



DIRTY PICTURES

Leo F. White

Chapter One

Bobby Farrell awakened to what appeared to be the middle of the night. For the first time in three days he felt somewhat normal. His sense of time, however, had gone completely awry; he had slept a good portion of the past three days. The fever he had been experiencing had finally broken. The flu or whatever it was that had him bedridden for the past seventy-two hours was gone. It irked him to know his illness had laid him up for three picture-perfect days in the month of June.

He reached over and took his new wristwatch off the nightstand, a gift from his mother and her new boyfriend for his recent eighteenth birthday, and it revealed it was nearly midnight. He looked over at the bed across the room and saw that his cousin Cory was sleeping peacefully. Bobby was living with his aunt and uncle for the time being, until the start of the school season in September when he would enter Ryker College on a baseball scholarship, while his parents went through a stormy divorce. The rancor his parents had developed for one another had found its way into Bobby's life and he was not holding up well to the circumstances surrounding the situation. His parents decided that he might be better off to move in with his aunt and uncle, rather than live with either of them, until they had sorted out the domestic mess they now found themselves in. The divorce proceedings promised to be hostile and ugly and they didn't want Bobby subjected to it.

Bobby swung his legs over the side of the bed. He could feel his strength returning and he was convinced he was ready to go out for some revelry. But that was impossible. He was going to have to wait until the dawn of the new day. But he was also convinced he would not be able to go back to sleep. He had already slept enough over the past three days to last him the week. This promised to be a long night.

Oddly, he didn't feel hungry, considering the only thing he had to eat over the past few days were a couple of bowls of his Aunt Amanda's chicken soup. Bobby's aunt was old school in that regard, thinking chicken soup could cure whatever ails you. The soup did have its good points; it was all he could keep down during his ailing period. But despite his lack of hunger he was thirsty. He arose to go to the kitchen and his legs nearly gave way beneath him. Maybe he wasn't one hundred percent back to normal. He finally managed to steady himself and once he felt stable he grabbed the blue bathrobe off the end of his bed and put it on before starting his trek to the kitchen.

Bobby stepped into the hallway of the three bedroom upstairs section of his aunt and uncle's split level home in Paine, Massachusetts. It was not unusual for his Aunt Amanda and Uncle Donny to retire for the night before eleven o'clock. They were getting to that age where the majority of their living was done during the hours when the sun was up. What were they now, somewhere in their mid-forties, maybe fifty? Made sense to Bobby as to why they hit the sack so early. He, on the other hand, was a night owl. If he had his druthers he'd sleep until noon. But that schedule was now on hold since moving into this place. According to his aunt

she wasn't *coddling to some lazy good for nothing*. About the only thing Bobby missed from his life gone askew was that his parents allowed him to sleep in late on non-school days. God, he missed those times when life seemed so innocent and carefree.

Bobby made sure to be as quiet as a church mouse so as not to disturb anyone as he made his way along the upstairs hallway. He was careful not to awaken his cousin, Michelle, who slept in the bedroom next to the one he shared with her eighteen year old twin brother.

"How's that feel, baby? It's the way you like it, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, Donny. It feels great."

"I'm doing you good, right bitch?"

"Yes, you are. You really know how to fuck a girl, Donny."

What the hell is that? Bobby wondered as he prepared to descend the staircase. *Oh no*, was his answer to himself. *It couldn't be, could it?* His aunt and uncle were actually having sex and talking dirty at that! The mere thought of them engaging in sexual intercourse was going to make him ill all over again. The thought was troubling. It made Bobby think of his mother.

"I can feel it. I'm gonna come, babe."

Wish you would, Bobby wanted to scream out.

"That rubber had better hold, Donny. I don't want to get knocked up. We don't need another kid after all these years," he heard his aunt reply. She didn't seem to be enjoying what they were doing; perhaps engaging in it because it was part of the marriage contract was Bobby's reflection.

Oh, Jesus. Bobby couldn't take any more and he hurriedly tiptoed down the stairs to the kitchen. The thought of his aunt and uncle going at it created a disturbing picture in his mind. And they were using condoms! Hadn't his aunt heard of birth control pills? Plus, wasn't she kind of old to be worrying about getting knocked up? Sex suddenly was lacking any kind of allurement for him. He leaned over the kitchen sink to catch his breath and thought he might vomit while trying to erase the bothersome thought from his mind. It was not an unnatural act they were participating in but it sure seemed unnatural to Bobby because it was his aunt and uncle. And the way they were talking!

"There is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun..."

Now, what the hell is that?

Bobby was a tall and lean young man, standing six feet, and his line of vision couldn't have been better as he stared directly out the kitchen window across the backyard, beyond the pool and stockade fence, into the yard of their neighbors, the Weisenbachs. Mr. and Mrs. Weisenbach were about the same age as his aunt and uncle but they seemed to be enjoying life a little more, or perhaps they *weren't aging as gracefully*, was the way his Aunt Amanda put it. The weekends were meant for socializing and the Weisenbachs, who didn't have any children, did it to the utmost. It was quite likely they were now coming home after a night of partying with their limited circle of friends. *They didn't seem to miss a beat*, or so Uncle Donny had told him. Bobby thought they were a couple of aging adolescents with drinking problems. He also had a feeling Margo and Ernie Weisenbach weren't his aunt and uncle's favorite people.

The Weisenbachs were an odd looking couple. Margo was a tall, dark haired, attractive woman with legs that seemed to stretch endlessly. She was an impeccable dresser and somewhat on the quiet side. She had a part-time job doing something but Bobby wasn't exactly sure what it was. All Bobby knew was that three times a week she left the house early in the morning and returned sometime in the afternoon before her husband came home. His cousin Cory thought she might have been whoring. Isn't that what all teenage boys dreamed about when it came to an attractive female neighbor? Margo Weisenbach was one of those older women who young men dreamed about doing in the bed she shared with her husband and then sneaking out the backdoor as the husband was coming through the front door at the end of his workday. Now Bobby thought of his father.

Ernie Weisenbach was the antithesis of his wife. He was a poster boy for what a boring and middle-aged bookkeeper should look like, which was Ernie's profession. He was short, skinny, and wore some of the most outrageous outfits known to mankind. His attire was always loud and what made it even louder was the ghastly bowties he was accustomed to wearing. He also had a tendency to be heard over the others around him when he was drinking. He was a good-natured drunk but he was always breaking into some song from the sixties, as was the case right now. It was hard to figure out how Ernie had been lucky enough to land --- and keep --- Margo as his wife. Bobby couldn't imagine Margo getting into screwing this runt of a husband she had. Then he thought of his mother and he wasn't sure how the match-ups in life were meant to be. She, too, was an attractive woman with a midget for a boyfriend.

"All right, sweetie, how was the night? I think that Peter Clifford really likes you," Ernie Weisenbach said in a singsong fashion.

"Shut up, Ernie. I'm going to bed," she said walking around their Volvo automobile after emerging from the passenger side, leaving her husband standing in the driveway.

Obviously the night hadn't been as enjoyable for Margo as it had been for her husband, Bobby thought. She seemed pissed while Ernie seemed to enjoy whatever it was this Peter Clifford saw in his wife. They were a strange but interesting couple, Bobby had to admit.

“And how’s my Lover Boy,” Margo said, as she opened the back door to the house, her voice taking on a cheery resonance. Margo had been greeted by her large white pet poodle. The dog’s name was Lover Boy.

“Bobby, you feeling better?”

The voice startled him. Bobby turned to see his aunt coming his way. He didn’t want to speak with her right now. The thought of what she and her husband had been doing just a few minutes ago was still fresh in his mind.

Amanda Mason was a short woman with a year round manufactured tan. She sported large breasts on what she thought was a slightly overweight body. She approached Bobby tying the cord around the pink bathrobe she had on. She was also wearing a pair of floppy pink slippers that made her look as if she were resigned to a somewhat sedentary life. His Aunt Amanda didn’t look like a woman who had just been laid.

She put her right hand out and felt her nephew’s forehead. He had cooled off considerably. His aunt had been very concerned.

“You had me worried,” she told him.

“Really.” *Were you thinking of me while you were getting boffed?* he thought of saying but refrained. Aunt Amanda had always been his favorite relative and the thought of her enjoying sexual intercourse sort of diminished the saintly halo of respect he had developed for her. But then again she wasn’t as bad as her older sister --- his mother!

“I’m fine. No need to worry about me,” he finally said.

She reached over and tugged on her nephew’s left cheek. “I’m always going to worry about you. Remember that,” she wanted him to know.

“I will,” he replied, forcing a smile. “Where’s Uncle Donny?”

“Sleeping.”

Figures. Pork the old lady and then roll over and go to sleep.

“I’d be sleeping myself except I heard someone in the kitchen. Figured it was you. I wanted to make sure you were feeling okay.”

“I’m feeling much better. As I said, no need to worry about me.”

She looked around her nephew's tall frame and saw Mr. Weisenbach entering his house. "I see the All-American couple has come home. They must be drunk again, especially Mr. Weisenbach. Was he the one singing?"

"You heard that?"

"Couldn't miss it. Sounded like he was in pain."

"Oh, he's in no pain." He then shot a cold stare right at his aunt. "Everybody's feeling good tonight, don't you agree?" he said with emphasis.

His aunt smiled. "Well, maybe not everybody." She then developed a troubled look of her own and returned his stare before saying, "Bobby, is everything all right with you? You don't smile anymore. Do you want to talk? I'll listen if you do."

"I don't think you'd understand."

"Well, at least give me a chance."

"Why? You have more important things to do. Right?"

Her nephew's attitude alerted Amanda to the immediate problem. Ever since he was a little boy Bobby felt his Aunt Amanada was the one person he could count on. Now he was feeling neglected and she knew why. He believed his parents were quitting on him and now his beloved Aunt Amanda had a more important agenda to meet. He had to have overheard her and Donny making love in their bedroom and that thought brought on more self-pity. Nobody had time for Bobby and it was eating away at him.

