



The Summer Boy Part V

The Summer Boy, Part 5

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It's Lynn's turn to show off her skills to Adam

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Lynn took her time watering all of her plants. She paused before a particularly vibrant potted ivy and took up a length of vine in her palm as if to shake the hand of another person. "Can you believe what just happened?" she asked the plant. She smirked to herself. She knew talking to them was healthy for the plants. Maybe they weren't so interested in her sex life, though. "He made me come twice !" The plant said nothing. Afterwards, Lynn found herself sitting back on the sofa once again. The summer's afternoon light had faded into night, yet she still looked through the back door window, her eyes not really seeing anything in the darkness. Her mind though, was still alight with thoughts and sensations from earlier on. From behind the closed door of her bathroom, she heard the steady hiss of the shower with intermittent splashes of water. Adam, the young man she had just spent a good portion of the afternoon in bed with, was washing off the heat and perspiration on his body just as she had done a few minutes before. But while the shower removed the layer of sweat they had both generated on their skin, the heat was still prevalent in the air and from within. After a rather vigorous, loud, and torrid session in bed culminating in an orgasmic climax that was just as much a stress relief as it was a release of pure passion, Adam and Lynn had each chosen a side of the bed, both lying on their backs, gazing intently up at the ceiling. For several stilted minutes, even after they had both caught their breaths and moistened their parched lips and throats, they remained silent. Lynn couldn't think of what to say. She had gone through the list of options in her head: "That was great!" No. No, she wouldn't say that. It HAD been...but she wasn't an adoring groupie and she didn't quite feel like inflating Adam's head like he was a warrior claiming a glorious victory. "Again! More! Encore!" That was close –the giddy ache in her stomach seemed to be begging for it-- but it was probably best that she took a step back first. "Oh my God, what have I done?" That would have been uncalled for, but it just didn't manage to come out of her mouth. Maybe eventually it would, but at that point, she honestly, surprisingly, hadn't felt the urge or need to say it. No overwhelming sense of guilt had swept over her. Her life didn't feel ruined. Everything just felt...normal. And she somehow found that troubling. Lying there, pulling the sheet over her nude body even though it was stifling hot in her apartment, she also felt the anxiety of waiting for Adam to say something. What she knew of Adam, his response could have ranged anywhere from "Woohoo!" to "That was special, Lynn". Both seemed rather unsettling to think about at the time. So instead of attempting to do the "pillow-talk" with Adam, she had simply said, "I'm just going to take a shower" then rolled out of bed and went to the bathroom. After her shower –which had done very little to quash the heat – she came back to the bedroom wrapped in a towel. Standing at the doorway she asked, "Do you want to take a shower?" Adam smiled and nodded. He got up, gathered his clothes and went to the bathroom, pausing only for a micro-second at the door to look at Lynn. Then she got dressed --putting on her cut-off shorts and a

