



A LOVE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

An erotic novel by Turniphead

Contents

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| Introduction | 2 |
| Chapter 1 | 3 |
| Chapter 2 | 13 |
| Chapter 3 | 21 |
| Chapter 4 | 28 |
| Chapter 5 | 36 |
| Chapter 6 | 44 |
| Chapter 7 | 50 |
| Chapter 8 | 61 |
| Chapter 9 | 70 |
| Chapter 10 | 78 |
| Chapter 11 | 85 |
| Chapter 12 | 95 |
| Chapter 13 | 102 |
| Chapter 14 | 112 |
| Chapter 15 | 120 |
| Chapter 16 | 123 |
| Chapter 17 | 130 |
| Chapter 18 | 138 |
| Chapter 19 | 146 |
| Chapter 20 | 155 |
| Chapter 21 | 166 |
| Chapter 22 | 173 |

Introduction

Dad took a swan dive from the roof of my apartment building on Tuesday, April 3, 1973 at approximately 8:05 AM. He might have received better technical scores if it wasn't for the scream. Almost sixty five feet later he landed on the sidewalk, his head split open like a watermelon, and he found an end to the jealous rage that had plagued him for months.

The police report read that he was out of control and tried to throw me off the building. Three witnesses bore that out.

What the report didn't speculate about was why he was so angry to begin with.

When the police officer asked the question, I just shook my head sadly and suggested that he'd been drinking hard and was despondent about my mother filing for divorce. I told the officer that Dad must have just gone crazy and irrationally lashed out at me because I refused to try to talk Mom out of the divorce.

The first part certainly was true, the second only partially.

I looked over the police officer's shoulder and saw Mom down in the parking lot looking up at where we stood. I could see her holding her hands to her mouth and even from that distance I could see her crying with relief.

The officer looked over the edge of the building where Dad's body was being loaded into an ambulance and shook his head. He patted my shoulder in sympathy and asked me if I needed anything. I just shook my head and followed him into the stairwell with only a sock on one of my feet.

The only thing I needed waited down by her car.

As I followed the NYPD officer down the filthy stairs my mind was going over what really led to Dad's demise and although it only took slightly more than two seconds for him to hit the concrete once he went airborne, his fall actually began almost six months before.

Chapter 1

On Tuesday, October 24, 1972, while I was scrambling to get to class and trying to down the slice of cold pizza that made up my breakfast my phone began ringing incessantly. A swallow of cold coffee washed the pizza down. I reluctantly picked up the receiver as I was struggling to pull on my coat.

"Yeah?" I was half hoping it was Jennifer even though I knew it wouldn't be.

"Pete?" Although the voice was Dad's he sounded like he was strangling on something.

"Morning, Pop." I rifled through papers on the table for my keys. Dad rarely called me. "What's up?"

"Good morning, Son." He seemed to be stumbling through his standard greeting. "Do you have a minute?"

"Not really." I looked in the junk drawer and the cupboard I used for everything but dishes. "I'm running late for class as it is. Is it important or can I call you later?"

"Are you free around lunch?" Dad asked. There was an uncharacteristic pleading note in his voice, "Maybe you could swing by? Your mom is making her lasagna. We really need to talk to you."

I had no idea what Mom and Dad needed to talk to me about that couldn't wait until the next time I availed myself of their washer and dryer but the thought of anything but McDonald's or pizza sounded like manna from Heaven. "Sure thing. Can we make it around 12:30 though? I'm planning to hit the pool around 11."

"That sounds good." I could almost hear relief in his voice.

"See you then, Pop." I dropped the receiver on the cradle and frantically retraced my steps through my tiny apartment trying to track down the key ring that seemed to have absconded.

I cursed myself for a biscuit head a few minutes later when I found them hiding in the pocket of the coat I was wearing.

-

Mom and Dad. I made class on time but couldn't follow what the TA was prattling on about. Preoccupied with more important issues than the Social Security Act of 1935 I found myself doodling in my notebook and drifting off to the two most important people in my life.

Mom and Dad were the reason for everything. My love for Mom, and Dad, too, I suppose, was why I was living in squalor. It was why I tried to separate myself from them and carve out whatever existence I could on my own. It was why I drove a '61 Pontiac Tempest that ran on three cylinders and drank a quart of oil a week. It was why I refused Mom's offer of help; while it was appreciated, they didn't have two nickels to rub together themselves.

My love was what made it hard to go home, especially when Mom was there.

I had parents that any person would have dreamed of having. They were loving and kind and supportive in every way. Growing up I certainly had friends who had more toys than I did, or wore nicer clothes, or lived in

nicer houses, but I knew, even as a young boy, that I had so much more than that. I was part of a family that put family first, found time to hug, and wasn't at all shy of ladling out the praise when warranted.

Of the half dozen friends I was especially close with, two had parents who were divorced, two had at least one parent who was a tosspot, and one whose father was both physically and emotionally abusive. Another had parents who acted like he didn't exist.

