

# Olivia's Summer Discovery

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*Learning new tricks*

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I consider myself a happy person. I mean, it's so much easier to be in a good mood than a bad one. And I think I've had a good life so far. Oh, it hasn't been without some road bumps along the way. Hell, sometimes I've hit some major potholes, but life has a way of working out for the best.

I met Jim in our senior year of high school, we went to the same college, and by the middle of our freshman year, I was pregnant (road bump). We got married right away. Jim stayed in college and worked part-time while I took care of our daughter and found a part-time job in a real estate office. Today, our daughter is working on becoming a successful lawyer, in San Francisco.

The year Jim graduated from college, I got pregnant again. I had been accepted back into college, but had to put those plans on hold (road bump). I gave birth to a baby boy that one could only describe as beautiful. He looked like a cherub with his head full of blond curls and his violet-colored eyes.

I had always heard boys were easier than girls, and God, were they right. I had Amanda, my drama queen and the Sarah Bernhardt of the neighborhood. If she came downstairs and I told her that her hair looked nice, half the time she would call me a liar and run back upstairs crying. The first time she told me she hated me, my heart broke (road bump). One thing was for sure, she was daddy's little girl. Jim and I decided a long time ago, with the way she could convince him of whatever she wanted, if the law thing didn't work out she could be a great used car salesperson.

Tyler had none of those ups and downs. He was even-tempered, calm in a crisis, kind, caring, and a complete gentleman. We tried to raise him right and I think we succeeded.

I still worked part-time and did the Girl Scout, Boy Scout, dance class, lacrosse, chorus, and drama club running around. Jim continued on with his education, earning his Master's degree and becoming a very powerful force in the sheet metal manufacturing world. Very long hours were not conducive for promoting strong family ties (road bump), but I tried to make up for it.

Amanda headed off to Penn State for college while Ty was entering high school. He was a smart kid, a great lacrosse player, played guitar, sang beautifully, and was a pretty good actor, too. His dad missed a lot of his games and concerts, but luckily I had the luxury of adjusting my schedule at the office, and I tried not to miss any of the kid's events.

When Tyler got his drivers' license, he needed me less, so I started taking some college courses. I loved working at the real estate office and inquired about training to become an agent. My boss readily accepted me into the program. The upside was that I started feeling like a grown-up and a worthy individual. The downside was that Jim and I spent even less time together (road bump).

Don't get me wrong – I still loved him and on those rare times we were home together, and got the kids out of the house, it was like we were horny teenagers again. Jim was my first and only, so I did what I could to learn about pleasing a man. I always put his needs first, because honestly, I wasn't aware I had that many. I thought our fast get-togethers were normal – little did I know.

By the time Tyler was in his last year of school, I was a full-time real estate agent, and if I do say so myself, doing pretty well at it. Ty was starring in the school production of South Pacific, had been awarded MVP for leading his lacrosse team to victory at the state championships, and decided to go to school for business, in Philadelphia. He was six feet tall, and still beautiful, at least in his mother's opinion. It would be lonely not to have him around, especially with Amanda heading to law school. I decided the next year would be my time to work on self-improvement and inject some sparks into my marriage. I mean, Jim and I were still young.

It was three weeks before the Senior Ball and I realized that Tyler hadn't talked about his plans. When he got home from the library that night, I asked him about it. It's a conversation that I've played over, in my head, for years.

"Yeah, I was going to talk to you about that, mom," he said, looking very serious. "I can't go to the ball."

Tyler came over and sat with me on the sofa. I felt like there was something going on because he was uncharacteristically quiet. I decided to let him continue, rather than jumping all over him like the concerned mother I was.

"I know I should have talked to you before, but there's just never a right time to talk about these things. You see, the school has a rule that two people of the same sex can't go to the ball together, so instead of supporting such a ridiculous rule, or openly fighting it, I'm just not going to go."

“Ty, I appreciate your need to do what you think is right, but this is your Senior Ball. You’re going to miss so much, just because you don’t like an antiquated school policy,” I said, trying to get him to see both sides. “I agree with you that it’s a stupid rule, but think about your memories of high school and what that night could mean to you.”

“Mom,” he said looking me straight in the eye. “It won’t mean anything if I can’t be with the person I want. I want to be with Adam that night.”

My mouth went dry and my head started to spin at the realization of what my baby was trying to tell me. I had a horrible ringing in my ears, and I thought my heart would come pounding out of my chest. I prayed he wouldn’t say the words that I knew were coming, but he did.

“I’m gay. There’s no other way to say it; I’m gay. And before you ask, I think I’ve always known,” he said as tears began to form in his eyes. “You don’t hate me do you?”

(Pot hole) I took this man/boy into my arms and held him as if I would never let him go. I couldn’t imagine his pain, living with a lie like this. My child, no matter what he said or did, he would always be my child, and I would always love him.

“Oh Tyler, how could I ever hate you? You’re my son, my baby and I love you, unconditionally,” I said, not letting him know I was dying inside. Not because I was appalled, but because I was afraid I wasn’t up for the public battle I knew he would have – that we would have, as a family.

Ty pulled away and said, “Mom, I can’t tell Dad. I don’t know how. It was hard enough telling you, but at least you and I have always talked. I wouldn’t know what to say. Could... would you... I mean, tell him?”

I’d do anything for my children, so of course I agreed to speak with Jim. Surely, he would understand the situation. No one chooses to become gay. Why would they want to put themselves in a situation of discrimination and hatred? Our son was born this way, and we would support him no matter what. Or so I thought.

Tyler had gone to bed and it was after midnight when Jim got home from a meeting. He was surprised to see me waiting up, and looked almost embarrassed when he walked in our bedroom.

“What are you still doing up? You should have been asleep hours ago,” he said in an accusatory tone.