clean black halter-top-- and headed to the kitchen. Now sitting on her couch, leaning forward, elbow resting on a pillow laid upon her crossed legs, chin firmly nestled in a palm, she continued to stare blankly out the window into the evening darkness. Still searching her feelings about everything that had happened that day, she realized that there were a few things she knew she didn't feel: distressed, regretful, embarrassed. No, none of that. The only concern she had was how difficult it was to admit to herself how good she felt. Some weight had been lifted off her chest and it felt like a light breeze had cleared her mind somewhat. A tingle swept through her then as she actually retraced the time in her bedroom with Adam. The intensity that built from moment-to-moment had been electrifying. As each of her inhibitions fell, she could feel his touch more and more and she was swept away in the cycle. He was so focused and driven, more than anything she had ever expected of Adam. Her body couldn't help show its appreciation for his determination as he surged into her and her incessant, demanding groans for more were as honest as they were urgent. Damn he was good. Better than she had expected. Better than he had any right to... The whine of the pipes as the shower turned off interrupted her thought and brought her back to the moment. She felt the rapid beat of her heart and a slight swell in her throat. Blinking slowly to settle herself a bit, her eyes came to focus on the reflection in the sliding door window. Looking back at her was an attractive, glowing woman who appeared much more relaxed than she had been over the last couple of months. She could see herself smiling. Lynn sighed languidly and rolled back against the sofa. Her arms dropped to her sides and she felt something against her hand. She picked up Adam's cell phone which he had tossed aside. With barely a thought, she called up the menu and scrolled through his media files. There were many video files. Clicking on one file, "Spider-Trevor", brought up a short, shaky video of their obnoxious colleague standing outside of the recreation centre. Trevor, shirtless, was hollering like a viking and flexing his muscles like a body-builder. Then he proceeded to scale a utility pipeline on the side of the wall. Laughter from spectators gave way to hoots and cat calls when, after climbing about 12-feet, he lost his grip and plunged back down into some bushes. A rather humbled Trevor crawled out of the brush, leaves and dirt all over his back and his shorts pulled down to his knees. Lynn covered her mouth as she watched and laughed to herself. She shook her head. "Such an idiot," she remarked. There were many files titled "Trevor" something. Another file named, "Cassie ", caught her eye. She had expected to see more files with Cassie's name on them –Adam seemed to hang out a lot with her-- but that was the only one. "Hey." Lynn blinked and looked up. Adam approached her on the sofa, his hair matted and darkened from the shower. "Oh...sorry!" Lynn stammered, feeling the blush on her cheeks. She quickly held out his cell phone. "I don't know...I wasn't thinking. I just picked it up and started to look through it." Taking his phone, Adam settled beside her on the sofa. " C'est bien ," he said as he scrolled through his files, "What did you see?" "Uh...nothing much," Lynn replied, taking a moment to compose herself. "Saw a video of Trevor being a moron trying to climb the centre's wall." "Ah, yeah," Adam smirked and shook his head, "Lot's of examples of this particular evolution fail. Body of a man, brain of de singe ...a monkey." Lynn nudged her shoulder into his. "Hey, don't insult the monkeys. What is it with young men acting like circus animals whenever someone is watching them?" "It depends on the eyes that are watching them," he

replied and smiled back at her. "I don't feel like acting like a circus animal when I'm with you." "No, you're just a silly puppy," Lynn chuckled softly. Adam switched off his phone and pocketed it. His hands clasped together on his lap, he looked at Lynn smiling. Lynn was caught up by his blue eyes, still as attentive and focused as they were earlier. And there was nothing smarmy or juvenile about his smile, either. It wasn't "a cat who ate the bird" type of smile. It was pleasant, welcoming. Watching him, Lynn suddenly realized she felt like she was leaning towards him, or was being pulled in. What was it about him? She cleared her throat. "Have something to eat," she managed to speak. She turned away and pulled over a TV-tray with a plate and glass on it. "Want a spring roll?" Adam picked one of the crispy fried rolls. He looked at Lynn and arched his brow as he asked, "Ancient family recipe?" Lynn's slender, dark eyes narrowed. She smirked, pressed her hands together as if in prayer and bowed her head in a stereotypical gesture. "Oh yes, generations of my family have passed on the time-honored tradition of microwaving frozen foods," she remarked. Adam chuckled, shrugged and popped the roll into his mouth. He picked up the glass and peered at the watery, milky liquid in it. "Almond milk," Lynn said. Then she winked and added, "Now that is an Ancient Chinese secret." "Yeah?" "We-ell, I don't know," Lynn chuckled, "Some people think it helps you with your...um...stamina for...you know." Adam pursed his lips and nodded as he continued to regard the glass. He leaned a little to the side as he eyed Lynn. "Do you think I need help with my...?" Lynn cut him off with a wave of her hand. "Stop. Just drink it." "Because, you know, this is a really big glass of this stuff." "Will you shut up and drink it already?" she scolded. Adam chuckled then drank the milk all at once, tilting his head and the glass back. Lynn watched quietly. Adam swallowed and sighed, satisfied, "Mmm, tasty. How long do we have to wait?" Lynn had to chuckle. It astonished her how swiftly they settled back into their normal chatter. Adam put down the glass and returned to as he was moments before, simply looking back at Lynn in silence. Back to square one. Lynn tried to force something, anything, from her mind past her lips. The longer she looked at him, though, the more lost her thoughts were to her. "Should we have that talk now?" Adam broke the silence. Lynn blinked. "What?" "The 'talk'," he repeated, waving a finger between them, "About...this. Us." "Uh...Adam." Lynn looked down and frowned, rubbing her temples with her palms. He asked, "Are you bothered by what we did?" Lynn raised her head. Her mouth was ajar momentarily, caught by Adam's unexpected comments. She had to noticeably shake her head to get her thoughts to flow. "No, no," she blurted. She inhaled deeply, looked directly at him and said firmly, "No. I'm really not, Adam." She shrugged and spoke even more assuredly, "We didn't do anything wrong." It had been a long while since anything had felt so right...or so good...she thought. "I won't tell anyone," he offered, almost a hint of earnestness in his voice. Again Lynn shook her head, "I know you won't." She didn't know at what point she had come to take Adam's words at face value, but in her heart, she had always felt that he was honest with her. A hint of despondency pulled at Adam's usually easy-going face. He frowned and said, "I can't believe we won't be together after the summer." "Adam," Lynn closed her eyes. As the doubts finally crept into the mind of the young man seated beside her, her thoughts finally, fully came together, "Listen. You were right before." He turned towards her, listening intently. "Who knows what will happen, right?" Lynn smiled back warmly. She reached up and pushed her fingers through

