

-SYLVIA-

I am naked. I am bare.

I sweat and I breathe. Hot and gasping.

I feel and I touch. His lips and his cheeks.

I'm happy for the first time in weeks.

Arthur's heaving bare chest pulses from within. It's his fast beating heart. His gasping lungs. Oh, God, this was magical. His heart slows down, and he holds me tight, squishing me onto his chest and belly. He kisses the top of my head gently.

He runs both his hands down the curve of my back and rests them at the small of it. My body lays on the landscape of his strong, sculpted muscles.

"Wow, Sylvia. That was a magic moment."

"I'm glad."

"Glad. Specifically or just in general?"

I close my eyes and press my cheek to his chest. I don't really know what he means.

"Specifically."

I don't move. I don't even know if I can. I just lay there, and I gently stroke his hair. He takes my hand gently kisses my fingertips.

Crawling up his chest on my elbows; a kiss for him as fully as I can. Arthur rolls me on my back, and massages my breasts, and all over I feel so relaxed. With his head cradled in my hands I can do nothing but savor the moment like it's made of maple sugar candy.

"Hey, Sylvia, me or you, who do you think is more perverted?"

That's like the worst question he could have asked me.

"Did you really have sex with Dave?"

That's like the worst question I could have asked him.

"Well, I did go down on him, I don't even think he remembers, add to that it was dark and on top of that Martha was with us."

“OK. Yeah, you win. I don't need to know these things.”

“Here I thought you liked being a dirty girl.”

He cocks his head and his smile melts me.

“You're cute.” I tell him as his thumb brushes my cheek.

“You too.” he replies.

I get up and walk to his computer on his desk.

“I need to write an e-mail, Arthur, so can I use the internet?”

He scoots himself to the side of the bed to get up and visit the bathroom. Probably to take care of his yuck rubber. In the meantime, I get to work.

'Dear Dad

It's been a while since my last letter, I know. I'm sorry I haven't been very talkative recently; just been busy. I am sending you this letter today because this is my most important letter. I need to meet with you. It has to be face to face. Something big has changed things and well, let's just get together so we can talk about it. Please reply as soon as you get this e-mail. We will meet between Christmas and New Years.

Love,
Sylvia.'

I send the mail off and look back at Arthur coming in from his bathroom.

“Do you love Dave?” He asks me while sitting back down on his bed.

“What? No. Why ask?”

“I just wanted to know why you moved in with him. So why did you?”

“I don't know. He was there.”

“Yeah. I was there too. You could have asked me.”

I turn towards him on the chair, crossing my legs to make it look like this really matters.

“I'm not going to move into this house while your dad is still around. That's just too weird.”

I look over at the clock. It's 12:05. It's officially December.

“So I see.” Arthur replies.

“My birthday is on the 13th. I'll be eighteen.”

“Hey. Cool. Congratulations. Really, Sylvia. I don't buy that excuse you gave me. Why did you not move in with me? Don't you love me?”

“Yes. Yes I do. Do you love me?”

“I don't love anybody Sylvia. It's just an emotion that is far too controlling for me to deal with. It takes too much.”

I get up from the desk and sit next to him on the bed. My head rests on his shoulder as he wraps his arm over mine. I shut my eyes and breathe in a deep sigh.

“You're lying. You're in love with Dave. We all know it.”

He shrugs his arm off my shoulder.

“It's not love, Sylvia. Dave and I, we just have a mutual respect and understanding for each other.”

“That's not love?”

He stands up and looks at me with a little arrogance.

“I think you're still ducking the question. You've never so much as asked me for even a little bit of help. From Dave you got a house, room and board, everything. Why haven't you even talked to me about this, huh?”

This is getting a little too weird. I don't want to be probing such heavy thoughts. I have to think this one through for a few seconds, but there is a definite answer.

“At first I was just scared and ashamed. I didn't want you to see me so broken up by my mom's death. Over these last few days I did think about talking to you for help but I didn't need to. I knew Dave would be there for me.”

“That so?”

I cross my arms over my chest.

“I love you Arthur, but I'm sorry, I just don't really trust you.”

A smirk crosses his face.

“I don't know why,” he tells me “but I feel complimented by that.”

“Uh.” I look away. “OK.”

Without warning he picks me up off the bed and he's slung me up in his arms. I hold on to his neck.

“Let's take a bath.”

'I love that idea.' I think to my self, and do my best to say it with my smile.

-DAVE-

She went home with him.

Wow.

I was a fool to not have seen it. Blind. God, grant me wisdom. I've been watching her pine over him thinking for sure that it was just a silly crush. Infatuation. Nothing serious.

