

“Hope”

By Dirty Dawg

I can't begin to tell you what Hope means to me. My mother died when I was very young, so young in fact, that I hardly remember her. She is a faded image in my mind, and only old photographs remind me of what she once looked like. She was very pretty my mother, and I guess I miss her. That may sound a little cold and callous, but I never really knew her.

Hope, on the other hand, was another story. Hope is my best friend's mother, and I have had a crush on her for as long as I've known what girls and boys do together in the bedroom. It got very, very bad during puberty, and now, at the tender age of 17, it's finally leveled off. But there's a good reason for that.

Hope and I...wait. Let me start at the beginning.

Hope is the kind of wife and mother that reminds you of those perfect women in sitcoms. Always ready with a plate of fresh-from-the-oven cookies and a ice-cold glass of milk, Hope helped form my opinion of what a woman should be. Even at that tender age, I knew that Hope was different from other Moms. She was smarter, funnier...sexier. It wasn't like she was slinking around the house in a silk dressing gown, flashing glimpses of her underwear at my tender, underage eyes. She never looked inappropriate; it was just that she has this...fresh, sexy appeal, kind of like one of the girls you see in a beer advertisement, or a chewing-gum commercial. I know how stupid and insipid that sounds. My father summed it up: There are girls you want to meet, and girls you marry. Hope was both.

When the first stirrings of my teenaged lust started appearing, Hope was the primary focus of my fantasies. In my fevered jack-off dreams, I saw her and I together, doing things that I still had no names for, things I only knew would feel perfect if I were to do them with her.

Looking back now, I know that Hope was aware of my feelings, painful and immature though they were. She always treated me well, and I like to think that she thought me the son she never had. I mean, I know she had a son, but...you know what I mean.

Jeff was her son, and my best friend. We met in the first grade, and it was basically set from there. Even now, after all that's happened, he and I are still best friends. He doesn't understand it, and I'm sure he doesn't agree with it, but I know that he'll be my best friend until the day I die. Just as Hope will be my one true love.

What happened is that during the summer between my junior and senior year, several things happened. Jeff's father left Hope and moved in with his bimbo secretary. It was an old story, but no one had seen it coming. Hope had always thought she'd had a happy marriage, that her husband was satisfied and content. Amazing what a pair of nineteen-year old tits can do for a man, huh?

What also happened is that I broke up with a girl that I'd been dating for about six months in a futile attempt to get Hope out of my soul. Erin dumped me for a better-looking jock, crushing me. And Jeff started dating his first serious girlfriend.

What happened, then, was that Hope and I found ourselves spending a lot of time alone. I would go over to Jeff's house to see if he was doing anything, and more than likely he was screwing around, out with Heather somewhere. Hope as all alone, and she was starting to show some of the wear and tear the separation was causing her. Hope still thought that her husband would return after his midlife crisis, but with each subsequent day, it looked like the divorce was actually going to happen.

In all fairness to Jeff's dad, he was handling the thing as well as could be expected. There were no money problems. He'd agreed to make sure that Hope and Jeff were well taken care of. Hope didn't have to worry about finding a job or losing the house. She just missed having a husband around.

As I was to find out.

One Friday night I got to feeling kind of lonely, so I headed on over to Jeff's house. He was out with Heather again, and Hope was obviously feeling kind of down.

"So, what are your plans for tonight, stud?" Hope always called me that and whenever she did, it made me feel. ...good.

"Well, since Jeff is going out, I'll probably just go back home and watch a video." I tried to keep the hint of desperation and loneliness out of my voice.

Hope stopped what she was doing and glanced at me. "Tell you what. I was just going to read a little and then go to bed. Why don't we watch the movie together. I could really use some company tonight, Greg."

Suddenly, my throat was dry.

"Uh," I said. "The movie is, uh, at, uh, home."

Hope waved a dismissive hand. "We'll see what's on cable or pay per view. No problem. What do you say? I'll pop some popcorn, get some sodas..." She raised her eyebrows, "Maybe a beer or two...? What do you say, huh?"

In to the breach, dear friends.

"Sure." Hope laughed gleefully and clapped her hands. She set to work instantly. In ten minutes we had a big bowl of popcorn, a beer for me and a glass of wine for her.