No, in the parent department I was blessed. Dad most always had time for me whether it was to help me with my Algebra homework or to teach me how to throw a knuckleball. He often took me fishing or to ball games. Dad was always laughing or trying to make other people laugh. In fact, that was his unofficial motto: 'laughter is good for the soul.'

If Dad was a good father, Mom should have been canonized for her parenting abilities. She was the gentlest and most patient person I have ever known. She was soft and nurturing and encouraging. She patched my scratches and held my hand when I needed it and let me go when I was ready. Music was important to her and she imparted that to me. She loved to dance and -- though I was reluctant -- she passed that on to me as well. Even when she wasn't dancing or listening to her records, she seemed to always be humming or singing with a soft, sad little smile ever present. She had a sort of quiet serenity that seemed to come from somewhere inside.

When my older sister Kelly got sick, although she, too, was devastated, it was Mom that gave Dad and me the strength to carry through.

No, I couldn't have asked for better parents. Mom really talked to me and included me -- and Kelly, too, before she died -- in almost all household decisions that affected me. They gave me perfect role models to model myself after and I would sincerely consider myself fortunate if I turned out to be half the husband and father Dad was, and was able to find a woman half the wife and mother Mom was.

Mom was born in America, but just barely. Grampa and Grammy Antonescu immigrated to the States in 1929 with Grammy already four months pregnant with Mom when they arrived at Ellis Island. Mom's birth certificate reads Anca Bogdana Antonescu, but her whole life she answered to Anna. The depression was in full swing but Grampa Doru was a go getter and turned a small fruit stand into a thriving grocery store in Brooklyn's lower east side by the time the Jap's bombed Pearl Harbor.

Dad was born Andrew Angus Patrick and, although he had an Irish name and had red hair and green eyes, in reality he was a mutt. He grew up only three blocks from where Mom did. They attended the same schools, although Dad was a few classes ahead of her, and sat in the same pews in church. When Dad tells the story, he was footloose and fancy free until he saw Mom at a USO dance after he returned from the war. Mom would smile sort of sadly and she'd drift off when she agreed with him.

They were married in 1947 and immediately began work on a much desired large family, but fate seemed to intervene. Their first child was stillborn, Kelly came along in '49 and I popped onto the scene in '51, and then the well dried up. It wasn't for lack of trying -- I know that much -- or praying -- I know that much, too. Given Mom's Romanian background and Dad's Irish-German-Swedish heritage, plus the fact that they both grew up during the depression, it wouldn't have been shocking for Mom and Dad to have had a dozen kids.

Many of the families in our neighborhood had more than enough children to make up a full football team with a couple of scrubs warming the benches; the Patrick family was destined to not even be able to field a decent basketball team. And in 1963 Death paid a call and we couldn't even play knock euchre as a family.

Normally as bubbly and energetic as a young deer, Kelly began showing signs that something was not right in August and she was gone by February. We were all devastated and for a long time a somber cloud hung over the Patrick residence. It was the first and only time I'd ever seen my father cry. Kelly had been the apple of his eye -- really, she had

dazzled us all with her effervescent personality and it made my heart ache that she was gone.

-

I left home after high school despite the invite to stay while I was attending college because I just had to get away from feelings for Mom that were driving me insane.

Those forbidden feelings first manifested when I was thirteen. I was discovering that girls were different from boys and I liked those differences. The girls my age were developing interesting bumps and curves that piqued my interest and I started noticing women around me. Mostly, I noticed Mom. Quite honestly, I was mesmerized by her natural beauty and soft gentleness. I loved her more than anything else in my life, but as I stumbled into my early teens I found myself lusting after her.

I often wondered if the leukemia hadn't taken Kelly if she would have been my muse. At thirteen she was just beginning to blossom and it was clear that she was going to be a carbon copy of our mother both in looks and temperament. But Acute Lymphoblastic Leukemia is no respecter of persons and Kelly was taken before she'd had a chance to live so Mom became the object of my nascent and somewhat twisted sexual urges.

-

I am somewhat ashamed to admit that it was near the end of Mom's mourning period for Kelly that I first noticed her as something other than just 'Mom.' She was wearing black, of course, as she had for almost two years. I happened to be muddling through the plot of 'Apartment 3-G' in the funny pages of the paper and glanced up to ask Mom if she'd get me another glass of milk.

I was struck dumb by the image of her at the sink with the dirty city sunlight surrounding her like a halo and her dark brown hair pulled up

in a coiled French braid, and the sleeves of her dress pushed up over her elbows. I held my breath as my eyes took in an image that is still etched in my memory today; the clean, sleek lines of her back, the way her hips flared out gently, and the way her dress clung to her shapely bottom before plunging to swirl around her knees.

I couldn't breathe. I could feel myself blushing furiously as prurient thoughts I knew were wrong flitted across my lust-filled mind. I forced myself to look down at the paper in front of me and violently shook my head to erase the thoughts. I couldn't help jumping when Mom walked past me on her way to another part of the house a few minutes later and affectionately touched my shoulder as she did.

I abandoned the paper and my dinner and escaped to my room where I spent hours trembling uncontrollably for allowing such thoughts to gain a foothold. I tried to think of Janie Pullovich, the hottest girl in the eighth grade, but I might have tried thinking of my best friend, Seth Greenberg, for all the good it did. I tried to think of the Yankees. I tried to think of anything but Mom and failed miserably.

