



Boy Toy 24/7

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By Cassie Exline & Mat Twassel

Boy Toy Wanted for Reality Show: BT247. Stamina first and foremost. Pretty, with dark hair, long tongue, and a lean, mean, very eager 24/7 screwing machine. Willing to do as instructed a must. Refer to #BT247

INTERVIEW IN THE HALL

MY NEWSPAPER AD could not have been out more than a couple of hours, and already a handsome young man was striding resolutely up my sidewalk towards my front door. I smoothed my hair and checked my outfit, my pussy pink silk chemise sans panties from PassionFashion.com. Rodney, if he hadn't run off with some nitwit intern from the box factory, might have even been impressed. I answered the doorbell.

His breath caught. His mouth opened. This boy was perfect, at least as far as I could see so far. Dark wavy hair. Tall and strong-looking. And young, young, young. Twenty-two or -three at most.

"M-Mrs. R-R-Robinson?" he stammered. My almost see-through top was having its effect.

"Come in," I said. "And please call me Rosemary."

He nodded and stepped inside.

"You don't mind if we do the interview in the hallway do you?"

"Um, ah, I guess not. Wh-wh-why?" The young man's eyes flickered from my eyes to my nipples to my eyes.

"Do you always stutter?"

"N-no, ma'am. I mean, no. I'm ... I'm just a little nervous, I guess. This is—"

"I'm sure it is. Why don't we start with your name?"

"S-seth," he said. "Seth."

"Seth," I repeated, testing it with my tongue. "Seth. Good name. Sort of like a sigh. We shouldn't have to change it for the show. Now, tell me, Seth, what piqued your interest in BT247?"

"Did you say BT247?"

"Yes."

"Is that like a code?"

“Why, yes, it is. It’s a code. A secret code.”

“What’s it stand for?”

“If I told you I’d have to kill you.”

“Oh.” His beautiful, limpid eyes opened wide.

“All you really have to know is that there are cameras and microphones everywhere, and they’re always on.”

Seth looked around. “Why are there cameras? Where are they?” Seth looked up at the ceiling. “I don’t see any.”

“They’re for the TV reality show, silly, and they’re everywhere, but they’re hidden. Don’t worry about them.”

“But you said I needed to know...”

“I know. I guess I’m a little nervous, too. Forget about the cameras. Just concentrate on me.”

“I guess I could do that.” He dared to steal a glance at the puff and pout of my pussy just beneath the hem of my chemise. His boyish grin made my knees feel weak.

“You’re very handsome, Seth. Would you mind if I had a look at your cock?”

“My c-c-cock?”

“You’re stuttering again, Seth. Just unzip your pants and take it out like a good boy. We just need to make sure...” I touched the front flap of his jeans. Ran my forefinger up the length of the bulge.

Tentatively, Seth’s fingers worked the zipper. Between the two of us, we had his cock free in a jiffy.

“It’s a beauty, Seth. I like the way it’s growing lurch by lurch. Such a cute little stutter while it fattens up big and strong. Are you excited?”

“I’m...”

“Silly question. I can see by the gleam in the slit of your cock that you are. Do you mind if I take a little taste?”

Before he could answer, I dipped to my knees and flicked the tip of his dick with my tongue. Mm. Mild yet spicy. Like a happy puppy, his penis leapt fully up, nuzzling my nose. I couldn’t resist. I grasped the shaft and stroked, bringing the extra skin straight to my lips, while my tongue tickled the little slit. Soon I had as much of Seth’s cock stuffed in my mouth as it would hold.

Seth moaned.

I looked up, sighting along firm penis flesh. Seth was staring at the ceiling, but not looking for

cameras anymore. A fit of giggles bubbled in my throat as I took Seth in again, sucking hard now, teasing with my teeth, pumping and pulling with my hand.

His hands clasped my head. His fingers twined my hair. His cock fucked my face. Suddenly he shuddered. The velvet soft head of his penis expanded in my mouth. Jolt after jolt of Seth's creamy seed pumped into me. I swallowed it all.

Done, his cock remained proud and upright, not limp and wrinkled like Rodney's spent winkle. I caressed Seth's silky flange with my tongue, and his penis and his body jerked a couple more times. He sighed.

"Very good, Seth. I think you'll do just fine. Let me show you the rest of the house."

