Common Interests, Part Six

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While Jane and Brian are both gone, Jerry and his sweet lover Brenda have the time to play

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I went back home and found the house empty, not only was there no sound, but now even the walls seemed empty to me. I went to the computer and searched the net, read a couple of stories and even they left me empty in ways I needed filled. Writing had always been a thing to take away the idle time of emptiness when Jane was home, but now I simply hungered for companionship, and only one would serve to fill that void, her name; Brenda.

I busied myself with household chores, laundry, washing up the kitchen and floors, even breaking down to the point of cleaning all of the windows in my frustrated boredom. It would be hours before my mind could focus on something worthy of my mood and so I busied myself to the point of exhaustion, I needed a nap. I fell into my own bed, the one I had once shared with Jane in throes of passions long since dead and gone. Tossing and turning I finally drifted off to sleep, to dream, to find the lover now secluded in her little office that she filled in for the other person for on the weekends. My dream sent me to that door in the back hallway, a gentle knock and the door opening with her smiling face beaming up to my own. I stepped in; she closed the door knowing what I was there for. A smile said it all as she pulled my zipper down and released my hardening cock. She made little work of taking it to her lips and laving her tongue over the swollen mass of velvet flesh as I groaned quietly to avoid unsuspecting ears from hearing what was going on behind the closed and locked door.

I held her hair away from her face as she sucked me in and gasped at my girth once again. She was a trooper at giving head though and managed to take over half and suck me viciously with a tongue that just wouldn’t quit moving over the sensitive spots that drove me wild. She lowered her pose and straightened her neck enough and slipped farther along the mighty shaft eagerly, I cooed silently as she now took eight inches into her mouth and throat time after time. Her hand cupped my sack and caressed it as her mouth moved forth and back over the hot spear of desire until I was close to finding climax. I awoke suddenly in a cold sweat, my cock raging with need to explode; lying still alone in my

bed at home. I laid there panting for a few minutes in the delirium of the dream's remnants, I would be willing to take the chance of Brenda doing just what I had dreamed, but it would be professional suicide for us both.

I didn't dare dream of calling, not until it was time to go and pick her up since everyone knew about the arrangement of transportation. She and Brian had not boasted of her staying in the guest house, Jane and I concurred, so that part was kept silently tucked away from the other workers at the store lest tongues wagged unnecessarily. I went in and took a shower, shaved around my beard and trimmed it up nice and neat, for once actually drying my hair instead of the norm of letting it go where it wanted. I was looking pretty sharp for an old guy when it came time to call to verify the time she'd get off, work that is. As luck would have it she worked a short shift that day, I looked forward to going to retrieve her from the store and take her back to my place. I checked the time, almost 3:30, time to call and confirm her time to clock out. I picked up the phone and dialed, the service counter answered as a familiar voice went through the lengthy telephone greeting required. I asked Ashley, one of the women who worked with Jane on a daily basis, "Hey Ashley, could you connect me with Brenda?"

Her reply sounded normal enough though I figured if she had any thoughts of anything beyond what she knew she would cover them up anyway, "Sure Jerry, hang on. Oh, how's Jane's trip going, did she arrive okay?"

I gulped down the instant lump in my throat and replied, "Yeah she called last night, they made it without a hitch. , Just tired out from that long drive."

She put me on hold and redirected my call to the back office; it rang only once before I heard the sweet familiar voice of my lover. "Office," she said in a calm professional tone.

I replied with equal professionalism as much as my thudding heart would allow, "Brenda, you going to get off on time?"

I heard her giggle, not a good sound knowing how sensual of a woman she is, "I'll get to clock out on time Jerry, no telling how long it will take to get me off after that," with the ultimate tease to her voice.

"Not long if I know how we are," I chuckled. "See ya in a few minutes." I hung up the phone and loaded the pockets of my jeans with the normal stuff, cell phone, wallet and keys. I walked to the front door and heard the phone ringing and turned to retrieve it. Jane's voice was at the other end, still sounding tired somehow.

"Jerry, how's it going?" she asked with normal chit chat conversation tones.

“Well,” I replied, “not too bad, not much going on here, the dogs are fine, the house is still intact and our friend in the guest house is at work. What’s going on there?”

