

Emily Biggs and Ryan Sanders have been rather casual friends starting in junior high and continue to be today. Never bosom buddies, more like casual acquaintances to Emily. Ryan on the other hand has a long term crush on her. Unfortunately for him, she has eyes for anyone but him. Be it male or female.

Neither set of parents are well to do. When Emily and Ryan went for higher education, it was to the local community college. Both parents encouraged their children to study something that would help them earn a good living. Since teenagers know everything, and parents know nothing, Emily earned a degree in Art. Ryan earned a degree in financial history. Upon finishing college, reality bit both of them in the ass. Their degrees are worthless for finding good paying jobs.

After searching for months, Emily found work in a big box home center store working in the paint and wallpaper department. Ryan who wanted to be near Emily was able to land a job at the same store driving the delivery truck. This is where he met coworker Lynne Griffin. The first time he seen her, he briefly forgot his desire for Emily.

Thinking to himself; *What a beautiful woman. She must have been incredibly stunning twenty or thirty years ago. By the looks of her, she's definitely had a couple kids. If she was only twenty or so years younger. Why the hell am I thinking about a woman who's old enough to be my mother. Damn she is beautiful. She moves like an angel with so much style and grace, oh my.*

His attraction towards Lynne never left him. One day while sitting in the lunchroom, she tells him; “I've been eating lunch with with you for over a year now. I see you watch and approach Emily like she's a goddess. You ask her out on a date every week and you always get the same answer, she's busy. She treats you like you're her toy. I hate to be the one to tell you, but she's not your type.”

“What type do you think she's into? I don't see her showing much interest in any of the guys here. So what type is she into? Non coworkers?”

“For the most part, she's not too interested in the male gender. I would have a better chance with her that you ever will. Before you say a word, I have three grown children.”

He looks like someone whacked him up side the head with the 'wake up stupid!' stick.

While still looking at him; “Shake it off kid, it could be worse. So now that your parents moved away; where are you living?”

“I'm living in a SRO.”

“How much is your rent there?”

“A hundred a week.”

“How about your meals and laundry? Are they included?”

“No. They don't allow cooking in the SRO so I eat out. I avoid fast food and I do my laundry at the laundromat. Between those two expenses, that's around hundred and fifty a week.”

“My late husband had insight. I believe he knew something was wrong with him for years before he died. When we originally bought our house, he insisted on mortgage insurance. I was against it because he's young and we don't need that expense. But since he was the main wage earner, he purchased the insurance. When he died six years later, the insurance paid off the house so I own it free and clear.”

“What does that have to do with where I'm living or with Emily?”

“As far as you're concerned, Emily doesn't exist. I have a feel for what kind of person you are. You're a good person. I don't think there's an evil bone in your body. Why don't you move in with me?”

He's looking at her like she has two heads.

“Don't look at me like I'm a cougar. That is not what I have in mind. The last of my children moved out a few years ago. I'm living alone in a three bedroom house. You can have your own room, we split the grocery bill and you pay me seventy five dollars a week. That'll give you access to the entire house, including the washer and dryer. There's also Wi-Fi and cable TV in your room. My bedroom is not part of your access.”

Ryan looks like a smile is starting to come across his face; “Whats going to happen when your boyfriend finds me living there? I really don't need my ass kicked by a jealous boyfriend. I'm a lover not a fighter and I don't think I'm any good at either.”

“Nothing is going to happen because I don't have a boyfriend. Being a slightly overweight, post menopausal woman, a man in my life is not a high priority. On the rare occasion a man seems interested in me, my radar flares up. In this age of scams, all I can think of is why is this guy hitting on me? Is he looking for me to support him? Clean out my savings? No thanks. I've heard too many horror stories about scam artists targeting widows.”

Ryan goes into hyper thinking mode; *'OMG! This woman kills off any hope of Emily and then invites me to live with her? I could be having dinner and breakfast with this beautiful woman everyday! Compose yourself. Don't frighten her.'*

“You really won't mind?”