Pay Per View was showing one of those heavy-duty R- rated movies that had lots of nudity and sex in it. Hope looked at me, embarrassed, but I just shrugged, and we went back to watching. The plot of the movie was a gift from the Gods. An older woman's husband leaves her for a younger woman, and she gets her revenge by taking over the company she inherited from her father but the dallying husband runs. In one later scene, she's talking to the Dictaphone, remarking about how since she doesn't have a man in her life anymore, she'll have to make her business the focus of her life.

I was reaching for my third beer when I heard the sound next to me. Hope was on the other side of the couch, and I saw that she had sniffled. She was crying softly, staring at the screen, her eyes out of focus, her thoughts obviously somewhere else. As she continued to think about whatever it was (and I'm sure I know what it was,) the tears increased. Even crying, she was beautiful. Hope was so wrapped up in whatever it was that she was thinking about, I had a moment to really, really look at her. I'd always been shy, and I preferred to look at pictures of Hope that were around the house.

I was reminded again just how beautiful Hope was. She wasn't wearing any makeup that night, and at the tender age of 36, she looked better than some of the girls I went to high school with. I studied the soft line of her jaw and suddenly wanted to kiss it very badly. She was wearing soft chinos and a blue oxford. The first three buttons were undone, and I suddenly realized I could see the edge of her lacy bra. That was somehow more exciting than if I had seen her naked. The thought that her full, round breasts were just underneath that smooth, silky material made my blood pound. I actually started to salivate.

She finally noticed me staring at her and snapped her head towards me. "Oh," she said softly. "I must look horrible. I'm sorry."

“No!” I said, meaning it. “Don’t be sorry.” I reached for the remote and snapped the TV off. The room was suddenly quiet. Hope put her hand on her forehead, shading her eyes as another sob wracked her body.

“It’s just that...” Hope took a deep breath and then did something that shocked me. She held her hand out as if she wanted me to take it.

I did.

She pulled me towards her, and I slid across the couch, wondering what was going on. Hope released my hand and used that arm to grab my shoulder. She pulled me towards her, and for one panicked moment I thought she was going to kiss me.

Hope buried her face against my chest and started crying in earnest. My arms went around her and we just held each other. I let her get it out, and as she continued to sob against my chest I realized this was probably the first time she had really cried about the whole thing. She was the kind of woman, the kind of mother, that would want to present a strong front to Jeff.

I felt oddly touched that she felt she could do this with me, in front of me. My hands were massaging her back, and the little dirty boy inside my head announced that my fingers were running over her bra strap, and that her warm, full breasts were pressed firmly against my chest. Completely and utterly against my will, my cock hardened in my pants. I thanked God that the way were sitting hid my thumping erection from her view.

“How could he do it?” she wailed. “How could he... fuck that little bimbo?” Hearing that word come out of her mouth both amazed and aroused me. The blood started flowing even harder to my cock, and I started to feel a little lightheaded. The beer and the growing arousal I was feeling began to take effect.

“I think he’s crazy,” I said softly. I turned my head against hers and kissed her clumsily on the side of the head, through her hair. She clung to me tightly after the kiss, and I returned the embrace, starting to get comfortable with the feeling of Hope’s body against mine.

She started to pull away. One of my hands slid up her back and over her shoulder, and I cupped her cheek. Her skin felt hot and electric under my fingers. I stroked her cheek. She looked up at me, and the pain in her eyes, the betrayal, the loneliness was overwhelming.

One of her hands came up and found my face. She traced my chin with her thumb. Her other hand came up to the one I had on her face, and she gripped my wrist. She was looking up at me, her eyes searching mine, looking at my face, at my lips. I could feel her breath on my skin, feel her pulse under my fingers. Her heart was beating fast, almost as quickly as mine was. I knew that we were going to kiss.

I made a small movement with my head, stopping long enough to give Hope a chance to back out. I haven’t necked with a lot of girls, but I know a lot about body language, how to send signals, how to telegraph intent before action. As I paused, Hope gave me a chance, moving her face a fraction of an inch closer to mine. We did it that way, tiny intimate little steps, until our lips were an inch apart.

“Are you sure?” she said, opening her mouth, showing me moist tip of her little pink tongue.

