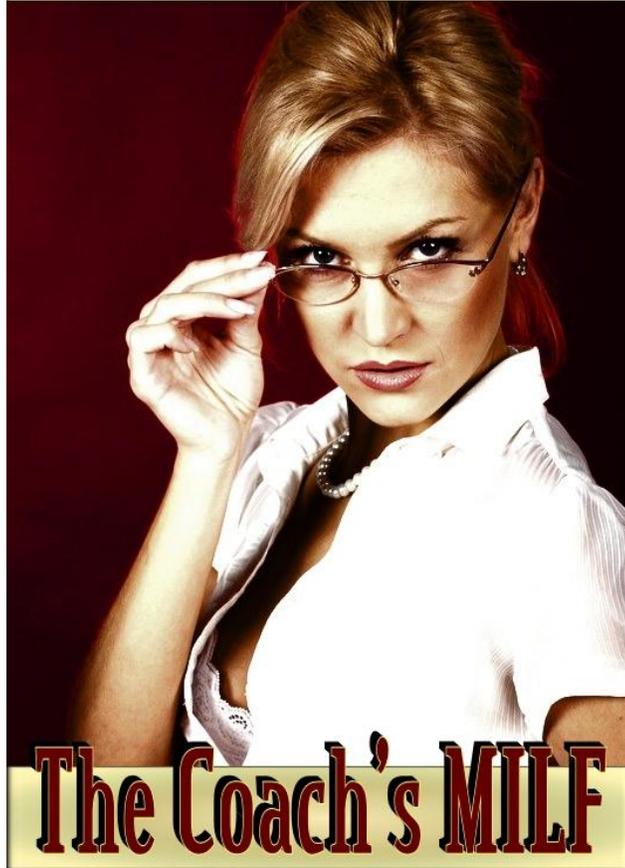


Brandie Buckwine



The Coach's MILF

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By

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The tingle, which moments ago resembled only a feather across my skin, reverberated through my senses. I neared my release, grasping for something to hold me in the moment as the invisible tongue pushed me closer. This was it— the experience I hardly recognized after a decade of absence. A glove of ecstasy encased my body as unfamiliar sounds of pleasure raced to my vocal cords. My back arched as the sound hit the air- beep, beep, beep, beep.

Instead of hurtling into bliss, I slid into consciousness, the piercing sound of the alarm mocking my pain. Another dream leaving me damp with need. The nightly cruelty of my mind played hell on my daily life, flashbacks robbing me of focus, whisking away the creativity needed to complete familiar tasks.

If you think I sound overly dramatic, let me explain. My sexual drought recently passed the ten-year mark. I'm not sure how it got to this point, unless I break down all the little variables that go into the equation, to which the answer equals zero sex and recurring, unfulfilled fantasies in my slumber. To understand, one would need a background in psychology, as well as math. I didn't want to do the depressing math.

In the steam of the shower, I decided to overlook those elements and fix the problem, regardless of the root. Though time stole the bloom from this rose long ago, and it was quite possible that those ten years might stretch into numerous decades, I had to admit that if I wanted things to change, I had to make the change myself. Waiting around for something to happen wouldn't get me any closer to getting laid.

The first step in putting myself back on the market involved updating my physical appearance. To say I 'let myself go' was an understatement. Over a year had passed since I last tried to hide the grey in my hair, plucked my eyebrows into something other than a 70s, 'natural' look, or donned anything other than comfy stretch pants. Two hours at the Mane Event saw my grey gone, my long hair auburn again, and coiffed, my eyebrows tamed, my face exfoliated, and my nails manicured.

"You clean up pretty good for a forty-six year-old woman," my stylist teased.

“Forty-five,” I corrected. “I still have a few months till I see the dark side of my forties.”

“Well, you don’t look a day over thirty-five.”

I rolled my eyes as I wrote the check. Several hours later and my pocketbook much lighter, I had clothes intended to turn some heads, but not stop traffic. Jeans that buttoned and couldn’t be labeled *mom jeans*, blouses that (gasp!) showed my shape, and a pair of boots with heels. I even splurged on some new make-up. The old stuff showed the same signs of aging I did, minus the grey hair.

Parent appreciation night at my son’s football game would be the scene of my first venture into society as the new, improved me, not that I would find any desirable, single men there, but I sure as hell wasn’t going bar hopping. The whole idea of me masquerading as a woman had me a bit giddy. I could tell by the comments from my son’s friends after my makeover excursion that I was on the right track. However, teenage boys were not my target audience.

“Whoa, Mrs. Andrews,” Taylor said, looking up from the Xbox when I got home, “you look hot!”

“Definite MILF,” Brandon nodded in agreement. I tried to let the MILF comment go over my head, like I didn’t know what it meant.