That shook me a little, but I chose to ignore it, “I need to talk to you, Jim, and it can’t wait until

morning.”

“Yeah, well I’m exhausted, so unless it’s really important, I’d like to get some sleep,” Jim said, still sounding annoyed with me.

That sort of pissed me off; I had been dealing with this all night, wishing he had been home to talk to, so I wasn’t going to let him off the hook. Unfortunately, in my frustration, I just blurted it out.

“Jim, Tyler’s gay.”

I won’t bore you with all the details. Let’s just say that he didn’t take the news well. He spent the better part of an hour pacing around the room, waving his arms and asking me how I could have let this happen and what was I going to do about it. It was my own fault for not having approached him more tactfully, but nothing prepared me for his anger (pothole). At the end of his rant, he stormed out of our bedroom and went to sleep in the family room. He was out of the house before I woke, the next morning.

If Tyler heard his father, he never let on. It was Saturday morning and I had no idea where my husband was, so I went to the office to get ready for my appointments. When I got home at around four that afternoon, the house was eerily quiet. I went up to our bedroom to change. When I opened the closet I just froze. All of Jim’s things were gone. I frantically looked around the room for a message, and found a torn piece of paper lying on my pillow:

“That’s it – I’m done. I’ll have my lawyer contact you to discuss a legal separation. I suggest you get a lawyer, too.”

He hadn’t even signed his name. I felt like I had been punched in the stomach, and I couldn’t breathe. I sat on the bed, staring at his note, trying to take it all in. I’m not sure what I was feeling; shock, disbelief, anger, hurt, confusion – all of those things. I felt like the earth opened up and swallowed me up (sinkhole).

I felt like I spent the next weeks and months in a fog. I couldn’t have been more clueless about what had really been happening in my marriage. Jim moved into the apartment of his girlfriend – one he had for almost a year. I saw them crossing the street one evening, as I was coming back from showing a house. She was everything I’m not – young, tall, slender, gorgeous and sophisticated.

The only time I saw Jim after that, was in the presence of lawyers. He didn’t even come to Tyler’s graduation. I ended up selling the house so that I could pay Jim his portion. I was starting over. I’ve been starting over for almost twelve years now.

My son followed my footsteps into real estate, but chose to move to Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Tyler was happy starting a new life, with a new boyfriend, in a city that was far more accepting than our small Pennsylvania town. We spoke each weekend and sent emails constantly. Amanda was just as close to her brother, but clearly supported her father in his decisions to change his life.

At age fifty-two, I was feeling like all I did was work and sleep, so when Tyler asked me to come down for his thirtieth birthday celebration, there was no way I would say no. My idea of a good time is not Florida in the summer but Amanda and I had spent a weekend in Vegas for her thirtieth, so this was the least I could do for Tyler.

When I came through the arrival gate, he was waiting. Tyler looked every bit of a G.Q. model; he had poise, elegance and incredible good looks. Armando stood next to him with his arm around Tyler's waist, just as handsome, a tall Cuban with a winning smile.

We collected my bags and headed to the car. The Florida heat almost knocked me over and I could barely breathe. Polyester may be great because it's easy to care for and perfect for traveling because it doesn't wrinkle, but it's like wearing fur.

"Hang in there, Olivia," Armando told me. "I'll have the air going in the car and you'll be cooled off in no time."

Tyler got into the back seat and Armando held the door for me. I felt so special being helped into his bright blue Mercedes-Benz Cabriolet. The ride to their condo made me dizzy, weaving in and out of the fast-moving traffic. We parked in the underground garage and rode the elevator up to the tenth floor.

The boys lived in a luxury condo right on the beach, with incredible ocean views. There was a balcony that stretched from the master bedroom, across the living room, to the guest bedroom. They had decorated it with very modern leather furniture and the latest electronics, except the guest bedroom. Here, I felt comfortable.

The fabrics were soft ocean colors and there was a large upholstered chair near the French doors. My bathroom was beautiful, and stocked with any product a woman could need. I felt like I was in a hotel, not a home. After I hung up my clothes, I went to join the boys, and walked in on a surprising conversation.

"Tyler, just tell her," Armando said quietly. "You have her best interest at heart, and it really would be my pleasure to treat her to a day at my spa."

“Just how do you tell the most wonderful mother in the world that she looks like an old grandmother? I can’t believe how much she’s aged. Did you see the gray in her hair?” Tyler asked, and then stopped when he saw me standing in the living room. He lowered his head. “I’m sorry, mom.”

“Why, for being honest? Tyler, I know I’m no fashion icon and that I don’t spend a lot of time on myself, but it’s just not a priority. They are so many other things that come first,” I said walking over and hugging my son.

Armando stood up and started explaining, “Olivia, I own a fabulous spa here in the city. I want you to be my guest tomorrow, a complete day of the works. I have planned a facial, massage, manicure, pedicure, maybe a body wrap, and of course your hair and make-up. Afterwards, I’ll take you shopping for something really yummy to wear to Ty’s party. What do you say? Are you game?”

I was embarrassed, to say the least. I didn’t realize how I must look to others, and I wanted to fit in with Ty’s friends. Armando was being so generous – how could I say no? The next day he initiated me into my first experience of decadent pampering.

I was a little self-conscious removing all my clothes and wearing their wonderful terry-cloth robes. The waiting area for the massage and facials was unbelievable. The lighting was muted; there was very soft Indian music playing. It was almost as if the sitars were in the room with me. There was a glass fireplace and a wall of water. The total effect was one of complete serenity.

Daniela gave me the most wonderful massage and facial. When I was asked if I wanted the seaweed wrap, I agreed before I knew what to expect. I had to lie completely naked while they applied the kelp to my skin. It was Brittney who stopped and asked if I would like to be waxed. Stupid me – I thought she was talking about my moustache or my legs. Oh my God, I have never been in such pain! I should have stopped her as soon as I felt the hot wax being applied across my belly. She calmed me down and explained that all women need to be waxed. Needless to say, I was groomed and trimmed but did not have all the hair removed.