Mom truly was lovely; I'd known that my whole life. And in no way was saying such a thing in any way sexual. It just was a fact of life. Southern Bavaria is gorgeous, the view from the Empire State building is breathtaking, and Mom was lovely.

She was graceful in movement and gentle in touch. She never raised her lilting voice and she had worked hard at eliminating the Romanian accent she'd grown up with. The only trace of it that I could detect was the hard 'g' on some of her words; 'thing' became 'think,' 'sing' sounded like 'sink', and 'thinkink' always cracked me up.

It made me laugh to see how the boys I chummed around with turned into complete fatheads in her presence, standing slack-jawed with hats in hand as if they had taken leave. I suppose I might have done the same had I not seen her every day of my life.

She was taller than other mothers on our block, and was slender and willowy with a figure that caused men to go addle-minded. I watched

more than one bloke walk into a lamp post as I walked down the sidewalks with her. And if her figure could turn men to pudding, her smile could melt the soul. She smiled with her whole face and her eyes gleamed happily when something struck her as amusing.

Until the first time I looked at her and saw what other people saw she was just 'Mom.' Afterward, she was so much more. I spent the next several years walking into metaphorical lamp posts whenever she came into view.

In time, the self-loathing over looking at Mom with lust in my heart faded. I couldn't help the feelings that washed over me in her presence and nothing I did banished them. They were ever present torture for me and I abused myself unmercifully to thoughts of her whenever opportunity afforded itself. The only thing that gave me pause was Dad.

I carried enormous guilt during those years because of my father. I don't know that he was my best friend, but he was high up on the list. He was mostly kind to me despite his imposing size. He towered 6'4" and wasn't exactly a bean pole. His shock of bright red hair was always unkempt and he had more freckles than I've seen before or since but it worked for him and, unlike Mom had done with her accent, Dad actually nourished an Irish brogue and it served him well. He always seemed to be laughing. He worked on the docks and worked hard and played hard. The Irish in him like to drink, and the German and Swede didn't exactly object to imbibing, either. He only occasionally drank to excess, but even when he did go overboard with alcohol he was generally jovial and boisterous and rarely destructive.

After the first time I played with myself to thoughts of Mom I couldn't look at Dad without hurting inside. It took a week for my remorse to wane and my libido to rear its ugly head again. Thus began a cycle; I'd answer the call, feel guilty about it and lay off for a handful of days. Rinse and repeat. I was an emotional mess; at least in lust with Mom and certain I was hurting Dad in the process.

That's primarily why I left home after finishing high school. I'd worked at a convenience store all through high school and my wages allowed me to afford a small semi-furnished efficiency apartment a few blocks

away from home. It was horrible. Too hot in summer and too cold in winter with drafts and rattling pipes, but it was in my price range and, more importantly, it got me away from my problem.

Apparently, 'semi-furnished' is relative, because the only furnishings when I moved in with my meager belongings were a box spring and mattress on the floor, a few ubiquitous kitchen appliances, and a couch. I picked up a few other items at thrift stores and yard sales, but living for Peter Patrick was going to be a tad on the Spartan side. The 'bathroom' had space enough for a commode and a shower stall so small I could barely move in it. I had to use the sink in the 'kitchen' to brush my teeth or wash my hands after doing my business. I installed two heavy duty chain locks on the door and bought a baseball bat for protection and kept it at the ready by the door.

The apartment also came with a roommate in the form of a rat the size of a football. I named him Sam in honor of Mark Twain. Sam didn't eat too much and he was mostly quiet so I let him stay.

The first time Mom saw the place she begged me to come home, especially when she found out there was a small group of bums that frequently camped out on the roof top. Dad only raised his eyebrows and stoically accepted my choice.

I was set to attend college in the fall -- mostly for the draft deferment that came along with it. The Vietnam War was in full swing and President Johnson was stepping up deployments and I had no desire to go. I wouldn't take the route that one of my friends did and scam to Canada to avoid the draft; if I got called I'd go and I'd serve my country the best way I was able, and hopefully with courage and honor like Dad had done, but that didn't mean I was eager to enlist and I used every legal maneuver I could to stay home.

-

For three years I made it work. I worked, attended classes in pursuit of a Human Services degree, and eked out a sparse living without help from anybody. Well, except for the use of Mom and Dad's washer and

drier a couple times a month and I wasn't at all shy about raiding their larder once in a while.

I met a co-ed named Jennifer Lantern who was even a worse student than I was. We dated on a pretty regular basis. She thought she was smarter than everybody else and she was full of rage, but she liked to fuck. She was a little on the pudgy side and her hair was lifeless and dull, but she liked to fuck. She loved to debate politics -- if by debate you mean scream and rant about anybody and anything that disagreed with her worldview. At night she'd go on and on till spittle was flying from her mouth and a worm-like vein put in an appearance on her left temple and then she'd drag me to my mattress to hose her down, so to speak.