“There’re a couple of pizzas on the counter,” I said over my shoulder.

Jake lit into his friends for calling his mom a ‘mother I’d like to fuck’ as I headed up the stairs to put my loot away. He wasn’t far behind me.

“Mom, what’s up with all—” he looked around at the bags on my bed, and finally, at me, “this?”

“You don’t like it?”

“No, I mean, I do. You look really pretty and all, I’m just wondering, why the sudden change?” That was my little Jake. Change made him anxious.

“Well, your mom has decided it’s time to start dating again. You’re a junior now, and I haven’t dated since you were in first grade. I think it’s time, don’t you?” I cut the tags from a pair of jeans.

“You mean since *Mike*? I hope if you’re going to date someone, you pick someone better than *Mike*.”

The mention of the name, and the venom with which Jake enunciated the one syllable sent waves of anger and pain through my body. I couldn’t look at him right away, and I focused on the pink Victoria’s Secret bag instead, willing my tears back into my eyes. Finally, I walked over to my son and put my hand on his arm.

“Sweetie, I will never bring another person into this house that will hurt you.” I ran my hand up his muscular arm, “Besides, you’re strong enough to beat the crap out of anyone who lays a finger on you.” I looked up at him and smiled.

“Yeah, well what if this time, some guy tries to beat on *you*?”

“Jakey, Mike was a fluke. It’s not like I go for abusive guys. I still don’t know how he got through, and trust me, if I knew what he would do to you, I never would have gone out with him.” The guilt I harbored for so many years came bubbling back to the surface, and I reconsidered the deconstruction of the wall I built to protect my child.

Jake pushed my hand away. “Jesus, Mom, you were going to marry the guy! How can you get that close to someone and not know how deranged they are?”

I reached for his face and ran my thumb along the permanent scar under his eye. A flashback of Mike punching my first-grader in the face hit me like a baseball bat to the gut. The sting of tears gathering behind my eyes made me breathe deep. “I don’t know, Baby. They say love is blind, and I was blind to any warning flags.” I ran my hand down his cheek. “You know how sorry I am, right?” We’d been through this over the years, just like routine check-ups, but the timing remained unpredictable. I always convinced myself he was over it.

“I know you are, Mom.” He pulled me into his arms and hugged me tight, and my tears escaped their barriers. “It’s not your fault and I’m sorry I upset you. I just worry

about someone hurting *you* next time. If someone did, I don't know what I'd do to them."

My heart swelled with pride at my protective son. He'd grown up physically strong, but emotionally, he was forever vulnerable to sneak attacks of his past. "No one would dare hurt me, not with you to answer to." I kissed his cheek and pushed him away. "Besides, your mama can take care of herself. You'd better go get some pizza, before Brandon and Taylor eat it all." I ushered him to the door, but he turned to face me.

"I love you, Mom. You need to find yourself a nice guy. Just be careful." He smiled and turned toward the stairs.

"I love you, too, sweetie."

I returned to putting my new things away, wondering if I would be able to tell the deranged from the nice guys. I went with my gut last time, and that didn't go so well.

~

Laura pointed to some seats at the bottom of the stadium. "There, those are close to the steps," she said, beginning her descent. We took our seats beside the gate to the field. The early October evening held the promise of a damp chill in the hours to come, and I balled my blanket into my lap.

"I still can't get over how different you look," Laura said, offering me one of her nachos. "I barely recognized you!"

"Oh please, it's not that drastic. So I dyed my hair and put on something other than sweats. Nothing extraordinary."

"No, it's more than that, Holly. It's your attitude, sort of like you're screaming, 'Look at me! I'm hot. Come fuck me!' I need that kind of attitude."

I turned and smiled at the scowling, elderly woman behind us, and Laura dropped

her nachos, face down to the concrete in front of her feet.

“Shit! Would you look at that? I’m such a klutz.” Laura didn’t care who she offended.

The announcer called Jake’s name, so I rose to go down to the field. As I passed Laura, my new high-heeled boots found her nachos and I slipped onto my ass. A man in the row ahead of us helped me to my feet while Laura smeared the cheese down my leg with her one napkin.

Mortified, I passed through the gate and joined my son, swiping at pieces of chips along the way. He handed me a red rose, scrunched his face up at my nacho jeans, then took my arm and walked me to our place in line. His helmet smacked against his hip pads as we walked. The head coach sneered at me, while the assistant coaches didn’t bother to hide their chuckles.

“What happened to you?” he asked once we passed them.

“Laura and her nachos,” I said.

“She thought they’d look better on you than in her?”

“Very funny.”

After a lengthy speech about parent involvement creating successful students, athletes, and eventually adults, Jake walked me back to the gate.

“Have a good game, honey.”