“Never so sure in my life,” I whispered back, and pressed my lips against hers. Our mouths worked together softly, gently. It was the most perfect kiss in my life. All the years of crush and desire had added up to this moment in time. I knew that Hope had been aware of my feelings for her, and how they had grown. As our mouths opened and we softly, gently exchanged tongues for the first time, I had a fierce wish to be ten years older. At twenty-eight, I could mean something to this woman. I could be a part of her life. I could fill the void left by her bastard of a husband.

All I was now, I knew, was an eager young man willing to let her find solace in the warmth of my embrace. It was a learning experience for me, a passing of the sexual torch from one generation to another. A rite of passage; every young man has an older woman in his life, a surrogate mother who lets him see what is fine and beautiful about women, aside from their bodies and their faces. Every man has that woman, the one that shows him what life will be like when he finds The One to spend it with.

The kiss ended and we pulled apart...just a little. We touched foreheads for a moment, and I kissed her dryly there.

"We shouldn't," Hope whispered, but her fingers were pulling me tighter against her even as she spoke. I took a second to catch my breath; Hope's kiss had stolen it from me. "Do you want to?" she whispered. "Jeff won't be back for hours...and I need to feel beautiful again." Her eyes came up and found mine, and she bit her bottom lip waiting for my answer.

"I've never..." I started. "You'll have to show me," I said after a second. She closed her eyes and nodded softly. "You're so beautiful, Hope. So damn sexy..."

"You think so? You really do? You're just not saying that?"

I took her head in my hands and kissed her again. It was gentle for a second, and then we were hungrily mouthing each other. I pulled away and kissed the tip of her nose. At that moment, I finally understood what the word intimacy meant. No more secrets. "I...think about you when... I touch myself," I whispered.

She smiled, and it wasn't the condescending smile of a cheerleader or a prom queen, the dismissive grin of girls I could never have. It was the warm smile of a woman accepting a strange sort of heartfelt compliment. She understood its import; Most boys my age were thinking about those same prom queens and cheerleaders when they took themselves by the hand. I had chosen her, a fully-grown and completely realized woman as my sexual ideal. She was all woman to me.

"Greg," she whispered again. "I want so badly to feel you next to me..."

"I want to take my time," I said. "I've thought about this for my entire life. I want to learn everything about you tonight. Everything."

"Yes, you dear sweet man, yes. Everything." We stood from the couch and hugged firmly. Her arms were pressed against my chest, and then they went around my torso, around my back, pulling me against her as we kissed again. One hand ascended to my neck and she pulled me harder against her, using her fingernails to lightly scratch me. If I'd been a cat, I would have purred. We were sharing breaths now, breathing through our nose, not breaking the kiss. She could feel my urgent need, my hunger for her, and she stepped back.

"Not here," she said. "In the bedroom." She took my hand in hers and led me to her bedroom, the place where she and her husband had made love countless times before. It was a truly symbolic act that was not lost on me. I was, in a way, replacing a man that had wanted out. I had wanted in.

Once there, she sat me on the bed and stood between my spread legs. She took my hands and placed them on her waist. I kissed her tummy through the skirt and she smiled down at me, running her fingers through my hair.

"Undress me," she whispered. With shaking hands, I started unbuttoning her shirt. Each tiny white button slipped through its slot with a soft click! sound. I tugged the shirt out of her waistband and saw the wide expanse of her flat, silky belly. I buried my face against her skin and inhaled her fresh, clean scent. I kissed her stomach and licked it softly and she groaned.

"Are you sure you've never...?" she giggled, and I smiled into her skin.

"Never," I assured her.

Talking stopped as I stood in front of her. Hope is about five inches shorter than me, and she looked directly into my eyes, burning my soul with a laser, as I slid the shirt off her shoulders and down her arms. The lacy bra I'd glimpsed before was in my face now, her creamy breasts jiggling with her shaky breath. She was as excited and nervous as I was.

I lightly traced her neck with my fingers, trailing them down her throat, across the top of her chest. Lightly, ever so lightly, I traced the outline of her bra-covered breasts. Biting her lip and shivering at my touch, Hope stood higher on her toes, trying to get more contact from my hand. I said nothing, only watched my hand as it moved across her chest to find her other breast through the sexy, silky material of her bra.