We weren't in love -- at least I wasn't -- and I don't even think we were exclusive -- at least I don't think Jennifer was because I somehow came down with crabs during my sophomore year and I know I hadn't been with anybody but Jennifer.

In '71 she packed her bags and caught a trans-Atlantic flight for London and made it clear she had no intention of coming back until Nixon was out of office. By July of '72 I was sure she was going to be overseas until at least '76 because there was no way Nixon was going to lose to McGovern. Jennifer and I talked by phone, occasionally, but the calls were few and far between. I didn't exactly miss her; I missed fucking.

-

There were plenty of other girls in school that were far prettier than Jennifer and some were not nearly as caustic, and some of them really liked sex, too, but they all wanted more than I was willing to give. If they let the aspirin between their knees hit the carpet they did so under no delusion that it was going to be anything other than physical with me, and if they didn't grasp that I didn't date them again.

None of them were able to measure up to Mom and until such time as I met Mom's double, I'd take chicks to my bed but that was as far as it

was going to go. I couldn't imagine feeling for someone else the way I felt for Mom.

-

Dad's phone call came during the early part of my junior year.

My scholastic career wasn't all it should have been, and I was toying with the idea of leaving school altogether and enlisting in the army. The separation of a few blocks had done next to nothing in purging lascivious thoughts of Mom from my mush. In fact, the short distance gave me freedom and I spent more time thinking and fantasizing about her than I ever had at home.

Vietnam was pretty far from Brooklyn and I imagined I'd have plenty to keep me occupied in Southeast Asia. I had two years to go but I wasn't at all sure I was able to go the distance; my grades sucked hard and I hated most of my classes. Life was not what I had hoped it would be. My regular fuck buddy was in London and while it was grating hearing her seething rants about Nixon and Westmoreland and places like Da Nang and My Lai, she never once bellyached about my apartment or my housekeeping habits and she even spent some time trying to domesticate Sam, which, to my way of thinking, was pretty cool..

-

When I left the gym after a long swim I did so in a sour mood for some unknown reason. The weather didn't help; the sky was slate gray and a cold north wind cut right through my clothes. I managed to get my car started after beating on the dashboard for a few minutes and as I pulled out of the parking lot a jerk I cut off honked his horn at me. I calmly extended my arm out the driver's side window and courteously raised my middle finger in salute.

I still had no idea what Mom and Dad wanted to talk to me about but Dad sounded urgent on the phone. I somehow got it in my head that they were going to tell me they were moving to Florida. They had talked

about doing just that often over the years, more so of late, and I just knew that was what was waiting for me as I pointed my Tempest south toward Brooklyn.

I entertained thoughts that maybe their moving could be the solution to my problem. Florida wasn't as far as Vietnam from New York, but it was still plenty far. I felt my spirits lifting as I drew closer to Mom and Dad's.

Chapter 2

The old Victorian style house looked the same as it always did. I made a mental note to tell Dad the place could use a paint job as I pulled my belching, smoking rust bucket up behind Dad's truck. As I left the car I scowled at the wish I had brought my laundry with me.

I heard the old familiar chimes when I pressed the door bell and waited. The sound of clicking heels on tile preceded the door swinging open and Mom stood there looking at me in surprise.

"Why on earth do you insist on ringing the bell, honey?" She smiled warmly at me and I couldn't help grinning at 'rinkink.' "You know you're always welcome. Not only do you have your own key, the door is hardly ever locked when we're home."

"Hi, Mom." I accepted her warm embrace and dipped my head to kiss her cheek. "Well, I don't live here anymore and I don't want to walk in on you guys if you're getting frisky."

The sound of her laughter was like silvery bells. She held my hand and pulled me into the entryway and closed the door to the weather.

"I'll have your father hang a sock on the door handle if we're going to be...um...getting frisky." She giggled. As I slipped off my sneakers and set them by the door she asked, "Are you ever going to learn to tie your shoes?"

Laughing, I shook my head. "This way I can slip them on and off without bending down."

I followed her into the kitchen and was assailed by the delicious odor of lasagna baking over the scent of pungent garlic -- freshly crushed, if I knew Mom. My appetite wanted to linger but I reluctantly followed her out into the dining room and couldn't help admiring the outfit she had on; a white satin blouse with a lace collar and a smart pair of black slacks that clung to her perfect butt and loosely flowed around her legs. The two inch heels she wore made her seem even more elegant than she already was. Even lounging around the house, Mom always looked like she was ready for a night out on the town. She could easily make burlap look classy and graceful.

I managed to tear my eyes from her backside as we moved into the living room.

"Hi, Pop." I smiled at Dad who was in his easy chair with a book and his pipe. "Took a day off?"

"No. Well, sort of." He set aside Uris' 'Exodus' and rose to greet me. "We're on strike again."

I hugged him back and the scent of pipe tobacco filled my head. It wasn't a bad smell at all; it smelled like home.

Dad was two inches taller than I was and probably outweighed me by 70 pounds. He was solid and thick from years of hard work and his green eyes sparkled with mischief that matched the easy grin that he wore prominently.

Sitting down, I picked up the book Dad had been reading. "Any good?"

