's creepy no matter what you call it."

"So when it became obvious that you weren't going to accept our repeated invitations, I decided to take the bull by the horns, so to speak."

"And your roommates knew what you were doing last night," I stated again just to be sure I'd heard right.

"Oh yeah, that's why I'm not so concerned about what other people will say. If my two best friends don't have a problem with it, who else matters?"

I shook my head at the information I was hearing. What had happened during the last twenty years of my life? Had marriage completely taken me out of the loop of popular culture? How had I missed that it now seemed okay for women to take on younger lovers the way men had been doing for years?

"You think I'm kidding, don't you?"

I suppose the incredulity was apparent on my face.

"Hell, Jeremy lost his virginity to a thirty year old nurse when he was fifteen and still says it was the best sex he ever had. Matt's over there having kittens because he's got the hots for one of the snowbirds down here and hasn't been able to get up the guts to talk to her."

I could only sit and try to process what I'd just been told. Up one floor and just down the hall there was an apartment with three young men who all seemed to have fantasies about older women. I always thought that such stories were simply the kinds of things one read about in porn magazines. It seemed that there really was truth behind the stories.

There were, however, other issues to be dealt with. I had no idea just what he wanted from me. Was I to be a convenient sex partner or was he wanting more? He had just shown me that he felt like I should have known he would be over tonight which made me think he was wanting something along the lines of a full time relationship. So what did I want?

I couldn't deny that the sex had been magnificent. Even if it came down a few notches it would still be a far

sight better than I'd had in a long time. I wasn't, however, in any condition to be making long term commitments and I wanted to make sure he knew that.

"Look, ignoring this whole age issue for the moment, I'm sure Sylvia told you that I'm not here to start a new life. I'm going home again at the end of April."

"So there's a law against hanging out together while you're here?"

"Not that I'm aware of."

"Then what's the problem with you and me being friends, having fun and enjoying life while you're here?"

"Nothing, I suppose. I was just thinking..."

He leaned forward again, pressing a finger over my lips and quieting me instantly.

"Debra, you're a beautiful, sexy and smart woman, but sometimes you think too much."

Seconds later his lips replaced his finger and I was being kissed in that delicious fashion he had. He didn't just kiss me, he nibbled and licked and sucked. He teasingly nipped the tip of my nose before planting a soft kiss on my chin and then started to work his way down my neck.

"Bryan, this really isn't a good idea," I said as I pushed him away.

"Don't tell me we're going to have a repeat of last night," he almost whined. "What do I have to do to convince you that I'm sincere?"

"Quit leaning on my leg or it's gonna cramp."

He nearly jumped back, allowing me to stand up. Once I was on my feet, I leaned over, kissed him on the forehead, and held out my hand to him. He didn't need to be prompted and was instantly standing in front of me. He continued to kiss me while his hands roamed over my body.

He broke away for a moment and looked around the room. When he saw the portable stereo on a shelf above the TV, he walked over there. I watched as he scanned my small CD collection, selected one and put it in the stereo. Soft jazz music began to fill the room as he walked back to me. I found myself being swept up into his arms and danced around the room. Neither of us would ever be mistaken for Fred Astaire or Ginger Rogers but we managed to move together pretty well. I suppose it was the fact that we'd had practice, of sorts, the night before or maybe we just instinctively knew how to respond to each other. I followed his lead as he danced me around the living room, as well as a short whirl in and out of the kitchen then back to the dining area.

He pinned me against the table and pulled my t-shirt up and off me in one quick movement, then dropped his hands to my breasts, using the lace of my bra to help increase the friction on my nipples. They tightened instantly into two hard knots of flesh under his expert manipulations and I could feel the wetness gathering in my panties as my pussy reacted. My groan of approval was swallowed up in his deep kiss as he wrapped his strong arms around me and pulled me into a tight embrace.

I reached around and let my hands fill with his firm ass flesh. I pulled his groin even tighter to me and wriggled against him invitingly. His tongue filled my mouth and I couldn't recall ever having a lover who kissed so passionately. I felt like he was consuming me and not just with his mouth. The way his arms held me, it was almost as if he were trying to pull me inside him. Lord knows I wasn't going to pass up this merger, not after what I'd experienced the night before.

He lifted me onto the table and I giggled at the thought of what he was planning. I watched as he quickly peeled off his t-shirt and shorts and stood before me with his huge erection. Despite the previous night's passion, I was still somewhat intimidated when I saw how well endowed he was and was amazed that something that big could fit inside me without causing pain. He pushed me back and I automatically spread my legs, waiting for him.

For several long minutes he simply teased me, letting his fingers lightly massage my outer labia then stroking the insides of my thighs. Occasionally he would brush up against my clitoris and I'd shiver with delight. Within moments I could feel my hips rising to meet his touch and my wetness dripping down onto the table below me.