“Not at all. Living by myself in a big empty house is not good. It costs me the same to heat and air condition the house whether there's one person or two living there. Besides, you're one of the few people here that doesn't come to work Monday mornings with a hangover so I know you're not a party animal. Do I have to worry about you wanting to bring girlfriends into my home?”

“No you don't. My love life has been on hold. As a matter of fact, its never got started.” His face instantly turns red.

She smiles; “Wow. That was way too much information. I'm glad we're the only ones in here.”

Lynne feels it's time to lighten the mood; “You don't eat lobster or prime rib do you?”

“No. I'm too cheap to eat expensive food like that. I'm more of a chicken, stuffed pork chops and meatloaf kinda guy.”

“With homemade mashed potatoes?”

With a smile on his face; “With cream style corn, peas or almost any vegetable. Anything except frozen peas, they're terrible.”

She smiles, then her move that sets him into motion. She places her right hand on his. It's warm and he swears this woman suddenly has a glow about her. He feels his face turning red and feels the electric from her flowing through his body.

Her voice resonates in his soul when she says; “It seems we have a lot in common.”

She feels attraction towards him and wonders if this really is the best thing to do. But then again, how could it be bad? He's over 21 and a legal adult in every state.

Ryan moves in with Lynne that Saturday. It was an easy move because he doesn't possess much beyond a large suitcase containing his clothes, a portable radio, a laptop computer and a plastic shopping bag with his personal belongings.

It's late that afternoon and she's going to prepare dinner when she has an urge to have her new housemate closer.

She calls upstairs; “Ryan? Could you come down here please?”

“I'm just putting my things away. I'll be right down.”

Less than a minute later, he's fully clothed and stocking footed entering the kitchen; “Is there something I can do for you or help with?”

“As a matter of fact, that's why I called you. I presume you don't cook.”

“Only toaster pastries and things I could cook in the toaster oven at work.”

Her smile goes right to his heart. Their feelings are mutual; “I'm going to teach you the joy of cooking for two. We're having breaded chicken strips with french fries and green beans. The fries are in the oven. The skillet is heating, the can of green beans are in the pot slowly heating. Now here's how you cut the chicken. We're using the breasts because they're easy to prepare.”

While trying not to look at her chest, a shiver of heat flows through him.

She makes her first cut and sees her housemate looks lost; “I think a different tactic is in order. Since you're taller, stand behind me. Put your head next to mine so you're looking over my shoulder. Reach around with your arms so I can put my hands on yours.”

Nervously he does as instructed. Now he's almost ear to ear with her. He couldn't get any closer without touching; “I won't bite you if we touch. You'll see much better if we do. I'm not afraid of a mans touch. Remember, I was married before.”

He gently presses against her back, the sides of his arms touch the sides of her chest. The magic starts when the side of his face touches hers.

Up until now, she could feel the nervous tension coming from her guest. Once their faces touch, they both rapidly inhaled and held their breath. A few moments later, they both exhale a sigh of relief. Something exciting is flowing between them. She grasps his forearms.

Moments later, Lynne regains her self control; "You can start breathing now. This lesson is going to fail if you turn blue and pass out from holding your breath."

Ryan has so many emotions flowing right now, he's not sure what to do. He has this beautiful woman in his arms. The hell with the fact she's twenty five years older than him. What should he do now? Damage control or let instinct take over.

He starts acting without thought or self control. Slowly he pulls his hands backward, causing Lynne to tighten her grip on his forearms. He moves his hands to her abdomen. After a brief pause, he ever so gently tightens his grip on her midsection, gently forcing her backwards, tighter against him. She stiffens to attention instantly while wondering; *'what's he going to do next?'*

She feels the warmth of his breath on her neck while feeling his head turn.

Thinking; *Is he going to kiss my neck? Oh please do it! I can't stand this!*

He can't stop himself from placing his lips on her right ear and stops breathing. Gently, opening and closing his lips trying to prevent from kissing his willing captive. To his surprise, self control fails. The gentle kiss happens.

