

Motivation

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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.

Jeff was rollerblading home when he heard a car behind him on the street. He skated closer to the middle of the street. He heard a short horn tap. He contemplated flipping the bird to whoever it was as he started cutting the corner.

But something prompted him to look around. His dad was behind him, driving the BMW. Jeff pulled to the curb and stopped. His dad stopped, rolling down the window.

"Want a ride?" Carl asked his son.

"Sure," Jeff answered, getting in the car.

As they started to the house Carl said, "I'm surprised you're not helping Karen pack."

Jeff frowned. "I asked mom how I could help -- she told me to stay out of the way."

Carl nodded. "Good decision. Did you pack a bag like I told you?"

"Yup, and I'll shower when we get home, unless mom has something for us to do."

"I think she should be just about ready to leave -- we've timed it pretty well. Is Jeanne excited?"

Jeff shook his head. "Nah -- she's been on too many camping trips... She was moaning at having to look after a bunch of brownies on this one."

"I'm sure they'll have a great time -- it's their last camping trip until spring."

Jeff nodded. His mom was head of a local Girl Scout troop. The family did a lot of camping during the summer, and if the family wasn't camping, his mom was camping with her girl scouts. It was early September, school started again, and his mom managed to get one more camping trip squeezed in - just for the girls. He and his dad would be on their own until late Sunday; his mom and his sister weren't expecting to get back until 8 at night.

Carl sighed as he pulled up to the house. Some cars were pulling away; he managed to park near the house. "Go up and shower -- business dress -- good pants and a long sleeve shirt."

"I know, dad," Jeff replied in exasperation as he got out of the car.

Carl smiled and walked around to the garage. His wife was holding court, managing the chaos of getting girls and gear loaded into vehicles.

Karen saw her husband and gave him a hug. "Hi sweetie."

"Can I help?" Carl asked.

Karen smiled and shook her head. "No -- we're almost done. Have you seen Jeff?"

Carl looked at the chaos and shook his head. "Yeah -- I picked him up a few blocks from here. He's inside."

Karen leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek. "Okay. You two stay out of trouble. Oh, Carl -- please talk to him about school? It's important. I'm worried."

Carl smiled and gave his wife a squeeze. "Don't worry -- I will. I'm sure things will work out fine. Have fun with your girls."

"We will, dear," Karen said. Then she pointed and called out, "No, that goes in Monica's car -- over there!" She gave Carl a quick smile and dove back into the fray.

Carl waved and went into the house.

Jeff looked at himself in the bathroom mirror as he dried off. He'd just turned 17 and started his Junior year in High School. He still had his summer tan. He flexed his arms looking at the muscle he put on working for his Uncle Bob during the summer. He'd grown as well -- he guessed he was only an inch or so shorter than his dad now.

He didn't know what was going on tonight, other than going somewhere for dinner and having to dress up. But dad convinced him it was important. What the hell, he thought, maybe he'd get to drive. He could drive with dad in the car, or mom. He couldn't handle it with his sister in the car, but just him and mom or dad was fine. That was a pisser about living two blocks from school -- driving to school was out of the question.

Jeff got dressed and checked his bag again. He sure hoped they weren't going to Uncle Mark and Aunt Karen's place for the weekend; dad told him to pack like they were going there -- so he didn't think that was it, but he wasn't sure where they were going.

He looked at himself in the mirror once more, said, "Fuck," as he dug at a zit on the back of his head with a fingernail. He looked at the fingernail -- nothing interesting. He turned out the lights and headed downstairs.

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Carl smiled as he ran the electric razor over his face. This was going to be fun. He splashed on a little after-shave, picked up his bag, and headed downstairs.

He saw his son moping in the living room. He shook his head -- how the kid had grown. Working over the summer had done him a lot of good. Carl laughed softly -- he thought this would as well.

“Ready to go?” he called out.

Jeff turned and picked up his bag. “Yup.”

Carl dug in his pocket and tossed his car keys to his son. “You’re driving.”

Jeff smiled. “Cool.”

They locked up the house and got into the car.

As Jeff adjusted the seat and mirrors he asked, “Where are we going?”

Carl told him, “85 north to 101 north, off at Rengsdorff --we’re going to the Chevy’s at Rengsdorff and El Camino.”