his hair, scrunching and teasing it into spikes. It seemed to please him -calm him- as she did this. A familiar look of contentment appeared on his face. "Just enjoy the moment. Right here and right now means something, right?" she said as she continued to play with his hair, "Let's not worry about it, for now." "Really?" Lynn nodded. "We be discrete. We be respectful. We be mature," she instructed, "We're not going to go out for ice cream or text message when we're on the toilet, and you're not going to give me burned CD's with your favourite songs." Adam chuckled. "Oui. We'll be mature about it." Lynn gave him an unexpectedly teasing look. "Doesn't mean we can't have some fun." "So is this part of being young and stupid, again?" Adam chided. Lynn tilted her head and thought for a moment. "Maybe I feel younger," she mused, "But I don't feel stupid." Adam then reached up and held her wrist, stopping her with her fingers in his hair. He continued to hold her as they gazed at each other. He looked at Lynn, this beautiful dark-haired woman with her soft, small lips, smooth light skin, and pinched black eyes. He could feel her pulse in her wrist. Lynn's smile eased, her lips parting slightly, as she watched Adam lower her hand to his mouth. She watched him kiss her finger tips, then the back of her hand, then palm and wrist. His lips were soft and careful on her skin. "Was it good, Lynn?" he asked with a hushed breath, his lips still caressing her hand. Lynn swallowed hard. A tingle rippled up her back to her neck. "Tell me it felt good," he said. His confidence had returned. She nodded once, slowly. "It was good, Adam," she offered, her voice quivering slightly. Adam lowered her hand to his lap and gazed at her. Although she could feel her heartbeats begin to intensify, she remained steady as she watched him lean forward, angling his mouth towards hers. "You were great," Adam whispered. Once again their lips pressed against one another, at first gently, but quickly racing forward to twisting, folding, passionate kisses. Lynn could taste the sweetness of the almond milk on Adam's lips, then his tongue as it sank into her mouth. She felt his strong hands at her back and in her hair, pulling her in. Both of them were soon breathing hard, parting only to wet their lips and trade gasps of hot air between their mouths. They kissed loudly, hungrily. With a firm tug, Adam pulled Lynn from her seat and onto his lap, her bare legs straddling him as he leaned back on the sofa. Lynn held his face with her hands as she pushed her mouth against his, twisting her tongue past his teeth and tangling it with his own. She felt his hands grab and squeeze her butt. She curved and undulated her torso seductively in appreciation, grinding her crotch into his belly. Adam relished her soft, smooth lips and dancing tongue. He inhaled deeply to smell her sweet scent and also to catch his breath. He surprisingly found himself almost trying to catch up to Lynn's burgeoning passion. Lynn also didn't know what had swept her up so quickly. Indulgent and uninhibited, she couldn't be bothered to stop to think about anything at this point. Even the heat that filled her apartment seemed to back off from the intensity building between the two bodies on the sofa. As she pulled and pushed at his lips with her teeth, mouth, and tongue, she felt his hand cinch up the back of her shirt, and caress the soft skin at the sloping small of her back. It glided around her waist and then deftly under the front of her top, against her smooth belly. Within a moment, it had swept upward, cupping her breast, massaging her stiffening nipple with his palm and fingers. As she leaned back, he pushed the bottom of her shirt right up to her collar line and quickly wrapped his lips over her pert breasts. He flicked and swirled his tongue, leaving her reddish-brown nipples damp and glistening.