She filled me in on all of the details of how our grand daughter was doing and daughter as well, and then went on to tell of her mother’s woes while she was at it. I listened intently knowing a missed bit of information would be caught up when she returned and quizzed me in a few days. She said she’d be back Wednesday evening if all went well and asked me to get it approved for the extra two days, which of course I would deal with as soon as I got to the store, if she’d ever let me go to pick up our house guest. Ten minutes went by with little of note mentioned from either end; just two old married folks rambling on and on like nothing else mattered. It mattered to me; I would be pushing it to retrieve my lover on time as it was.

Finally she hung up and I made my way to town, pulled in and parked near the front of the store. Brenda was just coming from the back when I went down the same isle and said, “I have to get Jane approved for two extra days, it’ll just take a couple of minutes.”

She nodded and replied, “I need a couple of things anyway, meet you up front when you’re ready to go,” in a very matter of fact way that said she too worried about discovery by anyone of what was really going on.

She turned and walked towards the front as I turned and walked into the main office to visit with the store manager who was luckily in the store at the moment. He agreed to the extra time and keyed it into the computer and approved it without any hassle. His eyes stole to mine as if he wanted to ask something, and did he ever. “Jerry, I heard that with Brenda’s husband gone she is catching rides from you and Jane to and from work. I am happy to know you feel so strongly about one of our family, but I have to tell you it worries me,” raising an eyebrow a bit to emphasize his point. “With Jane out of town, I want you to be real careful not to let anyone have reason to think anything other than that is going on. Brenda is a very attractive young lady and both of your reputations are at stake with the way people talk around here.”

I had felt it coming; John would be the one to voice concerns if no one else would. “John, I understand how people can spread gossip and I appreciate that you don’t want any grief over such a silly notion. You have my word that neither of us will give any reason for folks to wonder. Brenda is attractive, I’ll admit that, but she’s also young enough to be my grand daughter, not to mention that she and I are each happily married to someone else. So, fear not boss; it’s going to be just fine, and besides, secrets are meant to be kept just that.” I acted the part well if I do say so myself, I’d find out later he had spoken basically the same words to Brenda earlier in the day with pretty much the same reply. I could almost imagine her lips curling in a ‘ewww’ pose as she spoke of my age and our agreement for transportation. I made my way up front and grabbed two new flash drives and a 12

pack on the way by, I kind of needed to relax and a couple of beers might be just the thing for that.

I checked out and waited as Brenda, who arrived only a minute after I did checked out as well. She chatted with the cashier for a minute and we were soon on our way with no one the wiser. I unlocked the passenger door and then my own as we entered the truck silently. She started chattering about John's commentary as soon as we were headed out of the parking lot, I nodded and spoke of his conversation with me as well. She asked, "Do you think he knows what's going on, or what?"

I smiled and replied coyly, "If he does he won't say a word, he knows I'm fully aware of his little tryst with a now former department manager that lasted for several months. They used to get busy in the very office you work in in the back. She and her husband ended up divorced and now he's separated. He won't say a thing unless it looks bad for the store's image."

"I heard a rumor about that, but you know for sure?" she asked in simple conversation.

"Um, yeah, I happened to walk in on them one day by accident. They had one lock locked but not the other, so my entry was almost without warning. I about fell over with her bent over the desk with their pants down around their ankles and his dick rammed up inside her. The panic on their faces as I let the door go closed was, as is said, priceless."

"Wow," she exclaimed, "John?" and shuddered at the thought of how she would have reacted. "I think I'd have screamed if I walked in on two people fucking in that little room," and laughed. It wasn't a little chuckle or giggle; it was a full fledged belly rolling laugh. I joined in with the humor of it all remembering the look on the boss's face when caught fucking one of his employees. Being's that we had never discussed it; we had a silent agreement that personal things were just that, and he knew better than even think about any rumors of Brenda and I. We both laughed over it until we were just about back at the house. She said she'd like to shower and change, I looked at her forlornly, but she seemed to want to take care of it alone and be ready for a trip to the studio saying she had to make a phone call while she was at it. I accepted the fate of being without her for another hour or so and went to the main house to wait for her arrival. I popped the cap on one of the beers and set the rest into the fridge to stay cool.