Jeff was pissed. Chevy’s was his favorite Tex-Mex restaurant, but... “I got all dressed up for Chevy’s?” he complained. The clothes he’d worn to school would have been fine.

Carl patted his son on the shoulder -- good solid shoulder -- “Trust me.”

“Wouldn’t surface streets be quicker?” Jeff asked. It was a little after six; rush-hour traffic would be a pain.

“I want to see how you’re doing in traffic. Remember, don’t take it personally.”

Jeff frowned as he moved into the lane for the freeway onramp. “Right...”

“We should have gotten off 85 at El Camino,” Jeff grumbled to his dad as he parked the car in the lot a few minutes later.

Carl smiled as he looked at his watch. “We’re doing fine. Relax and enjoy yourself!”

Jeff didn’t understand what was going on, especially the way his dad laughed and clapped him on the shoulder.

The waiting area of the restaurant was crowded, but Jeff’s dad walked through the crowd and looked around at the tables.

“There they are,” he said. Jeff followed his dad.

As they walked, two women stood up at a table. They were both good looking. Shit, both were gorgeous! Jeff looked around to see who they could be looking at.

A tingle ran through him as the older looking one said, "Hi Carl -- right on time!"

Jeff didn't know what to think as he watched his dad give the older woman, maybe 30 and a knockout with short black hair, a very personal hug.

"So this is your son Jeff?" she asked, stepping back a bit.

Carl put his arm around her waist as he turned to his son. "Jeff, I'd like you to meet Mary, and her friend Donna."

Mary, with his dad's arm around her waist, nodded. Donna, who had long brown hair and looked to be about 24, stepped over and gave him a quick hug.

"Glad to meet you, Jeff," she said.

Jeff's ears were burning and buzzing. He was in a cloud of perfume, recovering from a warm, soft, and full body being pressed up against his.

"Let's sit down," Carl said with a laugh.

Jeff stood there dazed until his dad called out, "Jeff?"

Jeff shook his head a bit and looked to his dad. Carl motioned with his head, and then moved to seat Mary.

"Oh," Jeff muttered, and moved over to hold Donna's chair for her.

"Why thank you," Donna said as she sat down, giving him a big smile.

Jeff sat next to her. He looked at her in wonder. Her skin looked as smooth and soft as a peach, with a healthy color. Her small nose was upturned, her lips perfectly shaped, with just a hint of lipstick. She wore an off-white blouse with an open collar and long sleeves. The longer Jeff looked at her...

"Jeff?"

He blinked and looked at his dad.

"What do you want to drink?"

"Oh -- root beer," Jeff told his dad, and the waiter standing behind Mary.

The waiter nodded and left -- the others must have ordered.

The whole thing was so weird -- but what bugged Jeff was both Mary and Donna seemed familiar somehow. Mary and his dad seemed to know each other pretty damn well.

He looked over at Donna again, sitting just to his right, trying not to stare. She was so pretty; her hair looked so soft, and he thought he could smell her.

Then she looked at him and said something. Jeff froze -- he didn't know what to say. He was afraid she was going to laugh at him, but she just smiled.

He was saved by chips, salsa, and their drinks arriving. His dad helped, asking him about working with his uncle.

Jeff found he could talk again, talking about the summer he'd spent doing roofing, handling shingles and a nail gun.

Then Donna said, "I bet that did wonders for your shoulders," and ran a hand over his right shoulder. He froze again as she looked into his eyes.

Mary said something and Donna turned away.

Eye contact broken, Jeff found he could move again. He picked up his root beer and took a sip. Mary said something else, and Donna laughed. Jeff looked at her just as her head went back, exposing her neck, a lock of hair going forward over her left shoulder.

Jeff remembered, choking on root beer. He managed to put the glass down on the table and keep root beer from coming out his nose. He did recognize her!

Everyone in the house had their own computer, all hooked to a DSL modem through an old P-III box set up as a common firewall/server. One of Jeff's friends had put in a hack that sent copies of any image files his dad picked up to Jeff's computer as well. That's why he recognized them -- he'd seen plenty of pictures of both of them!

Jeff felt himself blushing, turning beet red. He remembered pictures of Donna, the butterfly tattoo on the inside of her right hip, jerking off to those pictures, and now she was sitting right next to him...