"It's terrific. A little dry in places, but mostly a really good read." He walked over to the console television and pushed in the power knob and it winked to black.

I couldn't think with the scent of Mom's cooking filling my nostrils. My stomach was rumbling noisily and it wasn't going to take too many 'not yet' replies from me before it revolted.

Mom always could read me like a book. "I'm famished. Why don't we eat? We can sit down and talk after."

I shot up before he could object even as Dad was nodding agreement.

After weeks of a steady diet of McDonald's burgers and Uncle Luigi's hoagies and pizzas, Mom's home cooking was like ambrosia. Her lasagna was deep with Italian sausage, ricotta, provolone and mozzarella, and her own sweet and spicy marinara. The garlic bread was toasted crisp and dripping with grease and garlic, just the way it should be. Even the two glasses of milk I downed with my meal was a welcome change from my usual soda pop.

I ate until I was stuffed and then ate some more as Mom looked on approvingly. Dad and I talked idly and easily about the Giants and whether or not Schwartzwalder was going to have another lackluster year at Syracuse and then meandered to how school was going, and finished up with the prospect of the work stoppage ending anytime soon. Through it all I noticed a subtle undercurrent and the frequent glances Mom and Dad exchanged. Something was brewing and it felt big; they never had difficulty talking to me about anything. Ever.

After lunch I thanked Mom from the bottom of my heart and we all sluggishly moved to the living room. Dad took up his position in his Barcalounger and filled his pipe with Borkum Riff and lit it as Mom stood beside him. She fiddled with a button on her blouse and wouldn't look at me. Dad reached up and touched her arm and she jumped, and then nodded nervously.

Clearing his throat, Dad leaned forward a little and stared directly into my eyes. I was mildly shocked that he seemed to be as nervous as Mom appeared to be. I never saw Dad lose his composure but that is exactly what seemed to be happening. His normally glib tongue had gone missing. He puffed his Meerschaum a few times and leaned forward some more.

"You know we...your mother and me have been trying to have a baby." His face was redder than it already was.

I nodded. After their grief over losing my older sister passed and the years crept by, Mom determined she wanted another child and Dad wasn't about to say no. I knew they had been trying and doing everything they could to increase their chances but their efforts had been ultimately fruitless. Fertility clinics were popping up around the country but they were exorbitantly expensive and my folks had gone into bankruptcy thanks to the enormous hospital bills created when Kelly took ill.

The previous May Mom and Dad had borrowed a chunk of change from her parents and traveled to the John Hopkins Fertility Center in Baltimore and while they hadn't shared with me the results, I kind of assumed they had been positive.

And suddenly I knew. Mom was pregnant. That was what they had wanted to talk to me about. I couldn't help grinning happily. Quite frankly, I didn't see what the big deal was. So I'd have a brother or sister 21 or 22 years my junior. I was sure I could handle that especially since I'd been gearing for it for several years. Their hoped for move to Florida faded and I wondered at the wisdom of bouncing Vietnam and the army off of them -- I was pretty sure that my lusting for Mom wouldn't change just because she was pregnant.

"Congratulations!" I blurted, clapping my hands at them both. "Way cool, you guys."

They looked at each other in obvious confusion and then simultaneously shook their heads.

Dad laughed a harsh, short little laugh that was half cough and held up his hand. "No. Your mother's not...expecting. Not yet, at least."

It was my turn for a little confusion and I looked at them askance. "Then what...?"

"Well, that's sort of what we wanted to...uh...talk to you about." Dad looked a little green but he pushed on. "Down in Maryland...at the clinic...they told us that my sperm count is so low that the odds of us getting pregnant the...normal way are astronomical. According to the doctors, just the fact that you and...and Kelly were born can safely be considered nothing short of miraculous. Apparently my count has always been low and it's getting lower as I age. They tell us we can possibly have another child, if -- and it's a big if -- there is divine intervention." He laughed again but didn't sound at all amused. "I'm impotent. I'm basically shooting blanks."

I really was confused. Certainly I was sorry for them both, but why they felt the need to share their dilemma with me was a mystery. "Uh...I'm sorry..."

Dad held up his hand to cut me off and looked up at Mom to take some of her strength. She looked like she was lacking strength herself; her face was bright red and she clutched at her hands, her fingers opening and closing.

"Your mother doesn't have many more child bearing years left." Dad reached out and took Mom's hand in his and helped her in her time of need. "It won't be too long before it won't matter what my...sperm count is."

I was starting to sweat uncomfortably at being asked into the discussion. While I loved that they trusted me and treated me as an equal, their problem was so personal and private I felt like I was intruding even with their invite.

"You could adopt." I tried to be helpful. "There are lots of Vietnamese war babies coming to the states and, if you don't want to go that route I know there are many orphanages in the city that are overflowing."

Mom shook her head and Dad sat back in his chair. "We talked about that, Son, but we both want our own blood. Your mother wants to have a baby that is hers and I guess so do I."

For the first time since the conversation started Mom spoke up, smiling softly, "I want another you...or another Kelly."