I went up the stairs to the studio and made sure the lighting was set properly for shooting scenes of the bed in the corner, draped a suitable backdrop behind it of trees along a watery stream's edge. We would create a scene of enchantment for each other to remember our time shared in the wooded wilds of Oklahoma's beauty. I retrieved the camera and checked to be certain the battery was sufficiently charged, plugging it in to be certain of it in the time she spent preparing for the photo shoot I would never forget. I looked at the setting and came to a decision; going to the storage cabinet I withdrew a deep green velvet throw to place over the bed. Standing back it looked perfect,

the green of early spring grass for the bed and the shades of greens and browns with hints of sky beyond was almost real in feel and look.

As expected Brenda took about an hour, luckily I had occupied my time productively, after assuring the studio was ready I went down and sorted out laundry and gathered a load into my arms on my way to the laundry room just as she walked in the front door I had left open and inviting. She had an armload of her own, both groups were of the top half's color of shirt we were required to wear for work. Laughing we walked to the laundry room and shared a load of wash. I looked at her manner of dress, a simple shift dress that lacked her normal form revealing attire surprised me. I would find out later she had been leery of walking between the guest house and main one in her choice of attire for the photo shoot. She seemed as anxious as I was to commemorate our affair. As the laundry went into the washer I turned and drew her into my embracing arms, our bodies melted together perfectly I could feel her naked body beneath the thin fabric of her dress. Our lips met and we languished in the wonder of desire and even lust for one another.

We walked out of the laundry room and up the stairs to the studio, chatting of the day's events; mainly how busy the store was and what all I had accomplished while she was at work. We sounded more and more like an old married couple, but in our case we weren't married to each other and laughed at the utter normalcy of the conversation. I let her go up the stairs ahead of me, loving the sway of her narrow rounded butt so sweet a vision to my gaze. We walked in to the studio and she saw the changes I had fashioned for our moment of remembrance. Her eyes sparkled as she turned to face me, her hand slipped around my neck to the nape and pulled me closer. Again our lips met with eager passions, again our tongues danced with swirling desires to fulfill our desperate needs. It seemed as if neither one of us would ever be fully drained enough or tired out too much to not want each other's sharing.

As our lips parted she smile as did I, the time had come to create more than memories, together we would save the moment to forever recall what we shared. I whispered to her, "Brenda, I can feel you chose to be completely nude for the shots of you for me to recall your outer beauty. I give thanks for so much more than what God provided, I love everything about you, and I hope you know that."

She nodded as she stepped away and moved towards the setting I had arranged. She lifted the dress over her head and I gasped again in awe of the perfection before me. Her hair flowed down over her back like a waterfall, thick and lustrous in faint waves of brown with highlights of red and gold shimmering throughout. Her shoulders narrow but muscled in soft ripples that caressed down to the light blades and gentle muscles of her upper arms to accent her graceful movements. Her curves soft and supple with the underlying tensed bundles to note her anticipation of the first time she would pose for my camera's lens, or anyone's for that matter. Her back was to me as I watched her eye the setting and my eyes drifted lower. Her waist thin and trim but I knew of its power, her hips narrow but

worthy of being driven to thunder again and again. Her cheeks round and firm with the sweetest crevasse leading to the wonders below. From my position I could see the narrow hollow that formed the perfect triangle of her, for now, closed channel and the thighs I would part to know her wet joyous pussy again soon I hoped. The gap between her thighs narrow enough that it seemed impossible to slip two fingers between without spreading her, yet I knew of the potential that lay within.

She turned to face me and again I was in awe. Her smile dauntingly bowed with a hint of tease. Her arms hung at her sides revealing the lush pert orbs of her tits and puckered nipples of arousal, textured sublimely and awaiting my caress. Just standing there her beauty could drive me to ejaculation, and yet I had to wait for that opportunity. Her belly seemed tighter than at other times, perhaps she was nervous of posing even for me. It was a big commitment to save proof of our indiscretion after all. I lowered my eyes and feasted on her mound, trimmed as perfectly as any man could dream, the faint triangle of pubic hair pointing the way to the heavenly valley below. I was speechless and she knew it was this very awe that we shared. “Jerry,” she cooed, “I have one request before we start. I need to be able to see you too and know your reaction to what we’re about to do.”