It was one o’clock when they brought me to Armando. He sat me in his chair and brought me a glass of wine and some cheese and crackers. I really liked this guy; he was honest without being offensive. I had worn my hair the same way for the past twelve years, because it was just easier - long hair, bun at the back of my neck. I’ve never colored my hair so it was very salt and pepper, at this point in my life. I don’t know if it was the wine, or just that fact that no one has ever taken me by the hand and spoken to me about what would be best.

When Armando and his team were done, I didn’t recognize myself. My hair was now a rich golden-

honey blonde, just touching my shoulders with tons of layers and bangs. It was wash-and-go, so no matter how I messed it up, it still looked great. Where I don't normally wear make-up, Carmella showed me how to make a little go a long way. I swear I looked ten years younger – until I put on my clothes.

Armando stood behind me with his hands on my shoulders, looking into the mirror. “Olivia really,” he began. “Why are you wearing your mother’s clothes? You’re not that old. You’ve got a nice body, and you need to start showing it off. And lady, we need to get your girls up where they belong. I took a peek at your sizes and called my friend at Lord and Taylor. She has some clothes pulled for the party tonight. We’re going to get you measured for proper undergarments and find you an outfit that fits your new look.”

I almost messed myself when I saw the prices at Lord and Taylor. Armando told me this was still part of my gift from him. I was measured and fitted and when I looked at the difference it made in my appearance I was shocked. Who knew what a good bra could do? Suddenly, I looked taller and a whole lot curvier.

The last purchase was my outfit for Tyler’s party that night. Armando has incredible taste and I trusted him completely. What surprised me the most was that I was trying on clothing that was smaller than the sizes I normally bought. Armando told me that I had been wearing baggy clothes for such a long time, that I wasn’t aware of what size I really was. He chose a red sundress and silver sandals, with a silver necklace and earrings. I felt like Julia Roberts in the movie ‘Pretty Woman’, when I came out of the dressing room.

The look on Tyler’s face was priceless, when Armando and I got home that afternoon. “Mom,” Tyler looked and sounded shocked. “Are you kidding me? Oh my God, my mother’s a MILF!”

I couldn’t help but blush, because honestly, that’s the way I felt. I think I walked a little straighter, with perhaps a little wiggle. I felt beautiful and, dare I say, desirable.

That night there was a group of about twelve of us at Johnny V’s Restaurant. Ty’s mouth had been watering for the herb and mustard crusted rack of lamb, and Armando arranged for me to pick up the check. Some of these friends I recognized, through conversations with Ty; others I was meeting for the first time that night. Everyone was so nice to me, and kept telling my son that I looked too young to be his mother.

After dinner, Armando surprised Tyler by taking him to his favorite dance club, where we were joined by twenty or so more friends. Tyler made me get up and dance with him and Armando. The music was loud, the floor was crowded and even though I had no idea what I was doing, I kept moving.

Tyler finally cut me a break and took me back to the table so I could take a breather. The club was amazing, with its night-sky décor. You saw every sort of couple possible and no one seemed out of place, except maybe me.

When she approached our table, it was like the Red Sea parting for Moses. Dancers, party-goers, everyone stepped aside and let her pass. She greeted them all, giving everyone she knew, male or female, long lingering kisses.

In a word, she was stunning. A woman who I judged to be in her late thirties, early forties, long hair like pale corn silk, light blue eyes and legs that seemed to go on forever. She wore a very short, shimmering purple dress and very high heels. I don't think there was a man who could have resisted her, gay or not. Hell, I'm as straight as they come and I found her attractive.

She put her arms around Tyler's neck and pressed her body into his. "Happy birthday, baby," she said, giving him one of her kisses.

I didn't mean to stare, but Armando caught me with both my eyes and my mouth wide open. He started to chuckle, came over to me and whispered, "That's Ann; she's very friendly."

A Latin song started to play and she abruptly broke away from Ty, took Armando's arm and pulled him towards the dance floor.

"Come on, lover," she purred. "Let's shake it up."

What I watched while they danced was pure unadulterated sex. In my day, I'm sure moves like that were reserved for the bedroom only. Armando's hands were all over her and if he were hetero, he would have been sporting a major hard-on. For me, the two of them were hypnotic.

"Mom....mom," Tyler interrupted my concentration. "Penny for your thoughts."

"I don't think I've ever seen anyone like that," I said, not able to tear my eyes away from the sexy blonde with endless legs.

"Ann is a very good friend of mine. She owns two art galleries, one here and one in Naples. She may not look it, but she's one of the most down to earth people I know. I think she would have made a great mom, if she had wanted."

Ann and Armando were laughing as they joined us. "I swear, baby," she said rubbing up against the

tall Cuban. “If you were straight, I’d be riding you hard right now.”

Ann straightened when she saw me. “Now who do we have here?”

Tyler put his arm around me and said, “Ann, I’d like you to meet my mother, Olivia. She’s here from Pennsylvania to spend a week’s vacation.”

I can’t even begin to describe the look Ann gave me. I think because she was such a sensual, sexual human being, it just oozed from her being.

“Olivia,” she began. “You have raised such a wonderful man. My hat is off to you. O-liv-i-a, what a lovely name; it suits you.”

Ann leaned in and kissed me on both cheeks, her hands sliding down my arms. For a moment, I thought I was going to break out in goose bumps. She stepped back, her hands still on my arms, and looked directly into my eyes.

“You, my dear, and I are going to be great friends. I know it.”

The rest of the night was almost a blur. Dancing, drinking, laughing – it was probably more fun than I had in the past dozen years. I didn’t have a care in the world. I was on vacation and could do whatever I wanted – not worrying about closing on a house, paying bills, or anything. And I was going to enjoy every minute.