THE LIVING ROOM

MRS. ROBINSON'S SLIT was much more interesting than Cindy's. Petals dark and complicated instead of plain and pale. She held herself above me. Her thighs quivered. Her cunt quivered. She opened. I licked. Sweet honey gushed against my tongue, my lips, my mouth. I sipped. I sucked. I swallowed. I couldn't believe it—my best boyhood friend's mother sitting on my face. I drank her into one glorious orgasm after another.

"Let me get you something to drink," she'd told me only fifteen minutes earlier. While she was away I'd explored her living room. On the mantle above the fireplace sat a single framed photograph—her son, Robert, who I'd known until fall of seventh grade, when a stupid hunting accident claimed his life.

"Looking for more cameras?" Mrs. Robinson said as she reentered the room. "You won't find them. They're too well hidden."

"No," I said. "I was just..."

"Why don't you take your clothes off and lie down on the rug?"

"Mrs. Robinson," I said.

"Rosemary."

"Right. Rosemary." I took off my shirt. "I thought maybe..."

"Mm, good, no nipple rings. Call me old-fashioned, but I don't like jewelry on my men. I prefer them au natural, if you know what I mean. I think your nipples are darker than mine. Smaller of course, but darker. Should we touch them together, to compare?"

Mrs. Robinson slipped aside the straps of her chemise. Her breasts were like ripe pears, the tips tilted upwards, the surrounding halos plump and dark and smooth, not shallow and pebbled like Cindy's nipple skin. I thought about Cindy's apple breasts, how I could take one whole in my mouth. Mrs. Robinson's would be more difficult. I'd really have to open wide.

"Lie down now, and I'll get you that drink I promised."

I lay down as ordered, giving her a quizzical look, for her hands held no glass.

"It's me, silly," she said, stepping over me, straddling my face, squatting. "My cunt is so juicy for you. That's it, lick me. Lick me open and fuck me with your tongue. Oh, God, Seth, I'm going to come. I'm going to come already. Oh, Seth!"

I couldn't help it; the thrill of setting her off set me off. I shot, splattering God knows where. Mrs. Robinson didn't seem to mind. She kept coming. My face was soaked with her excitement. When she eased off of me some minutes later, I saw that her face and hair were spattered with my semen.

"I'm sorry," I said.

Mrs. Robinson smiled. "Don't be." And then she kissed me. Our first kiss. And I could taste a little of myself in it, mixed with the flavors of her essence. After I'd been down on Cindy, she wouldn't kiss, but Mrs. Robinson seemed to love her own nectar; we licked and sucked, slurped and swallowed, making a happy mess of each other.

"Maybe now's a good time for us to visit the bathroom," Mrs. Robinson said.

GOOD CLEAN FUN

“**DO YOU HAVE TO PEE?**” I asked Seth. “It’s okay. Don’t be ashamed. It’s a natural thing. Remember what I said—I like my men natural.”

Seth still looked uneasy.

“Worried about the cameras?”

Seth nodded. Shrugged. Nodded again.

“We wouldn’t want our audience to miss anything,” I said. “But that doesn’t mean we can’t edit if we have to.” I gave his butt a good hard swat. “Now, let’s see you tinkle.”

Seth lifted the lid. He took a deep breath. He wagged his penis, but to no avail.

“Maybe if I helped,” I said. I stood behind him and gripped the stalk. It was soft but big, and still a little slippery. “Come on, baby, pee pee pee.”

A dribble trickled out. Then more. Suddenly he was streaming. What a strange thrill! Rodney would never have even let me in the bathroom with him. I aimed Seth around and around the bowl. “That’s good,” I said. “That’s my good boy. Empty it all out. So many bubbles. Bubbles upon bubbles.”

He seemed to be done. I shook him off. I worked the skin up and back a little bit. Sure enough, his penis grew in my hand.

“That was fun,” I told him. “Now it’s my turn.”

I set down the seat and sat on it, Seth’s penis still in my hand.

“Would you like to feel how I go?” I asked him. “You don’t have to. You can just lean forward a little so I can suck you while I pee.”

“I do want to feel you,” Seth said. “I wish I could feel you and you could suck me.”

“We’ll have other chances. There’s an upstairs bathroom, too. For now, why don’t you feel me? I have to go pretty bad.”