Feeling Adam lick and suck on her, Lynn sighed and moaned approvingly. She clutched at him tightly, rubbing her cheek against the top of his head, entwining her fingers in his hair. Continuing to gyrate her hips against him, she felt something else rubbing against her bottom. Adam's rigid shaft strained against his shorts, pressing up against her. Lynn yanked at Adam's hair, pulling his head back. She looked down at him with a fiery gaze, breathing through her gritting teeth. "Mmm!" She shoved her mouth over his. Her tongue lashed wildly within in his mouth. Slowly she pulled away, tugging at his bottom lip with her teeth. She angled her body downward kissing his chin and neck. As she did so, she grasped roughly at Adam's shirt. He helped her pull it off of him and she tossed it aside dismissively. Downward she went, kissing his chest, digging her fingers into his smooth, broad pecs. It was her turn to indulge in teasing licks and bites at his nipples. Adam threw his head back, blowing a stream of air through his pursed lips. One hand tangled its fingers in Lynn's soft black hair, the other held fast at the seat cushion of the couch. She was very good. These wanton gestures of his supervisor caught him almost completely by surprise which made them all the more pleasurable. A tight smile curled onto his pink lips. Lynn shimmied down, sliding off his lap and off the sofa. She savored his lean, muscular belly before settling onto the floor before the sofa, between his legs. She rubbed her hand against the crotch of his shorts, able to feel the undeniable throb in the growing length of his shaft. "Holy shit," Adam thought. He watched intently as the woman made short work of the button and zipper of his shorts. Just the thought of what Lynn was going to do for him -- to him-- momentarily was enough for him to almost blow prematurely. With a sharp tug, she yanked his shorts off as he raised his hips off the sofa. She only managed to get them down to his ankles, but that was enough. His boxer shorts were tented high already, his hardening muscle nudging against the material, his bulbous dome peeking out from beneath the waistband. It was straining for release and Lynn was more than eager to oblige it. Adam's underwear soon joined his shorts at his ankles revealing his rippling shaft. Lynn rolled back on her knees momentarily, her eyes fixated on the young man's cock. It was an entrancing length of rippling flesh. She swept back her hair with her fingers, fastening what she could around the back of her ears. She was breathing hard through her nose as she rolled her lips into her mouth, moistening them. As she leaned forward, she pushed apart Adam's knees and moved between his legs. She knew he was a talented young man. Time for her to demonstrate her particular skills, she thought. A soft hand wrapped itself tenderly around Adam's cock. She delighted in the feel of the rigid length of muscle in her grip. Lynn's mouth circled the dome with gentle kisses and delicate licks from the tip of her tongue. Then she moved down to the base of his shaft, cupping his supple sack in her palm, kissing and sucking it as well, before dragging her tongue upward with one agonizingly tantalizing lick. Lynn looked up as she continued to swirl her tongue around him. Adam's mouth was hanging open as he looked backed down towards her, an unsteady breath slipping past his mouth. He didn't have to say anything to impart his approval of Lynn's actions. His undivided attention and his twitching, throbbing shaft was more than enough encouragement. With a steady grip at his base, and one last swish of her tongue around his tip, Lynn plunged her lips over Adam and sank his shaft deep into her mouth. "Uhh," Adam gasped then swallowed trying to moisten his already parched throat. He watched intently as Lynn's head began to