It was almost two-thirty in the morning when it was decided we’d go to an all-night diner for coffee.

Ann took my arm and said, “Ride with me, Olivia. I’m perfectly sober, I promise you. I would never take a chance on wrecking my car, let alone harming one hair on that beautiful head of yours.”

The valet attendant drove up in a rich brown metallic convertible with a two-toned beige interior. I later found out it was a brand new Porsche 911 Carrera – a car worth more than some of the homes I’ve sold. I slid into the soft leather seat and felt like it wrapped itself around me. The air was still very warm, and the breeze from riding in the open car was not at all cool, but still, it felt great. I felt great. If this was a dream, I didn’t want to wake up.

The four of us sat in a small booth, laughing and telling stories. Much to Tyler’s embarrassment, I had to tell his friends about his days on the stage. This was fun, but I found myself trying to hide my yawns.

“Oh Tyler, your poor mom,” Ann said, I thought making fun of me. “Take her home and let her rest. Honestly, young men rarely think of anything other than what’s between their legs. Tell me Liv, what are your plans for this week? Is there a chance we can get together? I’d love to show you around.”

Ty laughed and spoke before I had a chance to, “Now wait just a minute, Ann, I resemble that remark. I have to work this week, so mom might find herself alone more than she would like. We’re going to show her around the complex tomorrow so she’ll feel comfortable walking around, using the exercise room and the pool.”

“Alone? Are you insane?” Ann straightened and put her arm around my shoulders. “Olivia, I will not hear of you being alone. Why don’t you stay at my house this week, while Ty’s working? He and Armando can come over for dinner each night. That way, you can enjoy yourself with me, and still spend time with your son. What do you say?”

My surprise at her invitation showed on my face. I was disappointed I wouldn’t spend more time with Ty, But I understood business, too.

“Olivia, I didn’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable. On the contrary, I want you to feel perfectly at ease with me,” Ann said as she reached over and laid her hand on mine.

Tyler was quick to jump in, “Mom, we’ll spend all day tomorrow, well today, together. I’ll drop you by Ann’s when I go to the office on Monday. You and I are going to have a day of sightseeing and shopping.”

Then, Armando threw in his two cents, “It really is ideal. I wouldn’t have to spend the day worrying about you being alone. You’d be able to have fun instead of feeling like you were locked in someplace.”

As you can see, I had no choice, with all three of them staring at me. I just smiled at Ann and said, “If you really don’t think I’d be underfoot.”

It wasn’t until Monday morning that I discovered why they all burst into laughter.

I got up earlier than the boys, Sunday morning, made coffee, and decided to put some of my clothes into my suitcases. Tyler stumbled, dreary-eyed, into my room and collapsed on the bed.

“Packing already?” he questioned and then sat upright. “Oh my God, mom, stop right there. I really need to take you shopping. There’s no way you can dress like that anymore.”

I was a little taken aback, even more embarrassed that my son would be ashamed of me, but I wasn't hurt. He was right. I needed a new wardrobe to suit my new look. Armando, Tyler and I had breakfast near the beach and then went shopping.

I don't think girlfriends could have been as much help as these two. They had style and taste, although a couple of times I had to rein them in and remind them of my age, and where I lived. When we were done, I had a great start on a summer wardrobe, and charity got a bag of clothes.

Monday morning we arrived at Ann's house. I now understood why they laughed at my concern of being in the way. Her home on Lido Drive was huge, with a three car garage. I felt like such a hick, taking in all this opulence.

Ann greeted us in a very small white bikini and a black sarong. Her breasts were not huge, but perfect for her thin frame. She seemed genuinely pleased that I had accepted her offer.

Ann's heels clicked on the creamy, white marble floors, as she led us through the house. This house was her – cool, pale, fabulous. Her walls and upholstered furniture were white, and her wooden pieces were a rich mahogany. The marble continued up to a large fireplace, the opening flanked by large glass sculptures. The living room contained an enormous modern abstract done in fire engine reds, brilliant oranges and rich golden yellows.

Ann led us up the curved staircase to the second floor, explaining, "I have five bedrooms and six bathrooms. I was lucky to get this place for a song, many years ago when inter-coastal living was still affordable. I've been able to afford renovations that were necessary, and some I just felt I wanted. Here you go, Olivia, the bedroom next to mine."

The room was decorated in a very French, country flair. Shades of blue and yellow, a comfortable seating area with two cushy chairs, a very large bed, draped in silk fabrics, and French doors that opened up to a balcony. It made me feel like I was actually in France.

Ann explained that she and I would share the balcony that over looked her deck, in-ground pool and dock, where a very large boat was tied up on the canal. She took my arm and led me to the bathroom. I almost gasped at the sight of the largest claw-foot tub I had ever seen. There was also a shower, twin sinks, toilet and bidet. Everything was done in white marble with soft blue and yellow linens.

"If you need anything at all, Olivia, I will do my best to fulfill your needs," Ann said, looking at me very seriously. "Tyler, I know you have to go. Give me a call later and let me know what time you and Armando can be here for dinner."

Tyler said good-bye to us there, and let himself out.

“Why don’t you leave the unpacking for a bit, and let me show you the balcony and my room,” Ann said.

Ann took my hand and led me out the French doors. Her balcony was decorated in all-weather fabrics that looked like rich textiles. At her end there was even a bed, draped in sheer curtains for a little privacy. When we entered her room through more French doors, I noted the white theme from downstairs continued here. Everything was cream and white, with black walnut wood and a zebra rug on the marble floor. The only colors came from the green plants and her art. I’m sure my mouth dropped when I saw the four foot painting hanging over her bed.

