

House Calls

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

I

I was settling down for an evening of friendly Halo-style fragging when my dad yelled.

“Tony!”

“Yeah, dad,” I answered. Hadn’t even put my headset on. I’d finished my homework already, and I’d told him so at dinner.

He stuck his head in my room. “Cathy got her DSL kit today. You promised to set it up. I already did the filters and pre-wire.”

“Sure, dad. Will do. She home?” I asked.

“Yes, I just got off the phone with her. She’s expecting you.”

Shut down Skype. Shut down Halo. Shut down the whole damn computer. “Wireless router with a corner reflector in the bedroom?” I reconfirmed. We’d gone over it before, but it’s always good to check.

“Yup, pre-wire is done so you can put it on top of the wardrobe,” he told me.

“Okay, did you generate SSIDs and keys, too?”

He laughed. “I thought I’d leave *something* for you to do.”

Thanks, dad... “Okay, I’ll head over.” I grabbed our bag of tricks and headed next door.

It was dark already, and getting cool. Cathy had been living next door for a couple of months; so far she’d been “sharing” our wireless service. I didn’t have a problem with that, but she and dad did. She was renting the place -- signing up for DSL didn’t make sense to me, but they didn’t ask me. They just wanted me to finish setting it up.

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Dad did the hard work, running lines and installing filters. Took a day and a half to do it, too -- would have taken me a couple of hours. But he put in a new run, and a short one, from the telco box on the side of the house to where the DSL box with its wireless connection would go, and put filters in the remaining wiring, also installed at the box. Very clean. Putting the wireless thing in that location with a corner reflector on it would give her really good signal levels anywhere in the house or the back yard, or in our house for that matter, with very little signal present across the street. We'd done the same thing at our place, putting the wireless antenna in the front of the house with a corner reflector.

"Hi, Ms. Harkin," I said as she opened the door.

"Thanks for taking care of this so quickly, Anthony, I'm really excited about it!" she told me.

Excited, yeah -- hard to *not* notice her nipples poking through the sweater she was wearing. Pretty good looking for someone in their mid 30's.

"No problem. Where's the modem, and your laptop?"

"On the table in here," she said, leading me to the dining room.

Still in the box. I got my laptop and the hundred foot Ethernet cable on its spool.

"Okay, I'm going to set up the box where it will live, but with a cable out to here so I can do the setup shit comfortably." Damn, had I really said that? I felt myself turning red.

But she chuckled. "I'll stay out of your way."

I took the modem out of the box and looked things over. Dad and I have installed plenty of the things in the neighborhood; we understand them better than the installation people. Their phone support people don't know Macs, but what else is new. Didn't look like anything had changed.

Going into her bedroom was a little weird. It smelled feminine. That kind of hurt. No, it definitely hurt. Dad and I have been alone for what, almost two years now? I sighed. Keep moving -- that's what dad said. That's what he did. But still, it hurts. Both of us hurt.

I ran my Ethernet cable, powered up my PowerBook, then got the DSL box. He even had the corner reflector placed! I took off my shoes before I stood on a chair to put the box on top of the cabinet, sliding the antenna through the hole in the reflector. What the hell had taken him so long? This looked like a half hour job. Connected Ethernet and power, watched the lights blink in sequence, then connected the phone line. More blinkety blikety blink.

Back in the dining room, bring up Firefox on my laptop hardwired to the DSL box...

"Someone screwed up," I muttered.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, concerned.

I smirked. “Nothing -- the info they gave you actually works. We did the Jenson’s a few weeks ago and it took hours on the phone to get SBC to admit and correct their errors.”

She laughed. “So this should be easy?”

I shrugged. “We’ll see.” Still plenty of room for surprises.

It actually went well. Configuring her DSL box was easy, as long as you ignored SBC’s instructions. Idiots -- they still shipped the things with wireless enabled and no security. Not for long...

“Okay, you can start up your laptop,” I told her.