Seth knelt. His hand cupped my pussy. His middle finger toyed with my pee place. It tickled. It felt good. I tinkled. I peed onto his palm. While I peed I looked into Seth’s eyes. Something more than lust in them. Something deeper.

“Okay,” I said. “Now we wash. Step into the tub.”

I stepped in behind him. The shower came on cold and sputtery, and I squealed and shivered into Seth’s arms. He held me while the water warmed. Soon it was raining down, hot and comforting.

“Let me wash you,” I said. I squirted gobs of shampoo onto his head. I lathered him until he was a

white beast, not just his head but his chest and arms and torso. I rinsed him and lathered him and rinsed him again. My hands went everywhere. I rubbed the soap over his butt and cock and balls. I thought about jerking him off, but we were having too good a time lathering each other. We washed and washed, giggling like children. I hadn't had so much fun giving a boy a bath since...

Suddenly I shivered.

"What's wrong?" Seth asked.

"Nothing," I said. "We just need to use the conditioner now."

Dutifully, Seth squirted conditioner on my hair and raked his fingers through the strands.

"Let it set for a few minutes," I told him.

We held hands, the hot water pattering off our bodies, the clouds of steam billowing up.

"You know what?" I said.

"What?"

"I had a bad thought," I said. "I deserve to be fucked in the ass."

Seth didn't say anything.

"The conditioner is really slippery," I told him. "Use it on my asshole. And on your cock. Come on, do it!"

I turned away from him and leaned forward, bracing my arms on the edge of the tub.

"I've never duh-done this before. I might hurt you."

"You won't. Trust me."

The goo felt cold on my asshole.

"Work it in now. Push it in with your fingers, as far as you can reach. Oh, yeah, that's it. Now your prick. Fuck your big fat prick into my ass."

I could feel the blunt bulk of it at my opening.

"Yes, baby. Push it in now. Burn it on into me. Fuck it into my hot little asshole. Oh!"

"Am I hur-hurting you?"

"Yes. No. Do it! All the way in."

Oh, he was so big in there. So fat and filling.

“Stay, baby. Don’t move. Just let me ... ah.”

“You’re so tight,” Seth said. “So hot and tight and wuh-wonderful.”

His hands were smoothing my sides, then cupping my breasts, squeezing my nipples. His cock was fucking my ass. It felt so big, so strong, so good. “Yes, yes, yes,” I wailed, wanting to feel him come, wanting him to flood me there, in my ass, the way he’d flooded my mouth. The tide of my own orgasm was coming in, surging, just about to crest, to crash. So good! So full! So hot! So...

“Eeeeeee-Yi-Yi-Yeeee!”

Icy water wrenched shrill screams from both of us. We both reached at once to turn off the water and succeeded only in getting in each other’s way.

“Eeeeeesssh!”

At last the shower stopped. Seth’s cock had slipped out. I swiveled into his arms. We clasped each other, shivering together. A good hard hug.

He said, “Oh, God, that was so...”

“I know,” I answered. “So...”

“Awesomely...”

“Fucking...”

“Cold!”

He was laughing. I was laughing. We were laughing and hugging and shivering.

“Whew!” I said a few moments later. “We do that again, we’re gonna need a bigger hot water heater.”

“Yeah,” he said. “But I sure hope the cameras plowed through the steam. I can’t wait to see the tape of what you looked like when the icy water hit. Boy, did that feel wild!”

“Come on,” I said. I helped Seth step out of the tub. “I may not have enough hot water, but I’ve got acres of big fluffy towels. Let’s get you dry, and then I’ll get you something to eat. You must be starved.”

SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH MRS. ROBINSON

“SO WHAT CAN I FIX YOU? I bet I’ve got stuff for a hero sandwich in here.”

Mrs. Robinson bent forward and peered into her fridge. Her pale blue bath towel didn’t quite cover all her butt. The bottom curves of her ass looked so delicious, I couldn’t quite concentrate on her question.

“Um, sorry. What’s that?”

“Hero? Sub? Hoagie? A po’boy sandwich. What do you want on it? I got all the trimmings. What do you want to eat?”

“You!” I thought about saying. But despite our recent closeness, somehow that seemed a little brash, so I quickly amended it. “How about some of those great oatmeal cookies you used to make?”

I knew right away I’d made a mistake. Mrs. Robinson straightened right up. She turned slowly. She cinched her towel. She took half a step towards me. The refrigerator door was still open. Frost drifted up like smoke.

