

Baby Steps: Generations

Chapter 6 of 8

As far as first dates went, an evening picnic in my back yard should've been a dud. A dead-on-arrival relationship. No nice restaurant, no cinema, no interesting locale, not even a casual drive somewhere. Just this. A picnic. In my back yard.

Still, it was about all I could afford after all the pool supplies and what-not. It'd have to do.

I set everything up; basket and towels, a cardboard box to one side to act as a table, some sandwiches and cheap cakes from a local store, a bottle of chilled wine and two glasses. My phone would act as a stereo, playing music softly. Setting the mood.

All that was missing was *her*.

Mom. Emily. My 'date'.

I checked the time, brushed my linen shirt flat, went over the gameplan in my head again. This'd work. It *had* to work.

When I looked over at the house, saw Emily approaching, my heart gave a little hiccup. A stutter. My throat constricted, mouth feeling suddenly dry. I gulped, planted a smile on my face.

She looked *magnificent*.

Her perfect body held snugly in a little white dress that barely reached her knees, a massive cut down the middle that exposed cleavage for days, the sides of her tits poking out behind tight fabric. Her hips swayed, breasts bouncing slightly with every step.

Hair still wet from her shower, running down her shoulders and clinging wherever it stuck; a few strands falling over her face. Full, pink lips curled into pretty smile. Cheeks wide, eyes bright.

Beautiful. A graceful, ageless kind of beauty.

I gulped again, felt my brain going blank from the sheer overflow of desire. The *need* to have her.

"Hey," she said when she reached me, voice sweet and soft and filled with easy-going joy. "Are you ready?"

"More than ready," I breathed. Then I shook my head, woke myself from the stupor, planted a grin on my face. "Go ahead, sit down and get comfortable."

There were just two towels. The one I was sitting on, and the one I'd set down for her. Hardly the most cosy and comfy setup imaginable, but I doubted Emily would complain. She wasn't the type to. And I *had* given her the bulkiest and fluffiest towel I could find. It'd be fine. Everything would be fine...

Emily stepped over to the fluffy towel, slid down so her legs were curled under her.

She smiled across the picnic at me.

"So..." I said, voice cracking a little. I blushed. "Hi."

Emily's giggle made my face heat even more.

"I made us sandwiches," I said quickly, nodding to the tablecloth between us, the little meal I'd prepared. "And there's wine too. And cake."

"Are you always this nervous on first dates?" Emily asked, smiling sweetly. "Or just when it's with your mother?"

Funnily enough, it was those words that calmed me.

Here I was, on a date with my mother. A woman who I'd been hypnotising and guiding to this spot. All the work I'd done, all that effort and planning – it'd been for *this*. What was I stressing about? I was exactly where I wanted to be.

"Who's nervous?" I smiled, let my eyes roam over her. "Just surprised by the dress, is all. You look *hott*."

It was Emily's turn to blush. Her cheeks went pink as she looked away from me.

"Do you always dress so nicely for dates?" I teased. "Or is it just for me?"

"I don't exactly go on many dates," Emily laughed. "Why waste the opportunity to wear something nice? Not sure I can still pull it off, though. Maybe when I was in my twenties, but now? I don't know..."

"You look amazing," I told her.

It was true. She really did.

"So," she smiled. "What's the plan?"

I told her. Sandwiches and snacks, chatting and relaxing. A bit of wine. We'd watch the sunset together. Enjoy the fresh air until it got too cold, then we'd head inside and watch a film together – simulate going to a movie theatre and the like.

My *extra* plans, I didn't share. When it started getting cold out here, I'd use it as an excuse to get closer to her – see if I could get us cuddling, sharing a towel-blanket. And the film I'd selected for us; it was a cheap horror flick, the kind that was more porno than it was scary. With any luck, I could spin that film into some sexy fun between me and her.

Her mind had been prepped. Now I just needed to connect the dots, encourage Emily to have a 'revelation'.

We chatted as we munched on our little feast, talked about my love life and what I wanted my future to look like. She confessed, with a smile, that she hadn't really dated anyone since Dad had passed away. She'd been too busy raising me and Stacy, she'd said. And, once we were grown enough to start looking after ourselves, she'd felt like her 'dating days' were behind her.