He shook his head and walked away. After a moment of regret that the days of taking pleasure in embarrassing my son, just by being his mom, were over, I returned to my seat. Taylor and Laura weren’t far behind.

“Aren’t you going the bathroom to clean that off?” Laura asked.

“Are you kidding? If I wash it off, I’ll get all wet and freeze my ass off.”

After the team’s eighth consecutive win, which qualified them for State, I waited outside the school for my son, holding my blanket, and broken rose. Laura again. Before

any of the students came out, Mr. Flack, the offensive coordinator walked through the door, one of the ones who laughed openly at my cheese-covered derriere.

“Mrs. Andrews,” he approached, smiling. Jake once told me that Mr. Flack played college ball for Nebraska, and his firm, muscular build made it easy to believe. He checked me out, from head to toes, and the inspection left me tingling. *Too bad he’s so young.*

“I wanted to talk to you about Jake. Do you have a minute?”

I shrugged off my ‘horny old lady’ guise and returned to the ‘Jake’s mom’ persona. “Yes, I do. I’m just waiting to see if Jake’s coming with me or going with his friends.”

Mr. Flack took me by the elbow and guided me away from the door. His light touch sent a message of need to my core, which promptly answered with moisture.

“What are Jake’s plans for college, Mrs. Andrews?”

“You can call me Holly.” It came out before I could stop it. “He hasn’t really settled on anything. Why do you ask?” His eyes, the color of dark chocolate, perfectly matched his curly hair. I cocked my head to the side and looked deeper. Flecks of gold surrounded his pupils, a strange contrast to the dark pools that contained them.

“Is everything okay, Mrs. An—” he caught himself, “um, Holly?”

“Hmm?” It took a moment for his question to sink in. “Everything is fine. You have beautiful eyes, Mr. Flack.” We both blushed, he at the compliment, and me at my inappropriateness.

“Cory,” he said.

“Cory what?” I asked, trying to pull myself from my embarrassing trance.

“Cory Flack.”

My stare relaxed enough to see that he was looking back at me with concern. Now, I was completely flustered. “Sorry,” I said, giving my head a shake for some clarity. “Not sure where I wandered off to.”

He chuckled, but continued. “Well, I think, if Jake can bring his grades up a bit, he could get some decent scholarship offers for college. He’s a good player. Did you know that he broke the school’s record for rushing yards tonight?”

“Yeah, they announced it.” I said, my mind returning to that moment and my face flushing again, this time with pride. “That would be great. He’s got a small college fund, but it won’t get him very far.”

“A few of the college scouts asked about him this year. They were obviously impressed, but if Jake wants their attention his senior year, he needs to bring his GPA up.” Two boys walked out the door, still wet from their showers. Cory waited until they passed. “Maybe we could discuss his prospects over dinner?”

My mind reeled. Had this young buck just asked me out, or were his motives strictly about helping his student? “Or I could just come to your office after school,” I suggested.

“You don’t want to go out to dinner?” He confirmed that I wasn’t jumping to conclusions.

“Cory— Mr. Flack, I’m old enough to be,” I stopped. I wasn’t anywhere near old enough to be his mother, but I was definitely older than he was. “Your older sister,” I finished, fully aware that my argument wasn’t a strong one. Even though the man had me imagining myself bent over his desk while he pummeled me from behind, my intentions were never to become the town cougar.

“Um, Holly?” He was perplexed. “How old do you think I am?”

I didn’t have his age pinpointed, but I figured him to be in his mid to late thirties. “I don’t know. Not as old as I am, that’s for sure.”

A few more boys exited the locker room, and we waited for them to pass out of earshot. “You must think you’re ancient. I’m forty-one, not that it really matters, and it’s just dinner.”

Color again rushed to my face. I struggled for something to say, but my son saved me, exiting the locker room doors with the head coach.

“Mom. I’m glad you’re here.” He looked past me and yelled. “See ya, Coach Martin.” Then to me, “I’m going over to Brandon’s house tonight. A bunch of guys are bringing their Xboxes so we can all play Call of Duty against each other.” His eyebrows drew close as he looked over my shoulder. “Hi Coach Flack.”

“Hey there, Jake. Good game tonight, son.”

“Thanks, Coach. Is that okay, Mom?”

“Yeah, as long as it’s okay with Brandon’s parents.”

“It is. I’m gonna stop by the house to grab my system and some chips, okay? We’re all supposed to bring food.”

“Take some fruit, too,” I called after him, but he was already jumping in Taylor’s car.

A burst of warm air by my ear startled me before Cory said, “Looks like you have the night off.”

I turned to him, and the look on his face made me think he might be picturing *me* bent over his desk. “So it seems,” I said, studying him closely for more hints of his intentions.