She looked at me. She stared hard.

“I just...” I started to say.

“Get out! Get out right now! Go!”

“But...” I was trying to think where my clothes were. The bath towel I had on was big, but it wasn’t big enough. “But ... why?”

“Why? Why? Because you know me. You knew me. You knew Robbie.”

“Yeah, I knew Robbie. He was a nice kid. Maybe he was my best friend. I’m sorry he died, but...”

“But nothing. You lied to me. You’re not Seth. I can’t believe I didn’t recognize you. You’re...”

“I am Seth. No one called me that back then. Seth was way too wimpy. Everyone called me by my last name. Kennedy. Ken.”

“They didn’t call Robbie by his last name.”

“Sure they did. Robbie wasn’t short for Robert. It was short for Robinson.”

Mrs. Robinson exhaled. “Even so.”

“Even so what?”

“You were Robbie’s friend. You were his age. You are his age. You must think I ... Oh, I don’t know

what you must think. Fuck. Fuck you, Seth Kennedy. Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you.” Mrs. Robinson started to cry.

It took only a second to cross the kitchen and have her in my arms. She was so small, shaking with sobs. Back when Robbie and I played cowboys and Indians Mrs. Robinson was a head taller than either of us. Ten years ago we were kids. Excited about going into seventh grade. Excited about girls. But we still played kid’s games.

Bang, I got you.

Did not, you missed.

I got you. You’re dead.

Am not.

You’re dead, dead, deader than a doornail.

Boys, stop fighting. Come in for cookies and milk.

Man, those cookies were delicious.

Hey, Mom, what’s a doornail?

“You made the best cookies. I never had any half as good.”

“That’s cuz I used real oatmeal. The Irish steel cut stuff. Not instant.” She sniffed. A tear rolled down her cheek.

Can Ken come hunting with me and Dad?

I think that’s something you’ll have to take up with your father. You know I don’t even approve of you going hunting.

Aw, Mom. If I get a deer I’ll give it to you. You can put the head over the fireplace.

Just what we need, a deer over the fireplace.

“You have any of that real oatmeal? The steel cut kind?”

“No. Sorry. Not even any instant oatmeal.”

“Too bad.” I traced the contour of her cheek. She stiffened but didn’t move away from my touch. I rubbed her bottom lip with my thumb. “Is there anything in here for a growing boy to eat? Something sweet and delectable?”

“Wait. I do have something.” Mrs. Robinson opened the freezer. “Hershey’s kisses. I was going to give them out at Halloween for treats, but Rodney said it’s against the law to give kids anything that isn’t sealed. Can you believe that?”

Mrs. Robinson set the sack of frozen, foil-covered kisses on the countertop. "I could bake you some chocolate kiss cookies. What do you say to that?"

"Mm, sounds good," I said, though Hershey's kisses weren't what I wanted. Then I had an idea. I hoisted Mrs. Robinson up onto the counter. "But what sounds even better is if I make you a chocolate kiss cookie." I peeled back her fluffy towel. I slipped open the plastic sack of candies. I unwrapped the silver foil. I touched the chocolate kiss to her lips.

"Ooh, cold," she said.

"Can you think of somewhere we might warm these babies up?"

"You're not thinking of...?"

"I am."

With Mrs. Robinson leaning back against the cabinet, I nuzzled the chocolate against her sex lips. Up and back I went, until her cunt opened."

"You're so naughty," Mrs. Robinson said. "My big, strong baker man."

"Yes, your big, strong baker man." I stuffed the first chocolate in. "How many kisses do you think your tight little oven will hold?"

"Are you sure this is sanitary?"

"Don't worry. I'll clean you with my lips and tongue, my cock and cum."

"So naughty," Mrs. Robinson sighed.

The first kiss was melting. Chocolate cream oozed up from her sweet, hot hole. I licked a little of it up, swirled it around her clit.

"Oh, Seth," she crooned.

"You can call me Bake," I said. "Short for big, strong baker man." I pushed the second kiss into her cunt. The third I had almost unwrapped. Plenty more in the bag. "Bake cuz it rhymes with shake. And that's what I'm going to give you. A chocolate cum shake."

SKINNY DIPPING

“**THAT WAS SO HOT.** What do you say we cool off in the pool? Get some sun, take a dip, relax?”