Suddenly I knew why I was there. As clear as crystal I saw what was coming: they were going to ask me for my sperm.

My breath caught in my throat and I tried to maintain an appearance of normalcy. The perspiration on the back of my neck turned to ice and my pulse was pounding in my temples.

"You know," I managed to sound somewhat like Peter Patrick. "I read an article somewhere about advancements in fertility t...treatments. Work they are doing in laboratories...test tubes..."

Dad looked resigned and rolled his head back, "We read the stories, too. Trust me, laddie, we've read 'em all. We've been trying everything. I am so sick of eating spinach and bananas and farking oysters. I went to boxers even though I hate 'em and if I never ice down my nuggets again it'll be too soon. The fertility clinics all want coin we don't have. No, Son, there isn't any way." He pushed forward and added, "There isn't any way for me to do the job."

"Dad...Mom..."

He had gone that far and wasn't about to stop. "Pete, we'd like...we want to ask you if you'd be willing to help us have a new baby."

The silence in the warmly decorated living room was deafening. It was clear what they were asking and it was heavy. It felt like all the air had been sucked from my lungs and my eyes darted from Dad to Mom and back. Mom still wasn't able to look at me and was blushing even harder than she had been. Dad just peered at me as if he could ascertain what I was thinking through my eyes.

"Dad...what...I don't think..." I stammered eloquently. "Um..."

"Believe me, we don't ask this lightly." Dad slid to the edge of his recliner and fiddled with his pipe. "And we've talked this over for a long, long time. We...I've done a little research on the subject of genetics and have arrived at the conclusion that, if you were willing, there is no reason your mother couldn't have your baby without difficulty. The chance of genetic defects in such a...um...child is statistically not much greater than in the population at large."

I was more than a bit flabbergasted. Dad was talking as if my answer was a foregone conclusion and Mom looked mortified. I was simply stunned.

"How...I don't..." My tongue was nonresponsive. Did they want me to jerk off in a bowl and use a turkey baster to inseminate Mom? Holy shit! I couldn't think.

"I know this is a huge thing we're asking of you, Son." Dad said softly. "I know it must sound strange to you; cac, it sounds off to me, too, and I've had a wee bit more time to dwell on it. I would have loved to get her with my own but it isn't to be. If you were to do the job for us, in a small way, it'll be mine as well. My blood flows in your veins, too."

I could see Mom looking at me from the corner of her eye. She was trying to gauge my reaction to their unorthodox request. Her hands had ceased toying with her buttons and she was holding her breath.

I stood up and walked to the window, my back to my parents. I didn't want them to see my face because I wasn't sure I could control it.

There was a decided waver in my voice when I asked, "I don't know, Pop. What do you want? Do I put it in a glass or something and...and it gets inserted with some sort of...instrument? I can't even believe I'm having this conversation."

"No." Mom's voice was soft and feathery and sure. "No instruments. No glasses. No beakers. I...we...we think that it will be more effective if we do it...um...the normal method."

Dad jumped in. "There is no reason it can't be done the...uh...standard way."

I felt my heart surge and my blood began running hot. I wasn't the sharpest pencil in the box but even I could deduce what they were saying. They wanted me to fuck Mom. They wanted me to have sex with her and knock her up. I felt my dick twitch mightily in my pants.

"We're assuming you're not still a virgin." Dad stood up behind me. "What we're asking is for you to just...uh...mount your mother a few times until the job is done. If you're worried about the baby, don't. I'll love it as though it was my own, like I love you, Son. You'll have no responsibility other than maybe that of an older brother. The act itself can be done...um...clinically...clean. In the dark, with both of you fully clothed, well except for your genitalia I suppose. You can use lubricant. I'll make myself scarce during. The only thing I ask is that you don't tell me any of the details. I don't want to know."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I wanted to turn cartwheels around the living room. I wanted to scoop up Mom and carry her up the staircase to their bedroom on the spot. I wanted to scream with happiness even though my nerves were shot through and through. But I wanted to play it cool, too. I needed to pretend to be shocked and delay things.

Fighting hard to get my stiffening little buddy to drowse off back to sleep, I gathered myself and turned to face them. Dad had taken Mom

in his arms and she was peeking at me from where she was pressing her face against his chest.

"Wow!" I wheezed heavily, "This is a load you dumped on me. It sure is about the last thing I anticipated." I laughed and added, "I half expected you guys to tell me you were moving to Florida."

They both just looked at me expectantly so I took a rain check. "Do you need an answer now? Can I think about it for a bit?"

They both blurted, "Of course." Mom seemed to brighten and lifted her face to smile at me. "Take some time and think about it, honey. All we're asking is a few days a month until I'm with child. I'm regular as clockwork and I should start ovulating in about a week or so."

When I left the house a few minutes later I hugged them both and assured them I loved them but I just need time to digest such a heavy request. It was sleeting heavily when I skipped out to my piece of shit sedan but I was warm and sunny inside.

Chapter 3

I was walking on air when I made it back to my roach infested apartment. My loving parents actually asked me to do what I'd been dreaming about for almost a decade. Well, not exactly, but they asked me to insert Tab A into Slot B and move it around until nature took its course; not exactly like I'd ever fantasized, but far closer than I'd ever been. They asked me to impregnate Mom and acted like I'd be doing them a huge favor.