Although it was a painting, it could have been a photograph. Reclining on a sofa was the stunningly beautiful image of nude Ann, looking directly at the artist. Although I tried not to stare, it was as if the eyes of the painting followed me around the room. Her nipples were rosy pink and prominent, she was completely shaved and her legs were draped in a way that showed her womanhood. She had a finger at the corner of her mouth, in a very seductive style.

“I know, how many people have a picture like that of themselves? Mark was a very young artist who wanted to prove himself. I didn’t let him out of this house for a week. Now, he’s a very prominent fixture in the Keys.”

On the other side of the room there were more images of a nude Ann, done in black and white photography. I marveled at the confidence this woman had and her control of almost any situation. I didn’t even really know her, but this I realized immediately. I’m sure very few people refused her anything.

Ann took me by the arm and led me back towards the balcony, saying, “Look darling, you go change into your bathing suit and meet me by the pool. I’d like to get a little sun before it gets too hot. Leave your unpacking for later, and I’ll help you.”

When I joined Ann, I couldn’t have felt more inadequate. Okay, I am not a bad looking woman. My body is pretty firm, and the chocolate brown tankini the boys

selected was cut low to accent my fairly large chest, yet hid everything I wanted hidden. But compared to this younger woman, well, let’s face it, there was no comparison.

Two lounge chairs were set side by side, with a table between them holding an ice bucket of bottled

water and several kinds of lotion.

“Oh Olivia, that suit is perfect on you. I envy you your curves, but then the grass is always greener, isn't it? Just like women with curly hair or straight hair, wanting the other. Sit down and let me lotion up your back, then you can do mine,” Ann said warmly.

I was startled by how I felt when Ann put her hands on me. Her movements as she smoothed the sun block over my skin were long, stroking passes. When she covered my shoulders her hands slipped down my chest a bit, causing my own nipples to harden. What the hell, I thought; why would the touches of another woman do that to me?

“All done, sweetie, unless you would like me to do your legs,” Ann suggested.

“No, I'm fine, thank you.”

“Good, well I'm going to lie down on my stomach, if you wouldn't mind doing the back of my body,” she said. “Use the oil in the blue bottle, and don't miss a spot. I don't want to burn.”

When I turned around, I was surprised to see that Ann had dropped her sarong, and that her bathing suit bottom was a thong. As she lowered herself onto her stomach, she untied her top and dropped in on the tile next to her chair. I was basically looking at the nude body of a woman, except for a couple of strings that led through her ass cheeks.

I started at her shoulders and worked my way down. I have to admit, I did hesitate when I reached her smooth, round cheeks, but I decided it couldn't be much different than rubbing lotion on your baby.

“Hmmm, Olivia that feels so good.”

I moved lower, reaching the tops of Ann's thighs. She spread her legs, I guess so I could be sure to get the lotion where it needed to be. Her fragrance was evident, but not unpleasant. I guess that surprised me a bit. I had never been this close to another woman, let alone laid my hands on one.

I settled on my own lounge and we began to talk. Tyler was right, aside from her being beautiful, rich and successful; she was one of the most down to earth people I had spoken with. Within an hour, I felt like she and I had known each other forever. Her laugh was easy and her life was an open book. I had never met anyone who would just say what was on her mind.

After about twenty minutes we flipped over with Ann not so discreetly putting her top back on. Twenty

minutes later she pronounced us done, and said it was time for the pool. The water was cool compared to the ninety plus degrees it was before noon. Thank goodness for the ocean breeze. While I tried to do laps, Ann languished at the edge of the pool still talking to me. One thing was obvious; the painting over her bed was very realistic. Her unlined white bikini left nothing to the imagination. Not one thing.

When I was done unpacking, I was to join her in the kitchen, which she pointed out as we re-entered the house. It didn't take long to unpack the few new outfits I had purchased. I opted for a light-weight white skirt and a turquoise halter top. I loved the new bras I bought because I could change the straps so I could wear them under anything. I felt sexy without my breasts flopping around.

Ann made up a plate of fruits and cheeses for lunch with a pitcher of margaritas. I'm not a big drinker but they tasted so good, I indulged in more than one; a lot more than one. It wasn't long before I realized a nap was in order.

I woke a while later to the soft touch of a hand stroking my forehead. Ann was sitting on the edge of my bed, watching me sleep.

"I didn't want to startle you, Olivia. You looked so peaceful," she said in a soft voice, still moving her hand over my brow. "Ty and Armando will be here around six-thirty, and they're bringing dinner. All we need to do is set the table and make drinks. Do you feel okay?"

I struggled to sit up, stretching as I did. My skirt had ridden high up on my legs. I went to pull it down and found Ann's hand barely touching my thigh.

"Poor dear, you've gotten a little burn. Let me get you some aloe to put on that red."

I don't know why or what I was thinking, but I felt myself starting to panic. "No, please don't bother. Maybe later, I might take you up on it, but I'm fine right now."

Ann nodded and stood, "I'm going to slip on a sundress and I'll meet you downstairs. I think a pitcher of white sangria will be perfect with grilled tuna steaks."

She was gone and suddenly the room felt empty. I hoped I hadn't offended her. I changed into a salmon-colored sundress and threw on a little make-up. When I looked in the mirror, I realized I was no longer surprised by my younger, flirty look. It felt completely natural.

Ann looked wonderful in a dress that barely covered her, but she was comfortable showing skin, and so she did. I helped her slice oranges, lemons and limes for the pitcher of wine, and we had just

finished when the boys arrived. They had been right, I thought while we ate dinner. I belonged here with Ann instead of alone at the condo.

We moved out onto the patio and Ann turned on some Latin music. Armando did his best to teach me some moves, but there was no teaching this old dog those new tricks. We laughed and drank until the stars came out.

Tyler and Armando were curled up on one of the small outdoor couches, while Ann and I sat across from them. I loved seeing the intimacy between these two young men. Their love was very apparent.

