

My Summer with Old Mr. Gregory

Part 2

I stood at the front door of Mr. Gregory's home as he weighed the options. I could always turn around and spend the rest of my summer; hidden away from all my friends as they spent their vacation on yachts or skiing in the mountains. I considered even punching Mr. Gregory to an inch of his life, but my hand was always kept stoically to my side whenever I thought of the repercussions. I took a breath and went to knock on the door but before my hand could grace the wooden façade it was pulled open.

"I was wondering how long you would be standing out there," Mr. Gregory commented as he leaned against the door jam. "You're looking sweaty today." Mr. Gregory looked up and down my body which caused my face to burn red with embarrassment. I had done my best to find something that wasn't tight like my normal dress, but unluckily enough I didn't own any of the sort. My shorts still clung to my large quads and my tight shirt still showed off my hard nipples. No matter how much I tried to tame them, both still showed through. I could feel Mr. Gregory's eyes staring at my chest. I knew his hands were already growing eager.

Over the last few weeks that I had spent at his house, he found some way to touch either nonchalantly touching me as we crossed each other's paths in the house or the times when he would openly grope my chest or touch my ass. Every time he touched me I could feel the flush of hate flow through my body, a flush that was usually quickly followed by a wave of pleasure. I hated that I liked it when he would twist my nipples playfully, but my body continued to betray me no matter how hard I tried.

"Hello Mr. Gregory," I mumbled as I continued to stand at his front door. I went to cross my hands on my chest but brought them back to my side when I remembered how pronounced my chest began when I crossed my arms. "Should I go ahead and go to the back and start working on the siding?" I asked, hoping to end the conversation quickly and get to work.

"Nah." Mr. Gregory smiled. It was never good when he smiled. "I thought you could work inside today. I have some boxes that need to be cleaned out of the attic," Mr. Gregory said as he stepped aside. The ladder is already pulled down. Just head to the back near the bathroom. I gave a halfhearted smile and crossed the threshold into his house. But as I walked past him I felt his bony hand grab at the cleft of one of my cheeks which caused a loud yelp of surprise to erupt from my face. "Damn that is firm," he groaned as I kept my composure and continued to walk deeper into the familiar house.

I made my way to the back half of the house and found the ladder already extended to the floor, and a single light illuminating the attic. Cleaning out an attic wasn't exactly how I had hoped I would spend my day, but at least I had air conditioning and would be forced into my uniform. A uniform that amounted to nothing more than a pair of short denim shorts and a cut off T-shirt. I wasn't ever forced into the outfit, but I had found that if I chose not to wear the outfit.

I began the first of many climbs I made up that ladder within the next hour. After the third trip of bringing down boxes, I realized the attic was actually hotter than it was outside. The lack of air circulation and the insulation made the room feel like an oven. The buckets of sweat that fell from my brow was a constant reminder of the heat that waited for me when I made the climb once more. I could see in my reflection that my white shirt had grown sheer. The near translucent fabric seemed more erotic to me than if I was standing naked. I could feel droplets of my sweat as they ran down my back and ended between my butt cheeks. Every time I climbed the ladder I could feel my large cheeks slide back and forth as they pulled my underwear deeper into my crack. I looked to the sides of the hallway and the dozens of boxes that had filled the sides, and let out a sigh as I thought about the hundred or so more that still sat upstairs.

"Sean!" Mr. Gregory shouted from another room. I wiped the sweat with the heat of my shirt and crossed out the other side of the house to find Mr. Gregory sitting at his kitchen table in the same simple polo and khakis he was earlier.

"Yes?" I asked, attempting to keep the conversation short and to the point so I could go back to the manual labor and then leave.

"Take a seat," Mr. Gregory nodded to the chair that sat on the opposing side of the table. I took the hint and silently took the chair. We stared in silence for a few moments and then Mr. Gregory spoke once more. "I want to play a game."