"You know, the fact you're getting so tall reminds me that you are getting older. But I also have to remind myself that we don't grow so fast on the inside. Bobby, I know you're hurting because of what your parents are going through. But it is what it is and you are going to have to learn to live with it. It's not going to go away."

"I know that."

"Then where is the problem at?"

Bobby gave his aunt a cold, long and calculated glare before answering. "It's the way she did it," he finally said.

"I don't understand. What did she do that you're having trouble with? Your mother would never do anything to hurt you, you know that."

“Don’t be so sure. She did my father in so what makes you think she wouldn’t sell me out?”

“Because she loves you. What, exactly, did she do that’s bothering you?”

“It’s the sneaky way she did it: cheating on my father. I know he’s not the easiest guy in the world to live with but he didn’t deserve this.”

“You have a problem with...with your mother being with another man?”

“Yeah, I do.”

“Bobby, she has a right to be happy. She wasn’t happy with your father, hadn’t been happy for years. She finally decided to do something about it.”

“But it was all planned. It had to be. She had to be doing this other guy while she was married to my father.”

“Did she tell you that?”

“No. But I know.”

“How do you know?”

“Because she moves out of the house and two months later she’s living with this creep. It happened too fast. This had to be a plan. They had to have been thinking it up in the time they spent together --- you know, while she was doing him when away from home.”

“Your mother is a very difficult woman to understand. She hasn’t always made the wisest choices with her life. Let’s hope she has this time. Let’s give her the chance.”

“Maybe I wasn’t such a wise choice. Her friend, Larry, can’t stand me. That little shit thinks everything should go his way. I hope the day comes when she’ll have to pick between the two of us. That’s the chance I’m going to give her.”

Amanda knew he was angry if he were using words like *shit* in front of her. “Has Larry said he doesn’t like you?”

“He doesn’t have to. In me he sees my father and that’s enough to make him jealous. Let’s see what happens when the day dawns that my mother will have to choose between the pygmy or her son. I’ll bet her urges cancel out whatever motherly responsibility she has left.”

“She’d pick you.”

“Don’t bet on it.”

“She already has.”

“When?”

“About nine or ten years ago. She fell in love with a guy but let him go because of you. You were too young for her to make a move without taking the chance she might lose you. She wasn’t going to take that risk. Your father knew it and used it against her. But now that you’re eighteen it’s a different story. Your mother and father were never meant to be together. Now she wants to try and find Mr. Right or at least somebody close to it. Larry might not be the answer, but he’s better than what she had. But I can tell you this without even thinking about it: there’s not a man in this world that can come between you and your mother. Don’t think there is.”

“Well, she’s not making my life any easier with these glorious screw- ups. What the hell is wrong with her?”

“Bobby, your mother is a very insecure person. She married your father because she turned thirty and thought she might never find someone. Big mistake, a mistake a lot of men and women make. When she was closing in on forty she thought she met the love of her life but couldn’t have him because of the mistake she made when she was thirty. Now she’s zeroing in on fifty and she knows she has to do something because there might not be anything left when sixty rolls around.”

“She made the mistake so she should live with the consequences rather than make everyone around her miserable.”

“You don’t mean that, Bobby. You think she’s hurt you so you want to hurt her back.”

“Yes, I do.”

“Well, you shouldn’t. Bobby, right now you’re so angry you can’t think straight because of the rage. But try and think of it. Right now you’re angry with me. But why? I’ll tell you why. Because the thought of your mother being with Larry and what they might be doing at this very moment is killing you. I think you might have overheard your Uncle Donny and me making love tonight and it upset you because you were thinking of your mother doing the same thing. Isn’t that so?”

Bobby became embarrassed. “No,” he said in a not-so-convincing manner.

“So you didn’t overhear us? Now I’m embarrassed for even mentioning it.”

“Ah...I heard you...but...”

“But what? It wasn’t as enjoyable as you might think? Overhearing or, worse yet, imagining two people you know engaging in sexual intercourse can be unsettling and might even seem disgusting...especially to someone of your age.”

“I heard the dirty talk.” Bobby couldn’t believe what he said. Had his aunt tricked him into saying it?

“So you heard the dirty talk. But what you don’t know, Bobby, it was all part of an act.”

“So you were faking it?” Bobby asked, not quite believing his aunt was telling him such intimate details.

“Oh, not me, Bobby. Your uncle.”

“My uncle was faking an orgasm? How does a man fake an orgasm?”

“Bobby, he was faking so he could have an orgasm.”

“What? Aunt Amanda, you’ve lost me.”

“Bobby, I’m telling you this with the hope you will understand, and also because I don’t want you thinking your aunt and uncle are a couple of weirdoes. There’s an old wives’ tale that goes like this: when a man and a woman get married they are told to put a penny in a jar every time they have sex during that first year. After celebrating their first anniversary they are to remove a penny from the jar every time they engage in intercourse. The way the tale goes it will take twenty years to empty the jar of pennies it took a year to fill.”

“I don’t believe it.”

“True. It might be a bit of a stretch. But the point is this: sexual activity drops off quite a bit after that first year of marriage for a number of reasons. Right now you’re eighteen and you can’t see it happening, but it does. Bobby, you might be surprised to know it’s been said a man reaches the height of his sexual potency when he reaches nineteen. It’s all downhill from that point.”

“Nineteen! I’m not buying into that, either.”

Amanda thought she might be uncomfortable with the subject matter they were discussing but she was actually enjoying it. Her husband would probably be angry with what she was explaining to Bobby but Amanda felt it was necessary. She had to get her nephew to understand that relationships went beyond what occurred in the bedroom.

“It’s the truth, Bobby. Look it up if you have to.”

“So what does this have to do with Uncle Donny faking an orgasm?”

“Because your uncle is getting to that point in life where getting a...an erection...can sometimes be somewhat of a chore.”

“Don’t they have pills now that help with that problem?”

“Yeah, they do, but your uncle and I don’t need any pills. We have our own little method of doing things. It worked for us long before the likes of *Viagra* came on the market. The sex we had tonight should keep us going until sometime after Labor Day.”

“I still don’t get it.”

“Bobby, sex isn’t all that important to me anymore. The last few years I found out I can live without it if I have to. But about three or four times a year your Uncle Donny thinks differently. He gets through it by trying to act as though we are teenagers all over again, thus the role playing. We always used to talk dirty during sex and sometimes it would get real *hot* in our bedroom because of the dirty talk. We also use a condom. That’s the way we used to do it during my very fertile years when we weren’t married --- and yes, we engaged in sexual relations before we got married. These mind games help your uncle recapture his lost youth and make him a pretty decent performer as he gets older.”

“I don’t know if I need to be hearing all this. Is this to get me to think my mother didn’t leave my father because of sex?”

“Bobby, I know what an eighteen year old boy is apt to be thinking. You’re ready to explode sexually and you want a shot at every girl that crosses your path. You want to be Johnny Appleseed, planting *your* seed wherever you can. That’s only natural. But what isn’t natural is you thinking your mother is out there, as if she were competing with you. That is far from the truth. Your mother simply needs someone she can grow old with and not be miserable at the same time. Bobby, she was miserable with your father. It couldn’t go on. I’m not saying she’s not going to have sex with Larry but it’s not the most important thing on her mind.”

“I wish I was as sure of that fact as you are.”

“You will be someday. You’ll find out that what I’m telling you is the truth.”

Bobby wanted to get away from all this sex talk. It wasn’t right. His aunt had told him more than he cared to dwell on. But he did hope she was correct and his mother was sleeping at this moment, not out partying with her new boyfriend.

“Now that you’re feeling better do you think you can help my friend cleaning out their cellar? They’re willing to pay you \$300 for three days of work.”

“Sure. I can start Monday. Will that be all right?”

“It should be. I’ll call her tomorrow. Now I’m going to bed. Are you going to be up for long?”

“I’m just getting some water to drink and then I’ll be going back to bed myself.”

“Well, good-night.”

“Good-night.”

It was a few minutes after midnight when Larry Hickey rolled over and started rubbing his semi-hard penis against the crack of Lori Farrell’s ass. She was tired but she wasn’t going to deny him. In a dutiful manner she rolled over on her back and spread her legs. Not a word was said. There were no *I love you* or *sweet nothings* to be whispered in her ear. Larry placed himself between those limbs and mounted her. As he did so he began kissing her mouth and neck. Lori was trying to get into it but was having trouble doing so.

Larry raised himself and took her left hand and placed it on his now hard erection. “Put it in,” he whispered in her ear. Lori took hold of the penis and guided it inside her vagina.

Thrust one.

Thrust two.

Thrust three.

Thrust four.

Thrust five.

Thrust six.

Thrust seven

Thrust eight.

Thrust nine.

“Pop goes the weasel,” Larry announced as he came off inside her. Two seconds later he was wiping off the tip of his penis in her pubic hairs. Two seconds after that he adjourned to his side of the bed, ready for sleep. Meanwhile, Lori --- not even close to being sexually satisfied --- lay there staring at the ceiling and wondering if her life was ever going to be worth living.

Chapter Two

“Hi. You must be Bobby,” Jason Bower said as he greeted the teen at his kitchen door.

“I am,” the young man replied, dressed in some old worn jeans and a gray athletic T-shirt. The eighteen year old was ready to do some labor around the Bowers’ saltbox Cape style house and earn some cash.

“How’d you get here?” the thin and pushing forty Jason asked as he looked past Bobby. The only vehicles in the driveway were Jason’s twelve year old red pickup truck, his wife’s Nissan Pathfinder and a recently purchased Harley Davidson Road King.

“I walked,” Bobby informed him. It was another picture perfect day and he had opted to make the twenty minute stroll to the Bowers’ place rather than have his aunt drop him off. Uncle Donny went to work at the Paine Electric plant about five in the morning and that was way too early for Bobby and he was afraid if Aunt Amanda drove she’d get back into the sex talk. Bobby didn’t mind talking sex but not with his aunt. He had to get himself an automobile.