“We could go to your place first,” he said.

“Excuse me?” I asked, a little shocked.

“I figured you’d want to get out of those clothes as soon as possible.”

I backed away and put my hands on my hips, my hopes dashing against the concrete under my feet. “Boy, you are a piece of work. Sure you want to talk about Jake— just as soon as you have me naked? Will you mention him as you run out the door?”

Cory held his hands out to stop me. “Hold up there. I just thought you’d want to change out of your cheesy jeans before we went anywhere. I’m not trying to get you naked.” Then he mumbled, “yet.”

I looked to my feet as the sting of humiliation flushed my cheeks. My shoulders

slumped, I took a deep breath, and looked into his chocolate eyes. “Listen, I’m sorry, Cory. It’s been a long time since I played the game, and I don’t know how to act. If you’d like to come over for a drink or something, that would be nice. I’m not much up for going out tonight.”

When he smiled, I was reassured. “Sure. That would be nice. Should I follow you? I’m parked right here.” He pointed to a Jeep.

“Yeah, I’ll grab my car and meet you back here.”

“Do you want me to drive you?”

“No, thanks. It’s just over there,” I pointed toward the field.

As I walked away, my mind chased my thoughts in circles. My first attempt to re-enter society as something other than a mom, and I was taking my son’s football coach back to my place. Not at all what I expected from the evening, but my excitement about spending the next hour or two with this gorgeous man had me wetter than any of my irksome dreams. Because my mind was playing sex games with the coach, it didn’t occur to me that I rode to the game with Laura until I reached the empty parking lot. It didn’t look like she was waiting for me anywhere.

I returned to the locker room doors, ready to own up to my senile moment. Cory flashed his lights at me and rolled down his window.

“No car?”

“Nope,” I said, opening the passenger side door and hopping in.

“I do that kind of thing too. I’ve decided it’s not age, it’s just having too much going on to think straight most days.” His warm smile made me forget my idiocy. All I could do is smile back and shake my head.

“I should also let you know, that at our age, there’s no game playing anymore.”

“What do you mean?”

“You said you haven’t played the game in a while. Games are fine for the kids, but

once you hit forty, it's all on the level— no more games.”

I nodded. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

“It also means that if I want you naked, I’ll tell you I do, not dink around, just hoping you get the hint.” He winked at me and pulled onto the highway, back toward town. The image Cory hinted at had my heart racing. I wondered what he would do if I told him I wanted him naked, right now.

“What if I said I want *you* naked?”

His eyebrows rose and his smile widened. “I’d ask, ‘What’s the quickest way to your house?’” Movement in his lap drew my eyes to his tenting slacks. It occurred to me what I’d just started as the tent raised more. Was this what I wanted? Nearly anonymous sex with a man I would have to see on a regular basis over the next year, at least? Had I just dashed my chances at a real relationship? With the possibility of getting laid after ten long years dangling in front of me like a Twinkie, I decided I didn’t care. I stopped short of reaching for his lap, content to stare at the bulge, trying to picture what it would look like, unmasked.

“See how easy that was?” Cory said. “I’ve actually wanted to ask you out since Jake was a freshman, when you came in to sign his permission forms.”

“Why didn’t you?” I asked, surprised by the confession.

“You had your ‘closed for business’ sign up.”

“My closed sign?” I pulled my gaze from his crotch and laughed.

“Yeah, you know, wouldn’t meet my eye, barely looked at me for the whole ten minutes you were there. Answered all my questions as briefly as possible, made it obvious you weren’t available.”

Apparently, a dye job and a facial were all it took to go back into business. Well, that and an ass covered in nacho cheese.

“Tonight, you looked right at me and smiled, and I knew you were ready. I mean, I

haven't been pining away for you all this time," he said, bursting my little bubble. "I was just hoping that eventually you'd change signs, that's all." His bright smile glowed in the passing streetlights.

"My wife was a 'game player' right up to the end. Beyond, actually."

"You're divorced, right?"

He nodded. "Five years."

"Messy?"

"Very. She was sleeping around on me, but I was the bad guy for wanting a divorce."

"Kids?"

"Two," he said, his delivery exposed, tender. "Girl and a boy. I don't get to see them much."

"Why?"

"Because she makes it impossible, takes them shopping to keep them from visiting. She likes to buy love." He shook his head and grunted. "She's taught them well."

I didn't ask any more questions and Cory remained quiet. A hollowness filled my soul when I tried to imagine not seeing Jake every day. It lasted until we pulled into my driveway. Cory followed me to the door, dry leaves crushing to bits under our feet. After my fingers fumbled uselessly with my keys for a minute, he took them from my hand.

"You need to relax." The deadbolt clicked and he pushed the door open. "You're not locked into anything, you know? We're just having a drink, right?"