Except for the hobos that resided on the apartment building roof I'd have gone up and screamed the news to the world. The winos were mostly innocuous and they were even friendly to me, but they didn't appreciate excessive noise.

I sprawled out on my back on my mattress and kicked my legs wildly in the air and laughed until tears were streaming from my eyes and my stomach hurt. I was going to satisfy my deepest, darkest desire and had Dad's blessing to do it.

"How about that?" I asked Sam.

Sam was unimpressed and only looked at me with indifference before disappearing into his home in the wall behind the refrigerator. Sam might not have appreciated the situation, but I sure did.

Could sex ever be 'clinical?' I seriously doubted it. A couple of girls I'd been with in the biblical sense were like being with a cold mackerel, and one in particular made me feel like I was a necropheliac when we were bumping uglies but in no case had the event been 'clinical.' I suppose that the act could be 'mechanical' if there wasn't a connection with your partner, but 'clean and clinical,' I doubted it.

From my limited perspective a pussy was always preferable to using my hand regardless of the woman it was attached to.

Mom could be wearing a suit of armor complete with helmet and I was pretty sure it wasn't going to be clinical -- at least for me. Mom might be able to shut down her emotions and her physiological responses during whatever we did together, but I wasn't going to be able to. I thought I could maybe pretend at being disinterested, for her sake if nothing else, but I was sure that I'd have to come up with an Oscar-worthy acting job to come across as lackadaisical.

Just thinking about the way she looked that afternoon was enough to wake up my little buddy and the thought of actually fucking her made him try to bust out of his confinement and I was forced to my dingy little 'bathroom' to quiet him down.

After taking care of business, I lay there planning how I'd proceed. I figured I'd wait a day or two -- Mom said that she would be ready in a week -- and make it seem like I wasn't eager to take on the task they'd asked of me. It was important for them to never know that I'd been obsessing about Mom for the better part of my life.

Even before puberty, before even knowing what sex was, I had been fascinated with her. I remember the sense of pride I felt when she'd walk with me to the elementary school. Her hair and makeup was always impeccable, her clothing always looked stylish regardless of what she wore, and she made all the other mothers look old and tired. Even after Kelly was gone and Mom went to work to help pay the hospital bills, she always looked fresh and collected. I never saw her look disheveled or exhausted. Ever.

She reminded me in many ways of Grace Kelly. Not so much physically - although they seemed to be cut from very similar cloth from the neck down. No, it was more that Mom had the same serene grace and dignity and self-assurance.

Mom's face was truly stunning, but she looked nothing like Grace. Her long hair was a dark brown with red-gold highlights, her eyes were olive, and her features were finely chiseled and perfectly proportioned, and her skin was akin to the finest porcelain and made her look younger than her years. She was what can be described as classically beautiful but she wasn't at all vain about her appearance. Yes, she always tried to look her best, but that was what she had been raised to do.

What was really funny about being asked to impregnate Mom was that, despite living under the same roof for 18 years, and despite my best efforts to 'accidentally' walk in on her while she was undressed, I never once saw her naked. I never even saw her in so much as a bra and panties. The closest I ever came to seeing her body in all its sumptuous glory was when she wore her one piece swimsuit on trips to the beach during the summer and, in the 50s and 60s, beachwear had a ways to go to be considered risqué by 1970 standards.

When I finally did drift off to my dream world, though, Mom was completely naked and abandoned her grace and dignity for wanton wickedness that made my little buddy wake up again.

-

The next two days were lost to me. I went to classes but I might as well as stuck my head up my ass for all I got from them. I just could not concentrate. Mom danced through my mind every few seconds and Abnormal Psychology, while fascinating, just couldn't compete. I spent most of my free time during daylight hours doing laps in the Olympic-sized pool at school and the bulk of my nights trying to imagine how Mom and I would go.

My television was on the fritz so I listened to the radio for entertainment, or had lengthy conversations with the bums on the roof. By and large, they weren't stupid; they were either mentally ill or alcoholic. Two had done time in Vietnam and another had schizophrenia. The fourth member of the troop, Aiden, was only a semi-permanent resident on the roof and I was never sure what his issues were since he hardly ever talked to me.

I waited until Friday to call home. I don't mind admitting I was as nervous as I'd ever been.

Dad answered before the first ring was finished, as if he had been hovering over the phone waiting for the call. "Hello?"

"Hi, Pop." I tried to sound cheery and failed. I sounded like a toad with a sore throat.

"Hi, Pete. How are you?" His own voice suddenly sounded hoarse like my own.

"Doing okay, I guess." I took a swig of a warm Dr. Pepper that I'd forgotten on my table. "How are you guys?"

"We're doing as well as could be expected." He sounded like he took a drink of his own.

I swallowed hard and bulled ahead. "I guess there is no point in beating around the bush: I'll do it." Dad's happy yell interrupted me but I pushed on. "But I have a few questions that need answers first."