“Do you drive? Do you have a driver’s license?” Jason asked.

“Yeah, I do,” Bobby answered as he entered the Bowers’ kitchen.

“Good. There’s a lot of trash in the basement that’s going to have to be taken to the dump. I’ll leave you my truck to use. It’s not big so you shouldn’t have a problem. But it will require several trips. I can take my wife’s car to work. I want to get the basement cleaned up so I can build a live-in apartment down there. I appreciate you helping me out.”

“No problem. Glad I can be of some help. When do you plan to start with the apartment?”

“On the weekends, once I get back from Hixville.”

“Hixville?”

“Yeah, Hixville. It’s a small town in New Hampshire. There is a bikers’ rally up there later this week and into the weekend. I’m going up with a couple of guys from work in the city’s parks’ department. I need to get away from here for a few days. You know, free from family responsibilities. I wish I was your age again, only knowing what I now know.” Jason gave Bobby a mischievous wink of his right eye to further illustrate his point.

“I wish I knew what you now know so I could put it to good use.”

Jason laughed. The kid spoke the truth. Jason remembered the hormonal frustrations that could plague a teenage boy. “You got yourself a lady friend?”

“No. No one in particular, that is.” Bobby didn’t want to sound as though he were unlucky in love.

Jason glanced around as though the kitchen was crowded with busybodies and he was about to impart some words of wisdom on the lad meant for the kid’s ears only. Jason sidled over to him, so their heads were only a few inches apart, and said: “Find yourself a steady piece of ass for the summer. Someone who won’t cling. Someone who can clean those pipes of yours on a steady basis.”

Bobby was somewhat dumbfounded. This guy didn’t know him from *Adam* but here he was informing him of what ¹ needed to get him through the summer. Bobby liked this Jason guy.

“So how long have you been riding?” Bobby asked.

“Just over a year. Needed something to give my life some new meaning and riding has done it. Someday you’ll know what I mean.”

It sounded to Bobby as if the Bowers were another married couple who were in a rut. He thought he should suggest some role playing for Jason and his wife.

“Jennifer!” Jason shouted.

“What is it?” his wife shouted back. Her voice was coming from upstairs.

“Get down here, will you. I need to take your Pathfinder to work. I’m leaving my truck here.”

“No you’re not. I need my car.” Bobby could hear Jason’s wife rushing down the stairs to confront her husband. He was anxious to see what she looked like. His Aunt Amanda had warned him of Jennifer Bower’s flirtatious ways.

“I’m not driving around in that old...oh, hello.” Jennifer was caught off guard by Bobby’s presence when she entered the kitchen.

“Hi,” was the teen’s simple reply. *Not bad for an older chick*, Bobby thought. A brunette, Jennifer was wearing yellow shorts and a revealing green top that showcased her ample boobs. He liked Jason but not so much as to not do his wife. On the spot Bobby developed an imaginary list of older women he’d like to have sex with this summer. There were currently two names on the list: Margo Wiesenbach and Jennifer Bowe.

“I’m leaving the truck so Bobby can tote a lot of that crap we have downstairs to the dump.”

“Okay,” Jennifer relented.

Whoa, that was easy, Jason thought. Jennifer must have taken an instant liking to this kid. Now in her late thirties, Jennifer was at the age where she was doing everything possible to maintain her youth. Trying to impress young men was one of those ways. Jason knew what she was going through and he didn’t discourage it. He didn’t consider her coquettish ways to be a threat to their marriage. Plus, she wouldn’t be dumb enough to screw around with her close friend’s nephew, would she?

“Well, I’ve got to get going. Bobby, Jennifer can show you the clutter downstairs that has to go to the dump. I should be able to sneak back in a few hours and give you a better idea of what I need done. Removing that trash should take up a good part of your day.”

“Okay, Mr. Bower.”

“Wait a minute. You can call me Jason. None of that *Mister* stuff, it makes me feel old.”

“All right,” Bobby told him and then looked at Jennifer as if to say: *And how shall I address you?*

Jason’s wife picked up on the boy’s uncertainty. “And you can call me Jen if you want,” she said, accentuating the *J* in her name.

“Okay, now that we got that crap taken care of I’ve got to get going. Jennifer, help the kid out. And like I said, Bobby, I’ll try and get back sometime around noon to see how you’re doing. But I know you’ll be just fine.”

I’ll make sure I’m not fucking your wife at noon. Oh, the mind of an eighteen year old; still trying to find himself while fighting off the demons from within that were trying to take residence in his soul.

Once her husband departed Jennifer looked at Bobby and said, “So, your aunt tells me you’re a pretty good ballplayer.”

“Yeah, I am,” he replied without a trace of modesty. “I’m going to be playing in the Paine Twilight league come July. Next year I’m going to be playing at Ryker College on scholarship. I also played basketball in high school.”

“I envy you.”

“You do?”

“You bet. I’d love to be eighteen again. Oh, how my life would be so different if I had it to do over.”

Bobby was developing a distinct feeling that he should do as much living as possible, right in the here and now. It apparently was a waste of time to dream about what was going to be when you had gained fame and fortune because if it didn’t happen you were going to be left with only misery or a mundane existence to live out your days.

“Do you have any kids?” he asked, although he knew the Bowers did.

“Yes, we have one boy. His name is Jeffrey and he went off to be at camp for the next few weeks just yesterday.”

So it’s just you and me here. Let’s get naked, Bobby dreamed of saying. What he did say was: “I hope he has a good time. Camping can be fun.” It sounded imbecilic and Bobby knew it.

“Now it’s time for you to have some fun of your own,” Jennifer teased.

“Huh?”

“The basement.”

“Oh, yes, the basement. I say we get started on this project, right now,” Bobby suggested.

“Aren’t you the eager beaver,” Jennifer said with a seductive tone to her voice. “Anxious to get those muscles going,” she went on as she reached out and pinched his left bicep.

I’ll show you a muscle and I’ll drill it right into that hole of yours, Bobby was thinking. Instead he said: “I’m on your time so I figure I had better get started. I don’t want word getting back to my aunt that I’m taking advantage of you.” *Ouch,* that seemed to come out wrong.

Jennifer produced a coy smile. Bobby was convinced her lips were pursed before she said, “Now, a nice boy like you wouldn’t take advantage of an older woman like me, would he?”

She was flirting with him. If he only had the balls he’d rip those yellow shorts off her and do her here on the kitchen floor. But who was he kidding? He needed some experience if he wanted to impress a woman such as Jennifer Bower with his sexual acumen. God, if she kept teasing him like this it was going to be a long three days.

Jennifer opened the door in the kitchen that led to the basement. “Just follow me,” she said as she bounded down the stairs, her firm ass holding together as it shifted with each move she made. Bobby couldn’t help but wonder if Jennifer were one of those frustrated housewives who liked to shower young men with affection in order to stay young herself. Bobby would love to give her a shot. He was going to get himself some of that needed experience.

There was a good amount of clutter in the area --- old furniture, children’s toys and numerous boxes filled with an assortment of junk. In the far corner, up against the wall, was an old mattress from a queen sized bed. It looked as though it had been through the wars --- the wars of sexual histrionics. The side he could see seemed stained in its entirety. Bobby wondered how many times Jason had laid Jennifer on it.

Cappy Peters had been a bully since the third grade. He enjoyed the rush intimidation brought with it and practiced the art with reckless abandon. He was the same way now as he approached the age of twenty-four. But Cappy was developing a problem. Since his childhood days he always hung around with people two or three years younger. By doing so he managed to keep his younger peers in fear of him. In the company of people his own age he was unable to pull off his strong arm tactics and it made Cappy feel inferior and weak. With the younger group he was their kingpin or leader. But as Cappy and his younger friends aged Cappy became forced to widen the distance between himself and his dutiful serfs. The maturation process eliminated the fear factor many of his younger cohorts had experienced and many of the young people he had tormented over the years with his autocratic ways were now anxious to stand up to Cappy and even the score somewhat because of the overbearing antics he had practiced. Cappy, however, had no desire to become embroiled in any vendettas. He feared losing a physical altercation meant losing his status as a brute.

Cappy was a stocky young man, going prematurely bald. Baldness at such an early stage in life was a sign of failure to Cappy’s way of thinking, so he hid this shortcoming under the guise of a baseball cap, of which he had several and always wore backwards, hence the nickname of Cappy. On this day, as he sat on the seawall at Paine Beach, he was wearing a Washington Nationals cap as he tossed his cell phone from hand to hand, anxiously awaiting the arrival of someone.

That someone was Cory Mason. Cappy caught a glimpse of him as he crossed the parkway and began walking along the seawall to join the other teens congregated some 300 feet beyond where Cappy was sitting. It was summertime and those adolescents who had yet to find summer employment were now hanging out on the seawall, as so many generations of teens before them had done for so many passing summers. Cory saw Cappy sitting by himself and it bothered the boy. He just knew Cappy had something to say to him since Cory was walking alone. It was the type of setting in which Cappy tried to use his bullying tactics to the ultimate.

Eighteen years of age, Cory had the angelic looks of someone slightly younger, perhaps fifteen. He was somewhat on the portly side and had puffy cheeks which further enhanced his youthful appearance. His mother called it baby fat. His father thought he should start adhering to a more regimented diet and get into some form of athletics like his cousin, Bobby, had done.

“Hey, Mason,” Cappy called out as Cory approached him. “Get over here. I have something I want you to see.”

Cory, with a bit of trepidation, made his way over to where Cappy was sitting. “What is it?” he asked, uneasily.

“I want you to take a look at this,” Cappy said as he flipped open his cell phone and put it on the picture gallery. “Do you know what this is?” he asked, handing the phone to Cory.