I lowered my face and kissed the side of her neck as my hands went around her back, searching for the clasp of her bra. It separated under my touch, and I remembered Jeff telling me how hard it was to get one of those undone.

Not if it's right. If you're sweating in the backseat of a car, wrestling with emotions as well as your date, your hands are unsteady. But when you've got the woman of your dreams standing in front of you, her eyes cast down as you remove her bra, revealing her to you for the first time as she awaits your approval, everything is smooth as silk.

The cups of Hope's bra clung sweatily to her breasts for a moment, and then the wispy garment fell in a white lace puddle at her feet. Her face was still down. Her breasts sagged gently against her ribs, and I reached out and cupped her face.

"Look at me," I whispered. Slowly, she raised her face to mine. "What's the matter?"

"I wasn't sure that you'd...I mean, the girls your age are all so...fresh and..."

"Shhh," I said, putting a finger across her lips. "Listen to me... If I wanted to look at your breasts, just your breasts, just... breasts, I'd go rent a movie or buy a magazine or go to a strip joint. I want to make love with you, Hope. All of you. Every exquisite inch of you."

"Oonnh!" she said, lifting her face to mine, throwing her arms around my neck, pulling my face against hers as we kissed again, another spectacular explosion of intimacy and sweet, pure passion.

We kissed for...hours, it seemed. My arms were looped around her waist, and I took two handfuls of her rump, pulling her against me. It felt soft and exquisite in my hands. A woman's soft, round ass. I loved it. I wanted to kiss it.

My hands went to her belt and I loosened it, finding the snap and releasing it. The unlocking metal teeth of the zipper sounded incredibly loud, almost accusing, as I slid it down. Hope did something with her hips, and the pants slid to her feet. She stepped out of them, now clad only in a tiny pair of light pink panties. I could see the dark mat of her bush through the material, and I knew that's where I wanted to be.

In time, my son. Patience.

"Now you," she said, moving her hands to my waist. I'd been slow and gentle, but Hope was eager and hungry. She tugged the T-shirt out of my waistband and lifted it over my head, bearing my chest to her gaze. I'd worked out a little over the past few months, and my chest and abs were tight, tan and trim. "Mmmm," she said, leaning in to kiss me between my pecs. "So young...I'm going to have so much fun corrupting you!"

"Sit back," I said, stepping away to heel-toe my sneakers off. I fingered the socks over my ankles next, and made quick work of my 501's. I was like her, in my boxers, a pole of need in my shorts.

"Lie down," I whispered, and then joined her on the bed. Holly moved as if to take me into her embrace, and I gently pushed her back, turning her over onto her stomach.

“Let me play,” I requested, and she settled. I started at her legs, just above her ankles, lightly kissing her calves. Slowly, gently I moved upwards, kissing the back of her knees, the backs of her thighs. The vertical smile of her rump greeted me next, and I kissed each cheek softly. My fingers followed my lips, stroking and squeezing everything gently, trying to stimulate her, turn her on. It was working, because Hope was squirming under my touch, under my caress. I was filled with the power of making a woman respond to me; I felt invincible, manly, macho.

I kissed her spine slowly, moving closer to her shoulders. “Turn over,” I said, and she did. Her breasts shimmied with her motions, but I ignored them for the moment, kissing just below them, moving down. Hope's legs bent at the knees, and she spread her legs. I could smell her scent wafting from between them, tantalizing me with her aroma. It made me salivate.

I kissed lower and lower, and then moved between her legs. Lifting them above my head, Hope slid her panties off and down, and then tossed them away. Slowly, her legs came back down, and then she spread them, allowing me my first unobstructed view of her.

She was beautiful. Exquisite.

I closed my eyes and moaned.

“What?” she said, worried.

“You're a work of art,” I said, lowering my face between her legs. Her bush was an inch from my nose and I kissed it, feeling her curls in my nose. Blowing hot air with my mouth, I reached my tongue out and gently tested the waters. Her natural lubrication was tangy and tart, a treat for the tongue. I instantly wanted more.

“Tell me,” I whispered. “If I do it wrong, tell me. Teach me.”