I guess I smiled; I saw her lips turn upward into a grin. She knew I couldn’t refuse her request. I raised the hem of my shirt and pulled it over my head right where I stood. Her smile growing with the exposure of my chest and abdomen I think. I easily kicked the loafers from my feet and stood now with only the socks on my feet and pants that withheld the thick all but erect instrument of our joining. Bending down I lifted one foot and then the other to take off my socks, her eyes glistening with want for me to finish the task it seemed. I turned around in order to tease her in the same ways she had done for me, I could hope her thoughts were as vivid and lush as my own though with my aging body I had my doubts. I leaned forward and lowered the waistband past my hips, to my knees and lower still. One foot escaped the fabric and then the other, my arousal complete as I returned to a standing pose with my back to her. My cock stood at an upward angle, swollen to its full almost two inch width and ten plus inches length, ready for whatever my lady wanted of me. I hadn’t heard her move, but felt it as her arm slid around my waist, her hand grasping the thick eager base of my shaft. Her voice soft and tempting, “Jerry I want us to pose together first, before this beautiful cock is any less than the magnificent mass it is right now.” Her hand slowly stroked up the length and I literally shook from head to toe. “Can we do that?” she asked with the same inviting tones as her hand again stroked my flesh.

“Yes, but I don’t know how you want to pose with me,” I replied with a stutter to my voice with the onslaught of pleasure her simple touch afforded me. I felt her nipples, erect and hard against my back and wanted to turn and lift her onto the very shaft she continued stroking with gentle persuasive caress. “You’ll have to stop doing that,” I managed to say through my groaning breaths, “or I have to have you before we shoot even one shot.” Her hand slipped from the meaty tool she craved as much

as I wanted her to continue, I couldn't even think of anything but making love with her so long as she was touching me like she had.

I turned around and faced her, my head within inches of her belly, a drop of pre-cum formed at the tip even as she spoke. "I want to remember sucking you, but we can't have my face show too much Jerry. Can we do that?"

My body quaked at the thought of taking a picture of her mouth over my swollen dick, "Yeah, we can do that. So long as you don't do it very much. I want to be hard for every picture of us together." I led her, hand in hand to the setting we would have to remember by. I quickly set up the camera as I guided her with my words. She knelt facing away from the camera and towards the bed beyond with the tree filled backdrop to complete the image of nature. I zoomed in and got a tight enough angle to capture her shoulders, hair and only a bit of her back in the frame from a low angle that revealed the background. The focus was set on her hair at the side of her face that would not be seen. Taking the remote from the holster I kept it in I walked over to her posed glory. I stood beside her and moved slightly in front of her knowing the angle required to not show her face, but only the hint to know she would have my cock in her mouth. The drop of cum grew larger as she gazed to my manly steel. I visualized the angle and cupped her nape in the hand that would hide the least of her, pulling her to the broad head she opened her mouth willingly and sucked in just the head. One photo after another as she took the length into her mouth and then throat. I gasped as her throat clenched around me and pulled from her mouth fully not wanting to cum; not yet. I had taken a dozen shots already and my cock glistened with her spit now ready to move on. An ache filled me, but we had committed to the memory shoot knowing that we could fuck later and finish what joys it represented or created.

I chuckled as I went to the tripod mounted camera and asked, "Do you remember the first time we were here Brenda?" She smiled and nodded her ascent to the memory. "I want to recapture the way you first felt me invade you, will that be okay?" Again she nodded as she rose from her knees and posed herself on her back with her hips at the bed's edge, her legs parted seductively, her very essence exposed for the camera's lens. I picked up the tripod and moved it slightly to the side to capture the essence of our first time completely. Focusing on her juncture I walked to her as my erection swayed side to side un-sated as yet. I held the remote trigger in my right hand to not be visible in the frames that would follow as I knelt before the alter of Brenda's already wet pussy. I picked up her knees just as I had that first time and lifted them up and back towards her ribs, also a snapshot of the past. My face went down and cupped her lush petals in my lips, my tongue thrusting into her even more than it had that first time, no doubts of what she liked now held my thoughts, and I knew exactly how to pleasure her. Flickering the tip of my tongue over the swollen nub I clicked the shutter, parting the petals of her labia I clicked again. Once more I delved closer to her feminine wonders and thrust my tongue deep into the tight sheath and clicked the shutter to give her reason to recall why there had needed to be a second adventure. Her pussy surged with creamy nectars; she