“I don’t know, Mrs. Robinson. I d-d-d-don’t have a suit.”

“Very funny,” I said, chiding him. I grabbed his hand and led the way. “You don’t need a suit. We’re skinny dipping. Don’t worry, there’s plenty of privacy.”

“What about the cameras?”

“Plenty of cameras out there, too.”

“Underwater?”

“Especially underwater.”

We padded out to the deck. I dropped my chocolate stained towel and dove in. “Come on in, Sethie.”

He dropped his towel and jumped in. We made our way to the shallow end where we could stand. The cool water hardened my nipples. Seth’s, too.

He was shivering. “It’s cold.”

“Not that cold. You just got to keep active. I do forty laps every day.”

“No wonder you’re in such good shape.”

His hands squeezed my breasts. “Wanna play bobbing for boobies, eh?” I ducked away, and surfaced behind him. When he turned, I splashed him.

“No fair,” he sputtered. “Home pool advantage.”

He made a grab for me, but I ducked down, grabbed his thighs, and fastened my mouth to his penis. I gave him one good hard suck and then came up.

“Good thing I’m not a shark, huh?”

He laughed.

While he was laughing, I splashed him again, then I wrapped my legs around his waist and took one of his nipples between my teeth.

“Mm, tasty,” I said a moment later. “I may have some shark’s blood in me after all.” I circled his second nipple with my tongue.

“My turn,” he said.

“You’ll have to catch me first.” I pushed off, kicking hard, and swam all out to the other end of the pool. I did my fanciest flip turn and came up. Seth was only halfway across, splashing like an old paddlewheeler.

“Hurry up, slowpoke,” I called out. “My nipples want you. My cunt’s all wet inside and out. Hurry up before your dick shrivels up to nothing.”

Treading water, he grinned, then resumed his ardent churn. It occurred to me that it might be fun teaching him to really swim. He had the body for it, lean with strong thighs and broad shoulders—the slim torso, the taut buttocks; all he needed was knowledge.

Teaching could come later. Teasing was too much fun. When he got close, I slipped away. “You’re a seal,” he said. “An otter. When I catch you I’m gonna...”

“What are you going to do, big buoy? That’s b-u-o-y, buoy, not boy!”

He splashed after me. I backstroked to the middle, and there I waited. Waited for my wonderful big buoy toy to catch me.

“**THIS IS A NICE POOL,**” I said to Mrs. Robinson. We were bobbing in the middle, locked together, cock in cunt, bobbing, bobbing, bobbing. Her legs were around my waist. When I looked down I could see her pussy hair rippling. Sometimes she’d lie back and paddle her arms out, sculling the water so it would slosh gently over her breasts, and sometimes she’d sit up, and hug me, and hold me, but our centers would stay anchored together.

“We like it,” Mrs. Robinson said.

“Oh? Does Mr. Robinson swim?”

“Rodney? Hardly.”

“I thought you said ‘we’ like it.”

“Rodney likes it that I have something to keep me busy while he’s skinny dipping his dick into some stupid intern. Do you know where he is right now?”

She looked at me as if she wanted an answer. I shrugged. “Skinny dipping his dick in some stupid intern?”

Mrs. Robinson scowled. Exasperated. Forlorn. I couldn’t not tell her.

I said, “Cindy’s not really stupid, though.”

“Cindy?”

“That’s the name of the intern. She’s not half as stupid as Mr. Robinson if he thinks he’s getting a good deal trading you for her. She’s not half the woman you are. And not a tenth as sexy.”

“Nice of you to say.”

“Trust me. I know what I’m talking about. Cindy is my ... I mean was my girlfriend. I come back from college to find out she’d dumped me for some...”

“Go ahead. You can say it. Some stupid old fart with a lot of money.”

I shrugged.

“Well, I can tell you two things for sure. If she’s after his money, he’s not going to have any when I get through with divorcing his ass. And if she’s after sex, he’s no prize.”

“Looks like they were made for each other.”

Mrs. Robinson smiled. “Can I ask you to do something for me? Can you come in my pool?”

I was confused for only a moment. Her eyes twinkled. Her lips parted. “I want to see,” she said. “I want to see your seed shoot out underwater. And that way, when I’m swimming here a month from now ... a year from now...”