Which was laughable.

"You could have any guy you want," I told her, shaking my head. "I mean, just *look* at you. No way any straight man would turn you down."

"Thank you," Emily smiled, cheeks pink. "But it's true. When a woman reaches a certain age... Well, we become invisible."

"If you're so invisible," I said dryly. "How come, whenever we go anywhere, every guy turns to stare at you?"

Her laughter died the moment I put my hand on her knee.

The shift was anything but subtle. One moment, we'd been joking about the atrocious acting and terrible plot. The next, Emily was stiff as stone, her eyes wide and her face red.

She didn't mention the hand on her knee. Didn't tell me to remove it. But she didn't exactly seem *thrilled* about it either.

I'd been hoping for excitement. Arousal. Her panting as she spread her legs open, wanting me to move my hand further up her leg. But no. There was none of that. Just stiff silence.

Unfortunate, but not the end of the world.

I gave her knee a sensual squeeze, a little thumb-rub added in for good measure.

Emily shifted uncomfortably. She glanced at me, eyes wide.

"David..." She said softly. "I don't-"

"Three-tailed salamander with blue fur."

The effect was immediate. Emily's head rolled back, eyes closing. Every muscle in her body relaxed, causing her to slump on the sofa. The tension evaporated from under my fingers.

I gave her knee another little squeeze before I paused the film and stood.

"You're disappointing me," I said, pacing in front of her. "I was happy with our date. It was fun and relaxing. But now you're making me unhappy. You want me to be happy, don't you?"

A spike of guilt shot through me, a tight pain in my chest.

"Yes," Emily whispered.

"You want me to be happy, don't you?"

"Yes," Emily repeated.

I sighed, shook my head.

Making it so she'd be fine with fucking me was good. It was the goal. But her spreading her legs for me out of obligation? Out of fear of making me unhappy? *That* wouldn't be fun now, would it?

"You're my mother," I said, thinking aloud. "You love me. It's who you are. You love whole-heartedly. You *care*. You always have..."

All the pieces came together.

"You love me, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes," Emily whispered.

"You love me a lot. More than words can say."

That was a guess, though a safe one. What mother didn't love their child unconditionally?

"You love me, but only as a parent."

Another easy guess. And the reason she wasn't keen on my fondling her leg. She might want me to be happy, she might love me. Just not in the right ways.

"Just like you once loved your father, but only as a child loves their parent."

He'd taken that love, shifted it, made it into something that went far beyond a normal affection between child and parent. And if he'd done it, so could I. All the groundwork was already there. Deep in her mind. I just had to use it; pull the right cords.

Emily's face twitched. Eyebrows narrowing slightly, lips quivering. It was the most expressive I'd seen her during a trance.

"The way you felt about your father changed. That normal love between parent and child transformed into something else. Something *more*. The way you *expressed* your love changed."

Her eyelids fluttered.

"All I'm saying," I said, keeping a close eye on her, "is that feelings change. They evolve. You only love me as a parent right now, but that might not always be the case..."

Was talking about *him* causing Emily's distress?

I frowned, spent a few minutes soothing her.

And, when she was nice and relaxed again, I continued on with the simple line of reasoning.

How people felt about each other could change. One type of love could become another. There was nothing wrong with that. It should be embraced – just as Emily had done before. Love blossomed in the strangest of places, and denying that love was wrong. Love should be embraced, enjoyed, shared.

"I remind you of him," I whispered. "I remind you of your father."

If anything would tangle her thoughts and feelings for me, it'd be *that*. If I got her seeing me that way - not just as her son but as a man – my victory would be all but guaranteed.

Finally, when I was done tweaking her mind, I sat back down on the sofa next to her. Put my hand back on her knee. Began bringing her out of the trance.

Just as she was waking up, I hit play on the remote. Let the film resume.

Emily came back to her senses quickly enough. Probably, she'd think that she'd just fallen asleep for a moment. That no time had passed. When she blinked, noticed my hand on her knee, she blushed. Stiffening in surprise, but quickly relaxing. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the lost look in her face. The questioning and thinking and confusion.

I gave her knee a little rub with my thumb, a gentle squeeze. But I didn't push it. Didn't take it too far.