had come the first night as well as now. I stood up and drew her as before to the edge of the bed, she propped herself onto her elbows to watch as the corona disappeared into the lush channel and gasp out my name with eagerness to know my all. I clicked the shot just as the head fell between the petals so she could easily recall the full scope of my shaft entirely visible in the captured frame. Two more clicks of the shutter as I slid into the helpless cavity, helpless because she sought exactly what she received; cock, hard thick eager cock. I pulled from her gasping body and smiled as I held her legs aloft still in readiness of her reply. “More pictures of us my sweet? Or is there something else you’d rather have right now?”

She panted for over a minute trying to gain enough air to answer as I waited patiently for her reply. “Damn you Jerry, you knew the minute you pushed into my cunt what I’d want. Fuck the pictures for now, shit, you have to fuck me right now,” she pleaded. I obliged her request and pushed in to her willing cavity to the hilt as her spasms increased and a flood of cream coated my cock to slick the path in and out of her hot gripping walls. It didn’t take long before she screamed out an intense orgasm and squirted her juices over my hips and thighs completely even with my cock driving hard and deep into her pussy. “Fuck me damn you, cum in me, fill me up Jerry,” she commanded and ended with another surge of fluids as she begged, “PLEASE.” I clicked the camera’s shutter and knew the angle had changed enough to show her face as she begged to feel my seed fill her womb. The perfect ending to our photo shoot. We fucked on savagely for another few minutes before I unloaded three copious streams of cum into her inner sanctum. It overflowed just as it had before, but a memory was called for as I retrieved the remote and took one last shot as my shiny cock slid from her pussy and allowed the flood of semen and nectar to escape with a gush.

I lowered her legs and she shook with the massive orgasms she had found, I collapsed to my knees between her quaking legs and steadied my self by leaning onto them with one arm saddled over each, my head hung low trying to catch my breath. Some how, no matter how good it had been with us before, the intensity of memorializing our acts for posterity had made me even more aroused and therefore more drained than ever. As I recouped from the exertion I knew what I had to do, my lady was dripping with sweet nectars and I must clean her up. I moved to her and she jumped as my face filled her groin and cooed as she felt my lips and tongue go to work of lapping and sucking her clean. She didn’t cum again for me, but I was careful not to overly arouse her towards that goal. I was pretty sure we would both want to know the pleasure of sharing again before the night was over.

I went when my energy allowed to the camera and withdrew the card that carried our memories. I winked at her and offered her my hand and she allowed me to pull her to a seated pose on the bed’s edge. Her eyes filled with tears of joy as she gazed upon her lover, and I returned equally with thoughts of our joyous joint efforts. “Let’s get dressed and get a bite to eat, I’m kind of hungry for some reason. We can watch the photos as a slide show on the computer in the dining room while we dine and figure out if any others are needed or wanted,” my eyes glinting with the hint of even more

adventure. She rose and we each donned enough clothing to go back down stairs to dig up something to eat. Not that there was any real need of being dressed, it just seemed fitting some how to separate one time of sharing from the next.

We decided on a simple meal, chili cheese nachos would fill the bill nicely. She took charge of the preparations as I retrieved the laptop from my bedroom and brought it to the table. Turning it on I placed it to where once seated we could view the shoot's resulting images of us having sex. I almost wished I had used the video setting to capture the entire scene non stop, but this would do; for now. I carried the first plate to the table when in two minutes it had heated it to perfection as she slid the other plate into the microwave. I returned to the kitchen to wait, we should share the viewing equally as we had everything else in our relationship. The future would hold every memory dear and this would be no exception as the memory card sat beside the screen's background image waiting for our time to share. The timer went off and we walked side by side as I carried the second plate of food to the table. She set down the forks and napkins as we settled in two chairs set close enough to touch if we desired, I knew we would and so did she.