Slowly he moves his face and gently releases his captive; "I am so sorry. I'm not sure what came over me. I must have had the feeling you were about to fall."

She turns slightly; "I suddenly became a little light headed there for a moment. Thank you for not letting me stumble. Besides, it felt good to be held by a man. It's been a long time."

She slowly pulls away slightly, turns face to face with him; "Shall we continue without the lesson?"

Ever so gently, Ryan places his hands on her hips while slowly stepping backward until his hands drop; "Ah perhaps you can show me later. Something came over me and I think we better do this another time."

She brushes her hair back with her forearm and lets out with what almost sounds almost like an exhausted voice; "Yeah. Something came over me too. Maybe we're both coming down with something. Probably the same thing."

Both of them are thinking; *'whatever we're coming down down with, I want it to get here fast.'*

While speaking, some of her medium length hair fell again, partly covering her left eye. Because she's handled the chicken, she tries to blow the fallen hair from her eye and using her forearm again. He gently places his left hand on hers face. Unexpectedly, she leans into his hand as he brushes the hair away using his right hand.

While staring into each others eyes for what seemed like an eternity, she slowly starts to turn while he gently lowers his hand; not doing it rapidly because he wants to savor every moment.

While Lynne slowly turns, she too wants to savor the feeling of his touch. She continues to make dinner while instructing him with giving warm glances every few moments. Because Ryan doesn't feel he's in total control of his feelings, he's sitting at the kitchen table watching her every move with a smile on his face. To both of them, there's an unrealized growing romance in the air.

During dinner, a quarter bottle of wine is consumed. The talk became more open.

Without warning, the front door opens and a woman around Lynne's age enters and sees Ryan; "Hello neighbor. Aren't you going to introducing me to your new friend? Overnight guest may I presume?"

"Ryan Sanders, meet Stacy Spillman. We've been neighbors for decades and we have keys to each others homes. Ryan is renting a room because he's going to be living here. In the future, would you mind ringing the doorbell before coming in? I wouldn't want you to catch him in an unflattering moment."

He turns red as a beet when Stacy lets out; "What kind of unflattering moment could that be? Walking around the house naked? By the looks of him, I wouldn't complain seeing him in the buff."

Now Lynne is as embarrassed as Ryan is; "Being a guest in Mrs Griffin's home, I do not wish to appear rude by not being filly clothed. An example right now would be I'm embarrassed because I don't have my shoes on and that is compounded when you as a guest entered."

Stacy shoots Lynne a devilish look; "This is nothing personal, but can Lynne and I talk alone?"

"I'll put my shoes on and go outside."

Lynne is unhappy with that idea; "No. You're a guest in my home. Stacy and I can talk in the basement."

The two women went downstairs. As soon as Stacy's feet hit the basement floor; "I never knew you were a cougar. Oh my gawd woman. What is he, your daughters age? In his mid twenties? Have you had him yet? If not; how long are you going to wait? I wonder what bedroom skills he has."

"Wait for what? He's my paying rent house guest. There's nothing more than that."

"Bullshit. Do you think I'm blind? I've known you for thirty years. The last time I seen you looking at a man like that, you were looking at John, bless his soul. And before you tell me he's not interested in you, you're lying to yourself because you're ignoring the look in his eyes when he looks at you."

"You really think so?"

"Damn! You're a widow, not dead. How long has it been for you. You know, since you've had a man?"

Now the flood of emotions is beginning; "John died twenty five years ago. He was too sick from the radiation and chemo to do anything for months before he died. Do you think I'm trying to replace John with this young man?"

"Good grief lady. Nobody could replace John. You need to understand you're a woman with emotions.

You have normal sexual desires and needs. Besides, I wouldn't kick him out of bed for eating crackers.”

Wiping away the tears and sniffing while starting to grin; “I don't know if he even likes crackers.”