“This is fun!” she said as she opened her iBook.

“You know dad’s sense of humor,” I reminded her. “Our network is called ‘Searching’ for anyone looking around. Yours is going to be called ‘Inactive’ for the same reason.”

“Ooh, I like it!” she agreed.

SSID changed, broadcast SSID turned off, a random key from hotbits and set up security. I moved to her laptop and told it about her new wireless network, authenticating her MAC address.

“Dad wanted me to ask if you want us to have access to your network. We’ll be able to connect, but not see anything on your computer.”

“Yes, please -- he’s explained that, and getting some kind of log information as well,” she agreed.

“Okay...” I opened up a file on my laptop and added four more MAC addresses to the list, then turned on syslog. “Only our machines can connect wirelessly. If you need to allow another wireless connection, let us know. I’ll e-mail you a set of instructions, but we can do it pretty quickly.”

“That’s why you’re here,” she told me.

It took another fifteen minutes to configure and test the e-mail and web stuff. Before I did that, I disconnected my cable and rolled it up, reconnecting to our wireless network with my laptop. I explained things as I went. Dad and I have been doing computer stuff, particularly on Macs for years. Well, he has, and I’ve joined in over the last few years. Even though I’m doing more and more of the work, he reminds me *he* provides the warranty... No screwups so far!

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“Ms. Harkin?” I called out. I was just about done. “Have you seen my shoes?”

“Back here, Anthony,” she called out.

Maybe I could get some fragging in tonight after all. Walking down the hall, the lights in her room were dim, or were they flickering?

She was standing there, illuminated by candle light, wearing a robe and nothing else.

“Anthony,” she whispered, stepping closer.

I didn’t know what to do...

She did it for me, pulling me closer, kissing me, turning me and leading me to her bed, pushing me on my back.

She was so soft and warm! Her lips, her perfume... She moved one of my hands to a breast -- full, warm, and soft, with a hard nipple. She pulled at my shirt; I helped her get it off, our lips still together, then she was after my pants...

My pants were part way down and she was leaning close, skin against skin, and I was so hot and so hard. She squeezed me as we kissed, our hands running...

Oh God, her hand was on my cock, stroking me with her soft robe and I tried to move, to pull away, but she was leaning on me, holding me and oh God I was coming...

I wanted to die, trying to pull away, but she held me, still stroking me. “Shhh... It’s okay Anthony... Let me hold you. Relax and let me hold you,” she whispered.

I sort of collapsed; it was like I’d been hit by a car or something. I couldn’t believe I’d come so quickly. She pulled off the rest of my clothes, wiped my cock and my belly with her robe, then tossed it to the side. She curled up partially on top of me and pulled the spread on top of us. She pulled my head between her breasts.

“Hold me please, Anthony,” she whispered.

I put my arms around her. She was so soft and so warm. I could hear her heart beating. She put a hand behind my head and held me close. I held her closer.

“That’s it,” she whispered. “Relax and enjoy...”

I was so confused, but it felt so good being wrapped up with her, full of her perfume, the softness of her breasts, the warmth of her skin, the sound of her heart.

She started asking me questions, talking to me, like one of dad’s “bird and bees” talks. She asked about girlfriends; I didn’t have a steady one, pretty pathetic for a High School senior.

My experience was limited at best. I don't know how it happened but we got to my sister Jeanne and my mom, and that hurt. I held her closer and she held me tight. I cried and she talked to me.

For a while she just held me, not saying anything. I stopped crying.

She moved. She moved me to a nipple, telling me what to do, telling me to suck on her.

I was so confused again! She told me to be gentle, but she held me to her. Her nipple was so hard and tight in my mouth, but her breast was so soft, so warm, filling me with perfume. I didn't know if I wanted just her nipple, or as much of her breast as I could get. Some times she held me so tight I could hardly breathe, other times so gently, but if I tried to get away she held me closer, telling me to relax and enjoy...