The night was perfect; not too hot. Our voices dropped so as not to disturb the evening. At one point I realized that as we talked, Ann was mindlessly playing with my hair. It struck me as something not so much inappropriate, as it was surprising. The feeling it gave me was almost pleasant.

Before the boys left, they made us promise we would go out clubbing the next night. Ann and I headed upstairs. When I stopped at my door and turned to say good night, I found myself in Ann's arms.

Her breath was warm in my ear as she kissed my cheek and whispered, "I'm so glad you're here." Then she was gone.

The next day, Ann said we were going to her gallery. I had no idea she meant the one in Naples. When she hit Alligator Alley with her "work truck," a silver ML63 AMG Mercedes SUV, there was no holding back. At the point her speedometer hit one hundred twenty miles per hour, I stopped looking. In a relatively short period of time, we were across the state.

Talk about lifestyles of the rich and famous; this coastal city was amazing. All you saw were imported sports cars and woman who dripped wealth. Ann pointed out some shops, along the way. I couldn't believe it when she told me the furniture store next to her gallery was by appointment only, and that they had a dress code for their customers. I was so out of my comfort zone.

After the gallery tour, which was breathtaking, we ate lunch at a little bistro on the main drag. My eyes were drawn to the dress shop across the street. In the window was a short black sequined dress that reminded a bit of the purple dress Ann wore the night I met her. Ann's eyes followed mine to the window.

"You belong in that dress, you know," she told me.

I smiled and said, "I was just thinking the same about you. That dress is nothing like I would wear."

“You mean, like nothing you’ve worn. Come on, let’s go check it out.”

It was useless arguing, and within fifteen minutes, I was coming out of the fitting room, feeling a little like Cinderella. Ann just about shrieked when I entered the showroom and she came running over with a pair of strappy sandals in her hand.

“I told you, I told you. It’s perfect and you’re going to look like a million bucks tonight when we go out with the boys. These shoes are perfect; now try them on to make sure you can walk”

To be honest, when I stood up I thought I would fall over. I had visions of breaking my ankle and ending up in a cast. It took a few minutes, but eventually I found I could walk without looking clumsy. When I looked in the mirror, the person who looked back was not anyone I had seen before. I looked tall, leggy and voluptuous. Damn, I looked good.

Ann tried to pay for the dress and shoes, but I would have none of it. She and the boys had already been so generous, there was no way I would hear of it. I thanked God I came down here with a paid-up credit card. All I knew was that I had to get home and sell a house – fast.

When we arrived at the club, I thought Tyler was going fall over when he saw me.

“This is just not my mother,” he said, smiling. “I don’t know what you did with the quiet mom from Pennsylvania, but she better be in there somewhere.”

The music was loud, and of course Ann was whisked out onto the dance floor by one of her admirers. I sat nursing my drink, watching Ty and Armando when I felt a hand on my shoulder.

“I don’t suppose the lady would fancy a dance with me,” the baritone voice behind me said.

I turned and looked into eyes that were almost black. The gentleman was tall, silver-haired and oh-so handsome. Although I was stumbling over my words, it didn’t matter what I said – I soon found myself in the arms of this debonair man.

The club was a whirlwind of activity. When I wasn’t dancing with Glen, there was always someone else waiting to hit the floor. It was almost more than I could handle. Ann and I occasionally met at the bar for a drink, but the rest of the time she was dancing. At one point, she wasn’t so much dancing as she was grinding, between a man and a woman.

It started to get very late, and the boys told me we would be heading out soon. Glen and I moved

onto the floor, for one last dance. His arms felt so good, wrapped around my waist. I could feel his body mold against mine, and his hot breath on my neck. He began to leave little kisses there, and his attraction to me was becoming very, very evident. When the song was over, he held me close and lowered his mouth onto mine. Do you know the term swoon? Well, I swooned with that kiss. I could feel parts of me reacting to him in a way I hadn't felt in years. He pressed his business card into my hand, at the end of the kiss, and made me promise we would see each other before I left Florida.

Ann kept the top down on the Porsche for the ride home. Her skin was glistening with perspiration and her wet hair clung to her neck. When we got back to her house, the reality of Glen's kiss, and the feeling of his body against mine, hit me. I could feel the heat rise in my body, and I know my cheeks started to feel warm.

"Olivia, are you okay? Your face is flushed," Ann said, sounding concerned.

"No, I'm fine," I answered, blushing even more. "I can't get over Glen kissing me. I mean really kissing me; body against body, tongues dancing, kissing me! I just find it all so bizarre."

"Why would you say such a thing?" Ann asked. "You're an attractive lady and I'm sure you're going to find Glen isn't the only one who wants to kiss you."

"Oh come on, I'm a 'mature' woman. It's not like men are looking for women like me. They want young, vivacious girls...."

Ann interrupted, "That's what they desire. What they want is an intelligent woman who can share memories of the past, who isn't afraid of the future, and is confident in who she is and what she wants, whether it's in the boardroom, or the bedroom. And that, dear Olivia is what a man really wants. It's what women want, too."

That's when it happened – Ann leaned in and kissed me. It was deliberate but tender, and the strange thing was I didn't pull away.

"You see," Ann said as she broke the kiss. "It's what any person wants from another."

With that, she turned and went upstairs. I stood in the living room wondering what the hell had just happened.

After a night filled with dreams of men and woman dancing naked and touching each other, I woke wondering what the day would bring. I didn't know if I should address the kiss, or let it go. Honestly, I was afraid to talk about it, so I just kept my mouth shut.

Ann acted no differently than she had previously. She was reading the paper, chatting about what we could do and then finally announced her decision, “I thought about taking the Cranchi out on the ocean, but I have a better idea. We’re going to Miami.”