Emily didn't object. Didn't mention it at all.

"So," I smiled. "How'd I do?"

"Hmm..." Emily hummed, thinking about it. "I'd say... Seven out of ten. The picnic was a great idea, very relaxing and a nice way to talk and get to know each other. The film was where you lose points. Sexy horror flick on a first date? Kinda screams 'I want inside your pants', doesn't it? Wasn't even a good film either. Pretty sure I drifted off a few times."

"Geez. Don't hold back, tell me what you really think."

"You asked!" She laughed.

"Don't I at least get extra points for walking you to your door?" I said, nodding to her bedroom door. "That's gotta be worth something."

"Depends," Emily smiled. "Did you walk me to my door because you're a gentleman, or because you're hoping I'll invite you in?"

"Because I'm a gentleman," I lied, cheeks hot.

"This was fun," Emily said softly. "We should do it again sometime."

"Does that mean I get a second date?"

"Yes," Emily rolled her eyes, smiling. "I suppose it does."

She took a step towards me, lifted herself on tiptoes and planted a little peck on my cheek. Then she turned, started walking to the door.

I reacted before I could think it through.

I grabbed Emily's hand, pulled her back towards me. Not roughly, but firmly. Spinning her so we were facing each other.

"A great date like that," I breathed, looking down at her wide, pretty eyes, "and I don't even get first base?"

My heart raced, pounding a rapid rhythm in my chest. My mind shut off, waiting to see how my mother would respond. My lips were parted, panting softly in anticipation and fear.

Had I overstepped? Had I gone too far?

Emily stared up at me, her wide eyes twinkling. Her gaze flicked from my eyes to my lips, irises filled with the same question that consumed me.

Would she do it?

Her gaze hardened. Decision made.

She pushed herself up on tiptoes again, arms reaching up and hooking around my neck, pulling me down to meet her. She tilted her head to one side.

Our lips met, mouths open.

Tongues dancing, heat flushing through us both. She pressed herself to me. Heavy, soft tits pushing against my body, her arms tight around my neck. My hands found themselves on her hips, pulling her closer as my tongue explored her mouth.

A haze passed over us, time seeming to disappear. There was just the heat and the hunger and the embrace.

When we finally broke apart, both of us panting heavily, I almost stumbled. Emily braced herself against her bedroom's doorframe; cheeks red, plump lips glistening.

How long had we been making out?

I had no idea. But *fuck* was I breathless.

"There," Emily panted, trying to straighten herself, make it seem like she wasn't dazed and flushed. "First base. Not... Not bad. You could do with... with less..."

She shook her head, blushed brighter.

Her white dress was out of place, had shifted to one side while we'd been making out. The long, deep cut of cleavage had moved; exposing more of Emily's tit-flesh. Her massive, perfect tits. And there, peeking just past the line of cloth, I could see a hint of her areola.

"Well," Emily breathed, not noticing how much of her chest was exposed. "I think that's enough for one night, don't you?"

I was tempted to say no. To demand second base. And third. And fourth, if I could get away with it. But, if I knew anything about baseball, it was when not to go for a

homerun. Those other bases would have to wait.

But not for long.

"Uh-huh," I murmured, dragging my eyes from Emily's tit to her face. "I... Yeah..."

"Good night, David," she said, opening her bedroom door.

What I wouldn't have given to enter that room alongside her.

"G'night, Emily."

She looked at me, eyebrow raised.

It took me a few moments to realise why.

Emily. Not 'Mom'.

She stared at me, an odd look in her eyes.

"Sometimes," she whispered, "you remind me of him so much."

Opportunity.

"You mean Dad?" I asked, already knowing the answer. "Like father, like son. I guess I take after him a lot, huh?"

"You do," Emily smiled wistfully. "I'd prefer you call me 'Mom', but I suppose 'Emily' is okay - since we're doing this little 'date' thing. I'll let you get away with it this time."

"How about..." I thought for a moment, tried to remember the pet-name he'd used in all those recordings. "Princess?"

Emily blushed brightly. Shook her head at me, lips curled into a cute, embarrassed smile. Without saying another word, she closed the bedroom door on me. Left me standing there staring at it.

I let out a chuckle, began walking back to my room.