Shallow waters run wide.

Jessica curls up next to me and half-awake kisses my cheek. I'd be a hypocrite to cast any judgment on Jenks at this point. Still I just don't feel safe with her and him together. I can't sleep tonite. It's the first night since she got here where she's not in the den downstairs. I should call her, make sure she's OK. But it's none of my business.

I step over Martha who lays on the other side of me as quietly as I can and make my way to the window. There's no moon. There are stars and the distant lights of the industrial district sprawled out like a Christmas tree carpet.

Christmas. Three weeks away.

Forget sleep. I head down to my den as quietly as I can. I uncap a root beer and flick on my desk lamp, opening to the new testament. Jesus tells the pharisees how prostitutes and tax collectors will make it into heaven before they do.

I've always loved Jesus' eccentric sense of humor. You've got to love a guy who has bits about logs stuffed into peoples eyes. There is a faint clatter coming from the stairs.

"Jessica?"

"It's both of us." She replies.

Jess comes in wearing one of my white button shirts and Martha comes in with just her panties on. They come in, Martha shuddering while she shuts the door.

"It's freezing out there."

"Yeah. I only heat the two rooms and the bathroom. Not the warehouse." I toss her

a blanket.

“Fuck.” Martha turns on Sylvia's TV which I wired in this week and searches the channels.

“Fuck yeah. Loony tunes.”

Jessica sits at the table across from me.

“So you and Sylvia have been living together?”

“Yep.”

“Would she be cool with us being here, and getting together?”

“Sure. It's not anything like that, anyway. She just has nowhere else to go.”

Jessica takes some paper and a pen from my table and starts to doodle.

“You're still in the word, I see.”

“Every day.”

“I thought you'd given up after what happened between you and sister Anna.”

“Given up? That's when I needed it the most.”

“You don't feel like God abandoned you when it all came apart?”

“I stayed in the word and I stayed strong.”

“Dave, that is such a crutch and you know it.” She shakes her head slowly. I'm nodding.

“Yeah.” I reply. “What does a crutch do? It holds you up when you can't walk alone. When you are broken you need one to get by. So I suppose you're right.”

“Whatever.” She says, still drawing. “Do you still see Sister Anna at all?”

“Once in a while, and she's done real well.”

I like the way Jess is drawing. It's an angular style I don't see often. Martha laughs as Elmer Fudd has his face blown off by his own shotgun.

I speak up to her. "Could you turn it down a little, Martha?" She does and gets up to raid my fridge.

She takes a slice of cold Pizza and my last tapioca pudding. I was saving that. Man. Let it go, Dave. That which you do unto the least of these.

"Have you thought about getting back with her?" Jess asks me.

"She's married. Has a kid. She's happy."

"Are you happy, Dave?"

Frustrated I fold up the bible and push it aside.

"What happened between me and Anna was childhood heartbreak. I'm just going to hurt myself if I look back on it any harder than that. Let's not talk about it anymore."

"OK, Dave."

I really like what I'm seeing from Jess.

"Hey, can you draw me something?"

"Sure. What do you want."

I don't know.

I hate this. It's like being asked to tell a story or a joke out of nowhere, and your mind blanks even though you have thousands of jokes and stories somewhere in your memory.

I get distracted for a second by Bugs Bunny on TV. Think bunny, then I think fox. Then I get divine inspiration.

"Draw a weasel."

"OK." She says with a half-smile.

She doodles and sketches in her odd, jagged style.

"I only kind of know what a weasel looks like. You know. Ricky-Tick-Tacky or whatever that cartoon was."

"Looks great so far."

The Weasel has a triangular head, that is very jagged and a long curved body and tail. It's very stylized. Jess has a knack for mixing curves with angles. I can tell.

Commercials come on, so Martha mutes the TV, puts down her pizza crust and opens her pudding. I pick up Jess' drawing and observe it in the light of the desktop lamp.

“What do you think?” She asks.

I don't grin, but I feel like I should.

“I'm getting this as a tattoo.”

She reaches for the paper.

“Don't joke.”

“I'm not. I like this! I think I'll put it on my shoulder.”

“Dave!” She says to me as if I was teasing.

“Just let me keep it. I'll decide later.”

“Hey, Jessica.” Martha starts up musically. “I've got the last pudding. Want some?”

“No thanks. I'm fine.”

“Come on, Jess. It's the last one and I want to share!”

Martha goads Jess into coming over and they sit across from one another colored in the pale light and shadow of the glowing TV.

“First, we do this.”