"Are you all right?" Donna asked, putting a hand on his back.

"Yeah," he managed to croak out. What the fuck was going on?

He looked to his dad as Mary leaned over and whispered something in his dad's ear. His dad smiled and nodded.

Donna was rubbing his back gently. Her touch was so different from that of the girls he knew, the ones he went out with at school. She was so much ... fuller, riper.

“We ready to order?” Carl asked.

Jeff found enough of a voice to order his usual. He tried looking at Donna again. His ears didn't feel as if they were burning quite as much. He'd saved those pictures of her. He hadn't saved the ones of Mary -- or had he? He couldn't remember. He tried to remember when he'd seen them -- it had to have been a few weeks ago, pictures of quite a few good looking women. There had been a batch, maybe four or five different women, pictures taken with a good digital camera, not the usual net-porn shots.

With some coaxing he managed to speak again, and after a few minutes found he could actually look at Mary, and at Donna and answer their questions.

The next thing he knew, they'd finished dinner and his dad was paying the bill. He'd pretty much cleaned his plate, even though he didn't really remember it.

“Shall we go?” his dad said, standing up. He helped Mary with her chair, pausing to take a deep breath and kiss her ear before helping her stand.

Jeff stood up. It took him a moment to realize Donna was still sitting down. He moved over and eased her chair back. She stood, sliding quite close to him. Once again, her scent and closeness was breathtaking.

With a smile, she took his arm and started to the door. Jeff looked around and saw that his dad and Mary were practically at the door.

They walked out to the parking lot, to his dad's car. Jeff realized he had the keys; he took them out, walked to the driver's side, and punched the button on the remote to unlock the doors. His dad opened the rear passenger door and got his bag.

Then he waved to Jeff, said, “Seven thirty -- have fun,” and walked off putting an arm around Mary.

“Jeff? Would you get the door for me, please?” Donna asked.

Startled, Jeff couldn't decide whether to go around the front or the back of the car, finally almost running around the back. He opened the door for Donna. She got in, giving him a big smile. He closed the door, then walked around to the driver's side and got in.

“Go back to 101 South, get off at Lawrence Expressway,” Donna told him.

Jeff nodded and started the car. He was glad it wasn't quite dark yet. He headed out of the parking lot and turned left onto Rengsdorff, heading to the freeway.

He tried to concentrate on driving, but he could smell her, sitting so close, and he thought he could feel warmth radiating from her.

“Turn right at the end of the ramp.”

Jeff waited for the light and turned right. She gave him further directions, and he realized he was going to the residency suites his dad’s company used for visitors. He parked where Donna told him.

“Are you going to get your bag?” Donna asked with a smile after he’d gotten the door for her.

Still confused, Jeff got his bag from the back, then locked the car. He stood there.

Donna looked at him, sighed and smiled. She held out a hand. “Come with me, sweetie,” she said softly.

Jeff held out a hand as he felt his ears warm up again. What was going on?

They walked to a suite, one of the ones he knew was assigned to his dad’s company. Donna took out a key and let them in. She led him to the bedroom and put his bag on the bed.

Donna sighed again, smiled, and pulled him into a kiss.

Jeff held her gently, as she was holding him. She felt so soft, so full. Her lips were soft and inviting, and she was slow and gentle, not in a big hurry like Angela at school.

He ran his hands over her back as she ran hers over him. As one of his hands roamed down to her bottom, she moved it to one of her breasts. Jeff moved his hand gently, almost reverently, his lips still locked to hers.

She pulled back a bit. As they separated, she put her arms around his waist, and he did the same with her. He looked in her eyes as their hips pressed together. He could feel himself hot and hard pressing against her. As she smiled, he remembered what he’d seen his dad do. He closed his eyes and leaned forward, breathing in through his nose as he buried his face in her hair near her neck and ear. So intoxicating! Jeff felt dizzy as he kissed her neck through her hair. She held his head and sighed appreciatively, moving in his embrace.

When he opened his eyes and looked at her again, she smiled.

“Let’s go to the other room.”

Jeff looked confusingly at his bag on the bed as she led him into the living room and sat them on the couch.

Still holding one of his hands, she asked, “Jeff, are you a virgin?”

Jeff felt his ears and face burning again. He managed to nod.