“Oh...you're doing wonderful,” she moaned. “Perfect. Don't stop!” My arms went around Hope's legs as I settled between them, and began to eat my first pussy. Gently at first, and then with growing hunger, I licked and sucked at her snatch, finding all her intricate tissues. I used my fingers to spread and open her, and I saw the eye of God staring back at me as I extended my tongue and used a long, thrilling lick from the base of her pussy to the top, stopping only to circle her clitoris once, twice, and then down again, delving inside her molten cave to taste her again.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” Hope groaned, lifting her hips off the bed and twisting them against my face. I renewed my attack, using more friction and moisture, using one of my hands to tease and caress her clit as I used my tongue to lick and gently suck at her juices.

Hope was getting closer now, ever so much closer. A woman was about to have an orgasm because of what I was doing to her, and I didn't want to miss a thing. I looked up, surprised to see Hope fondling her own breasts, pulling and twisting her rock-hard nipples. Her eyes were closed and she was tossing her head from side to side, biting her bottom lip, hunching her hips up off the bed into my face. Hope's hands left her breasts, finding my head, pressing my face against her sex harder as she dissolved into her first orgasm under my tongue. It was long, drawn-out and very wet. Her cunt saturated my face with her orgasm and I went wild, licking and sucking and gulping. I didn't want to miss a single molecule of her. I wanted it all. She was on my face, in my mouth and on my tongue, in my hair and eyebrows and eyelashes. It was the scent of love, of pure passion, of desire and hunger.

Finally, she pushed me away, rolling me onto my back. Hope rolled on top of me, and we shared a tender, intimate kiss.

“Thank you,” she said. “Thank you so much.”

“For what?”

“My husband...hates to do that. He thinks it's gross.” I kissed her again, and then said, “Tell you what: I'll make you a deal. Any time you need someone to go down on you, you give me a call, and I'll be happy to relieve the itch.”

Hope laughed and kissed me again. It was a wonderful sound, a sound I could listen to for the rest of my life. Hope continued to kiss me, and then she started moving south. She kissed my hairy nipples, and then between them, and then my stomach, and my belly button. My cock was throbbingly erect. I was so ready for her, so eager for her touch.

She got between my legs as I had done for her, kneeling, bending over, letting me watch her breasts sway with her movements. She grasped my cock with her perfect hand and stared at it, whispering softly. “It's perfect. So hard and strong and...FAT.”

I laughed at that. I remembered someone's words: Doesn't matter how long it is, as long as it scrapes the sides. Apparently that was true, because Hope lowered her face and kissed my cock softly, as if it were a rare treasure that needed to be savored.

That's the best description that I can find. She savored my cock, licking its entire length gently, softly, getting me wet and slick with her mouth. She lowered her face and licked my balls, something I'd never even considered. The feeling was delicious, and it sent shivers up and down my body. “Mmmm,” Hope moaned into my testicles. “I love the taste of your nuts!” That was a little dirty, a little kinky, and it turned me on. I began to understand that you could mix the good and the nasty together and get a potent concoction. The thought that Hope trusted me enough to show this side of her to me was exciting and a little scary at the same time.

“Yeah, suck my balls,” I said softly, and she lifted her head to smile at me.

“You must think I'm a horrible slut,” she said with a grin.

“Yeah...but you're MY slut!”

She laughed that gay, happy little laugh. “You do understand, don't you?”

“Yes, I do. Every woman wants to let her hair down from time to time and just be a person, instead of a wife and a mother. And every person needs a little nastiness, a little kink, a little delicious sleaze to feel alive and wanted and desired.”

Hope had been stroking my cock during my little speech.

“I'm so glad that it was you...” she whispered. “I couldn't imagine a more perfect night with anyone else.” And then she lowered her face, opened her mouth, and slid the entire length of my cock into her mouth and down her throat. I gasped with the sudden contact of her mouth and tongue and lips against my cock.

Slowly at first, and then gaining a little speed, Hope bobbed her head up and down my cock, using one of her hands to stroke my thighs, the other to gently massage my balls. Her face was closed in concentration or pleasure, and I just sat back and watched her. It was going to be soon, I knew, but I wanted to enjoy it as much as possible. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined Hope making love to me orally. It was just too much to hope for.