When he finally did slowly push his hard cock into me, my cunt yielded easily and I was overwhelmed with a feeling of fullness. He stood there for a moment, not moving his hips at all and let me adjust.

I sighed deeply, reveling in the enjoyment of being introduced to something new and different. In all my years I could not remember a time when I'd had sex on the dining room table. I wondered what other things Bryan would introduce me to if we spent more time together. I also had to wonder how he seemed to understand women so well at his young age. He seemed to possess a knowledge that even men my own age rarely attained. Then he started to slide out of me and all rational thoughts left my brain.

I let myself be overcome with physical sensation; the roughness of his thighs scraping against mine, the hardness of the table underneath me, the fullness in my pussy. I felt his hands begin to caress my breasts and tweak my nipples and I knew the wetness in my cunt was increasing. I pushed my hips up farther, trying to take more of him into me, wanting to feel him bottom out in me. He obliged by adding an additional roll of his hips as he thrust into me. I gasped at the sensation and I could feel him tense up.

"Did I hurt you?"

"Not a bit," I sighed back.

I could see him smile down at me before he continued. Whereas last night's adventures had been in the dark, we hadn't bothered to turn off the living room lights when we started dancing and now they provided illumination for our activities. Though I was initially shy about him seeing my body, it was obvious that he took great joy in looking at me and watching my face as I writhed in pleasure and passion.

With his feet flat on the floor and my hips at the appropriate height, he was able to thrust hard and deep into me. For a long beautiful time he just fucked me slowly and deeply, getting into a groove and going with it. There wasn't the urgency that we'd felt the night before, just the desire for long, drawn out pleasure. His quiet moans and gasps of passions merged with my own and with the music that continued to play from the stereo.

His hands reached around me and grabbed my hips, pulling me closer to him and slightly off the edge of the table. My eyes grew wide with fear but he instantly reassured me that I would be safe and when I relaxed again, I could tell he hadn't moved me very far. What surprised me was that he didn't move his hands once he repositioned me and kept them on my ass. His fingers pulled apart my cheeks and I felt him begin to lightly stroke my asshole.

I tried to clench up tightly at the unexpected sensation but he kept me spread apart with his hands.

"Relax, Debra. I'm not going to penetrate you. We're not ready for that tonight. Just relax and enjoy."

I tried to relax but it wasn't easy. This was such a strange sensation for me. Ben had always shunned any kind of anal stimulation so this was completely unfamiliar territory for me. I took a deep breath and tried to concentrate on his cock buried deep in my pussy but the strange sensations further back consistently captured my attention. I had to admit that it didn't feel at all bad, somewhere between a tickle and a tingle that became more of a tingle as his touch became more firm. Soon I found myself wiggling with delight and almost wishing he would penetrate me.

"So you do like that?" he asked.

"Oh God, yes. Don't stop."

"I won't."

Then, as if he felt I wasn't turned on enough, he moved one hand and began to stroke my clit with his thumb. Between that, his big cock in my cunt and his fingers on my bunghole, I knew I wasn't going to last long. I could feel my climax start as a sensation deep inside me, like a spring being wound. The more he stimulated me, the tighter the spring got until...

"Arrrrrrrrrgh!"

My orgasm broke forth in a way I'd never yet experienced.

"Fuck me, Bryan!" I screamed, wanting nothing more than to be completely impaled over and over again on his

big cock.

He did not disappoint. I was conscious of his prick slamming into me again and again as if his hips were attached to a fast driving piston. His grunts and groans registered in the most primitive part of my brain and I answered with animalistic noises of my own until finally his climax overtook him and I couldn't hear anything but him. In all my years of being sexually active, I'd never heard a man shout so loud from an orgasm.

I had no clue as to what had inspired him so much but moments later I could feel him quivering and I urged him to lie down before he fell down. As he sank to the floor, he grabbed my hand and with a gentle tug, indicated that he wanted me to come with him. I rolled off the table and to my feet and then snuggled on the floor at his side using his arm as a pillow. It seemed like only seconds later when his soft even breathing indicated that he'd fallen into a deep, peaceful sleep.

For a few minutes I played idly with the few hairs on his chest, trying to figure out how a twenty-four year old man had learned to be such a skilled and adventurous lover. My recollection of guys at that age was probably a bit outdated but I found it hard to believe that men had actually evolved so much in just twenty years. In my day, guys that age were vigorous, with little stamina but great recuperative powers. Generally they tended to be self-absorbed and not all that attentive to their partner's pleasure. Maybe the problem was that the twenty-four year old I'd known best was Ben. Admittedly he had improved over the years but when we married I was most impressed that he could do it several times a day.

As sleep finally overtook me too, I thought that Bryan and I really needed to sit down and talk for a while. I had far too many questions about him that needed answering if we were going to continue to be lovers.