“So you’ve never had sex with anyone? Boy or girl?”

Now his ears felt as if they were on fire. He shook his head.

“Ever use needles? Even once?”

Jeff frowned and shook his head.

She smiled. “But you’ve kissed girls, made out with them?”

He managed to nod again.

“How far have you gotten?”

It took him a moment before he could speak. “With Angela, I, ah, got her bra off, and...”

Donna took his other hand, smiling gently. “Did she let you suck on her?”

Jeff opened his mouth, but no sound came out. He shook his head and managed to say, “No, just feeling...”

“Would you like to suck my nipples?”

Jeff tried to keep looking at her face, imagining the pictures he’d seen of her naked, her nipples standing up so proud, trying to imagine what that would be like. “Yes...”

“Have you ever gotten a woman off?”

He shook his head.

“And has anyone ever gotten you off?”

He shook his head again.

Donna took a breath and spent a few minutes telling him bluntly about the risks of pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases. “Remember,” she told him, “It only takes once -- to get someone pregnant, or to catch or pass on a disease that will kill you both. You have to be very careful who you trust -- and when in doubt, use a condom, or don’t do it. Understand?”

Jeff sighed and sat back on the couch a little. “Yes.”

Donna sat back and smiled, letting go of one of his hands.

After a minute or so of silence, Jeff asked, “What’s my dad doing?”

Donna smiled. “What we’re going to do -- but they probably went to a club first. Ready to go back in the bedroom?”

Jeff nodded. His erection had faded as she'd talked, but it sprang back to life again.

She stood by the foot of the bed and slipped off her shoes. "Undress me?"

Jeff slipped off his shoes and stepped closer.

His hands trembled as he took her hand and undid the button on the cuff, then the other cuff. He reached for the top button on her blouse.

"Closer, sweetie," she whispered.

Jeff stepped closer, his fingers fumbling with the button. The second one was quicker, and he moved to the third.

Her hands closed on his, holding his hands between her breasts. "Slowly, lover -- savor each moment," she whispered.

Jeff let out a ragged sigh and looked in her eyes again. She gave him an impish smile and helped his hands open up her blouse, exposing skin.

Jeff looked at the skin they'd exposed. His hands moved to the next button, undid it, opening her blouse more, revealing more of her soft satiny bra, her nipples protruding through the soft fabric.

He paused and raise his hands to her breasts, stopping before actually touching her.

"It's okay, Jeff..."

He touched her softly. He was surprised when she let out a soft moaning sigh. He wanted to squeeze her, to bury his head between her breasts.

He undid the rest of the buttons on her blouse, easing her blouse out of her slacks. He slid the blouse off her arms. As he brushed one of her arms, she sighed again, and he saw goosebumps race up both her arms. He moved to the button at the waist of her pants.

"On your knees..."

He dropped to his knees before her and reached for the button at her waist. He unbuttoned it, amazed at how trim yet soft her waist was -- the girls at school were so skinny in comparison, even the really hot looking ones like Jenny. He undid the zipper slowly.

"Now slip them off, slowly..."

He moved his hands around her waist. He paused and closed his eyes, moving closer and kissing her stomach. Her skin was so soft and warm. He felt a hand hold the back of his head, and his arms went around her bottom, holding her tight, his heart pounding wildly.

“My pants, sweetie...”

Reluctantly he let go and slid her pants down her legs. He ran his hands along her smooth legs as he did, and smiled as he heard her sigh again. As she stepped out of one pants leg and then the other, he noticed that the center of her pale pink bikini undies looked damp, and he noticed a new aroma, one so enticing... He slid his hands up her legs to the sides of her undies, eager to see if the butterfly was there...

“My bra, sweetie -- stand up...”

Jeff looked up. He stood, sliding his hands up her sides. He looked at her bra, and started to turn her around.

She stood where she was. “No, the catch is in the back -- you have to do it by feel -- it’s a test.”

Jeff smiled and looked into her sparkling green eyes as his fingers fumbled with the catch. It took him a while to get it.

As he started to slide it off, she hugged him.

“Don’t worry -- you’ll get plenty of practice this weekend...”

Then she stepped back, sliding out of her bra.

Jeff stood there holding her bra as she turned slowly in front of him.