I turned on the lights and looked him square in the eyes. "I want you naked, now." The uncertainty on his face made me burst, "I haven't gotten laid in ten years."

Cory's jaw dropped and his eyes bulged. "Ten years?"

I nodded so hard, I thought my head might unhinge.

He turned and closed the door behind us, locking it before turning to face me. “Okay, but let’s start in the shower, because I really hate nacho cheese.”

I grabbed his hand and pulled him up the stairs to my bathroom. After I started the water and adjusted the temperature, I turned to find him standing in the same spot, studying the floor, his clothes still on.

“What’s the matter?”

The bath mat twisted under his shuffling feet.

“What’s wrong?” I asked again.

Finally, he looked up at me. “I’m sorry, but do you think we could at least kiss first, or something?”

I turned the water back off, my wanton behavior now a hollow echo of shame in my mind. “I’m sorry, Cory,” I said brushing his hair from his eyes with my fingers. “I forgot the part where you say you *want* to be naked, didn’t I?”

“No.” He slipped his arm around my waist. “If you’ll remember, the shower was my idea. I just thought it might be fun to make out a little bit, before we get naked.”

“See?” I said, hoisting myself onto the counter between the twin sinks, dropping my head into my hands. “I told you, I don’t know how to do this anymore.”

Cory lifted my chin with his finger, his head bobbing to find my gaze. “There she is. Holly, you’re doing fine.” His eyes were even more brilliant in the bright light of the vanity. When he leaned close to me, his mouth on a trajectory to find mine, a tremble spread through my body. By the time our lips met, the tremble turned to an outright quake. His arms wrapped around my back to steady me as his tongue teased my lips. The feel of his soft flesh against my own was anything but calming. My heart sped up, and I wanted to scream, to beg him to touch me, to fuck me, now.

He sensed my need and grasped my hips with his hands, then let them meander up my torso until his fingertips traced the shape of my breast and his thumbs brushed my nipples. My legs locked around his, pulling him closer, until the bulge in his pants

pushed at me. Desire pooled inside my jeans. Our tongues danced together, each discovering the feel of the other, teasing one another. I gasped when his fingers took my nipple prisoner.

His mouth deserted mine, travelling south, from my ear, along my neck, down to the buttons on my blouse. I made quick work of his Cedar High polo as he unbuttoned and removed my top. His fingers teased my nipples as his lips sucked my cleavage, working along the lace to meet his fingers. After sliding into the bra, his hand freed my breast, allowing Cory to finally lock his lips around my bud, which at this point, felt like it was made of stone.

“You don’t know how good that feels,” I moaned, feeling for that bulge I’d been eyeing for the last half hour. It also felt too hard to be made of flesh and blood. To actually hold a real penis in my hands after so many years sent a flush of memories to my mind. Why did I wait so many years for this? I loved sex, and I was good at it. What was the point? The clasp of his slacks slowed my progress. Even though I knew how it hinged, my fingers wouldn’t work, as though intent to slow my progress.

When Cory popped my other breast from its cup and into his mouth, I felt his pants finally give way. One hand sought treasure in his briefs, while the other ran through his silky locks, hugging him to me. His own hands crept toward the long neglected hot spot between my legs, and my breath halted in my lungs when he pressed the solid seam along my cleft.

Fingers much more nimble than my own popped the button on my jeans with ease. As soon as the zipper was down, he tugged at the material. I abandoned his cock to lift my body away from the counter, and Cory pulled my jeans and panties from my skin. It responded with a heated flush.

He gazed at the newly exposed flesh and smiled. “Wow, a real woman. You don’t see that much anymore.”

The observation made me blush, realizing I’d neglected to groom my nether region, but then, I wasn’t expecting it to be an issue just yet. “I’m sorry,” I muttered.

“Don’t be. I like it.” His fingertips tickled along my inner thighs. “I don’t care for the nearly bald style. Makes me feel like a pedophile.” When his mouth retook my own, his fingers stole along my pussy lips, one dipping between them, searching for the ‘drive Holly crazy’ switch. It was like he wanted to tease me, bring me to the brink of my control, gliding all around, but never making contact.

My hand found his erection again, one finger leading the others to his sac, lifting it away from his clothing with a light squeeze before returning to caress his shaft. At long last, he grazed across my clit. My entire body jumped and I yelped at the touch.

That little brush was all I got before Cory dropped to his knees, kissing and licking along my thigh. He stopped and shook his head. “Oh boy, yeah, can’t do this.”

My heart skipped a beat and panic set in. Did he plan to abandon me on the bathroom vanity, mostly naked and in dire need? Another fantasy, unfulfilled?

