





“Come on, honey,” said Sylvia. “Let's go inside!”

Miles took a deep breath of the night air, taking one last look at his truck. Cars were jammed into the scant parking available outside Ruby Deighan's house, but he wasn't blocked in. He could still bail if he wanted to.

“You sure about this?” he said, flicking his flared collar. “I feel kinda ridiculous in this get up.”

“But you look so *handsome!*” she said with a smile as she twirled around for him. “How about me? How do I look?”

Authentic. Ruby was throwing a party with a seventies-themed dress code, strange to Miles, as most of the guests were born in the eighties. Sylvia's retro style and tall platform shoes would fit in perfectly for the time period. And her body was in style no matter the decade.

“Stunning,” he said, and meant it.

She gave him that kissy face of hers and took his hand. Maybe this would be alright? Sometimes it was. He just had to watch her was all, keep her away from triggers. They'd say hi to Ruby, and then he'd keep Sylvia away from her as best he could. Yeah, this could be alright.

“Miles! Sylvia!”

*Here goes.*

Ruby Deighan strutted between guests across an immaculate lawn. Her garish ensemble made Sylvia's outfit look downright understated, but that was Ruby. She was actually kind of pulling it off somehow.

“Don't you two just look *adorable!*” said Ruby, leaning in to kiss their respective cheeks. “So glad you both could join us tonight!”

Sylvia smiled and gave Ruby a hug. Was she over it? There was a chance. Why even come to this party if she was still mad at Ruby?

“Thanks for havin' us, Ruby,” said Miles, gently guiding Sylvia away by the arm. “Which way to the bar?”

“Ha! You always did have my kind of priorities! Right over there, hon. Let's get wild tonight!”

“Haha yes ma'am.”

*Home free.*

“Oh, Sylvia? One more thing?”

*Fuckin' SHIT.*

Sylvia turned back to Ruby.

“Just a friendly reminder, dear,” said Ruby, with a patronizing tilt of her head. “This isn't one of my daughter's parties. So no sneaking off into guest rooms to *mess up the sheets*, if you know what I mean.”

Ruby laughed, but it wasn't a joke. Miles gave a friendly nod, afraid to look at Sylvia as he turned her back towards the house and put some distance between her and Ruby.

They crossed the threshold into the house, and that was about as far as Sylvia made it.

“Can you believe that *bitch!*” hissed Sylvia.

“Easy!” said Miles. “Keep your voice down with that.”

They approached the bar, and Miles had a familiar sinking feeling that it was time to drink the free booze while he could.

“How can she still be mad?!” huffed Sylvia. “It was *a year ago* now.”

“We had sex in her bed, *broke* the bed, and got cum all over a book of poems her father wrote.” Miles finished his drink and poured himself another. “And it was last spring. It's amazin' she invited us back at all.”

“Of course you'd take *her* side,” said Sylvia with a huff.

“I'm not, I'm with you,” said Miles as he quickly polished off another one. “I just want us to have a good time, tonight, that's all.”

Sylvia's irritation melted away, replaced by a sly smile that made the hairs on Miles's neck stand on end.

“You want to have a good time, huh?” she said, leaning in close to him.

“Always do,” he said, downing another shot like an old pro.

Sylvia's kiss was a surprise, but it was never something he could resist. Not for a few moments, at least, before he was finally able to pull away.

“What the hell do you think you're doin'?” asked Miles with a quick glance around the room. No one saw, it looked like most of the guests were still on the lawn with Ruby.

“It's what *we're* doing. We're gonna fuck in Ruby's bedroom right now.”

“That's insane-”

Sylvia's eyes flashed. Her hand shot straight into his pants, grabbing his dick. It was frankly astounding, the way she did that. She always got right in like his belt wasn't even there.

“How's *this* for insane. I want you to fuck me in that room right over there. Are you man enough to do

it? Or should I ask someone else?"

As Miles fucked Sylvia in Ruby's bedroom, he tried to formulate a plan.

He'd insisted they do it standing up, clear of Ruby's bed and anything else that might be difficult to clean, of which there was *a lot*. Ruby's husband was rich, and the opulent bedroom reflected that quite effectively. The throw rug he'd rolled up when they came in probably cost more than he made in a year trimming hedges. He'd spotted some towels in the closet. He'd finish inside Sylvia, clean up her legs and the floor as best he could, and cover it back up with the fancy carpet.

He knew it was a flawed plan, but he was frankly a little drunk, and Sylvia was very demanding of his attention at the moment. He was thrusting in and out in slow, rhythmic motions, just the way he knew she liked it. Sylvia moaned each time he plunged his cock deep into her, holding onto him for support. She kissed him again and again as he picked up speed. Sylvia gasped as Miles flipped open her shirt, freeing her massive tits from her bra and squeezing them hard, harder than he'd dare with any other woman.

Miles could see Sylvia's legs were trembling. She was close, he was too.

He was already past the point of no return. Sylvia kissed him hard, and his mind when blank. He was vaguely aware that something was off in that moment, but the orgasm was so intense that it felt like the only two things in the world that mattered were kissing Sylvia and cumming as hard as he could.

When he came to his senses, Sylvia was giggling softly. In the twenty years he'd known her that was never a good sign.

A shocking realization came down on Miles as he looked about the room. Sylvia had slipped herself off him when he came. Worse still, she'd aimed his cock like a damn fire hose that she sprayed all over the room. There was cum on the bookshelves, the bed, the fancy rug, and what he dearly hoped was not an original painting.

Sylvia was laughing out loud now. "How's *that* for messing up the bed!? You know, Miles, I...Miles?"

Miles was already sliding open the bedroom window.

"What do you think you're doing?" she asked, having the unbelievable nerve to be indignant right now.

"High-tailin' it the fuck outta here is what I'm doin.' Outta this room, outta this party, may even skip town for a few days, just lie low and let this blow over."

Sylvia put her hands on her hips. "I didn't say anything about us leaving."

"Stay if you want, but I'm your ride and I will seriously leave without you right now."

Sylvia's smugness faded quickly as she realized he was serious. She took his hand, and they escaped out the window.



They were banned from Ruby's house for life. *Casey* was even banned out of sheer spite just for being their daughter. Some of the other guests were people Miles worked with, and he knew he'd be catching shit for this one for years to come. Ruby's husband also happened to be on his bowling team, which would make for many awkward Friday nights without question.

In spite of it all though, another thing Miles knew without question was that the next time Sylvia called him up, he would answer.