“Listen, you've been through the change so you can't get pregnant. There are no rings on either hand so I take it he's not married. Let things happen or worst case, not happen, for a while anyway. But I'll bet something is gonna happen soon.”

“I guess your right. I hope you're right. I don't want to get aggressive and chase him away. I only asked him to rent a room here just to have him as a companion in the house was all I was looking for. I'm not really looking to get him in bed.”

“Sure you're not, and bears don't shit in the woods. Listen, if you don't want him; send him over to my place. I'll give him free rent.”

Lynne is starting to get annoyed; “Oh you just don't get it.”

“What don't I get? Well I haven't gotten any lately. It has been a couple of months now. That last guy Paul went back to his wife. He was only looking for a break from the same old humdrum.”

Lynne almost knocks her friend over with; “And before you ask, he doesn't have a girlfriend. I don't think he's ever had one. He told me in not so many words he's a twenty five year old virgin. ”

“What!?! He is?! He hasn't!?! Holy shit! If you won't have him, send him over to my place.”

“He didn't say it exactly outright, but there's no doubt in my mind he's a virgin.”

“OMG! Wow. That's good and bad.”

“I think I know how it might be bad, but good? How's that?”

“Bad because of the possible emotional complications. You would be his first woman. That could be a life long emotional bond. Good because you don't have to worry about catching any diseases. At our ages, the last thing either of us need is an STD.”

“STD? Jesus Stace, I never gave anything like that the slightest thought. If that's where your mind is, it's time for you to leave. I'll talk to you tomorrow.”

The two women came up stairs to see Ryan washing the dishes. Stacy lets out with; “There's a man who does dishes for his woman. I wonder what else he's willing to do for her.”

He gave a nervous smile while turning red faced. Lynne can't get the front door open fast enough to get rid of her neighbor.

After she left; “I'm sorry, Stacy has an issue. She puts her mouth in gear and not her head.”

“No apology is needed. If you don't mind, I'm not much of a drinker. The wine we had during dinner is making me want to sit down. My I use the sofa? We can watch some TV if you would like.”

In her mind; *He want's me to sit on the sofa with him? He's not running to his room to get away from me? Oh shit. I better not screw this up.*

“Yes, I would like that very much. I'll be there in a moment.”

Her inner self is talking again; *Should I go upstairs and change into something more comfortable? Like maybe a shear nightgown and only my birthday suite underneath? No no no, too obvious. Remove the shoes, sit down on the other side and relax.*

Which she does. After a few minutes; “I usually don't sit like this on the sofa. Would you mind if I get comfortable?”

“Not at all. This is your house, I'm only a guest. I'll move to the other side if you prefer. I'll do whatever you need me to do.”

“You're fine where you are. I'm only going to move over a little.”

She got up and laid down on the sofa with her feet on his lap. Totally relaxed, a few moments later, he starts massaging her bare feet, she enters a state of bliss. When one foot is completely relaxed, she moves her feet so he has easy access to her other.

Speaking in a relaxing voice; “I watched a few videos on how to do this. I figured someday I may need to know how to do this if I ever get to be with a woman.”

Without slowing down, panic sets in; “I'm sorry. I didn't mean it the way it sounded. My mind was drifting.”

“Don't give it a thought. After being on my feet most of the day, please continue if you don't mind. I'm really enjoying the massage.”

Ten minutes since the massaging started, she asks; “Do you mind if I change positions? I don't like laying like this on the sofa.”

“I'll sit over there if you want.”

“No no no, don't move. I'll use your lap as a pillow if you don't mind.”

*What the hell did I just say!?! I don't know if I just scared the shit out of him or he's in shock. I better move fast and keep quiet before I say something to kill the mood.*

“I don't mind at all. As long as you're comfortable in your home is all that matters to me.”

He's thinking; *She's getting so close, I hope I don't get aroused. I'll die from embarrassment if I do.*

She first lays on her back with her head turned toward the TV. That lasts less than a minute. Then it's lay on her right side with her head lying on her right arm. She's thinking; *What do I do with my left arm and hand?* She put those on his left thigh, slightly above the knee.