“The smell is too bad, I can’t take it.” He stood and pulled me off the counter and turned to open the shower stall door, as humiliation washed over me. “I got sick one time from super nachos, and the smell of the cheese makes me gag.” Shock gave way to relief as my mind regained its composure, and realized what he was referring to.

Once he had the temperature set, Cory pulled me into his arms and unhooked my bra. Apparently, he forgot his objective as he again kissed his way to my breasts and pulled a nipple between his lips. Though I wanted him to continue, I knew we would eventually hit the same roadblock, so I pushed him away.

“Shower.” I pulled his pants and briefs down his legs, forcing myself not to stop and take his unmasked, rock-hard dick into my mouth along the way. I settled for a quick kiss and a lick on the head as I worked on getting him naked.

Steam billowed through the stall door as we stepped into the spray. Automatically, I reached for my shower cap.

“You’re joking, right?” he said when I balled my hair up to fit under the cap. “That’s not very sexy.”

Though I didn't want to get my hair wet, I knew he was right, so I dropped the cap and let my hair down. Rough hands, slick with soap massaged my skin, pushing me deep into a blissful state of eroticism, my senses reveling in his manly strokes. From neck to toes, Cory kneaded my flesh, cleansing away the years of sensual neglect, demanding my erogenous zones awaken to his touch.

I took my time bathing him, enjoying the feel of his skin. Every inch was taut and his muscles quivered at the slick passing of my hands. When I reached his cock, I let my tongue dart out to tag his chin. Those chocolate eyes locked on mine while he pulled my hands away. I swallowed hard under his penetrating gaze.

"Enough," he said, turning me into the spray to rinse the soap away. After quickly rinsing us both, Cory shut off the water, stepped out of the shower, and grabbed two towels. One, he wrapped around his waist, and the other he held out for me, a waiting cocoon. It embraced me as I emerged, his hands smoothing the soft material against my skin to remove the moisture.

Hormones raced through me, leaving a lustful teenage frenzy in their wake. I pulled Cory's towel from his waist and blotted his skin until he pulled me into my bedroom, suddenly turning my body and pushing me to my desk in the corner. His hands, still cool with dampness, guided my own to the back of my office chair. I didn't resist, anxious to know where this was going. Those same cool hands grasped my hips and pulled me back until I bent at a ninety degree angle.

I looked over my shoulder to find him staring at my ass, rubbing his chin. "This is like the fantasy I had when you first came into my office, only you were wearing a skirt with no panties when I bent you over."

The floor beneath me shook and I bit my lip when he dropped to his knees, palming my cheeks and blowing between my legs. His hands slid down the back of my thighs, nudging my legs apart. The warmth of his mouth sucking the delicate flesh of my bottom sent chills rippling through my body. When the heat of his breath hit my pussy, flashbacks of recent dreams flooded my memory. But this was no dream. A handsome man made of flesh and blood knelt between my legs, preparing to feast on me.

The heat turned cool as he once again blew across my sex. His tongue grazed along my cleft, barely inside my lips. I waited for its return, but was stunned when he slapped my ass, hard. I squealed. Once the sting had the chance to spread, his tongue swiped me again, followed by a harder slap. I clutched the chair, willing myself to remain standing. The blissful warmth and wetness of his mouth had me ready to explode right away, but the sting of his hand kept me from succumbing to the pleasure.

Cory rose and searched my desk, while I remained in place, motionless and awaiting his return. He opened the top drawer and withdrew my flexible, plastic ruler. I wondered what he planned to measure.

“You enjoying this, Holly?” he asked, his breath a puff of air over my ear.

“Ah huh,” I nodded and looked down to keep the ruler in sight.

“Do you like it when I lick you?”

I nodded again as he bent the ruler in, then out.

“Do you like it when I spank you?”

I didn't think, I just bobbed my head again.

“What about this?” He ran the flat of the ruler along my sex, stopping to tap at it here and there. I drew in a deep breath and nodded. The tip of the ruler slipped between my lips, easing along my slit. I moaned, the tease of the cool plastic daring me to respond. Cory pulled it away and snapped it against my cheek. My squeal filled the air.

The arms of the chair provided the support I needed when he dipped his finger between my labia, quickly isolating my clit. Another finger pushed inside me and my legs shook at the foreign sensations. He withdrew, and his wet finger traced a bull's-eye on the center of my unharmed cheek, which he promptly smacked with the ruler. The floor shook again when he returned to his knees, his mouth concentrating on entertaining my clit, his hands caressing the abused flesh of my ass.

I rested more of my weight on the chair as my legs started to buckle. A moan worked from my core into the air when the tingle of excitement turned to an all-out invasion of

my senses. Cory's rough tongue slid across my clit, over and over. When my orgasm was nearly upon me, he pulled away again, leaving me teetering on the brink, using the ruler to keep me from slipping over the edge. Three hard lashes had me squealing once more, in pleasure, pain, and frustration.