“Smell it...”

He raised her bra to his nose and took a sniff. Then he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. It smelled like ... hunger...

He opened his eyes to see her slowly slipping off her panties, turning as she did. He saw the butterfly -- there on the inside of her hip. Her curls looked so inviting... She held out her panties.

As he took them, she said, “Smell...”

He closed his eyes and held the warm cloth up to his nose, inhaling deeply. Such a mix of scents -- earthy, sexy, a slight tang... He took another breath, then opened his eyes.

“I’ve never seen or smelled someone so beautiful.”

She smiled and stepped closer. “Now it’s my turn,” she said as she took his left hand.

She kissed his left hand then rested it on her right breast and unbuttoned the cuff.

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Jeff kneaded her breast gently as she took his right hand, kissed it, and put it on her other breast. After she unbuttoned the cuff, she started unbuttoning his shirt, gliding her fingers over his chest as she went.

She went slowly, one button at a time, until she got to his belt. She undid his belt.

Jeff thought he was going to fall over as she ran a hand along his cock as she loosened his pants.

She pulled his shirt out of his pants and unbuttoned it the rest of the way. As she slid his shirt off, she stepped closer, brushing him with her nipples. Jeff gasped at the electricity in that touch.

She positioned him closer to the foot of the bed, then knelt in front of him. She loosened his pants more, then slid them down, running her hands over his legs. She helped him step out of his pants and took off his socks.

She looked in his eyes as she placed her right hand over the bulge in his jockey shorts. Jeff gasped, then gasped again and his eyes closed as her left hand caressed his balls.

She slipped off his shorts and sat him on the foot of the bed.

As Jeff watched mesmerized, she moved closer, taking some of her long brown hair in one hand, and using it to stroke his erect, aching cock.

Jeff moaned as his eyes closed; the sensation was so intense.

He felt his legs being pushed apart, and then...

He moaned as he felt something wet slide over him, knowing she was taking him in her mouth.

Donna kept caressing him with her hair as she took in his shaft, teasing with her tongue as her hands worked on his balls. She closed her eyes, enjoying the sensations, hearing him moan, feeling him tense up, then pump into her mouth. She savored every drop.

When she finished, he was sprawled back on the bed. She resisted the urge to laugh, and instead ran fingernails up the insides of his thighs to his stomach. He moaned as the muscles contracted, and he sat up.

She moved to sitting next to him. "Did you like that?" she asked with a smile.

Jeff couldn't believe what had happened. "God... That was incredible..."

Donna smiled. "That was nothing, sweetie -- but before you come again, you know what?"

He tried to look at all of her at the same time. "What?"

She nodded as she took his shoulders, turning him, pushing him off the bed and to his knees before her.

“Before you come again, you’re going to learn how to make me come.”

Jeff kissed her knee, sliding his hands along the outside of her legs to her hips. “Please,” he whispered.

A while later Donna was moaning as Jeff worked eagerly, his head between her legs. She tasted so good, and her legs felt so good squeezing him.

“Oh... Now a finger, please...” she moaned.

Jeff slipped a finger into her as she’d taught him, hooking it back, pressing on her from the inside as he teased her nub from the outside. Her legs squeezed him harder, and he heard her muffled moans as her body shook. He kept going, and she soon shrieked and shook again.

A short time later though, she pushed him away. He sat back on the floor, looking at her, her legs and bottom hanging off the end of the bed.

With a shudder and a sigh Donna slid up the bed.

“Up here, now...” she panted.

Jeff felt so hot and hard for her. He kissed his way up her body, starting at her ankle. He buried his head between her legs once more, sliding his hands under her bottom, feeling his cock press on the bed. He felt her hands on his head again, holding him as her hips rocked. But then she pulled him up.

He moved up her body, stopping at her breasts. He managed to take a nipple in his mouth before she pulled him up again.

He felt his cock bumping into her, and then he was engulfed in hot, wet, tight pleasure. He held on to her as his stomach muscles contracted, pulling him in more as both of them moaned.

He buried his head in her shoulder, smelling and feeling her hair as her hands took control of his body, moving him in and out, in and out.

“Oh God...” she moaned as she pulled him in tighter, shifting her hips.

Jeff held on, moving, squeezing... He moaned as he felt it coming...