Cory was still a virgin and he wasn't sure what it was Cappy was showing him but he didn't want to act stupid either. He tilted his head sideways as if that was going to help identify the phone photo. It didn't. He had no idea what it was he was looking at but he did notice it had hair. “Is this your dog?” he finally asked.

“My dog!” Cappy exclaimed as he snapped the camera out of Cory's hand. “It's a pussy, you numb nuts. It's my girl's cunt.”

“Really,” Cory answered. “It's hard to tell, the picture's sort of distorted.”

“Distorted my ass. You've never seen a twat before have you...you faggot?”

Cory didn't like being insulted especially if it was Cappy doing the belittling. “Yes, I have,” he shot back.

“You're full of shit.”

“So, why'd you show it to me, Cappy? Do you want me know that some girl let you take a picture of her...her snatch?”

“No. I showed it to you to let you know she's spoken for. I want you to tell that to your pretty boy cousin. I want you to tell him that Nicole Passavia is not available. You got that, Mason?”

That was a photo of Nicole Passavia's vagina? Cory didn't think so. Nicole Passavia was as straight-laced as they come. A real old-fashioned kind of girl at the age of eighteen, and there weren't too many of those floating around. She had a dream to be a singer and she certainly had the pipes to do so. She sang at two masses every Sunday at St. Matthew's. Now if Cappy had said it was her sixteen year old sister, Sarah, Cory might believe it. Sarah liked to

tease the guys and might allow someone to take a risqué picture of her as long as her face wasn't in the shot. But Cory couldn't see Sarah doing it for someone like Cappy. No, this was a still photo Cappy had of some anonymous woman's vagina --- probably taken from the Internet --- and he was trying to pass it off as Nicole's. What a sleazeball. Better yet, why was he doing it?

“If you have a message for my cousin I suggest you tell him yourself. I don't think he knows Nicole.”

“I think he does and I think he's trying to get into her pants. I'll kick the shit out of him if he even comes near her.”

“I've never heard my cousin say anything about Nicole so that leads me to think he doesn't know her. Plus, why are you with her? She just graduated from high school. Don't you think you should be looking to be with someone a little older?”

“In a few years it won't matter what our ages are. But that's not the point to be made here. What is, is this! I want your snobby cousin to know he's going to be in some deep shit if he thinks about going after Nicole. Get the message to him and make sure he understands.”

“I'll see to it that Bobby gets your message, Cappy, but I should also tell you this. My cousin is not going to be so easily scared off by your threats. He's got something bottled up inside of him right now, something that's building his anger to a dangerous level. Your taunts might be just enough to set him off. He might take you up on that threat and go out with Nicole just to see what kind of balls you really have. He's looking to beat up someone.”

“I'll take my chances,” Cappy let Cory know. “Just see to it that he gets my message.”

Chapter Three

It was twilight when Bobby returned home from his day of work at the Bowers' house. No one was home and as he entered the kitchen there was a note on the table for Bobby, Cory and his Uncle Donny. It was from his aunt who was working her part-time job as a waitress at the Venetian Restaurant tonight.

*Guys,
Found myself running short on time so I didn't
bother to cook. There's some pasta salad and
cold cuts in the refrigerator. Michelle is sleeping over
Nadine's tonight, so don't worry about her. Help yourselves.*

Bobby walked over to the refrigerator and, after opening the door, stared blankly at its contents. He was hungry but he wasn't in the mood for what his aunt had left behind. He thought of taking one of Uncle Donny's beers but then thought better of it. He had shared in a beer with Jason while they finished cleaning up some odds and ends at the Bowers' place and Bobby had enjoyed it. But he knew his aunt and uncle would frown on his drinking alcohol, be it at the Bowers' house or here in their home. They were sort of old-fashioned in some of their ways. Bobby reached in and took out a can of Coke.

He popped open the can as he stepped out on the back deck and sat down at the umbrella-shaded glass patio table. Bobby glanced over to his left at the kidney-shaped in-ground pool his aunt and uncle had put in several years ago. They used to have a pool party every weekend of the summer, it seemed, the first few years after putting the pool in, especially on a night such as this. It was at one of those pool parties that his mother met Larry.

But those times were now in the past, and the pool was only used by family these days. On the far side of the pool was a turtle pond next to an old workshed. Uncle Donny had built the pond a few years ago. That's where his aunt and uncle were at in life right now: winding it down. That's why they had to play those stupid games when they decided to have sex.

A light caught Bobby's attention, coming from the second floor in the Weisenbachs' house. Bobby thought he saw a shadow moving about, but upon closer examination, he realized it was Margo. She was prancing around as if modeling clothes in front of a mirror. Bobby found himself mesmerized by the sight of her. He couldn't take his eyes off the sultry neighbor.

She pressed a black shirt against her chest and tilted her head, slightly, as if she were unsure she liked it. She disappeared but in a matter of seconds she returned with a gray shirt and went through the same routine. Then she came back with a red one. Bobby was transfixed by what Margo was doing. He wondered if she would take off the lime-colored shirt she was wearing so he could get a good look at those tits.

As it became darker, with the setting sun dropping behind the horizon, Bobby was gaining a better view. Now she was turning sideways as if studying her profile or seeing if she

had gained weight. She bent over so her nicely proportioned ass was right in Bobby's line of vision. He could feel his arousal. Bobby would take Margo just the way she is. He'd love to invite her over for a dip in the pool. Then he thought of Jennifer. He'd love to get her in the pool as well. A threesome! Wouldn't that be something! The thought had Bobby toying with his crotch as he watched the Margo show continue.

But where was Mr. Weisenbach? His car was in the driveway. Perhaps he was sitting on the edge of the bed watching her. That would be strange, but the Weisenbachs were a strange couple. Maybe they were like his aunt and uncle and needed to play a strange game of their own to get the hormones pumping. Bobby was now becoming concerned with the prospect of growing old. He didn't want to end up like the Weisenbachs or Aunt Amanda and Uncle Donny if his thinking should prove to be the truth.

Ah, finally, the main event. Margo's top came off and she wasn't wearing a bra. This was too good to be true. Bobby could feel himself becoming so hard he felt like his schlock was going to rip out of his skin. And Margo wasn't helping matters. She was now cupping her left breast with her hands, and what nicely rounded breasts they were, rather firm and perky for a woman her age. She seemed to be pinching one of her nipples --- nipples like long-necked clams, nipples you could hang a coat on. This was becoming too much for Bobby to take. He couldn't take his eyes off her. However, once this little show ended he would have to make a beeline to the bathroom to relieve himself of this build up. He was fairly certain of that fact.

Now Margo was facing the window and as she came closer Bobby realized she was fully exposed. He was taken back when he noticed she had no pubic hairs. Margo was like a porn queen! Bobby was now feeling he might not have to run to the bathroom. He might let it go right here. She also seemed to be looking right at him, and Bobby became embarrassed. So embarrassed that he glanced over at the turtle pond trying to make it look as if the turtles were more entertaining than Margo's striptease. He was frustrated and angry because he had no idea as to what to do. He was a loser with a capital *L*.

Suddenly there was a sound and the deck lights came on. Bobby knew he would now have to face up to an embarrassment of a different sort. His night just went from the sublime to ridicule.

Bobby's first glance went back to the window and Margo's light was now out. Then came the sound of the sliding door to the deck opening and closing. He prayed it was his cousin Cory. He knew it was not.

"Hey there, kiddo, what's going on?" Uncle Donny asked as he stepped out onto the deck carrying a pizza box and a six-pack of beer. He tossed the pizza box on the table. "Can I interest you in a slice? It's pepperoni."

"Sure," Bobby replied, wondering if his embarrassment was splashed across his face. "Aunt Amanda left some cold cuts and pasta salad in the refrigerator."

“Not interested,” his uncle responded. “I prefer to have some good cholesterol intolerant food tonight. How about you? Man food.”

Bobby had to laugh. “I’m with you on that one,” he told his uncle.

Uncle Donny seemed to be acting a little bit out of character. He was still a well- built man of fifty with a full head of gray hair. He was also a man who was very family- oriented and, as a result, he had proven to be demanding when it came to raising Bobby’s cousins, Cory and Michelle. It was as if Uncle Donny were looking for trouble before it found his children.

“So, tell me, Bobby what are you doing out here? Trying to unwind a little after a hard day’s work at the Bowers’ house? How did that go?”

“It was okay. A little dusty because of all the junk they’ve accumulated but other than that it was all right.”

“That’s good to hear. Can I interest you in a beer?” Uncle Donny asked, surprising the young man, as he popped open a can before the teen could respond.

“I’d love one, but won’t Aunt Amanda object?”

“Aunt Amanda’s not here,” his uncle said as he handed Bobby the beer. “As the old saying goes: what Aunt Amanda doesn’t know isn’t going to hurt her. You’re a working man now. You should be able to chill out with a beer. It helps take the edge off.”

Bobby had to laugh at that one as well. “Cheers,” he said, as he raised the can in salute.

In unison, they each took a long drink. This was nice, Bobby thought. It was so much better than trying to bond with his father. He would never bond with that idiot Larry who was now sleeping with his mother.

“So your day was busy, as was mine. Welcome to the working world, Bobby. How about tonight?”

“Huh?”

“Tonight. How about tonight?”

“Ah...I was just sitting here. Unwinding as you said.”

“Oh, so you missed the peep show. That’s too bad.”

“The peep show?”

“Yeah, the peep show,” his uncle repeated as he angled his head in the direction of the Weisenbachs’ house.

Bobby made a quick glance at the now dark upper room that was the Weisenbachs’ bedroom before looking back at his uncle. “You saw it?” he finally asked.

“Oh, I saw it...the tail end of it. And it’s not the first time. She’s an exhibitionist, Bobby. She likes to tease young men with her nudie show. A month ago Cory was out in the backyard with some friends when she pulled the same stunt.”

His cousin Cory? What a bummer. Although the same age as Bobby, his cousin seemed to be lagging behind in the maturation department. Bobby imagined that his cousin Cory still thought his penis was strictly for pissing purposes. This was a let down to know Cory had seen Margo prancing around naked before he had.

