

Lessons at the Edge

EXCERPT

Chapter 1

RoseAnn Perez had been my mother's best friend since I was in elementary school. More important to me, she'd overseen my graduation from teen-aged fumbling to adult sex, and surely accounts for my fascination with tall, assertive women.

After a short-lived marriage in her twenties, she'd been inducted as an honorary member of our family and I'd been encouraged to call her 'Aunt'. She paid special attention to me, bringing gifts at Christmas, and sometimes for no special occasion, and celebrating my birthdays with the family. In return, I made simple childish gifts for her using my father's woodworking tools, and she made me proud by giving them places of honor in her apartment.

As I grew into adolescence, RoseAnn was a frequent presence, subtly instructing and guiding. I looked forward to her warm hugs when she arrived and departed, and the fussing with my hair as she remarked yet again how tall I'd grown, or how proud she was of my grades. I was inclined to reciprocate, returning her embraces and demure kisses. I learned to flatter her, exclaiming how pretty she looked in this or that outfit, or how much I loved her perfume.

Puberty deepened my voice and hardened my muscles, and I grew keenly aware of her perfumed, radiant sexuality. At night, I'd lay awake for hours, tormenting myself with visions of her long, raven hair, luxurious breasts, and sleek legs. Hoping to impress her, I began an intense program of exercise and strength training, and tried to convince myself I could see desire in her eyes. Girls in my classes flirted with me, but late-night thoughts always made way for fantasies of my beautiful Aunt RoseAnn.

When I did date, frustrating, back-seat fumbling with girls as inexperienced as myself only fuelled wild fantasies featuring my adopted aunt.

More than a focus of teenaged lust, she fed my cultural and spiritual growth as well. She took me to museums and baseball games in downtown Chicago. Later, she introduced me to lectures, theatre and opera. In the tight seating of the Lyric Opera, the special aromas of her body competed with the stage for my attention. She introduced me to politicians and artists and actors and musicians, and I learned to speak to them with confidence, and more importantly, when not to speak at all.

For my eighteenth birthday, my parents proposed taking me to the Wisconsin Dells, a place I didn't care for. The Dells had been a theme park before the term 'theme park' was invented, a post-war leftover from my parents' youth. I gritted my teeth and thanked them and prepared to endure a weekend at one of the Dells water parks. But my mother invited RoseAnn along, and the prospect abruptly became interesting. The weekend became a real birthday gift when my parents decided they would sleep in one hotel room while I'd share the adjoining double room with RoseAnn.

It was all very proper. At day's end, she had me go into the room and get ready for bed while she shared a drink with my folks. When the adjoining door closed and she prepared herself for bed, I hid under the blankets, pretending to be asleep, my eyes open the slightest bit, clutching at myself, my imagination ablaze. She came out of the bathroom wearing a sheer dressing gown. By the light from the bathroom door, she moved about like a cat, her long black curls rippling about her shoulders. The smells of perfume and powder, the splash of water, and even the sound she made brushing her teeth, stoked my fantasies to a fever pitch.

When she finished her ablutions, she stood for a moment in the bathroom door fluffing her hair, a tall silhouette against the light, burning a permanent image on my brain.

She was clearly naked under her sheer dressing gown.

I was at the verge of orgasm when she came near and leaned over my bed. I froze and tried desperately to feign sleep. Her breath warmed my face and she kissed me on the cheek, whispering, "Good night, Sweet Prince."

Her lips lingered a millisecond longer than they should have, and her breath whirled in my ear.

It was too much.

I came, gripping the handful of tissues around my cock and fighting desperately to hold back the gasps and the involuntary thrusting of my hips; the nearness of her warming my cheek throughout.

Only when the contractions had finished did she chuckle in the back of her throat and slip into her own bed. I waited a long moment, and whispered: "Good night, RoseAnn," omitting the 'Aunt' for the first time in my life.....