And then I was there, feeling my nuts tighten in Hope's hand. She massaged them, squeezed them, used them to lift my cock deeper inside her mouth. My cock throbbed once, twice, and then I was shooting, filling her mouth with my cream. Hope sucked and gulped, eagerly welcoming it all down her throat.

She slithered up my body and kissed me. I could taste myself in her mouth, and it only made me kiss her harder.

“Make love to me, Greg,” Hope whispered. “Please!”

Hope gazed into my eyes as she slowly brushed the hair out of my eyes. Her eyes were soft and sweet and loving. Her smile was small and secret, and I knew a little of what she felt. No matter

what happened in my life, no matter where I went or what I did, or who I eventually became, no one could take this away from me, this perfect night with Hope.

I was a little scared as I rolled her over. This was It. The Big One. The loss of my virginity to this exquisite woman. I had wanted nothing else for as long as I could remember. And now here it was, in front of me, waiting for me, beckoning me. Hope spread her legs open beneath me, and I felt the heat and moisture of her crotch pressing against mine. My cock had barely gone down since cumming in Hope's mouth, and I was eager to get started, but remembered my manners.

I lifted my weight off of her and reached down to grasp my rod. It felt hard and fat, even to my hand. I slid it up and down her leaking slot, looking for her entrance. Hope smiled at me and reached down, guiding me to her entrance. I felt her opening, and slowly inserted the first inch.

I don't remember what I thought sex would be like, but this was not it. It was a million times better than I could have ever possibly thought it would be. Inch by slow, hard inch I filled Hope with my rod, watching her face as she felt me inside her for the first time. She bit her lip sexily, smiling up at me, and then closing her eyes and groaning low in her throat as I bottomed out inside her. Hope's vaginal walls clasped me snugly, milking me.

Hope laughed out loud. "You should see your face," she kidded me. "You look like you found God."

"No," I managed to whisper, "But I've found my Goddess..." And then, as she smiled wider at me, I started moving, withdrawing my prick slowly, feeling her walls trying to hold me inside her. I left just the tip in and then slid forward again, grunting at the pleasure and the ecstasy.

"A little faster, please," Hope requested, and I quickened my pace. Hope pulled my head closer to hers and lifted her face to kiss me. Our kiss was soft, gentle and loving. That's what this was, I realized. We were not fucking, we were not having sex...we were making love. Two people that cared deeply about each other as individuals were expressing their love and care in the best way possible. This was an incredibly special and intimate moment between two people, and I wanted to savor it all night long.

Our lovemaking wasn't hurried or rushed, allowing the both of us to experience maximum pleasure and satisfaction. Hope's blowjob had given me a little stamina, and my oral sex had given her more natural lubrication. Her legs came up and closed around my waist at the same moment her arms closed around my neck. I was cocooned by her body, by Hope's pussy and breasts and face and mouth, and at that moment, in the middle of all that pleasure and closeness, I sincerely wondered if her husband had lost his mind. I mean.

.... what man wouldn't want to come home to this woman every night? She was funny and smart and heart-meltingly sexy? What more could you want? Sure, she didn't have the tight, trim body of a teenager. But she did have experience and intelligence and compassion, things sorely lacking in most of the teenagers I knew personally. She was warm and giving. She was everything I ever wanted, and I cursed my bad luck for not being older, not being a man for her to love, a man she could welcome into her life. I wanted to stop this, just for a second, stop this carnival ride of lust and pleasure and quietly, gently explain that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with Hope, that I loved her more than anything in the world, more than I could ever hope to love anyone in my life.

Instead, I continued to make love to her, continued to use my cock to give her pleasure, continued to do my best to be a man for her. I was getting close, I knew, and it wouldn't be long before I exploded in my first orgasm inside a woman. I was aware that Hope hadn't cum yet, and I wanted to change that. I wanted her to cum with me; I knew it was probably unrealistic to expect that we would have a mutual orgasm, but I desperately wanted her to cum with me inside her.

I reached a free hand down and gently stroked her clit. Hope's eyes flew wide open and she bucked against me, lifting her hips harder against my groin. I felt her vaginal walls clasp incredibly tight around me, and then it happened.