bob up and down with an incessant rhythm. He listened to her steady breaths and the wet squelch of her mouth. Soon his cock was glazed with her glistening saliva. Lynn's hand stroked him with a steady yet gentle grip lower down his generous length. She relished his hardened cock, its warmth. As she caressed her mouth and tongue against it, she could feel the blood pulsating through Adam. "Mmm," she hummed her approval before doubling her efforts and pouring on the pressure from within her hungry mouth. Lynn leaned back, her lips popping off from his tip. Swiftly she reached down then pulled her top off, tossing it aside, revealing her creamy skinned flesh and almond-tipped breasts. After adjusting her hair with a quick flip, she leaned in between Adam's legs again, holding his stiff cock against her chest. She rubbed it in between her supple breasts. "Like this, Adam?" Lynn teased playfully. "I can't believe I've actually figured out a way to get you to shut up once in a while." Adam would have been lying if he said he wasn't shocked by his supervisor's overt and wanton actions. But as his hard, hot cock rubbed against her smooth skin, he wasn't about to utter anything more than approving groans and sighs. Once more Lynn angled her lips down and took Adam into her mouth. "Ahh," Adam tossed his head back momentarily as Lynn worked him with feverish abandon. Through his gritted teeth he gasped and refocused on her. He pushed aside her dark hair. Her eyes were closed, her narrow black brows converging sharply, her cheeks glowing pink, and a sheen of sweat all over her face. She was straining yet she continued unabated, determined, passionate. She was giving him her best. God she was beautiful, Adam thought. A few more quick strokes then Lynn suddenly slowed to a stop, his tip pressed against the back of her throat. She raised her eyes upward and somehow managed to imply a smile even with her mouth full with his cock. Adam frowned, unsure of that look on her face. That uncertain look was what Lynn was waiting for. It was enough to spur her on. She adjusted her jaw and relaxed her throat, then settled her mouth further down over his cock, sinking it further than she had gone before. "Ah, God," Adam groaned. He felt Lynn's throat throb against his shaft, like a warm, slick, velvety sash tightening around him. Kneeling steadily, Lynn held him there, deep down her throat. Her muscles tensed and clenched involuntarily around him but she remained calm, reveling in the experience of deep-throating the young buck's rigged length. She held her breath, her eyes growing watery and rolling upwards. She felt his hard length twitch and wriggle within neck. Finally she slowly eased back, feeling him slide out her throat, and then pulled off of him with a sharp-pitched gasp for air, whipping back her head like a diver breaching above the tides. Her lips and his cock were covered with sparkling strands of her saliva. It dripped onto her neck and chest, dribbling down to her belly button. "Jesus, Lynn!" Adam gasped, his words spat towards the ceiling. "Oh, we're not done with school yet, kid," Lynn thought. Sweeping back her hair quickly, she dove onto his shaft again, licking and sucking him with renewed fervor, reducing his thoughts to rubble. "Ahh, yes," Adam groaned. He sucked in more air through his teeth then rasped again, "Ahh. Fuck. So good. Feels so good!" Lynn felt two strong hands at her head, twisting their fingers in her hair, guiding her motions. As each minute passed, the rise and fall of Adam's torso had swayed towards quicker thrusts upward, surging his cock deep into her mouth, nudging the back of her throat. She winced and coughed at his intensifying gyrations but quickly found her pace and breath once more. "Mmm! Ahhn! Nnn!" She continued to hum and groan as her