“So what’d you do?” Bobby asked.

“The same thing I’m going to do for you. Stay here. I’ll be right back.”

While his uncle was gone Bobby returned his glare back at the Weisenbachs’ house. “You bitch,” he mumbled. He was insulted to think that Margo Weisenbach clumped him into the same category as his dimwitted cousin. If Margo ever put another show on for him then he’d give her a show of his own.

“Here,” his uncle said when he returned as he tossed a condom in a square packet on the table. “Keep it somewhere on you at all times. I don’t know if you’re going to get lucky this summer, but you are at that age when such things happen. If you need more and find it embarrassing to buy some on your own then just ask me and I’ll give you another.”

“Talk about embarrassing.”

“I understand. But I’d rather be embarrassed then finding myself becoming a father before my time or picking up a little something that requires a doctor’s care. And with our siren-like Weisenbach over there just feeding off your boyish hormones you’re apt to take advantage of the first female that shows you any attention. It’s best you be prepared.”

“And you gave Cory one of these things?”

“I did but I don’t expect him to be using it anytime soon. You, on the other hand, are a different animal altogether. You get mixed up with a woman, Bobby, and often the results can be

devastating. I don't want to see you ruining your life before you've had the chance to get it off the launching pad."

Bobby couldn't see himself ruining his life with a broad like Margo. She looked and acted as if all she wanted out of life was to get laid and let it go at that. Bobby did not have a problem with that line of thinking. Plus, she had been around the block more than once so there weren't apt to be any problems once the foul act had been consummated. But Bobby did appreciate his uncle's concern. "Thanks, Uncle Donny, but I assure you I have my head on straight. No woman or girl is going to beat Bobby Farrell at that game."

His uncle smiled. "It's easy to say that now, Bobby, but I assure you once that pretty little damsel drops her pants you'll be just like any other guy. The only thinking you'll be doing will be with that little head of yours, not the head mounted on your shoulders. Bobby, a woman's pull on a man can be overwhelming. Allow me to talk like a man so you'll understand and put it to you this way: keep in mind that a single cunt hair can tow a battleship."

Bobby chuckled. This was good man-to-man talk.

"Bobby, I know you have some issues in your head that you are having a tough time dealing with at the moment. Try to sort them out and if you need to talk then I'm here to listen."

"Thanks, Uncle Donny, it's nice to know I can count on you."

"Well, I'm going to go in and catch the Sox game on TV. You care to join me?"

"Sure," Bobby answered. But as he tried to raise himself out of the chair he received a living reminder of the affect the Margo show had on him. His balls were aching as he tried to stand. It was then he started thinking of gray battleships and pubic hair.

There was a group of eighteen teens hanging out on the seawall idling their time away, another early summer's day turning into a wasted twenty-four hours. Some of the adolescent group was still looking for summer employment, but many in the group were content with doing nothing.

Cory Mason was sitting on the seawall talking to a fellow high school classmate, Robby Larch, when Nicole Passavia approached the pair. She had been sitting on a beach blanket talking to three of her girlfriends. Nicole was at a high point in her life that had the boys ogling over her as she blossomed into a beautiful young woman. She was short in stature with long black hair that accentuated a mysterious and mesmerizing pair of deep blue eyes. Her well-developed breasts, which were not too large but not too small either, seemed to complement her already intoxicating features. In addition she was a young lady with a plan: a plan for life.

“Hi, Cory,” she said in what seemed like a seductive manner while ignoring his friend. “What are you doing?” she went on.

“Noth...nothing,” Cory stammered. *Now why was Nicole Passavia talking to him?*

“Did you hear me sing at church on Sunday?” she asked.

“No...I didn’t go to church,” was his somewhat stilted reply.

“Don’t you believe in God anymore?”

“Oh, I believe in God, I just didn’t go.”

“Well, you should...go to church, that is...and that will you give you a chance to hear me sing.”

“I just might do that.”

“Me too,” the meek looking Robby Larch chimed in hoping to get Nicole to talk to him as well.

Nicole continued to ignore Robby for it was Cory she needed to speak with. “Tell me, Cory, is your cousin Bobby around?”

So that’s what this was all about. Nicole had a thing for his cousin. She had just deflated Cory’s ego.

“No, he’s not. I think he thinks he’s too good to hang out on the beach --- hot shot athlete that he is.”

“Oh, that’s too bad.”

“I’ll let him know you were asking for him.”

“Oh, no, don’t do that,” a somewhat flustered Nicole answered. “He’s easy on the eyes, I’ll admit, but I don’t want him thinking I’m easy. Promise me you won’t say I was asking about him.”

“It’s a promise,” Cory replied, knowing it was a promise he probably wouldn’t keep.

“Thanks.”

“Ah, Nicole, can I ask you a question?”

“Certainly. What is it?”

“How well do you know Cappy Peters?”

A hardened glare came to Nicole’s face. It was apparent by her expression that Nicole knew where this question was leading. “Did he have something to say about me?” she asked rather than answer the question directly.

Her response was not what Cory expected and he found himself on the verge of being tongue-tied. “Ah...forget it. I...I thought maybe...”

“You thought maybe I’m his girlfriend?” Nicole answered for him.

“Well... it’s just that...”

“It’s just that he told you we were girlfriend and boyfriend. I know what the creep has been doing. He’s got a thing for me and he’s telling every boy on the beach to stay away from me. Tell me what he said to you.”

“He didn’t say much of anything.” Cory didn’t want to bring up his cousin’s name and further upset her and he certainly wasn’t going to tell her about the picture Cappy had which he was trying to pass off as being Nicole’s vagina.

“He had to say something or you wouldn’t be asking.” Nicole seemed to be getting quite agitated.

Cory had to make something up. “He told me not to get interested in you. You know why.”

Nicole gave Cory a queer look. It seemed to be saying: *You’ve got to be kidding. Even Cappy knows I’m out of your league and you wouldn’t stand a chance with me.* But Nicole chose to be kind. It actually might work to her advantage. She placed herself between Cory’s dangling legs before putting her hands on the sides of Cory’s head and gave him a kiss on the left cheek. “There. Go tell Cappy Peters that I kissed you. That’s more than he’s ever going to get.” She then pushed herself away and started walking along the seawall alone.

“Wow!” Robby Larch exclaimed as Cory continued to watch her get smaller as she drifted off into the darkness. His heart, at this moment, seemed to be fluttering. Cory couldn’t take his eyes off her. He had just been bitten by the love bug.

Chapter Four

“Bobby, it’s time to get up,” Aunt Amanda whispered as she shook her nephew from his sleep while trying not to disturb Cory, who was still out in dreamland somewhere. Bobby had left a note for his aunt saying he had to be at the Bowers’ house by eight. He trusted his aunt to see that he was up more than he trusted himself with any alarm clock.

Bobby opened his eyes and replied rather wearily, “I’m up.” He looked at the clock radio. It was 6:50 in the morning. *Jesus, please go away* he wanted to scream at his aunt.

“I’ll be downstairs making you breakfast,” she went on in her subdued voice. “Now get a move on,” she concluded before leaving the room.

Bobby sat up on the edge of the bed, trying to put his thoughts together. He lazily glanced to his left and took in his cousin’s slumbering frame. Cory’s bed was in the corner of the room and he was facing the wall. Bobby had a question to ask him. It had been irking him all night but he didn’t want to say anything to Cory last night since his father was around. Bobby wanted the two of them to be alone when he put it to him.

Lucky bastard, he thought, since his cousin got to sleep for another hour or two. But then Bobby started thinking differently. His cousin be damned. Bobby decided he was going to wake Cory now and ask him that question.

Placing his right foot in the small of his cousin’s back, Bobby started to nudge him with it. The first prod of the foot got no response. A little more forceful shove got a twitch of the body. His third thrust produced a groan, followed by a response.

“What?” Cory whined as he began to turn over.

“Wake up, dogbreath. We need to talk.”

“About what?” a half sleeping Cory asked.

“I want to ask you about Margo Weisenbach.”

“Margo Weisenbach? What do I know about Margo Weisenbach?”

“I want to know if she put on a little show for you and your friends.”

Cory’s head was beginning to clear. He was waking. “You mean like prancing about with little or no clothes on?” he asked, raising himself into a sitting position.

“Yeah. Like that.”

“Yeah, she did a couple of weeks ago. I was in the backyard with Billy Titus and Tim Deroin trying to decide what we wanted to do for the night when Margo appears in the window.” Cory was wiping the sleep from his eyes as he explained to his cousin what happened.

“And?”

“And she does a little show for us. She acted as if she didn’t know we were there. But we got to see it all --- tits, pussy, ass. I thought Titus’s pants might explode and he would start jerking off in the backyard when he saw her twat had no hair on it. But then my father showed up and Margo’s girly act came to an end. Why? Did she give you a little show of her own?”

“She did, prancing around as if she were modeling clothes. Then, as happened with you, your father appeared.”

“No clothes were involved in the show she put on for us. She did have a towel and was acting as though she were drying herself off.” Cory then noticed something about his cousin’s expression that suggested he was upset. “Hey, did you think she was just doing it for you?” Cory liked thinking his cousin was getting his comeuppance. Cory believed Bobby was a little too hung up on his pretty boy looks and athletic build.

“No!” Bobby stated, emphatically.

“You’re full of it. You did think this was a private performance just for you.” Cory had to laugh at the thought.

“Go fuck yourself.” Bobby was starting to lose his composure.

“Oh, poor Bobby,” his cousin taunted him. “Thought Mrs. Weisenbach wanted to do him.”

“Eat shit, you dickhead.”

“Hey, maybe she’s over in her house right now fingering herself, making believe it’s Bobby’s magnificent organ?”

“Let me tell you something. I’m going to fuck her before the summer is over. I’m going to fuck her while you, Titus and Deroin will be pulling your puds dreaming about doing her.”