And her other hand wandered over me... I felt myself getting hard again, so hard and I got nervous, but she held me, smothering me to her again until I moaned and let go, melting in her arms.

She moved on top of me, did something, and I was inside her! I was so deep inside her as she moved, still holding me to a nipple. I moaned and she kept moving, talking to me, holding me, telling me what to do, to hold her waist, to keep sucking, how good it was for her. Oh God, hearing her moan as she moved -- was that her coming, shaking around me? It felt like she was squeezing me inside her.

Oh, I felt it starting, starting to build. I moaned and she changed the way she moved, slower and differently, making me moan all the more, moving my head around, whispering to me, telling me to suck, to enjoy, to come.

She did something different and we slid together more. I was pushing up inside her; she moaned and so did I. She moved her hips, like she was swirling me around inside her and I came, squirting inside her.

And she held me and whispered to me how good it feels, telling me to relax and enjoy, let her hold me.

I faded out, still wrapped up in her. She pulled away and I guess I made a noise. She held me to her other side, rearranging us, holding my head again, that same confusing thing, telling me to be gentle but not letting me get away.

I was so wiped out... She held me between her breasts and we talked some more. We talked about my dad, about me, about lots of things. She got mad at me -- some times I still think I should have been in the car with mom rather than Jeanne. Jeanne would still be alive; maybe I could have done something and they'd both be alive. But that wasn't what happened, and I can't change that. I know that; lots of people have told me that. But some times it's so hard to go on.

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She held me to a nipple again and asked me if that helped. I answered by squeezing her a little and sighing, trying to fill myself with her, and with her perfume. She held me close, moving my head a little every so often.

And she did it to me again, taking me from being so relaxed to being so hot and hard and riding me again, this time sitting up having me hold her breasts, doing that thing having me pressing up inside her. Oh the noises she made! Moaning and almost laughing, holding my hands to her breasts or moving them to her hips.

I could tell when she came, and she came again, shaking and making noise.

I held her hips, her waist, holding, moving under her as best I could, and she reached around...

She touched my cock, my balls, and I jerked like a bucking bronco! So intense! She barely touched me, and my body responded so strongly!

So strongly, so strongly, bouncing us on the bed, hearing her moan with each thrust she triggered in me. Building, building, reaching for her nipples, needing her nipples, and coming so intensely; she collapsed on top of me and held me again. I was so hungry for her.

Waking me later, cleaning us up, dressing, sitting on the edge of the bed after putting on my shoes, she held me again, held me so gently yet so firmly, speaking softly. Yes, I understood.

Standing on her front porch, closing the door behind me. One side of my face still felt warm from her breasts, and I could still smell her perfume. I took a deep breath, and sighed.

Let's go home. Shower and crash. But standing on *our* porch, putting my hand on our doorknob, thinking, wishing. How different a house it was now, without them. "I love you," I whispered, to Jeanne and to mom. I knew, now, why mom and dad always told us that when someone left the house. You never know -- that day we thought they were just going to the store, that they'd be back in an hour.

No. I sniffled, and opened the door. Keep moving.

II

Where was that kid? Still, if something had gone sour, he would have called. I brought up a syslog window -- okay, her laptop connecting then disconnecting, his laptop connecting, disconnecting, reconnecting. Guess things are under control.

A while later I heard the door open and close.

"How did it go?" I hollered.

“No problems, just details,” he replied, quoting what I told him how many times.

“Glad to hear it.”

“I’m going to shower and crash -- I need to be up early in the morning, and I’m beat. I’ll do the Wall Watcher crap tomorrow.”

“Okay, I’ve got a phone call with Europe at seven, so I’ll give you a call.”

“Thanks dad...”

“Thanks for taking care of things. Sleep well -- I love you.”

“Love you too, dad...”

But after a pause, he continued. “You still have the phone number for that therapist?”

I sat up. A surprise, a welcome surprise! “Yeah, Denise?”

“Could you set up an appointment for me, or do I need to do it? I should talk to her.”