I must have looked doubtful. I’d come so much already today. “Don’t worry, I’ll help,” she said. No sooner had her words left her mouth than her hand encircled my cock. “Such a fine fellow your cock is,” she said, stroking it up and back. “So smooth, so silky. Remember when I held you in the bathroom? Doesn’t that seem like ages ago? Like ancient history?” She worked harder, biting her lower lip, frigging me faster, firmer. It was the excitement in her eyes as much as the motion of her fingers that made me come. “Oh, yes,” she said. “Look at it—lovely ribbons of cum. We did it!” She embraced me, and kissed me, and nearly drowned me in her almost girlish joy.

“Okay, okay,” I said. “Now let’s get out of here.” I hoisted her up into my arms, and somehow I managed to carry her out of the pool and across the deck and into the house.”

THE LITTLE BED WAS JUST RIGHT

SETH'S HAIR WAS STILL DRIPPING when he carried me up the stairs. I had my arms wrapped around his neck. I snuggled into his strong chest. I kissed his shoulders. My big strong boy toy!

“Which way?” he asked.

I could tell from the tone of his voice that he was tired, but I couldn't resist teasing him. “That depends.”

“Depends on what?”

“Which bedroom you want. The master bedroom is straight ahead at the end of the hall. It's got a big king bed and a beautiful view on three sides. The guest bedroom is the door on the left. Queen bed. Never been slept in. Like a virgin. Maybe we should try it. We could pretend we're virgins.”

“What about the door on the right?”

“Robbie's room? No one's been in there since ... since...” I couldn't say it.

“How come you never had more kids?” Seth asked.

Goose bumps sprang up everywhere.

“I don't know. I guess we were just too sad.”

Seth opened the door to Robbie's room. He carried me inside. He set me on Robbie's double bed. Airplanes and race cars on the quilt.

“A little stuffy, but not too bad,” Seth said. He opened the curtains. Wrenched up the windows. Immediately the curtains billowed. A warm breeze blew over my naked skin.

“I don't know if this is a good idea,” I said.

“Okay,” Seth said. “We'll go in the guest room. We'll be virgins for each other. I'd like that. But first there's something I have to tell you.”

“What?”

Seth stood by Robbie's desk. He was staring solemnly at the plastic models, the tidy row of boats, airplanes, and cars. He picked one up, a small, olive green boat, and studied it. “I remember this one,” he said. “Robbie and I made it together. It was a choice of this or the transparent woman. I really wanted the transparent woman, but Robbie said this would be more fitting. See, we hadn't gotten around to painting the numbers on before...” Seth ran his finger gently along the boat's hull. He smiled. A slow, sad smile. Carefully he set the little boat back in place on Robbie's desk.

“Is that what you wanted to tell me? You can have the boat if you want. I'm sure Robbie would be...”

Seth shook his head. “You don’t understand. Robbie and I never had any secrets. Except one. In seventh grade he had a crush on Christie Mayfair. She was the prettiest girl in the class. He told me how hot it was to kiss her. To touch her. He told me how much he loved her.”

“Did he...? Did they ever...?”

“No.” Seth smiled a bashful smile.

“So what was your secret?”

“I told Robbie I had a thing for Patty Wells. It was true, but it wasn’t the whole truth.”

“What was the whole truth, Seth?”

“The person I was really hot for was you. The first time I ever—you know—it was with you in mind. Not something I could tell Robbie. In high school I went out a few times with Christie Mayfair. Most of the time we just talked. We talked about Robbie. Christie was nice, but things didn’t work out between us. I wish she and Robbie could have.... I wish I could have gone along on that hunting trip. Maybe things would have worked out different. Ha! We could have finished the boat.”

Seth was doing something on Robbie’s desk. He was writing in the dust with his finger.

“What’s it say?”

“Nothing.”

“Come on. Tell me.”

“It says...” Abruptly he wiped out the words.

“Why’d you do that?”

“I don’t know. Maybe I didn’t want the TV audience to see. Maybe I wanted just Robbie to see.”

He stepped toward the bed. I clung to Robbie’s quilt. He picked me up, still clutching the little quilt.

“To see what?” I asked.

He carried me to the spare bedroom and lay me down. “We’re virgins now,” he said.

“To see what, Seth?”

“That Seth loves Rosemary.”

He opened the windows and turned to me.

“He does? I mean, you do?”

“I’ll show you.”