Donna dug her fingers into his buttocks as she felt him come deep inside her.

Jeff wiggled his bottom, trying, trying, trying to get deeper as he came. Then she held him, and they kissed.

Jeff slid off and to his back, still catching his breath. He felt Donna move to his side, and pull him over to her. She'd moved up, and his face nestled between her breasts.

"Now let's teach you the proper way to adore a nipple..."

Jeff was in the most comfortable place in the world. If he was too rough, she squeezed his head and whispered, "Gentle..." When he started slowing down, she'd tickle his cheek.

He noticed her nipple was getting tighter in his mouth again. That felt so good, sucking on a tight nipple, teasing her with his tongue.

Then one of her hands moved and started stroking his side, moving down to the inside of his hip. He moaned and sucked more, breathing deep through his nose. He was getting so hot for her again.

He squeezed against her, pressing his cock against her leg. She responded by pushing him to his back.

Donna was amazed at how quickly he recovered. She was also amazed at how her own body responded, her nipples hard as he sucked on her, and she was so wet. She straddled him and pulled her nipples away.

Jeff opened his eyes and looked at Donna on top of him. He felt her knees on either side of his legs.

"Let's try this way," she said with a smile.

Jeff felt her weight on top of him, her hips moving against him, pressing on his cock. She raised a hand and combed her hair down across his face. He closed his eyes to enjoy the scent and softness of her hair.

As she moved her hips, he felt the tip of his cock catch, and then he was in her again. He pulled his hips up and gripped her waist, rocking underneath her.

Donna sat back, putting her hands on his chest. "Relax and let me do it, sweetie," she told him.

He tried to relax... She pressed on his shoulders as she rocked her hips.

"Do you feel that?" she asked, pressing down on him.

Jeff felt the tip of his cock pressing against something as she moved her hips, swirling him around inside her. He moaned, and she leaned forward a little, pressing on his shoulders.

Jeff lifted his head, trying to reach a nipple. He wanted her nipple so much, and he didn't have much time...

Then her soft hair was in his face, she did something with her hips, and he was coming again, pushing so deep into her.

Mary stopped in front of the door and held out the key.

Carl smiled, then closed his hand around hers and the key. He swept her into his arms, kissing her passionately, feeling her arms reach around and hold him.

As he closed the door behind them, Mary tilted her head and asked, "I wonder how your son is doing?"

Carl laughed and let her lead him to the bedroom.

Carl woke to sunlight streaming into the room ... and Mary's hands teasing him. He moaned and arched his back, spreading his legs wide.

"Mmm, that's better," Mary cooed. "I wonder how Donna and Jeff are doing?" She moved to impale herself on Carl, sighing as she settled in, pulling his hands to her breasts.

Donna held Jeff's hands above his head as she rocked on top of him, teasing him with her breasts. She was so turned on -- and the noises he made, the way he moved under her, turned her on even more. She knew she had him to the point where he was responding on animal instinct -- and she loved it. She shuddered through yet another orgasm. From the way he was moving, he was still a ways off.

She let him catch a nipple, then suddenly pressed down on him, smothering him with her breast. She held his wrists tightly over his head as she rocked her hips. She could feel it; oh yes, that was going to do it, for both of them. "Suck, baby -- suck on me," she commanded, making him moan more. Oh God -- she was close, rocking her hips, swirling him around inside her, feeling him tensing up, almost there... "Suck baby -- come for me," she cried as she came again.

She held on, squeezing him as he pumped into her again, only letting go and slumping over to one side as he finished. Jeff breathed rapidly, but pulled closer to her nipple.

She sighed and wrapped her arms around his head. "Oh good, baby -- suck on me," she cooed again, closing her eyes, feeling him slip out of her.

She needed another shower, and the bed was a disaster. And she didn't care. She held Jeff, enjoying the noises he made as she squeezed him. She felt she was glowing -- a sticky glow, but a satisfied glow. Not quite satisfied; she still had a lot she wanted to try, so many things... But for now, she enjoyed where she was. She'd need to get up in a while to pee, with all the water she'd been drinking... She chuckled and moved Jeff's head around a bit. Before going to bed last night, she'd deliberately gulped down many glasses of water, knowing full well she'd wake in a few hours with a full bladder. And when she did, she got up, relieved herself, drank yet more water, then went back to bed to pounce on Jeff. How many times during the night? She couldn't remember. When Mary told her to make lipstick marks on the bathroom mirror, Donna thought she'd been joking -- making love, coming

so many times she couldn't remember! She squeezed Jeff again; his suckling had slowed down again. She sighed and joined him in sleep.