I slipped the card into the slot and the window opened up to ask what to do with it. I selected to view with windows viewer and quickly set the rolling slide show from the beginning. Her eyes grew very large as she saw how small she seemed sucking my dick and she giggled as did I. Each photo had captured the perfection of her mouth savoring my dick with wanton blissful reverie, the photos worthy of even the best of any porn site's capture. The scene changed to my eating her wet glistening pussy and she groaned at the recalled feeling of my tongue's invasion, I swiped my tongue over my lips recapturing the scent and flavor of her womanhood and yet we still had not even held hands as we stared at the screen. When she saw me standing at her entrance she cringed and her hips flexed as if ready to take in my girth and length once more, I think she came just a little as she saw the head enter her petals in the somewhat close view she had never been quite able to see for herself until now. Each of the successive shots showed my entry falling deeper and deeper again into her pussy; she squirmed and moaned softly, she felt the wetness fill her groin as she came without even being touched. I smiled and dinner was forgotten as I pushed my chair back and removed my pants.

Brenda was so ready she pulled her dress up to the waist and impaled her muff over the hard thick shaft in one plunge. She cried out as her orgasm began instantly and rode me for the next ten minutes as the photos replayed for us. Her orgasms were full and completely at the apex of pleasures as she pounded up and down my cock with her eyes glued to the screen, I couldn't do anything but sit and enjoy her pleasures as my sack drew tighter and tighter with each thrust of her womanhood over me. Finally I knew I had to blow, no choice but to fill her up once again. My hands gripped her hips and pulled her down over me to the hilt and I sent wave after wave of cum into her womb. We each cried out as our joined orgasms flooded us with greedy desire to never stop. Her body collapsed against me and I wrapped my arms around her with tight loving embrace. Our breaths short and

panting until we ebbed from the precipice of joyous climax, or hearts rhythms at last calmed enough to speak. “I’m going to miss you Brenda,” I whispered.

The tears welled in her eyes as she pulled her face back enough to see mine. We cried together with all of the joy and sadness of an affair that would soon come to an end. Little did we know just how soon that would be. The dinner dishes were washed after we each nibbled a few bites, neither of us had an appetite for anything but each other, it was definitely time to cuddle. I retrieved the cordless phone and laptop from the house and we adjourned to the guest house for the night. She didn’t have to be at work until noon again and we could sleep in if we wanted to. I didn’t bother to turn off all of the lights, except in the studio, no need really as we walked hand in hand to her bedroom and bath.

We took a nice warm bath and caressed each other with the soapy suds, held each other tight without need to satisfy any further than we had already. The bedding was drawn back and we slid into the satiny smooth sheets drawing them around us as she lay on her side with me spooned behind her. Flesh to flesh, warmth to warmth, spirits joined in our perfect affair. We slept as we had been when our eyes drifted shut, her perfect curves contours to my aged but taught body’s muscles. Even my lengthy but soft phallus knew somehow this would be our last adventure.

My words had been the downfall, perhaps the reason that we were awakened by her phone so early the next morning. She sleepily answered it, still in my arms as she struggled to wake enough to speak to her husband. She bolted up to a seated pose, frightening to be sure as she gasped out, “Really?” listened for a moment and replied. “Today? In an hour?”

I was in shock, I couldn’t tell if she was speaking of him finding a place for them, or if she had to be ready to go right away. My fears were realized when she hung up and turned her eyes to me sitting now at the edge of the bed worried. I had no idea if he was on his way to pick her up or what. “Well?” I asked in my frenzy.

“That was Brian, whom I can be sure you realized,” she began hurriedly. “Somehow he already found a place for us to live, so it wouldn’t be long before I’d be leaving, as we both knew would happen too soon for us anyway.” Her hand cupped mine as I leaned on it for support to quell my anguish and disappointment. “Jerry, I start tomorrow at the other store, he has worked his tail off to get the transfer approved as soon as possible and he got the word last night that I could start in the morning.”

My eyes were blurred with the tears that welled there; I couldn’t believe it would end so abruptly. I wanted to hold her, but she had more to say. “He’s on his way to pick me up; he’s only about an hour away.”