Martha pulls my shirt off Jess, with her vocally objecting. I take the part of silent voyeur.

The two of them are smooth opposite silhouettes, Martha slender and nubile, and Jess full and voluptuous. Their hair even plays against each other, with Marthas' flat black locks falling straight down over her shoulder while Jess' are lively and full dusty blond flowing out to a thousand tiny wing-tips.

“Open wide.” Martha says. Jess does with a pronounced “Ahhhhhhhh.”

“Close your eyes.” Jess complies and Martha spoons the pudding into her mouth. Jess eats and swallows with a girlish chuckle. Martha hands her spoon over and holds up her open pudding cup.

“Now you do me.”

Which is clearly what this is leading up to.

Jess looks at me and my cross-armed smirk.

“I'm not playing this alone, Dave. Get over here.”

-ARTHUR-

There is within me some part that feels shame for taking advantage of a teenage girl. So, I still have some semblance of shame left. Here we are, soaking in the tub, and she's got me randy all over again.

"Are you on birth control?" I ask her.

"Yeah. But it shouldn't matter. You had a rubber on, afterall."

"Well," I hold her close to me. "I don't now."

"Arthur, I feel a little sore. Just hold that thought for a bit."

I get my hands to her waist.

"I'll hold you for a little bit."

She's trying to wiggle out of it, but I've got this. I'm sorry, Sylvia. You're just too right. I negotiate her hips over me.

"Hey! Hey!. Wait. Wait."

"What's the issue? Don't worry. I don't have anything."

She puts up a bit of a fight, but I slide into her tightness with stern ease.

"No. No. Ah." In that moment she loses her will to stop me.

"OK. Good. Now for once just trust me."

I know why I'm doing this. It's revenge for her pegging me about Dave. Also how I'm not trustworthy. Although these actions clearly defeat my argument. Sylvia is nothing but an air headed teen who's got this cleverness that I just can't grasp. What I can grasp is her hips. She starts getting into it all on her own, and she works into it fast.

"Arthur, you're such a bastard."

I hold her and I fuck her. My bare member freely explores her warm, smooth insides and she presses her body up against mine, groaning.

"Lay back. Lay back." She tells me.

She's splashing the waters of the tub and some of it is starting to splash over. The bare velvet of her entrance is soft and inviting and her perked breasts insight me to give tender kisses, and a firm caress. It isn't long before she's thrown her head back and shakes out her blond hair. She tenses as she pushes down and forces me deep. My excitement mounts over my heartbeat.

"Oh my god. This feels so much better!" She forces between tightened teeth.

I lose myself in a fury of thrusts and splashes and hands slathering on flesh and grasping hard. She loses her control over her voice and long, moaning peels come from her.

"God! This is the best sex ever! Come on! Give it to me!"

We keep at it for some time. The bath grows lukewarm, but neither of us will quit at it. I hold her tight, and lose voluntary control of my hips. I can feel my own teeth starting to clench.

"Sylvia! Sylvia! Oh my God. Hang on to me! Hang on tight."

I hold on to her so tight, all the way around her back, hugging her tight into me. I feel it coming from deep inside, a rolling carnal thunder building to my thrusting self, and soon it arrives. I open my mouth for a wordless howl of release.

Boom.

The force of my belly blasts out in electric ecstasy. My mind numbs to all things but pleasure. I can feel the release of tension as though I had come up for a first gasping breath out of a deep ocean dive. I'm dizzy. I'm done.

Chest heaving for air I keel back, pulling her with me and kiss her neck. She pushes off of me with both hands to look down at me with her dangling, damp locks and gray eyes. Then her arms wrap around me and she kisses me passionately. We separate.

"Did I get you?" I ask

"Four times."

She falls back on me and we catch our breath. A kiss on my forehead and we finally reach our calm. Slowly she gets up, reaching for a towel, and wrapping it around her goes to sit at my desk, and looks back into the bathroom at me. I step out of the tub only to set myself on the tiled edge of it.

"This is how we first met." She says lazily.

"Huh?"

"I was right here. You were right over there."

I don't have an answer. I shake my head. She's too cute.

While I dry off she goes surfing on the net. It won't go away. She's right. This was fantastic, but I want something else. She's right. I want him.

Fuck me. I'm in love.

"What!?" She screams standing up.

"What is it?"

"I got a reply back."

"From who?" I ask.

"Can't meet. Can't talk. Sorry. Dad."

Send questions, Comments, thoughts to

Author@14rivers.com

More Chapters will be made available. <http://14rivers.com/threeweasels.htm>

You may distribute, but not alter this document.