“Yes, show me,” I said, opening my arms, my legs. Opening myself to him. Opening myself to his love.

Such a strong boy, but so tired. Side by side we fucked the way breeze billows curtains, the way twilight swallows day. We fucked the way moonbeams bathe lily pads, the way clouds cover the moon. “This is how angels shine God’s shoes,” I whispered, and I kissed Seth’s eyelids. Still inside me, Seth was fast asleep.

Off in the master bedroom the phone was ringing. I slipped away from Seth. He stirred and sighed but didn’t wake. His sweet penis was still slick with my sap. I kissed his shoulder and covered him with Robbie’s quilt. I stood by the bed watching the shape of him under the cover lifting with each slow breath. The ringing had stopped.

But then it started again, and I padded off to answer.

“About the ad in tomorrow’s Sun,” the woman said.

“Tomorrow?” I said. “What do you mean?”

“The want ad you sent in that’s scheduled to start tomorrow. We can’t print it the way it is.”

“I don’t understand.”

“We can’t print ‘screwing machine.’”

“You can’t?”

“I’m sorry.”

“What about ‘fucking machine’? Can you print that?”

“Um, no, I think not. We could probably print ‘sewing machine.’ Would you like to substitute that?”

“You can’t be serious.”

“It was just a suggestion.”

I hung up.

I sat by Seth and stroked him as he slept. Lullabies swam through my mind, but no words left my lips. I remembered the slow tingle which spread across my skin as Seth’s cock calmed my cunt with its slow soothing stroke. I remembered that nothing mattered but this: not the sharp ecstasy of my last orgasm or the sweet promise of the next ... simply the fucking, the fucking pure and simple, the endless goodness of fucking.

“Was that the phone?”

“Go back to sleep, baby. It was nothing.”

“Oh.”

Later, I snuggled in next to him.

Later, we were staring into each other’s eyes.

Later, but not long later, we were fucking. Sweet, simple fucking.

And still later: “Tell me, Seth, tell me why you’re here?”

He chuckled. “Secret. Otherwise you’ll kill me.”

“Tell me your secret.”

“PT109.”

I smiled at him.

“Was I right?”

“Yes, honey. You were right.”

“Are you going to kill me now?”

“Not just yet, honey bunny.”

“Good. Do I win a prize?”

“Yes, love. You win a prize.”

GT

“LET’S GO,” I SAID.

“Where?” she asked.

“A drive.”

“Okay,” she said. “We’ll take my car. You drive.”

She flipped me the keys. Opened the door to the garage. The lights came on.

“Whoa!”

“You like?”

“Whoa!”

“Sometimes I think Rodney married me for this car.”

She pointed at the ’65 Mustang GT Convertible. Turquoise with white trim. Whoa!

“Where’d you get it?”

“It was my mom’s. My dad bought it for her for the day I was born.”

“Neat. Your birthday car.”

“Yeah. Dad used to joke the GT was for Girl Toy.”

The thing moved. Rosemary’s hair blew. She smiled bigger.

“So where we going?”

“My place,” I said.

“You have a place?”

“What’d you think—I crawled out of a hole? Don’t worry, the dishes are done.”

We cruised. The night slipped by. I almost hated to get there.

“What’s this?”

“My place.”

“Seth, you’re kidding. Here? This can’t be real. You live here?”

“All by myself.”

“There must be fifty rooms.”

“Twenty-six, actually. Six are for staff. Eight are our bedrooms. One for every day of the week. Two for Sunday.”

“Holy.”

“Two pools, one in, one out. Maybe you can teach me to swim.”

“Seth, I don’t know what to say.”

“Say you’ll live with me and be my love. Say you’ll teach me to swim. Say you’ll let me drive you everywhere, and you’ll smile just like right now, and the wind will blow your hair, and your dress will billow up, and you won’t be wearing any panties, and you’ll be so wet, so very wet, and just for me.”

“Seth.”

“Oh, wait. I forgot the best part.”

She kissed me. We kissed and kissed.

“Whew!” I said. “Forget about teaching me to swim. Just teach me to kiss like that. I’d like another lesson. Right now, please.”

“First tell me what’s the best part.”

“Okay,” I said, “that was the best part. Kissing you.”

“What’s the second best part?”

“No cameras,” I said. “No cameras anywhere. Just us.”

The End