mouth drove onto him over and over. She tasted a drop of musky, thick goo in her mouth. As his hips twisted and bucked, she pressed down with her hands, trying to settle the young man. "Uhh, Lynn. I...uhh," Adam breathed unable to express the incredible sensations churning from within his gut. He could feel a painful stream of heat flowing through him, rushing to a point at his tip. Every muscle in his body was beginning to clench and he clutched desperately at Lynn's head and hair, attempting to lift her off. In response, Lynn dug her hands into his thighs, declaring her intent to take all Adam had. Her tongue pressed firmly against him and she sucked hard. "Ah-Huhn!" A heaving, guttural groan flushed from Adam's mouth. Within a second, Adam burst. A gush of viscous fluid spurted from his aching shaft and pasted the inside of her mouth. Lynn's eyes squeezed tight into narrow slits and she held her breath as she froze, his cock still entrenched in her mouth. Every throb jetted more of his creamy jism into her mouth until it was dripping out of the edges and down the length of his cock onto her hand. Lynn shifted her tongue slowly, feeling and tasting Adam's spunk swirling in her mouth. She opened her eyes dreamily as she gingerly pulled her head back and lifted her lips off of Adam. A sharp gasp slipped from her throat as her jaw went slack before closing again, followed by an audible gulp. Her eyes shut, she swallowed hard twice more, Adam's rich cream slicking down her gullet. The sight of Lynn was more than Adam could take. He took up his still stiff member in his hand and pumped it, his palm sliding easily on his own fluids. His stomach and buttocks tensed once again, and with one last growling grunt, he fired a string of jism against Lynn's bare neck. Lynn flinched only slightly as his sticky fluids hit her. She remained still, breathing hard as it streamed down her neck to her chest. She continued to roll her tongue along the inside of her mouth, cleaning it before swallowing a final time with a noticeable gasp. Adam slumped down into the cushions of the sofa, spent. He felt both drained and stimulated at the same time, like a charge of electricity running its course through the length of his body. He was certain if he had tried to stand, his legs would wobble. Lynn remained on the floor, kneeling. She took a long moment to collect herself, to allow her body and breathe to steady. A bead of sweat trickled down from the side of her forehead. She felt Adam's sticky cum stream down to almost her belly and cool on her skin. She blinked slowly and looked toward him. The ever youthful and energetic Adam was spent and savouring the sensational feeling that coursed through him. Lynn had been the reason for that. She smiled to herself. Good for her. Adam still hadn't moved from the sofa when Lynn rolled on her feet and stood up, picking up her shirt along the way. Wiping herself down with a tissue first, she then put on her top and offered the tissue box to Adam. "Merci ," he said with a sigh. Lynn nodded and turned away. "Where are you going?" asked Adam. She looked back at him and grinned, her narrowed eyes twinkling. "I think you need more almond milk," she said. Adam wasn't going to dispute that. The two of them said little while they remained in her apartment, but they exchanged several silent winks and subtle grins. A couple of times, Lynn rolled her eyes, but there wasn't any real disdain in the action. After they both had cleaned up a bit, Adam downed the glass of almond milk and then the two of them finally left the apartment. As they made their way outside, it was still a very warm summer's evening, but both of them took deep breaths of the fresh air. Adam picked up his bike and walked it along the path leading out of the complex, Lynn following beside him. "Okay," she finally said as she stopped on the

sidewalk, "This is as far as I go." Adam stepped onto his bike. He smiled and nodded to her, "D'accord . Feeling better?" Lynn had to chuckle and shake her head. Somehow, Adam had suddenly become a student of understatement. She squinted at him. "Yeah. How do you Frenchmen say it? A petite peu ? Just a little bit better." Adam shrugged. "Maybe I should work a little harder then, oui ? Next time?" Lynn paused. "Next time," she thought. She walked slowly up to him as he stood on his bike. She looked long and hard into his deep blue eyes. Without allowing herself another thought, she leaned forward and touched her lips softly against his. Then she stepped back and said, "Bike home safely. You don't have a light." Adam nodded. "See you tomorrow at work?" Lynn offered a coy shrug. "Maybe. Don't you think I've earned a break?" He laughed and nodded. As he pedaled away, he circled back for a moment and said, " Bonne nuit, Lynn .." "Good night, Adam." She watched him bike silently away into the darkness. It hadn't cooled down one single degree all night long. * * * * *