My jaw fell in awe of the timing. “It could have been worse,” I sputtered, “he could have waited until he

got here to give you the news and caught us asleep together."

Her body shivered at the thought of what kind of hell would have busted loose and she replied, "Maybe he knew we'd need a little time to get ourselves ready for his arrival. Hell Jerry I don't know any more than you do. Let's just be thankful for what we have."

I rose to my feet and retrieved my pants from the floor where they had been discarded the night before. Pulling them on I said, "I have to get my butt over to the house and let you pack." I looked down at her, still naked and beautiful, and yet leaving me, alone and desperate to hold her.

My eyes welled again with tears as she stood and held me close. "I'm sorry Jerry," she whispered as her lips pressed lightly to mine. "We don't have time to cry, we knew it would come to this in time." Her absolute adultness struck me funny, here I was forty years her senior and it was me that was heartbroken over the certainty of our affair being over.

I kissed her lightly in reply and straightened up, stiffened my back to the inevitable ending to what had been the perfect love affair. Neither of us needed to have any regrets of what we shared and could give thanks to no one else being hurt over it. "Okay then, you are way too mature for your age Brenda; I'll have to be just as adult as you are then. I'm going to go over to the other house and make a copy of the shoot for you to hide away somewhere, and one more thing; I'll open you a yahoo account and give you the name and password so we can stay in touch when you find a private moment to write. That okay with you?"

She giggled and said, "Jerry I already have a yahoo account. Brian doesn't know about it and it will stay that way. She told me the address and I muttered through it twice to make sure I had it right, she nodded that I had it down. One parting kiss on her cheek and I all but ran to the house and got out a flash drive to make a copy of the shoot onto. It only took a few minutes as I uploaded her email address while it copied and I ran back to the guest house and through the open door. She was sitting in the living room, dressed in jeans and a tee shirt; she was wearing a bra which stole my idea of fondling her again away pretty quickly. She smiled as she sent a text on her phone, to Brian no doubt. Looking up at my breathless eyes and seeing that I too had put clothing on, fresh and clean she smiled and said, "Jerry, are my shirts dry, I'll need to take them with me or you'll just have to ship them down."

I smiled and asked, "Well, how about if I deliver them to you while Brian is at work one day?"

Her expression turned very naughty, a look I loved to see as she replied, "Well; now that is rather a stretch to drive five hours for a quickie sweetie. We can see how it's going, maybe some day you can come visit me, or, I know I'll be coming back up here every once in a while. In the mean time, I know

your laptop has a cam and so does mine.” Her words a tease to my overstressed body and mind, I shuddered to think of us having cyber sex, but anything is possible in the age of technology we have today.

I stepped closer and knew it was not the time to hold each other, that would be reserved for just before he arrived to steal her away. I handed her the copy of our shoot and smiled as I said, “The stuff should be dry, and I’ll go check while you finish packing.” I walked to the other house and straight to the laundry room opened the dryer and indeed our shirts, meshed in a tumble of joining masses just as Brenda and I had been so many times were dry. I turned on the dryer for a couple of minutes waiting to get some of the wrinkles out before completing the project. Opening the door again I retrieved the shirts one by one, mine hung and hers folded neatly to fit into her suitcase. Once done I walked back to the front door and found his car sitting in the driveway. My heart dropped, but I painted a chipper face to confront me worst fears.

Walking in to the open front door with only a faint knock on the door jamb, I found them standing in the living room; he was holding my lover in his arms just as I wanted to. I had to be brave and let her go. “Hey Brian, I heard you were coming to retrieve my house guest. Guessing everything’s going good down there huh?”

He unwrapped his arms from his wife and smiled, “Yeah, it is unbelievable how smooth it is all coming together. Not only did the company have a house available but the store manager wanted Bren to start as soon as possible.” His grin could be taken for nothing less than pure joy, his eyes looked tired from the lengthy overnight drive, but otherwise he was one happy camper.

“Well,” I began as I crossed the room and handed Brenda her clean laundry, “it’s lucky I didn’t have much to do last night and got these dry since your hubby showed up so early.” I smiled at her and clapped hands with Brian in the oh-so masculine high five. “Man, you look beat. I think you should rest a couple of hours and wait till this afternoon to head back.”