Now he's in a quandary because he's never been so close to a woman before. His right arm and hand go on the arm of the sofa. He's thinking; *Where do I put my left hand? Her left shoulder should be safe, I*

*hope.* He gently places his hand slightly below her shoulder. She doesn't move. *Relief! I didn't frighten her!*

A few moments went by when using her left hand, she swats her hair from her face. It fell back instantly. Every couple of moments, her actions with her unruly hair are repeated. Seeing this woman with her head resting in his lap is having difficulty, he decides his assistance is needed. Without thought, his right hand leaves the security of the sofa and gently combs her hair with his fingers. When finished, he leaves his hand in place, on her head.

*What the hell did I just do? What the hell am I doing? Oh shit! She's going to bounce me out on of here! Where's my other hand? Oh shit! It's resting on her hip! I wonder how fast I can pack and find a motel room when she throws me out.*

In her warm voice; “Thank you. I was too comfortable lying here to fix my hair so it stay's out of my face. By the way, you better calm down. Your heart is beating so loudly, I can here it pounding. I also notice you have warm and soft hands.”

She places her left hand on top of his that's already resting on her thigh and grasps it. Subconsciously he goes into autopilot. He couldn't stop himself from stroking her hair with his right hand; “It seems like the right thing to do and I find it comforting. I'm glad you do to.”

“Have you ever done anything like this with someone you cared about before? You know, provide her with comfort in her time of need?”

After a moment of hesitation; “No. I've never had anyone I've ever cared for before tonight. Oh! I'm so sorry. I didn't mean that to come out! It was a Freudian slip. I didn't mean to offend or frighten you. I'm sorry.”

She turns so she's laying on her back, looking at him while they're now holding hands as he continues to stroke her hair; “There was no offense taken. How can a woman have offense when a man shows her compassion? It feels good to be in a mans hands.”

*Did she say compassion? Was she thinking of passion?*

The urge to bend over and kiss her is overwhelming. If she wasn't so close where he could easily bend over, he would. What he doesn't know is she wishes he would give her that romantic show of affection. Perhaps foolishly or not, he uses the tip of his right index finger to rub the surface of her lips.

While they're looking into each others eyes; “My ... I didn't mean to” he caught himself; “Excuse me. I need to use the bathroom. All the liquid I've had this afternoon and evening is getting to me.”

While sitting up, her right hand goes to his lap; “Yeah, me too.”

Up she went and disappeared to the bathroom. Several minutes later; “Your turn. Don't forget to put down the toilet seat.”

“I will never do anything to harm you or make you displeased with me.” Off he goes.

He returns a minute later; “That was some good wine we had at dinner. Does wine stay good in the



fridge?”

She has the warmest smile; “There's about two glasses left. Would you like to have a glass with me?”

“Oh yes.” He's thinking; *After this evening, I need something before I rattle myself apart.*

After they consumed the wine while talking; “If you don't mind, I'd like to take a shower. Since this is your house, should you go first.”

“You're my guest so you go first. There's plenty of towels up there. I left an extra on your bed also. I'll shower after you.”

To his room he went and undressed. Wrapped a towel around himself and carefully, walks down the hall past Lynn's bedroom. He could hear the muffled sound of shoes hitting the floor. His mind is wandering where perhaps it shouldn't.

Once in the bathroom he shut the door. *Should I lock it? That may seem rude. She'll know I'm in here by the water running. Besides, she knows I'm showering first.*

Adjust the water, throw the towel on the toilet and enter. Apply shampoo and start washing the hair, then the face and continue working down.

Suddenly a blast of cool air hits his body from behind, then her voice; “I hope you don't mind. I want to wash my hair and I thought you would be the perfect person to give me a hand, or two.”

“If you wouldn't mind, I really need to rinse my hair and get the soap out of my eyes first. Once I dry and get appropriately covered, I'll be glad to help you.”