There was no alarm this time, but another sound that carried me back to real life quicker than any electronic noise could.

"Mom?"

My mind froze momentarily, then quickly shot into panic mode. I stood and turned around to find Cory blocking my son's view, his hands hiding his erection .

Blood raced to spread a flush to my skin, and my pulse pounded in my head. "Jake—what, what are you doing here?" I sputtered over Cory's shoulder.

Jake averted his eyes. "Oh God, Mom. That's just sick." He walked away, and I heard his shoes pound down the stairs.

"Shit," Cory said, turning to face me. "I'm really sorry, Holly." He shook his head and strode to the bathroom.

I ran to my dresser and threw on a pair of sweats, my head still throbbing from shock. When I entered the hall and looked over the balcony, I could see Jake, sitting on the couch with his head in his hands.

"Jakey," I bounced down the steps and joined him on the couch. He pulled away when I put my arm around him.

"Don't talk to me, Mom."

"Honey, I'm sorry," I ran my hand in circles over his shoulder blade. "You said you were staying at Brandon's. I didn't think you'd come home. Did something happen?" Concern for my son wrestled with the panic.

"Oh my God. And with my coach?" He lifted his head and glared at me. "You let him hit you!"

“He wasn’t ‘hitting’ me. We were just playing.” I made my voice as light as possible and continued rubbing his back.

“Um, I’m gonna head out,” Cory said from the bottom of the stairs. “I’ll talk to you later, Holly. Jake, I’m really sorry.” He shook his head. “I just don’t know what else I can say.”

He left and I turned back to Jake. “There’s a difference between hitting someone in anger, to cause pain, and playful hitting.”

He scooted away from me. “Yeah, a fucking kinky difference.”

My back stiffened. “You watch your mouth, Jake. Just because you’re mad doesn’t give you the right to swear at me.”

Jake looked at me again, his eyes full of tears. “It’s Coach Flack! I’ll have to face him on Monday, and every day after that.”

Irritation took over. “Oh, grow up Jake. Only the three of us know, and I’m pretty sure you’re man enough to handle it. It’s not like you’re some over protected virgin.” He looked at me in shock. “Yeah, I know all about you and Brittany doing it in your bedroom.” Brittany, his stuck up little girlfriend of three months.

“What do you mean?”

“A word of caution: when you throw used condoms in your trash, the dog is going to drag them out. I found one in the hallway, along with a Jerky wrapper.” I stood and crossed my arms, muttering, “Thank God you use protection.”

My blushing son rose as well, and headed for the stairs. “At least I was discreet about it. You didn’t walk in on *us*.”

“Discreet?” I couldn’t believe the kid. “You saw his Jeep in the driveway, my bedroom door was closed, yet you open it right up, without knocking. How is it possible to be discreet when your kid is such a butt-in-ski?”

“I heard you screaming. I thought you were in trouble!” He ran up the steps and

slammed his bedroom door.

I flopped back onto the couch, growling in frustration. How had something so titillating, so blissful gone bad, so quickly?

~

It was Monday morning before Jake would do anything other than answer a direct question when I spoke to him. I could sense his apprehension growing as the time to leave for school quickly approached.

“Look,” I told him as he slurped his mushy cereal. “You have two options. You can be a man about it, and apologize to Cory, or, you can just act like nothing happened.”

“Please don’t call him *Cory*, and there’s no way I’m talking to him.”

“Suit yourself, but keep in mind that things will get back to normal more quickly if you acknowledge the incident, apologize, and move on.”

“I have nothing to be sorry for.” He picked up his backpack and walked out.

I poured another cup of coffee and went upstairs to my desk to start work. Focus was hard to come by. All day, I imagined myself laid out over the desk as Cory fucked me six ways from Sunday. *Slow down, Holly*. He hadn’t even called me over the weekend, not that he had my number, but I wasn’t hard to track down.

By the end of the day, I couldn’t stand it anymore. I’d accomplished nothing and worked myself into a state of horny agitation, so I decided to go see Coach Flack. I snuck into the gym through the main entrance and waited in a darkened hallway until the post-practice sounds in the locker room diminished.

I crept to his door and knocked, my knuckles barely touching the wood. If I wanted to be successful, the timidness had to go. Just as I raised my hand to knock with more command, the door opened and Cory yanked me inside. He locked the door behind me and pulled me into his arms.

“You don’t know how glad I am to see you.” He pushed the hair away from my face

and kissed me. “I thought you’d be mad and never want to see me again.”

“Why would I be mad at you?”