"What like cards or something?" I asked, looking for a board game or a stack of playing cards something on the table. I didn't understand why he would want to play a game, but being able to sit and enjoy the air conditioning for a few brief moments was worth putting up with Mr. Gregory's nonsense.

"I thought we could play a different type of game. I realized that we don't know much about one another. So how about a lie and two truths?" Mr. Gregory offered. I stifled a laugh. "What Harvey you ever played it before?" He asked as a look of concern crossed his face.

"Yes I have played the game before. Usually its with a cup full of beer." I looked towards the ladder that led to the attic. Maybe it wouldn't be too bad to just go back to the housework that I was assigned?

“You don’t seem too interested in my game. Are you?” Mr. Gregory asked me as he leaned onto the table. “What if I made it more interesting for you?” Now that perked my interest. What could he possibly offer to me that would make me more interested in the game? “How about some time off? I have heard you on the phone with your friends when you think I am not looking. Is it the Bahamas they are going to at the end of the month? Or is it Bermuda? I cant really remember. You know old age,” Mr. Gregory said with a shrug of his shoulders before he crossed his fingers and laid his face on top of them.

“I’m listening,” I responded as I settled into my chair. My father had already told me that the trip was off the table, but if Mr. Gregory would let me off then there was no reason why I wouldn’t be able to go.

“Let’s say two out of three. You figure out my lie in two out of the three of our games then you can have the rest of the month off. What do you think?” Mr. Gregory offered.

“What’s the catch?” I offered, not fully believing that he would offer something that meant so much to me without putting in something for him. Mr. Gregory’s face contorted into a wicked smile. That was the question he wanted to be asked.

“If you don’t figure it out, then we get to have a sleep over tonight. Do we have a deal?” I mentally weighed the pros and cons in my head, but all I could think about would be laying on the beach with a drink in my hand and the sun in my face.

“Let’s play.”

“Excellent.” Mr. Gregory leaned back in his chair and the game began. “I was born in Canada, I had been married twice before, and I find you exceedingly attractive.” Mr. Gregory smiled one more and stared deep into my eyes. His gaze sent shivers down my spine the longer I felt the heat of his gaze upon my sweaty skin. I could feel gooseflesh graze across my skin until I finally blinked and broke the connection. I knew the third one was obviously true, but between the final two their was the obvious choice.

“You weren’t married!” Mr. Gregory Laughed.

“Actually I have been married three times,” He said to me.

“To women?” I gasped, still shocked that I got the answer wrong. Mr. Gregory laughed loudly and healthily in response to my shock.

“Yes to woman. The 80’s and 90’s were crazy times for me.” Mr. Gregory explained. I held it together knowing that I had already lost the first round of the game. The game continued with Mr. Gregory as he gave multiple random facts about himself some interesting, some vague and obscure. I won the second round which made me hopeful for the vacation. I could almost smell the salty air from the ocean

as we began the final round. But when I gave my final answer and I saw how his eyes lit up. I knew that I had lost.

“Well guess you should call your father and tell him you will be staying the night tonight.” Mr. Gregory said as he stepped away from the table. I considered renegeing on the deal, but I knew that if I did Mr. Gregory would have something far worse planned. I called my father and made up some lie about Mr. Gregory needing me early in the morning and how he offered me to stay the night. My father seemed off by the situation but there was no reason for him to say no.

After the game Mr. Gregory immediately sent me back to work by bringing the rest of the boxes from the attic which took an additional two hours. Luckily by the time that I was done Mr. Gregory had been busy making steaks for the two of us. We silently ate dinner as nighttime came over the household. Mr. Gregory showed me the bedroom I would be staying in for the evening as he retired to his own bedroom. I found it weird that the evening was so tame. Why was he so excited for me to stay the evening? I laid in the same sweaty clothes I had worn to move boxes all day long, I sniffed my armpit getting a hearty whiff of my own BO.

“Fuck,” I scoffed. I really was in need of a shower. I laid in the bed and relaxed my sore muscles as I fell into a deep satisfying sleep.