Jeff ran his hands over Donna as they showered together. Soap washed away, he held her, and eyes closed, ran his mouth over her as he went down her body, sucking her nipples, kissing her stomach, going to his knees and kissing her mound, running his tongue up her slit, holding her bottom as she held his head. He couldn't remember a night he'd slept less and enjoyed it more, waking up to her doing such incredible things to his body. He didn't know if he'd been fully awake earlier this morning, when she'd been on top of him, holding his wrists, filling him with a breast. Those memories energized his tongue. She moaned and squeezed his head; he adored her more.

Jeff was on a pair of cushions pulled from the couch to the floor, leaning back against the couch, Donna atop him. She rocked her hips once slowly, smiling as he moaned, his eyes closed and his head back against the couch.

"Are you going to snap my bra strap again?" she demanded. They'd been playing dressing and undressing games, teaching him, when he'd snapped her.

"No," he moaned.

"No what?" she demanded.

"No, Mistress," he gasped as she stopped moving. How he wanted her to keep moving, rocking, "please," he pleaded, moving his hips as best he could. "Please, Mistress."

Donna was surprised at the warm thrill which filled her, almost as good as feeling him inside her. She started rocking again, slowly, gently. "Is this what you want?" she whispered.

Jeff held her waist. "Oh yes, please!"

She ran her hands up his chest to his neck, grasping his head, watching him intently as she took him over the edge. "Oh so good," she whispered as he pumped into her, holding his head, rolling it a little from side to side.

"I think I need another shower," Jeff said when he opened his eyes.

Donna laughed, pushing him out. She was glad she'd put down a towel before they started!

Sitting on a reassembled couch later, Donna rubbed Jeff's shoulders and asked, "What should we do for dinner?"

Jeff frowned for a moment, then smiled. "I think this is another lesson? Teach me!"

Donna chuckled and nodded. "You're right. When a woman says something like, 'Wouldn't it be nice if...', she's asking for something."

Jeff nodded. "Yeah, I got that idea. Okay, I'd suggest we go out, but I didn't shake dad down for dinner money. This was a surprise." He grinned and looked at her lustily.

Donna suppressed a laugh. "Well, he left me money for dinner. Where would you like to go?"

Jeff nodded. "And I'm supposed to figure out where *you* want to go, right?"

Donna smiled and nodded.

Jeff glanced up for a moment. "Okay, you stay here. I'm going to the bedroom and make a phone call." He got up, kissing her on the head as he did.

When he came back, he pulled Donna to her feet, hugging her. "We need to leave in about ten minutes."

"Oh? Where are we going?"

"A nice place. You'll like it," he said with a grin.

Donna grinned back. "Does it have a name?"

"Yes. Would you like to be surprised, or do you want me to tell you?"

She sighed and rested her head on his shoulder. "I'll be surprised."

And she was. "That was very nice," she told Jeff as he opened the car door for her after dinner. She'd never been to the place before -- Silan, a small restaurant in Los Altos.

Jeff nodded as he got in. It was one of his dad's favorites, too. He wondered how his dad was doing -- with Mary. She looked hot, smaller tits than Donna.

Donna saw the look of lust on Jeff's face. She ran fingers up his right arm. "Thinking about what you'd like for dessert?" she teased.

Jeff looked at her. "Oh, I know..."

"What?"

He touched her thigh, gently. He'd learned not to grab. "I want you sitting in my lap, holding and feeling and kissing..."

"And?" she asked, looking in his eyes.

He looked into hers. "And hold me tonight, and rock me to sleep in your arms?"

She smiled and leaned over for a kiss. "Oh, I can do that."

“Time to get up, sweetie.”

Jeff opened his eyes a little, then closed them and found a nipple again.

Donna sighed and gave him a squeeze. “We have time to shower before we meet your dad for dinner,” she whispered, then kissed his head.

Jeff’s eyes opened as he rolled over some. “Can we shower together?”