He's thinking; *Help wash her hair? I'm naked in your shower!*

While rinsing, he hears the shower door close so he yells over the top of the shower; “Thank you for keeping in the heat.”

From directly behind; “Sorry about the cold air. Now I need to wet my hair so we can get started.”

He turns and his fantasy of what she looks like nude became far better than he imaged. This is the first time in his life he's seen a woman naked.

With shampoo bottle in one hand, she leads him to one side so she can get under the shower head; “Once I get my hair wet, do you know what to do?”

He couldn't say a word other than smile and shake his head. With her backside to him, she massaged her hair under the shower to get it wet; “Okay, put on some shampoo on my hair and let your fingers do their magic.”

Ryan gently washed her hair. He stands in shock while she's rinsing.

When finished, she reaches over and grabs the bar of soap; “Since I haven't showered yet, can you give me a hand or two? Now where would you like to start?”

Several minutes later, they left the shower when the hot water starts running cool. When the drying process was complete, he dropped his towel first. She followed immediately afterward. Hand in hand she led him down the hall. The next hour plus was emotional and psychical discovery of each other. There wasn't a inch of each others body that wasn't explored by the other.

Sometime later, after several calls to her phone went unanswered, they hear a female voice making haste coming up the stairs; "Mom? Are you okay? Why aren't you answering your phone? Is everything alright? Did you fall or something?"

A woman around his age enters the bedroom; "I'm fine Rose. Please don't open the blinds or turn on the light. I need a few minutes do arrange things first."

"It's dark in here. Are you alright? I've been calling and you didn't answer your phone."

She flips on the light switch and turns. The surprise guest sees her mother in bed with a man her age. Both of them are covered with a single sheet. She stands looking her mother with surprise and almost disgust; "What's this?! You hookup with a gigolo? I don't know who are, but you're done here. Leave now."

Mom Lynne is not pleased; "Who the hell are you to judge the people I invite into my home? It so happens we're in love. If that's unacceptable to you; get out of my house. Otherwise allow us to get dressed. We'll be downstairs in a few minutes."

Daughter Rose looks like she's in shock and about to cry. Ryan needs to step up; "Please don't say things to hurt your mother. I don't want to see the woman I love being harmed. Even if it's by her own daughter. If Lynne wants me to leave her home, I will pack up, leave and never come back. In any event, you need to give her the opportunity and courtesy to get dressed and explain if she wants to."

Lynne turns over to face Ryan; "You said you love me. You're not just saying that are you?"

A look of extreme sadness cascades over his face for a moment; "I have never been more serious about anything in my life. I love you with all my heart. That's all I can say."

With arms folded, Rose has to make a comment; "Oh brother. What a line of bullshit. Is that how he seduced you? He spots a single mature woman and wooed you with his slick line of bullshit?"

Now furious; "You don't know a goddamn thing of how we met or how long we've known each other."

Off goes the sheet. While standing full frontal nudity facing her daughter; "Are you going to stand in my way or can I get dressed?"

"You shaved yourself for him!?"

"If you have a problem with anything I do, get out of my house and don't let the door hit your ass on the way out."

Rose left the bedroom in a huff. Moments later, they hear her downstairs on the phone calling her siblings.

“She's my youngest. She's twenty five and prone to over acting.”

Now sitting nude on the bed; “To save your family, I'll leave and find a place to stay. Perhaps someday we can be together again.”

“Do you want to leave?”

“No because I've fallen in love with the most wonderful woman in the world. I really, honestly and sincerely love you. We've made amazing love. I want us be together forever. But if doing so will destroy your family, I'll do whats best for you.”

“You don't have an issue with our age differences? You do understand I'm past my child bearing years don't you?”

“I didn't know our ages or bearing children has anything to do with our falling in love.”

“Good, then you're going nowhere. You're in my best interest. My children need to have a reality check. Now put on your sweat pants and shirt. I need to fix my children ... again.”

End of chapter one