Brian looked at me as if he hadn’t even thought of waiting, and smiled coyly, “Yeah, you’re right the drive is murder once you get south of I-40. You may have something there. We’re not going to retrieve all of the other stuff from our place here just yet; we’ll come back next week and get a load at a time. My folks will store the balance until we get it all moved.” His eyes took in the look of his wife’s and he smiled. “Since you don’t have to work after all today Bren, how about you and I take a nap?” his words all too suggestive of a nap without rest.

She giggles and said, “Silly, you go ahead and take a nap, I’m going to talk Jerry into making a trip to our old house and getting some more of our stuff.” She patted her pocket to where I could see the outline of our photo shoot flash drive as Brian’s head turned to look at me.

“Jerry has done way too much already Bren,” he said as he looked back to her gaze, “we can get the rest next trip.”

Brenda was smart enough to drop it, she knew he would be asleep in no time and said, “Okay, you’re the boss,” and giggled as she hugged him close. My feelings were so mixed up at the sight but managed to stay calmly disassociated as she said, “Jerry, you have been such a friend; I don’t know how we’ll ever thank you for all you’ve done.”

I sighed nonchalantly and said, “Nothing to it, we had a space that wasn’t being used and you needed a place to stay. Don’t worry about thanks; just knowing you and Brian are good to go is enough for Jane and me.” I knew half of what she spoke went unspoken, but dared not even think of what she and I had shared lest my cock would swell right there in front of her husband. That wouldn’t be the best thing in the world to have happen. “Well, I’m going to leave you two love birds alone for now. Please do let me know before you go, I want a chance to hug your wife good bye Brian.” My smile was sincere and his acceptance seemed genuine as to the older man wanting to say good bye properly. I turned and walked from the door leaving it open for them to decide what was proper.

A little while later, about an hour, I heard a knock at the front door as I sat reading one of the books Brenda and I had discussed many times. It was a re read, but I needed to recall the beginnings of our relationship and thought the scenes of the book would hold me to focus on what was only right. “Come in,” I said loud enough to be heard without yelling.

The door opened and in walked Brenda, same outfit as before with one exception, she was a bit rumpled looking. Either she had taken that nap with Brian still clothed or he had rumpled them as he tore them off of her, either way I couldn’t say a word. She closed the door and walked straight over to me, her eyes began to well again with tears. My heart was breaking and she was the one about to cry. “Jerry, I love you, I don’t want to go, but Brian is packing my stuff in the car and we’re about to go.”

I sat frozen in the suspended animation of a bad dream realized or vivid good dream being forgotten. Glancing out the window I saw him place a bag in the car and return to the guest house. I stood up and took her hand to walk her to the door, closed it would provide for a hug without prying eyes. I wrapped my arms around her waist and lifted her against me. There was not thought of sex or even the passions we had shared, only the sorrow of an ending. I kissed her neck gently and whispered, “You better stay in touch Brenda.”

Her head pulled back and she rose to plant a kiss on my mouth, not as deeply passionate as we had found before, but a reminder of things to come as she too whispered, “I’ll be back in these loving

arms again before long Jerry. Thank you for being you, you're a very special man to understand why our fate brought us together and know to let the same fate to allow us to go on with what we must." She pulled away as we heard the footsteps on the walkway beyond the door. I opened it just as Brian walked up, his wife all but crying eyes made him sad as well. She spoke to me, but the words obviously meant for his benefit, "Jerry, you and Jane are very special people. I really can't thank you enough and can only hope that even though we don't work together any more we can stay friends."

I walked with them to the drive way, the car was packed and Brian was ready to hit the road after a quick romp with his wife and no rest. He seemed pleased that she fucked him, but thought nothing of it since he was the only man she had ever had, or would ever dream of wanting. He climbed in as I bid him a safe journey and right there in front of him Brenda gave me a hug, not too tight, not too long, just enough to remind me of how well we fit together. She walked around to her door and climbed in beside her husband as he started the car. I waved as they departed along the lengthy circle drive; I was alone and could feel no joy for their shared lives. I wanted my lover back and couldn't do a thing about it but go on with life as it had been before she blessed me with hers.

The End; or is it?