"Oh, you dear sweet man, please do come inside me!" I had no choice. Hearing her ask for it, beg for it, plead for it did it to me. I grunted and shoved, burying every last inch inside her, twisting my hips, letting me pubic hairs scrape against her clit, trying to bring her over the edge with me. Miraculously, it happened. We came together, clutching our bodies against each other, sweating and smiling and kissing as our brains exploded in mutual, simultaneous pleasure. Our mouths broke apart, gasping for breath.

Hope's laugh started low in her throat, and built to a chuckle. She was laughing out loud, an incredibly happy, joyous laugh. I knew she wasn't laughing at me, but I was curious.

"What?"

"I've never...never had an orgasm with a man inside me before."

I gaped at her, and then realized that her husband must be a selfish, shitty lover. "Well, I'm glad I could be the first one," I smiled. Hope tightened her legs around my waist, holding me inside her. "You're the only one in my life now, Greg."

I moved us over until I was on my back. Hope fingered the hair out of her face, tucking it behind one ear. I wanted so badly to tell her that I loved her, wanted so much to let her know how much she meant to me, but I held back. I didn't want to sound like an infatuated teenager, someone who had no control over feelings governed more by glands than by brains.

I remembered a fantasy that I'd had about Hope about a year ago, and burst out laughing myself.

"What?" she wanted to know.

"Nothing," I said. "I was just thinking about a fantasy that I had about you a while ago."

"Mmm," she said, tracing my chest with a fingernail. "Tell me about it."

"You'll think it's silly," I said.

"No, Greg. Never!" Her face was serious, and I decided to trust her. I wasn't sorry.

"Well...I used to have this fantasy that we spent an entire day together, as boyfriend and girlfriend, doing all sorts of neat, romantic things, like having breakfast in bed, then going out and doing stuff, having a picnic lunch maybe, going to a movie and dinner, maybe drinks and dancing, and then back to my house for a night of lovemaking. And in the morning, you wouldn't remember a thing, and I'd have this perfect memory of a night spent with my perfect woman." I finished my story and waited to see her reaction.

"Why wouldn't you want me to remember?" she asked.

"Because," I explained, "I was never very popular with the girls, and I wanted to be able to love you, to be in love with you, to make love with you...without having you feeling embarrassed or...silly." Her expression grew serious.

"Do you love me, Greg?"

There was a moment of silence. "Yes," I finally whispered. "I do."

Her hand caressed my face as she stared into my eyes. Her smile was soft and tentative. "You have your whole life ahead of you, Greg. All of it. Why me?"

I laughed. "Why is the ocean blue? Why does the sun come up? It just does, it just is. I don't know why or when. ...I just know I do." I looked away. "I'm sorry if that...if that's a problem."

Hope just kissed my jaw softly, using her hands to turn my face back to hers. "No problem," she said. Her mouth opened against mine, and as she slid her tongue into my mouth I knew it was going to be all right, no matter what happened.

What happened was that Hope and I made love twice more that night. As it got late, and we realized that Jeff might return, we reluctantly got dressed, and I went home. I could hardly sleep that night, my thoughts so filled with Hope as they were. The next day, I went back over to see Jeff, and Hope met me at the door with a huge smile on her face. As I stepped in, Hope drew me into a passionate embrace. Her hands clutched at me as she drew me against her, and I kissed her back as hungrily as she kissed me.

"I have news!" she said, her face alight with merriment. For a sudden second, I had a fear that her husband had returned.

"Jeff is going away to camp!" she said. "He'll be gone for nine weeks!"

"What?"

"Jeff is going away to camp! He and Heather got jobs as counselors at a camp in Maine! They're leaving in four days for nine whole weeks!"

And then I realized what it meant. We would have nine weeks alone together, nine weeks to discover what, exactly, was going on between us.

I pulled her to me again, kissing Hope's neck and cheeks. "Where is he now?" I moaned.

"At Heather's," she moaned, wrapping her arms around my neck. "He'll be back in about an hour-ooooh!" she moaned as my hands found her breasts. We sank to the floor and made love right there on the kitchen linoleum. It was fast and sweaty and eager, and I kept telling her how beautiful and sexy she was. Once again, she orgasmed as soon as I did, and as we got dressed, Hope kissed me softly.

"I couldn't stop thinking about you when you left," she said. "I must be crazy...but I think I love you, Greg."