Donna smiled as she got up. “Of course.”

Donna had to work hard to not laugh, the way Jeff sighed as they dried off. She put her towel down and put her arms around his waist. “We have time,” she suggested, “If you’re interested...” She could feel his interest grow very quickly.

“What would you like?” she asked, kissing his neck, enjoying being in his strong arms.

“Y-yesterday morning, when I was on my back, you held my arms,” he suggested.

She bit his neck gently. “I’d love to...” She led him to the bed.

“Where to?” Jeff asked as he started the car.

“Fish Market, El Camino just off Lawrence.”

“Ok, that’s easy. I’m hungry.”

Donna chuckled and reached over to mess up his hair.

Dinner was weird. Jeff felt like he’d dropped in on one of his dad’s business lunches, the conversation was so bland. Yet the way Mary looked -- smiling, pink, exchanging glances with Donna...

As he ate, he looked at Donna, and Mary, and his dad. He remembered how Donna sounded, felt, tasted. He remembered how she felt on top of him, and underneath him. He remembered being held and squeezed...

They finished dinner. His dad paid. They headed out to the car.

Out in the parking lot, Jeff held out his arms to Donna and sighed. Donna gave him a sensuous hug which grew into a deep kiss. They separated with another sigh.

“I’ll drive,” his dad said.

Jeff gave him the keys. Donna got her bag out of the car, gave Jeff one more hug, then walked off with Mary to her car. He heard the two of them chatting and laughing.

Jeff got in the car, leaned the seat back, fastened his seatbelt and closed his eyes.

“We’re home, son.”

Jeff grabbed his bag and followed his dad into the house. They stopped in the kitchen.

Carl tried not to laugh as he looked at Jeff. The kid looked wiped out. Carl felt pretty wiped out too -- Mary had done things to him he’d never experienced before.

“Have a seat,” he told Jeff. Now to see if the investment was worthwhile.

They sat at the kitchen table.

“Did you like that?” Carl asked.

Jeff shook his head, laughing softly.

Carl nodded, smiling. “I think you realize this is our little secret...”

“Oh yeah...”

“Good. Here’s the deal. Your grades last year sucked. We’re worried about you -- really worried. You need to do a *lot* better at school if you have *any* hope of getting into a good college. You’re bright enough, you just don’t do the work. I don’t think you want to spend the rest of your life working your ass off like you did during the summer, do you?”

Jeff shook his head. It had been fun for a while, but very hard. “No...”

“Okay... Your next report card -- every class where you bring up your grade one grade level from last year, you get a session with Donna.”

Carl paused to watch Jeff sit up straighter, suddenly *far* more attentive.

“Yeah, that’s right -- and if you get an A in a class, every A gets you a whole night.”

Jeff sighed and nodded, smiling intently. “Does an A minus count?” he asked.

Carl laughed. “Yes -- but you get anything less than a C in any class -- *any* class -- and it doesn’t matter how well you do in the others, you won’t even get a pair of her panties. Got it?”

Jeff nodded again.

“And you need to really prepare for the SAT -- good scores there...”

Motivation

Carl watched as things seemed to sink in with his son. "It's going to mean a lot of work, and a lot less fooling around. But you can do it, if you really want to. Right?"

Jeff nodded and smiled.

Carl stood up. "Good. Dump your clothes in the washer -- I'll run 'em with mine. Go take a shower. Wash really well -- then go to bed."

Jeff stood up. He stepped over to his dad and gave him a hug. "Thanks dad."

Sitting around the dinner table Monday night, Karen looked to her son. "You've been very quiet this afternoon. Anything wrong?"

Jeff passed the salad to his sister. "Nah, just a lot of homework. Dad, I need a tutor for math. And I want to do a prep program for the SAT. A lot of kids at school are doing Kaplan."

Karen gripped the edge of the table to steady herself. She was shocked. Her son, studying? Asking for help with classes? "Jeff, are you sure you're all right?"

Jeff frowned. "I'm fine, mom -- I need to do a lot better at school, and I'm going to."

Karen looked to her husband in amazement, reaching for his hand and giving him a squeeze. "This is a very welcome surprise!"

Carl picked up his wineglass with his other hand. With a slight smile he said, "It's all a matter of motivation."

FIN
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Motivation

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