“She’d kill you.”

“What do you mean?”

“Bobby, this broad’s been around...and around. She’s probably good to go for an hour. You’d lose what you have to offer in less than a minute. You’re the minute man but she ain’t a minute maid.”

“That’s what you think.”

“That’s what I know.”

Bobby had to admit that his cousin was probably right. The kid with the babyish looks was proving to be quite astute on the subject. *Damn*, Bobby had to get some sexual experience.

“Now, it’s my turn to ask you a question,” Cory said.

“What question?”

“How well do you know Nicole Passavia?”

“I don’t think I do know her. Can you be more specific?”

“The pretty girl who sings at St. Matthew’s on Sundays.”

“Oh, that girl. That’s her name? I don’t know her that well. Certainly not on a speaking basis. She’s a little too Catholic from what I understand. Why do you ask?”

“Because Cappy Peters told me to tell you to stay away from her. He claims she’s his girl so you had better watch out. He even has a picture that he claims is her...her twat.”

“He does? Boy, was I ever wrong about her.”

“It’s not really hers, you idiot,” a riled Cory said. “I’d like to kick his ass from here to Timbuktu for saying things like that about her.”

“Then why don’t you?”

“Don’t be a wiseass.”

“Cory, I think you have a little thing for pretty Nicole. If you do it’s up to you to defend her honor.”

“But it’s not me Cappy Peters is threatening to do bodily harm to, it’s you.”

“But I’m not involved with Nicole.”

“But he thinks you are,” Cory stated with frustration in his voice.

“Then I guess I’m going to have to screw Nicole to make the fight worthwhile,” his cousin answered, coolly.

“You do that and I’ll kill you.”

“You do have a thing for her, don’t you?”

“What if I do?”

“Cory, she’d break your heart. She’s too pretty and you’re not. She can have any guy she wants if she’s willing to play along and as she gets older she’ll learn that game.”

“You’re just jealous.”

“Of what?”

“She kissed me.”

“She kissed you? What’s this girl, blind?”

“Like I said, you’re jealous.”

“She kissed you on the lips?”

“Ah...yeah, she kissed me on the lips,” Cory lied, not wanting to give his cousin more ammunition to shoot down the love he carried for Nicole.

“She’s not only blind, she’s desperate,” Bobby said as he walked out of the room, headed towards the bathroom to take a shower, shaking his head in disbelief.

Cory sat alone in his bed and thought he was going to cry. *Why couldn’t it be true? Why couldn’t someone like Nicole Passavia come to love him?* he was thinking in the solitude of his room.

“Vroom. Vroom,” Jason playfully clamored as he straddled the Harley, fantasizing about his upcoming bikers’ excursion to New Hampshire, as Bobby came ambling up the Bowers’ driveway an hour later. Jason seemed quite enthused about his male weekend bash and the desired freedom that was going along with it.

“Why don’t you just turn it over?” Bobby asked as he approached the man.

“Oh, hi Bobby,” Jason answered as he turned to see who was speaking to him. “I would but Jen might have a fit. She wasn’t too thrilled with me buying this thing in the first place, and she’s really pissed that I’m taking off to be with the guys for a few days. I’m not going to rock the boat if I don’t have to.”

“I see,” Bobby replied. At the same time he was thinking maybe Jason could help him with his problem.

“Bobby, I was going to ask you if you’re interested in some extra work once I get back.”

“Sure. What kind of work?”

“I’m going to start working on turning the basement into that apartment I was telling you about. I’m going to need a helper, and if you’re interested, the job is yours.”

“What would I be doing? I’m not a carpenter or anything.”

“You’d be a laborer, and you don’t need a PHD to do that kind of work.”

“It doesn’t sound too flattering but I’ll do it, provided I can work around my baseball schedule.”

“Sure thing. You’re a nice kid so I’d like to give you a chance to make some extra cash. Plus, my wife likes you and that can make my life a helluva lot easier around here. She has her moods and she’s not apt to be bitchy if you’re on the premises.”

Jennifer likes me! That fact got Bobby thinking. He’d love to be Jason’s laborer. Maybe he’d get the chance to do a little laboring on Jennifer. Maybe he could get Jason to lead him in that direction.

“Mr. Bower I was ---“

“Hey, what did I tell you about that Mr. Bower stuff,” Jason said as he lifted himself off the motorcycle.

“Oh, yeah. Sorry. Ah...Jason...I was hoping you might help me with something. You’re a cool guy so I think you’d understand.”

“Yeah, I’m a cool guy. What is it?”

“Well, I was thinking. I was thinking about what you said yesterday.” Bobby paused. He wanted to get this just right.

“Which was?” Jason had to ask.

“I was thinking about what you said...you know about getting a steady piece of ass for the summer.”

“Yeah, you should.”

“I want you to understand, I’m not a novice when it comes to sex but I’ve never actually...been with a woman. What sex I have had is not the stuff of which legends are made but I am, somewhat, experienced. But it’s all been sloppy high school stuff with sloppy high school sluts. You know, the touchy feely stuff but never actually going all the way. I need to find myself a woman who can show me the ropes. A woman who is good. A woman who can help me become the performer I know I can be.”

“Why are you in such a rush?” Jason wanted to know. “You sound as though you’ve got your eyes on an older woman? Or does an older woman have her eyes on you?” Jason glanced at the kitchen door, suspicion creeping into his mind.

“Both,” Bobby answered. “It’s a woman who lives near my aunt’s house. Please don’t say anything. My aunt and uncle would be up in arms if they knew about this.”

“Hey, your secret’s safe with me,” a relieved Jason told him. He was afraid the kid might be developing a thing for his wife. Jennifer did have her teasing ways. Now was the time to set the kid straight

“Bobby, forget about the older woman. I know she seems enticing but I’m willing to bet she’s not worth the effort. Is she married?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh, brother, now you’re asking for big trouble. I know it seems exciting to think you can screw your neighbor’s wife and get away with it but it is dangerous stuff. It’s not worth the risk, Bobby. This older woman is probably some horny old broad looking for someone to spice up her life. She could be coming on to you for a number of reasons. Most likely it’s because of a husband who has lost interest or has some problems with his equipment. Find yourself a girl your own age and teach each other how to be good at it. Take it from me; being a married man for over ten years, the younger chick will always win out in the end. She’s got more to offer.”

“So you don’t want to help me?”

“That’s not the reason. I don’t want to see you steer yourself into trouble. You’re just a young guy. This woman is going to seem wild to you. You’re going to start thinking you are the one turning her into a sex crazed individual, when in fact she is just using you. When she

decides to turn you away, because she has tired of you, you're going to be hurt. I shouldn't be telling you this but I'm going to, just to set you straight, because I'm willing to bet that sex is probably the most prevailing thought on your mind these days. But it changes, Bobby. It changes big time."

Bobby felt somewhat embarrassed, as if Jason was reading his mind.

"Look at me. I have a beautiful wife. We've had a great sex life and we taught each other how to enjoy it. But as great as it has been, as innovative as we've learned to be, time has a way of making even sex seem insignificant. I love my wife but more and more the urges aren't there any longer. Not every married man is willing to admit this in public but in private most would agree that fucking the same woman over and over again becomes boring. She becomes like fucking a tree you've drilled a hole in. She's become a living and breathing body of inertia. More and more, if given the chance between drinking a six-pack of beer or making love to my wife, the six-pack wins. Bobby, a piece of ass can be the most overrated thing in life."

"I don't want to marry the woman and I know she doesn't want to marry me. She just wants to have some fun." Bobby was trying to make it sound like a done deal.

"You're a typical stubborn teen. You're not going to let it go. But, Bobby, the chances are good it's never going to happen except in your head. But should you get lucky, then have her teach you."

"Huh?"

"Bobby, every woman likes to think she is in control. Even if you know every sex trick in the book you'd be better off letting her think she was teaching you a thing or two. Play the game and you'll be playing her. You don't need any sex therapist or high-priced call girl to get you ready. You can do it on your own and she'll enjoy every minute of it because she'll think she's creating her own little sex toy."

"You think so?"

"I do. But I still think it's a dangerous game you are thinking of playing. I'm begging you to put it out of your head. There is no good that can come out of it."

"You're probably right. I don't think I have what it takes to pull the trigger anyway. I probably am better off finding a girl my own age and working my way into being able to go for an hour or so before popping what I have to offer."

"An hour! What are you trying to be, a porn star?"

Jennifer was in the bathroom emptying out the hamper of its soiled contents when she overheard Jason and Bobby talking in the driveway. She could clearly hear every word being exchanged and she sat down on the top of the toilet seat and listened. She found it intriguing to eavesdrop on man talk. What she didn't find intriguing was what she got to hear. It upset Jennifer to know Amanda's nephew had come to trust in her husband to the point that he was seeking sex advice from him. She wanted to tell Bobby that Jason was the last man he should listen to. Jennifer, at this very moment, would love to pull her husband aside and set him straight on the do's and don'ts of lovemaking. She also didn't care for Jason's description of what it was like to sleep with the same woman over and over again, year after year. A tree, huh? Maybe Bobby might like to know that when they now had sex it was because Jason came begging for it. Her husband's little love stick no longer had the allure she once craved. It had run its course. Next time he started with his begging routine Jennifer thought she just might offer him a six-pack instead.

Then there was that other word he used. *Inertia* --- was that what her husband called it? Well, if that were the case it had more to do with Jason's inability to bring her to an orgasm than any lack of participation on her part. Jennifer would welcome the opportunity to tell her husband if there was a problem it had more to do with him being unable to close the deal than anything else. The moron had no idea of what it took to make a woman feel complete. She'd like to take Bobby aside and give him some solid advice on how to screw this older woman he had his sights on.