We took the Tri Rail train from Ft. Lauderdale to Miami. As much as Ann loves to drive, she hated the traffic in and around Miami. We spent the day touring, admiring the Art Deco architecture, and stopping at some galleries. A couple of her artist friends let me tour their studios, and I got the rare opportunity to watch them create. I couldn’t have asked for a better day.

We called the boys and begged off from dinner. There was no way we would be back in time. It was almost dark when we arrived back at the house. We had taken a late lunch, so neither of us really wanted to deal with dinner.

“How about I scare up some more fruit and cheese, bring a bottle of something and meet you on the balcony in about an hour? I could go for a hot shower to get rid of some of this grime,” Ann suggested.

That sounded like heaven. When I got to my room, I walked out onto the balcony. The night was clear and the stars were just starting to poke through the darkness. It was almost a relief to know that we would be staying in, not entertaining, not having to do anything; just the perfect night for relaxing.

I towel dried my hair and slipped on my nightgown and robe. I had been out in the sun quite a bit today, so I took a little extra time to rub some Moonlight Path body lotion into my skin. The tan I had gotten over the past couple of days was just the right accessory to my new hair color. What was I thinking all those years, keeping my salt and pepper hair long and in a bun?

There were oil lamps lit along the length of the balcony, and there was soft music coming from the speakers mounted in the corners.

“Come on down,” Ann’s voice floated over to me.

She was seated on the edge of the balcony bed, adjusting the platters in front of her. She had an assortment of cheese, slices of oranges and melons, some French bread, and a pitcher filled with I don’t know what.

“I realized you may not have had a mojito, so I made up a pitcher. That’s mint floating in it. I promise you, it’s to die for. It was one of Ernest Hemingway’s favorite drinks.”

I must have looked a little concerned when I asked, “What’s in it?”

Ann laughed, “Nothing that will kill you – mostly white rum. Now, if I had made Mexican mojitos they would have been made with tequila, and you know what they say about tequila.”

“No, what?”

“Tequila makes your clothes fall off,” Ann said, laughing again as she offered me a glass.

It was so pleasant out there. There was a gentle breeze that was promising to cool the night. Despite the fact that I was wearing a cotton gown and robe, I could feel myself begin to get warm. Ann seemed perfectly comfortable in her white silk robe, although she had loosened the tie at her waist, exposing a very small white bra and what was probably a white thong. I looked at her long legs stretched out in front of her and wondered if she had ever given serious consideration to having them insured. Silly, I know.

I excused myself to use the restroom and came back to a freshly filled pitcher and Ann settled back on the cushions of the bed. She patted the bed next to her, implying I should sit, and handed me another drink. I was more than a little warm after splitting the first pitcher of drinks with her, so I took off my robe. I hadn’t bothered to tie the laces on the bodice of the gown, so it sort of draped over my breasts.

I was so relaxed, and that was probably the reason I didn’t really think twice about what I was saying. I took another sip of the mojito and asked, “Are you trying to get me drunk?”

Ann was a bit more serious, “Not at all, Olivia. There’s nothing worse than a sloppy drunk.”

I don’t know why, but that made me laugh to the point that I spilled a bit of my drink down the front of me. Ann got up on her knees, with a napkin in her hand, and began to wipe the front of my gown. When she got to the skin on my chest, she stopped. She looked me straight in the eye, took her finger and ran it over my cleavage, where the drink had spilled, then put her finger in her mouth.

“Mmmm, you taste good,” Ann said quietly, before leaning forward and kissing me.

I was so confused. “Ann....,” I said, when she stopped.

“Shhh....,” she hushed me and kissed me once more.

It wasn’t at all unpleasant; in fact there was something surprisingly erotic about her soft lips on mine,

her warm breath on my cheek, and the touch of her hand on my neck.

When Ann pulled away again, I sat up. I was confused but I needed her to know.

“Ann, I’m not a lesbian, not even close. I don’t have anything against them, but I have no desire to be with a woman.”

She spoke to me quietly, placing her hand over mine.

“Olivia, I’m not a lesbian. I suppose the most defined title would be bisexual, but I hate titles. I like people, individual people and if I’m attracted to someone, I act on it.”

Ann continued, “It doesn’t matter to me what their gender is, it’s the person. Right now, at this moment, I’m attracted to you. And who wouldn’t be?”

“Ann,” I stammered. “I don’t find you unattractive, not at all, but to be with a woman; I don’t think I can.”

“But you don’t know, do you?” she asked. “Tell me, did you like my kiss? You didn’t pull away or make any attempt to stop me.”

Oh, she was putting up a good argument. “Do you know what most attracted me to you?” Ann asked. “It’s your gentleness. It comes across in everything you do, whether it’s the way you are with Ty, the way you walk down a sidewalk, the way you speak to people, even the way you slice fruit. I want to experience that.”

Ann lightly ran her fingers up my arm to my neck, placing her hand under my chin.

“Let me show you,” she said just before she tenderly kissed me, again.

As she kissed me, she moved forward and eased me back on the bed. I didn’t feel I could escape what was going to happen, and I wasn’t sure I wanted to.

I think I surprised myself the first time I actively kissed her back. I mean, I was scared, but my mind was trying to be logical. Scared of what, of feeling good? Of trying something new? Well that’s what this week had been about, so I decided to enjoy it.

She lay to my side, her hand resting on my throat. God, Ann could kiss. She wasn’t demanding; she let me set the pace. When I finally relaxed and opened my mouth, she slowly pushed her tongue

inside. I don't know that I've ever experienced kisses that soft, that sweet, or that unhurried. I remember moving my hand up and catching her hair, playing with the silken texture.

Ann lowered herself more, taking me in her arms, just as I took her into mine. The silky feel of our legs touching was so sensual. Our hands lightly moved up and down each others arms. I felt chills, but was completely warm. I was enjoying our kissing and touching because it was very non-threatening.