Those chocolate eyes pierced my own. “Because of my attempt to mix things up a bit. You know Jake wouldn’t have been as shocked if he’d found us under the covers, right? Sounded like he was pretty freaked out by the spanking.”

I shook my head. “That’s not your fault. The last guy I dated hurt Jake when he was really little, gave him that scar on his face.”

Cory’s eyebrows rose in surprise. “That’s horrible. No wonder you haven’t dated in so long. Did he hurt you too?”

“No, just my little boy. He tried to tell me that Jake fell down and hurt his eye, but when I got Jake alone, I could tell he was scared. Now he’s worried that I’m drawn to abusive men.”

He lifted my chin with his fingers, “I would never hurt you, or Jake.”

When he kissed me again, I remembered why I came and pulled his polo shirt from under his belt. He wasted no time removing my blouse and dipped his head to nibble my tits. My feet shuffled as he pushed me to his desk, his hands reaching down to the hem of my skirt, while I fumbled to undo his belt and pants. His hands slid up my legs to my hips.

A devilish laugh broke against my breast. “You came prepared,” he said as his fingers found my pantiless slit.

“Your wish is my command.” I grabbed his cock and held it firm while my fist pumped up and down.

“You are so wet for me.”

He lifted my skirt, turned me around, and bent me over *his* desk. I heard foil tearing and I waited while he donned a condom. The thrill that ran through me when he finally spread my cheeks and guided his dick inside was indescribable. Every nerve of my being

sang in joyful elation. With one hand, Cory reached around to rub my clit, and with the other, he pinched my nipple, both sensations sending me to the top and over the brink of ecstasy.

It barely took a minute for me to come the first time. My long unattended pussy went into overdrive, coming two more times as Cory plunged his thick cock into me without relent. The last time, he came with me, desperately slamming into me, both of us carried beyond our senses, both crying out in triumph.

I grinned into the sports physicals under my head as he covered my back with kisses. The drought was finally over.

“Oh my God, Holly. That was incredible,” he said, pulling away, his dick slipping out of me.

“It was, wasn’t it?” I sighed.

A knock at the door brought us both out of our ecstatic bubble.

“Coach Flack?” followed a second knock. My heart skipped a beat.

“Is that Jake?” Cory whispered.

I nodded and grabbed my blouse from the chair. Little sparks filled my vision, utter panic setting in. Cory opened another door in his office and shoved me into the dark equipment room. Even though he eased it closed, the latch striking metal echoed off the walls. I put my ear to the door as I buttoned my top.

Through my own, pounding pulse, I heard the office door open.

“Well hello, Jake. I figured you were long gone.”

“I left a while ago, but I drove around for a while and came back. I kinda wanted to talk to you for a minute, if that’s okay.”

“Of course it is. Come in and have a seat.”

The feet of a chair scraped against the floor, and I tried to bring my breathing under

control. *Deep breaths, Holly. In through the nose, out through the mouth.*

Jake sputtered, filling the silence with a smattering of ‘ums’ and ‘wells.’

“Well, I um, I wanted to apologize for the way I acted the other night, at my house.” I could almost feel the blush Jake most certainly wore. “I’m sorry I walked in without knocking, it just sounded like you were hurting my mom.”

Another chair scraped against the floor. “I’m sorry too, Jake. I know it must have been shocking and confusing to find us like that. I would never hurt your mom.”

“Have you even called her?” I recognized the agitation in his voice.

“No, I haven’t. I thought she’d be mad at me, but I’d like to, if that’s okay with you.”

“I wish you would. I know it would make her happy, and it’s me she’s mad at, not you.” Tears of pride came to my eyes, my son, now trying to protect my heart.

“Maybe I could take you both out to dinner,” Cory said.

“Yeah, maybe, but she probably already has dinner ready. She’s probably just waiting on me.”

I bit my lip, realizing he’d get home to find me gone *and* no supper.

“I’ll take a chance and call. You never know, right?”

“I suppose it wouldn’t hurt to try. Do you have her number?”

“I do.”

He had my phone number? At first, I was perplexed, then I remembered the sports physicals on his desk. Jake’s was at the top, listing my home phone and cell, I was sure.

“So call her.”

A chill washed over me as I imagined my cell phone ringing in the next room, but I left my phone in the car. I took another deep breath.

“Well, if you don’t mind, Jake, I’d rather call her when I’m alone.”

“Oh, yeah. Sure.” The chair scraped the floor again. “I’ll get out of your hair.”

“Jake?”

“Yeah, Coach?”

“It took a lot of guts for you to come see me. Your mom must be very proud of you.”

“Thanks, Coach.”

The office door closed and the door to the equipment room opened.

“Holly, can I take you and your son to dinner?”

I pulled him close and gave him a deep kiss for a reply. Though strange, I knew this was the beginning of something special.

The End

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