Then it dawned on her. What was she thinking? Bobby was trying to get it on with some older chick? Who was this broad? Was she trying to seduce Bobby? Amanda would be enraged if she ever knew about this and it was not Jennifer's place to tell her. But maybe Jennifer could find out on her own. She had to get Bobby alone. Maybe when her husband was away this weekend she'd lure Bobby over and they could sit down and talk. Jennifer decided that perhaps it was meant for her to set Bobby straight and steer him away from this older woman and her boy trap. Bobby was too nice a kid to get involved with some tramp.

Chapter Five

“Well, Donny, you’re just going to have to march over there and tell that woman to stop with the strip show. We’ve got two impressionable boys living here. She’s only asking for trouble.”

“Well, trouble might be just what she’s looking for.” Donny Mason felt it was necessary to tell his wife about their neighbor’s dabble at exhibitionism before the eyes of their son and nephew as Amanda prepared a salad for that evening’s dinner.

“What do you mean?”

“Amanda, she’s a woman refusing to grow old gracefully. Young men are her fountain of youth. As long as she is able to attract them there isn’t anyone going to be able to stop her.”

“You know, Donny, we could end up with another Mary Boudreau incident on our hands. Do we want that?”

“Who’s Mary Boudreau?” asked Michelle Mason as she walked in on her parents’ conversation. Unlike her twin brother, Michelle was a well-toned teenager with a wide range of interests, from physical fitness to the arts, and very independent in her thinking. This year she was into dance and music. She seemed gifted. Michelle was currently teaching herself how to play the guitar.

“None of your business,” Amanda told her teenage daughter.

“Oh, come on,” Michelle pleaded.

“It’s okay,” Donny chimed in. “She’s not a dummy, Amanda. She knows what’s going on.”

“Thanks, Dad. Glad someone around here realizes I’m not a little girl anymore,” Michelle replied as she glared at her mother. “I know you’re talking about that trollop who lives next door. But who is Mary Boudreau?”

“You know about what’s going on next door?” her mother asked.

“If you’re talking about the performance she put on for Cory and his friends, then, yes, I do know.”

“And just how did you find out?” her father wanted to know.

“Cory’s friend, Titus, told me. He asked me what kind of view I had of Mrs. Weisenbach’s bedroom from my window.”

“I don’t believe this. My own daughter knows more about what’s going on around here than I do,” Amanda bitched.

“So let me ask one more time: who is Mary Boudreau?” The question was directed to her father.

“When your mother and I were in high school we had a classmate by the name of John Curley. We called him Burly John Curley. He was a man-child. He was huge. Stood about six-foot-six at the age of fifteen and weighed well over 270 pounds. His best friend in high school was Tommy Boudreau. Burly John and Tommy were inseparable. Well, it turns out Tommy’s mother, Mary, was a very outgoing individual. She was always playing up to Burly John, giving him hugs and kisses on his cheek. You know what I mean. She was giving Burly John the impression she was interested in him when, in fact, she was just being overly friendly. Maybe she thought she was hanging onto her youth by being this way.”

“Oh, I see where this is headed,” Michelle interjected.

“You do?” her father asked.

“Yeah, Burly John thought Mary was coming on to him so he thought he’d get himself a little something only to find out what was really happening and he became extremely embarrassed. Don’t tell me he killed himself over her.”

“No. He killed Mary Boudreau instead.”

“What!”

“That’s right. One day when he knew she was alone at home Burly John made his move. She spurned him. Burly John couldn’t take it. He stabbed her repeatedly, in her kitchen, because of her rejection and his humiliation. He convinced himself that Mary was going to tell the world about his indiscretion and everyone he knew would be privy to it and laughing at him.”

“So what became of him? What happened?”

“Because of the severity of the crime he was tried as an adult and found guilty. He was sentenced to life but with a chance for parole. I don’t know where he is right now. I assume he’s still in jail.”

“So now you know why we’re so concerned about Margo Weisenbach and the way she is carrying on,” her mother said.

“I wouldn’t be too concerned. Cory, and his friends, don’t have what it takes to try and get in good with her. And Bobby is too smart to do such a thing,” Michelle reasoned.

“Michelle, when it comes to females no male is *too* smart. They all cave in like a house of cards,” her father told her. “Trust me. I’m one of them.”

“And we don’t want that happening here. Don’t forget, everybody thought John Curley was just this big teddy bear of a boy. He proved differently,” Amanda added.

“Then if they’re stupid enough to fall prey to such a come-on then they deserve whatever comes their way,” Michelle declared as she headed off to her room. She couldn’t believe how vulnerable boys could be when it came to girls and in this case a horny housewife.

“She has me worried,” Amanda said about her daughter as she watched her disappear up the staircase leading to her room.

“How so?” her husband wanted to know.

“I’m not sure but I just know something is not right. She’s so damn independent in her thinking but she also seems to be repressing something.”

“Amanda, you worry too much. She’s just a teenager, maybe a little bit too smart for her own good, but it’s something she’ll get over once she meets the right guy.”

“I hope you’re right,” Amanda remarked, not as convinced as her husband seemed to be.

Joey Stafford was prepared for him this time as he watched Jimmy Farrell come barreling through the door of the Limerick Lounge in downtown Paine. Joey and Jimmy went way back. They came to know each other as twenty year olds when they worked the same construction site. But construction work was not Joey’s design in life. He was using the occupation as a quick way to make money. He worked at it just long enough to squirrel away some cash and buy this bar. But Jimmy was different. He kept plugging away at the construction game and was now a much sought-after bricklayer. They had taken different paths to gain their quarter of success but in the ensuing thirty years, Joey and Jimmy maintained their friendship. Once Joey bought his tavern Jimmy became his steadiest customer.

But things were changing now and Joey could see it. They weren’t young men anymore. They were fifty. And with fifty came some changes. Those careless antics of their youthful bygone days were now part of the past, and both Joey and Jimmy had come to accept it. But there was a change in Jimmy that Joey didn’t like. Being the close friend that he was, Joey decided it was up to him to help his old friend out, just as he had done twenty years ago.

Jimmy, after marrying, still came into the Limerick after work every night and would sit at the large rectangular bar and have a few beers to unwind before heading home. Sometimes he stayed a little later but those were rare occasions. On the weekends his wife often joined him. But those days were gone. Now Jimmy came in alone every night and stayed until closing. Jimmy was killing himself with alcohol and Joey could see it. His close friend's post-work regimen now started with a few beers before shifting to the hard stuff, usually some form of rotgut whiskey. It all had to do with that estranged wife of his and Joey felt a little of the blame for what was happening. After all, it was Joey who had introduced Jimmy to the attractive Lori Henson way back when.

Joey met Lori down at the old Butterfly Club on the beach during one those amateur night/wet T-shirt contests. She was there with some of her friends and although she was not a participant in the evening's festivities she was a woman on the prowl --- why else would she have been in the place? Joey seized the opportunity afforded him and ended up taking the dark-haired, nicely proportioned and attractive woman to his bachelor abode for what remained of the night. What followed was a late night and early morning bout of unbridled sexual fulfillment beyond any he had experienced before. But Joey had developed a problem and Lori was soon proving to be a hindrance in his life.

Joey had a fiancé at the time --- the kind of girl he was always told he should marry. A stay-at-home girl who was eager to get to the altar and then have a houseful of kids. A girl who had been raised to expect to spend her life as a second mother to the man she wed. A girl who was prepared to dedicate her life to a daily routine of cooking, cleaning and changing diapers. A girl whose sexual desires were on hold until her wedding night. A girl whose sexual appetite seemed rather bland and was outweighed by total family commitment. A girl who preferred to tend to her young and bake cookies than get laid.

Lori had proven to be that last wild oat Joey needed to sow. He had convinced himself he was willing to live that sedate life with his bride to be, be that dutiful husband and caring father. He was to be the breadwinner, and once their young had grown and left the nest Joey and his bride would live a comfortable golden years in the love they shared and nurtured. That was what Joey Stafford was prepared to do. Live life the way he had seen others live it. What a crock! Joey was divorced before three years of his ideal marriage had come and gone.

But back when Joey was preparing to make that domestic commitment, he found Lori to be a hindrance to his desire for wedded bliss. Following their one night together, she started coming around with the obvious intention of disrupting what Joey had going for himself, and Joey found it difficult to resist the goodies she was offering. He had to do something before all was lost. That something turned out to be a someone in the form of his good friend, Jimmy Farrell.

Jimmy had a thing for Lori but he was awkward when it came to making conversation with the ladies. He was a guy with a beefy torso as opposed to the more athletic and streamlined

body of Joey. He often gave the impression of a belligerent brute, unlike his pal Joey who had the females eating out of the palm of his hand with his suave mannerisms. But Jimmy did have one thing going for him: he was Joey's best friend.

Lori intended to use Joey and Jimmy's friendship to her benefit --- or so she thought --- to get Joey to notice her by playing up to Jimmy, just teasing stuff but enough she hoped to make Joey jealous. When she saw that wasn't working Lori decided the best way to get back at him was to do his friend. Little did Lori know she had played herself right into Joey's plan and, in the process, stole Jimmy's heart with her salacious behavior. When she realized that her sexual mischief with Jimmy had failed --- when it came to Joey --- Lori became frustrated.

But Jimmy was enraptured with her. He kept asking her to marry him and she kept refusing, still clinging to the hope Joey might come around. But Lori soon realized that wasn't going to happen. Finally, in reply to Jimmy's umpteenth proposal, a beaten Lori said: "You want to get married? Then let's get married."

Jimmy was beside himself with joy when Lori finally accepted his proposal. His first call to tell the world of his new-found happiness went to his mother. The second call was to Joey.

Now Joey was being asked to answer another call from his good friend. A call from within. A call for help.

"So Jimmy, me boy, are you to be my guest, again, for the evening?" Joey asked as he mopped the spot on the end of the bar where his old friend took a seat.

"And what if I am?" a disgruntled Jimmy replied. "I haven't started any trouble in here, so what's the problem?"