* Within a minute of returning to her apartment, Lynn's phone rang. She answered. "Oh," she said, "Hello mama." Quickly, she assessed the situation. It wasn't the weekend. Her mother would have barely just got up at this time in Taiwan yet she sounded alert and earnest. So Lynn knew exactly why she was calling. "I'm fine. Nothing's happened. Nothing's going on," Lynn spoke. Her mother often had visions and premonitions, half of them about Lynn. Likely it was because she couldn't keep an eye on her only daughter –her 30 year old daughter-- and plan out every minute and aspect of her life. Her imagination ran rampant halfway around the world. "Really?" her mother prodded, "How are things with Dominic?" Oh yeah. She never mentioned to her the whole break-up thing with Dominic. "Things...um," Lynn started, then stumbled. Damn. " What happened?" Her mother swooped in like a hawk. "Did you have a fight? Does this mean you're not together? Oh no! So what now, Lynn?" Lynn absorbed each question like a jab to the face. She had to dance out of the corner before this quickly devolved into another endless attempt to get her to come back home and go through a series of maternally arranged dates. She had to convince her for now that things were going okay with her and Dominic if she were to have any peace. " Dominic..." Lynn said, inhaling deeply and mustering the lies in her head, "We're fine, mama. Can I talk to Cici?" Fuck it. She'll just duck and cover. Her mother had this automatic response no matter how upset she was to just hand over the phone whenever Lynn asked to speak to her cousin. It was her quick escape. " Hey, Lynn. Your mother's at it again," the calmer voice of her aunt responded over the phone. She was older but much closer to Lynn's age than her mother so there was more of an easier understanding between the two of them. " Yes. Can you give her some medication or something?" Lynn half-joked, falling back onto her sofa. " Well, you know, as always, there's just two things that you need to do to make this stop," Cici noted. Lynn knocked off the short list in her head: get married and get a good job. Actually, even if she just scratched off one of those, it would keep her mother off her back...for a little while. " Is she still there?" Lynn asked. " She's gone to the kitchen." " Cici," Lynn whispered, "Don't tell her yet, but I broke up with Dominic. It was just before the summer." " Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," Cici replied, still very calm, "What happened?" Lynn shook her head. "Don't worry. I'm over it. It's no big deal. He was a jerk in the end, and we were really only together for a couple of months." " Why do you think your mother is waiting for the wedding invitations?" Cici joked, "You should practically be pregnant with her second

grandchild by now." Lynn chuckled. It was good to talk to Cici. " But seriously," her cousin continued, "I'm sorry to hear that. Absolutely, you should find a good man." " Uh-huh," Lynn agreed. There was a brief pause on the line. Cici said, "Have you started to date someone else?" That caught Lynn off guard. "Uh...no," she stammered, "Why do you ask?" " I don't know. Just a feeling." Did all the women in her family have these frigging premonitions, or what? " Anyway," her cousin repeated, "Just find a good man, someone trustworthy." After a few more minutes, they concluded their call. Lynn lay by herself in the dark, staring at the ceiling. The sound of crickets crept in from outside her door. She hadn't actually lied to Cici. She wasn't dating Adam. They were having wild, illicit sex...but they weren't dating. And she could trust Adam. Right? * * * * * Adam rode his bike through the dark, quiet neighborhood streets, pedaling hard for short distances before coasting for a time, gliding back and forth across the roads. The draft felt refreshing as it swept past his face, despite the heat of the summer evening. He felt very much awake and energized, feeling like he wanted to make some noise in the world. He slowed to a stop at a curbside and pulled out his cell-phone. Scrolling through his contacts, he made his selection and dialed. As he waited for the person to answer, he finally noticed the smile that had been on his lips since he left Lynn's place. It had been a very good evening. " Hello?" " Hey, Cassie?" Adam replied. " Hi there trouble," she said, her voice playful. " You free?" he asked. " Only for you. I'm at home...parents are out." "Good," he said, "I'm coming over. I've got something I need to tell you." To be continued... Thank you all for your patience as this story slowly comes together. I hope you're enjoying it. Please let me know what you think. -F.P.