When I felt her hand move onto my breast, I froze. My nipples went rock hard. The only other person who had touched my breasts recently was the woman who measured me for my new bras. Mine was the only other hand that had been there in years. I was so excited, and I'm sure Ann took notice of the sigh that escaped my mouth, as her finger moved around and around my hard nipple.

I found myself gripping her arm and saying, "Ohhhh...."

Ann stopped, smiled at me and loosened the laces on my gown even more, opening my chest up to the night air.

"Liv," was all she said before she took one of my nipples into her mouth.

Her small hands massaged my flesh as she kissed, sucked, and nibbled me. She would flick the tip, sending tingles deep into my body. I was lost in the ecstasy of this pleasure. Everything felt so good. I found my hands on her head, holding it closer to me, although it was almost more than I could take. More than anything, I felt free. I felt like I wanted to be naked with this woman.

I pushed her head away, and sat up a little, cupping her face in my hands and kissing her. While our tongues danced once more, I eased her white robe off her delicate shoulders. She stopped for just a moment, giving me a sexy Mona Lisa smile, and moved my gown away, helping me to free my arms from it. I sat looking at her, wanting her, needing her. She reached behind and unclasped her bra. It fell on the balcony, in front of me.

I looked at this beautiful woman, with her perky breasts and hard round nipples. Without hesitation, I leaned forward and licked one. I swear, it tasted like sugar. I looked up at Ann once more, not sure of what to do, but she took the lead, bent over, and pressed her body against mine. Breast to breast, nipple to nipple, our mouths met in passion.

She kept her mouth locked on mine, but pulled me to a standing position. She broke away and took my hand.

“We need to go inside, in case one of us decides to get loud.”

I followed this white thong-clad siren into her bedroom. The spread was already pulled back and she had candles lit around the room. My nightgown hung at my waist and my breasts swayed as we walked to her bed. Ann pulled me to her and began to kiss my throat, from ear to ear, and then worked her way down my front, kissing between my breasts, in a straight line to my gown.

While Ann slid the garment over my hips she ran light kisses over my belly, avoiding my mound. She helped me step out of the puddled nightgown and moved me to the edge of her bed, to sit. Standing in front of me, my head level with her midriff, I reciprocated her kisses, moving down her belly and sliding her thong down as I did. She was completely bare, completely shaved, and completely exquisite.

I moved into the middle of the bed, and Ann crawled towards me. All of a sudden, I wasn't certain what I wanted.

“I...I...I don't know what to do,” I tried to explain.

“Don't worry, Olivia, you don't have to do anything. Put your head back, close your eyes, and feel,” Ann whispered while she straddled my body. So, I did.

Words can't properly describe what I felt. Her mouth was on my mouth, my neck, my breasts, moving ever downward. She kissed my ribs, and then moved up to my armpits, not leaving any part of my skin untouched. I lost myself in the feeling of the moment.

I opened my eyes and watched her moving lower again. She paused for a moment, over my pussy and just breathed.

“You smell wonderful,” she said, catching me stare at her. “I wonder how you'll taste.”

Ann moved my legs apart, with no resistance from me. She kissed my hips, into the creases of my legs. I found myself bending my knees, and trying to open further. When she started to kiss my trimmed V, I gasped. I knew it was going to happen, I wanted it to happen, but I was not prepared for the way she would make me feel.

She carefully opened my petals and ran her tongue up from my hole to my clit. I thought I would jump off the bed when she touched my throbbing nub. She ran her tongue all around my insides, avoiding my clit and my hole, but licking everywhere else. It was driving me insane. I felt myself growing wet, and wanting so much more.

Without warning, she began running her tongue around my clit, just as she had with her finger and my nipple. I raised my hips, almost trying to force my clit into her mouth, but still she toyed with me.

“What do you want, Liv?” she asked in a husky voice. “What do you want?”

She had turned me into a desperate, panting animal. “Make me cum. Please...,” I panted.

Ann kissed my clit and then sucked on it. I cried out, not caring if anyone would hear. My hips began to move, silently begging for more, and I was rewarded. As she sucked a little harder, she entered me with her finger and began moving it in and out.

“Oh...oh...oh my God! Yes,” I cried. “Yes Ann, more, please....”

I was only aware of the wave of pleasure I was riding, until I felt Ann push another finger inside. She pumped them in and out of my hot, aching pussy and I knew it wouldn't be long. I began to raise my hips higher and my panting turned to moans.

When it hit, it hit hard. My bent legs tensed, my hands gripped the bed, and the quiet of the night was pierced by my scream. She was relentless, continuing to suck and finger me until I begged for mercy. I remember my whole body collapsing on the bed, trembling.

Ann raised her head and quieted her hand, without removing it. She watched as my chest heaved while I tried to catch my breath. Tears began to slide out the corners of my eyes and my pulse finally started to slow its racing. She bent and kissed my belly and I almost flew off the bed.

“Please,” I begged. “No more, please, I can't take it.”

I could barely see her through the tears. I felt her remove her hand and watched as she licked the fingers that were so recently inside of me. I was still shaking, so she covered me with a sheet and moved next to me. She held me for the longest time, before speaking.

“Sweetie, you're crying. Are you okay? I didn't hurt you, did I?” she asked.

“I'm not really crying, honest. It was just so overwhelming.”

Ann pulled me closer and gently kissed me. I could smell myself on her mouth, and taste myself in her kiss. We stay cuddled like that for a very long time.

I must have dozed, because I remember the feeling of her getting back into bed.

“Ann? Am I supposed to do that to you? Because, I’m not sure I could. I mean, I’m not sure...”

“Olivia, no one does anything they aren’t sure about. No, not tonight, and maybe not even tomorrow, but someday you might.”

She raised my chin and lowered her mouth to mine to kiss me once more.

“I knew you would taste sweet,” she whispered.