"Not yet, you haven't." Then in an effort to ease his way into his friend's confidence he said, "Tell me, is that boy of yours still ready to play for us this summer?" Joey was talking about the Limerick-sponsored baseball team.

"I don't know. I haven't talked to him in some time. He's living with Lori's sister and husband until his mother and I can sort out this marriage mess we're in."

"So, how's that going? Any shot at getting back together?"

"I don't think so."

"That's too bad. But, Jimmy, I'm your friend. I want to help you. I can see you're hurting."

“There’s nothing you can do.”

“You’re going to kill yourself because of a fucking broad?” an annoyed Joey said.

“What? I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Oh, yes you do,” Joey went on as he leaned across the bar to get in his friend’s face. “You’re going to drink yourself to death because of that wife of yours.”

“Soon to be ex-wife,” Jimmy corrected him.

“Then soon to be ex-wife,” Joey answered, as he pulled back from the bar.

“What do you care, anyway? It’s my life.”

“I don’t want your blood on my hands.”

“Oh, please,” Jimmy responded as he rolled his eyes.

“Jimmy, what is it? I realize you’ve been married for nearly twenty years, and maybe it’s a little difficult to adjust to living alone. But, man, you’ve got to get over it. She wasn’t that good a piece of ass.”

“Don’t talk about my Lori like that.”

“Like what?”

“Like she is some kind of fuckin’ slut. That all I’m interested in is getting laid. I loved her, man, and she just up and walked out on me.”

“It’s not the first time.” Joey was making reference to Lori’s affair some seven years earlier.

“That was different. This time she intends to get her divorce. Before I had Bobby to use as a bargaining chip. If she left me I was going to fight her for him and she had a feeling she might lose, especially after losing the other baby.”

“What other baby?”

Jimmy glanced about to make sure this conversation was strictly between him and Joey. “I’ve never told anyone this so don’t repeat it. You got it?”

“Yeah.”

“Lori got sick one night, real sick; had to rush her to the hospital. She was doubled over in pain, stomach cramps. They did something to her that required aborting the baby she was carrying. She didn’t know for sure she was pregnant. I didn’t know at all. She, then, tried to convince me it was mine. I didn’t believe her because I sensed she was having an affair. I was going to push the issue right there in the hospital. Have some tests taken if need be. She got scared and owned up to it and I got my wife back.”

“How?” Joey had always thought Lori had simply given up on the affair.

“I told her I was going to take Bobby away from her. Convinced her it wouldn’t be that difficult since she got knocked up by a guy who wasn’t her husband. Had her believing the courts would have had her declared an unfit mother. It wasn’t hard to do since she had Bobby to lose. All I asked of her was to give up this other guy and stay with me.”

“You should have carried through with your threat and thrown her out on her ass right then and there.”

“I couldn’t do it. Do you know how hard it is to give up someone you love? It kills you. But then I had to live with the thoughts of her having been with that other guy. Sometimes it was unbearable. You think of the things they were doing. It just...” Jimmy had to bow his head, as if in prayer, to get himself back together.

“How’d you find out about her affair?” There were things about Lori’s abrupt end to the dalliance that Joey had longed to know but never asked.

“The guy must have smoked cigars. Twice a week she’d come home smelling like one. An idiot could have figured out what was going on.”

“And you never tried to find out who she was doing?”

“I wanted to put it out of my mind...just forget about it. But I couldn’t. I started taking out my anguish on her and Bobby. Look where that has led me.”

Joey’s mind flashed back to seven years ago when he had taken up cigars, hoping it might curtail his urge for cigarettes.

“Jimmy, I want to introduce you to someone.”

“Who?”

Joey leaned closer to Jimmy before looking over his shoulder at the far end of the bar.
“See the blond with the short curly hair sitting down there.”

“Yeah.”

“She’s a friend of mine. I want you to meet her.”

“I don’t think so. Who is she? One of your latest rejects?”

“She’s someone very much like you. She’s forty-seven years old and she’s coming off a marriage of over twenty years. Unlike you she’s ready and willing to explore what’s out there before it’s too late.”

“I’m not ready.”

“Yes you are. Jimmy, I’m not suggesting you get married. But Beth down there might help lead you out of the darkness you now find yourself in. Get you to forget about Lori for an hour or two. Maybe to forget about Lori forever.”

“What if I don’t want to forget about Lori?”

“Fine. But at least explore what other options you have out there.” Joey leaned closer to his old friend. “Jimmy, you don’t have to be in love with a woman to fuck her.”

“I know that.”

“Then do something about it. Let Lori know you’re getting laid as much as she is. Maybe that will bring her back to you. Make her jealous.”

“You think so?”

“You never know.”

“Did you say her name is Beth?”

“It is.”

“Name makes her sound like she walks a straight and narrow line. Like she’s the head of the PTA or something.”

“Jimmy, last night I got deep throated by a broad named Helen. What does that tell you?”

“That you got blown by an old lady.”

“Then I got blown by an old lady who also happens to be a stripper --- or should I say an exotic dancer --- at the Cadillac Lounge.”

“I see what you’re getting at. All right, send Beth a drink on me.”

“And?”

“And I’ll follow it up by walking over there and introducing myself to her. By the way it’s Beth what?”

“Peters.”

“Michelle, dinner is going to be ready in about five minutes,” her mother called out from the foot of the staircase.

“Okay,” Michelle yelled back as she did some squats in her bedroom when she saw a flash of white that caught her attention. But where had it come from?

She walked over to her bedroom window. She saw her father and brother down below setting up the table on the deck. Apparently the Mason family was going to have dinner outside on this lovely summer’s evening. Michelle, however, was more concerned with the white flash. There was something about it.

She looked skyward. Was it a cloud or the contrails of one of those military jets flying 40,000 feet in the air? There were some puffy clouds above but nothing Michelle hadn’t seen before.

Again there was some movement someplace. Michelle found herself staring directly at the Weisenbachs’ house. She shifted her attention to the Weisenbachs’ bedroom and there it was. Margo was sitting on the bed; her arms stretched back bracing her against the mattress. Her head was tilted back, as well, and her long brown hair was hanging down. Old Margo was bare chested and what magnificent breasts she had. She was with someone, probably Mr. Weisenbach, and her husband was performing oral sex on her and Michelle could tell the wife was enjoying it.

Michelle ran to her brother’s room and grabbed the binoculars he kept on his bureau. Once she returned Michelle focused the glasses on the sensuous Margo. She zeroed right in on her horny neighbor. Now the teen noticed how long, firm and erect the nipples of her neighbor were. Mr. Weisenbach was giving Mrs. Weisenbach the gobble of her life.

Oh, she was enjoying it all right. Michelle could read her face and it was easy to tell she was gasping as she reached an orgasm. Michelle was no lip reader but she was fairly certain Margo was saying: “What a good boy. What a good boy.”

Michelle lowered the glasses. This was exciting to catch your neighbors in the act like this. They were a perverted pair but far from a boring couple. But then something else caught Michelle’s eye. In the driveway was just Margo’s automobile. Where was Mr. Weisenbach’s car? This was even sicker and Michelle loved every second of it. But who was with Margo?

She brought the glasses back up hoping to get a better look at Margo’s mysterious lover. Right now all she was seeing was Margo and she was reaching another orgasm.

Margo brought her hands up as if she were about to tear the hair right from her head. Whomever Mrs. Weisenbach was with he was sure giving Margo her money’s worth.

Michelle refocused the glasses so she was right on Margo’s lips. There was no denying what she was uttering to her lover. “Daddy must never find out. Never, you magnificent beast.”

Michelle, again, dropped the glasses from her eyes as she tried to put this all together in her head. *Daddy was obviously Mr. Weisenbach. So if Mrs Weisenbach wasn’t currently being serviced by Mr. Weisenbach then who was she with?* This was going to require some further investigating. Just then Mr. Weisenbach’s car rolled onto the driveway.

Oh boy, Michelle thought. This could get ugly.

Michelle shifted her attention on Mr. Weisenbach as he leisurely stepped out of his car with briefcase in hand and began walking, casually, towards the back door. Michelle then returned her attention to the upstairs bedroom. “You better hurry up,” she began to say as she watched Margo lean forward, her tongue flickering and ready to touch the tongue of her boyfriend. Michelle was sure someone was going to get roughed up here. There was no time for the guy Margo was with to get out of the house unless he left through the bedroom window and that required him jumping about fifteen feet to the solid ground below. Mr. Weisenbach was going to walk in on his wife and her mystery lover. Mr. Weisenbach didn’t look like the physically imposing type but who knew what he might do when he found his wife being serviced by another man.

Michelle followed every step Mr. Weisenbach took until he opened the rear door and disappeared inside the house. “You’re fucked now,” Michelle said as she refocused her attention on the upstairs bedroom. There was no way Margo could talk her way out of this moment of betrayal.

Suddenly, Margo seemed alert. She had to have heard her husband entering the house. But there was no panic on Margo's part. *What a cool bitch; or is she a fool?* Michelle found herself thinking. *How do you talk yourself out of this predicament?*

Margo pulled her lover towards her, as if she were giving him a good-bye kiss before he had to bolt through the window. She was cutting it close. Then Michelle saw it and she couldn't believe her eyes.

The white flash that initially caught Michelle's attention was now quite evident to her. Margo pulled the head of Lover Boy, her large white French poodle, towards her and the two touched tongues. Margo had been getting licked by her dog!

Inside of five seconds Margo had a blue tank top and a pair of white shorts on. Two seconds later Mr. Weisenbach came through the bedroom door and kissed his wife on the lips that had just kissed the lips and tongue of Lover Boy. He then proceeded to give his wife's pet a gentle pat on the head and the dog began licking his hand. Michelle stood at the bedroom window dumbfounded. She found what she had witnessed to be somewhat of a turn-on.

"Michelle, are you ever coming down to dinner?" her mother, again, called out.

"Yeah, I'll be right there." But the truth was Michelle had developed an appetite for a different craving.