“Sure -- I’ll call her in the morning and set it up.”

“Thanks, dad...”

I heard him going up the stairs.

Wow! I’d given up suggesting he talk to Denise, to someone, to anyone. In his own time, as Denise had reminded me.

An instant messenger window popped up on my computer screen. “Call me?” it said.

Oho... Had to be related... I grabbed the phone headset and punched speed dial.

“Bob?” Cathy answered.

“What’s up?” I asked.

She sighed. “I did it...” she confessed.

I shook my head, smiling a bit. No wonder he was tired... “And?” How much detail do I want on this? She and I had talked about it, but still, I wasn’t sure she’d actually do it. She hadn’t been, either, last time she mentioned it.

She sighed and chuckled a bit. “Like father, like son...”

“And your wireless works as well?”

“You’re changing the subject,” she challenged me.

“Yeah.” Didn’t know what else to say. Not quite a situation I’ve run into before.

She sighed, but then came back full steam. “Dammit Bob, when are you going to marry me? It’s *you* I want!”

I sighed and shook my head. “I know; I want you too, believe me. You’ve talked to Pete -- I’ve talked to Pete -- not until the last chunk of litigation settles and the money is in the bank.”

She sighed, but it was an exasperated sigh, an upset sigh. “Okay, that’s getting married, assuming you’re still interested...”

That hurt. “Very much -- you know that,” I replied softly.

“Oh Bob, I’m sorry. I know... It’s so hard. I want to wake up next to you in the morning. I want to hold you, and hold you, and hold you some more while you hold me.”

I wanted that too. I needed that, too.

“But... I’ll talk to Pete -- that’s getting married. Would us living together screw things up?” she asked

“Don’t know. You’d have to talk to Pete,” I told her.

“Then I’m going to do that. He owes me a favor. Things would be simpler.”

I shook my head. “Did tonight make things simpler?” Not a nice thing to ask, but that’s what I felt.

She sighed. “He didn’t say no...”

“Like father, like son?” I suggested, recalling her grabbing me, months ago.

We were both silent for a while.

“Did he cry?” I asked softly.

A different sigh from her, an emotional sigh. “Oh yes, but not at all as much as you darling...”

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I cried in her arms for I don't know how long, hours maybe. And she held me. I still cry some times when she holds me. "When he came in, he asked me to make an appointment for him with Denise."

"He did?" She sounded more enthusiastic. "That's good!" She paused, then added, "Do *you* need to talk to her?"

I sighed. "I don't know. Probably wouldn't hurt. What I *need* is to hold you, and be held. You know that."

"We both know that, darling. I need it too. When's he going on his next college visits?"

I brought up the calendar. "Week and a half, for four days with the Hansens. I see at least one mental health day coming on..."

She laughed. "Good -- I've already blocked out the time. Would you mind if I kidnapped you?"

"God, that would be nice..."

"I think so, too. God, I hope I did the right thing."

"He's asking for help."

"Yeah, so some good's come out of it."

Was she still on the pill? Don't go there... "And I'll talk to Pete in the morning. I wouldn't be surprised if he hasn't figured out what's going on."

"I'd like to come tuck you in," she whispered.

"I don't know if I could let you go."

"Do you have to be in early tomorrow?" she asked.

"Unfortunately, yes... But Thursday I have a 7 O'clock phone call with Europe, and then nothing until the afternoon."

"Okay, I'll expect you to wake me, and I promise to fix you brunch afterwards."

"It's a deal, sweetie."

She sighed, and I sighed with her.

"Sleep well, darling," she told me.

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"I'll try -- you sleep well too."

"I think so," she said with a lilt in her voice, but with a tinge of sadness.

"I love you," I whispered.

"I know. I love you, too."

"Good night, darling."

"Good night, sweetie," I told her.

Click.

I put the phone down with a sigh and rested my head in my hands. Too tired to laugh, and too burned out to cry. Time for bed.

FIN

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