"Questions?" His glee was hard to miss. "Of course, Son, go ahead. I'll answer them as best I can."

"One, whose idea was...it?" I sat down at the kitchen table and wished I had a cup of coffee.

He didn't hesitate. "Mine. I'm guilty. In fact, you should have seen your mother react when I suggested it. Boy howdy! I thought she was going to eviscerate me on the spot. It took two or three months to get her to talk about it rationally and even then she thought I was crazy. Trust me, it was all my idea."

"Thanks." I had figured it had been Dad's idea. Mom was so prim and proper I would have seriously doubted she would suggest such a thing on her own. "Two, what...um...rules are there? What is the plan?"

Dad laughed. "I'd like it if you both wore clothes, and kept the lights off. You don't have to do...anything but the act and if you use the lubricant I bought to help, you shouldn't have a problem. The only thing I really want is to be left in the dark. When it's time I'll drive down to Philly and spend a few days with a couple of friends. Your mother will call you when she's...ready."

"Last, this is not really a question but it's the most important thing I need, Pop, you have to tell me that no matter what, you won't change how you think about me. I'm willing to help you guys out, but not if I lose you in the process."

Dad was quiet for a long time and if it wasn't for the constant hum on the line I would have thought the connection had been broken. He finally responded. "Thank you, Son. That means a lot to me. I can promise you that won't happen. Besides your mother, you mean more to me than anything else in my life and that isn't going to change."

"Okay then." I was satisfied. The answers to my questions were irrelevant to me. The only concern I had was Dad. I wasn't concerned enough to say 'no' to the opportunity to lay with Mom, but I was concerned.

I declined his invitation to come over the next day to watch the Syracuse -- Penn State football game, despite the lure of a loaded refrigerator and pantry. I just thought being in Mom's presence knowing what was going to happen between us would be too uncomfortable for her. Plus, I was pretty sure I'd have a raging erection the entire time I was under their roof and the thought made me uncomfortable.

-

The phone call came the following Wednesday night. I was 'studying' in that I had a book open, but the words moved around on the page and made no sense to me. For the better part of a week I'd been lost in a fog of lust like I'd never known. If it kept up I wouldn't have to worry about dropping out of school -- I was going to get tossed out on my ear.

But I couldn't stop thinking about Mom and what was coming. She was there in my dreams at night, she ate breakfast with me in the mornings, and she rode with me to school. She haunted me morning, noon, and night and I couldn't shake her. Before my parent's unorthodox request almost all of my sexual fantasies centered on Mom, but I was able to function. Afterward, I wasn't able to find my ass with both hands and a mirror.

I almost lost my job when I gave change for a \$50 in exchange for a \$20. I'd been with the Qwik Stop for a long time so that in and of itself wouldn't have necessarily garnered me a pink slip, but while the manager was dressing me down I told him to stuff it up his ass, and,

oh, by the way, he'd have to find somebody to cover my shifts Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and probably Sunday.

He was screaming when I left his office and pocketed a Baby Ruth on the way out of the store but I frankly didn't give a shit. He was an asshole anyway.

When my phone rang, I tossed my book aside and apologized to Sam for startling him when I jumped up to answer it. "Hello?"

"H...Hi, honey." The silvery tone of her voice made me melt inside. "It's time."

"Now?" I was suddenly hit with an overwhelming sense of panic. "Do you want...when...now...?"

I could hear she was just as nervous as I was. "No, not tonight. Your father is leaving tomorrow morning. Why d...don't you come by around 10 or 11 and we can sit and...talk about things..."

"Sure thing, Mom." I would have sacrificed both of my testicles for just such an opportunity but I was afraid, too, and tried to see if Mom really was on board. "Uh...are you really sure about this?"

She blurted her response, "Absolutely. I want another child so badly I'll do just about anything and this is...uh...the best avenue I see. Believe me, honey; I'm fully committed to this...plan."

Relief washed over me and I bit my lip to keep from laughing. "Alright, Mom. I'll be there in the morning." I paused then added, "I love you, Mom."

"I love you, too." I heard her whisper as I set the receiver on the cradle.

Chapter 4

An early winter storm moved in overnight and there was almost three inches of the stuff on the roads in the morning. The bald tires on my POS slipped and spun and barely inched me forward as I drove toward Mom, all the while I was leaning forward to peer through a clear spot about the size of a deck of cards in my windshield. The heater in the car didn't work and the wipers were next to useless. The backseat was crammed with garbage bags of dirty laundry.

Fresh tracks in the driveway showed Dad's truck had backed out only a short time before and I had an attack of nerves as I pulled the Tempest into the drive. I got out and used my key to open the garage door and pulled in next to Mom's Opal. There was no reason to leave the car out in the cold.

I brought my nerves under control and entered the house through the garage. The homey odor of breakfast assailed me as I closed the door behind me.

Mom was in the kitchen and dressed to the nines. I grinned inwardly at the realization I had been expecting her to be wearing lingerie or, at the very least, her robe.

She smiled warmly at me as I hung my coat on the hook inside the door and kicked off my shoes. "Good morning, honey."

I tried hard to act normal. "Good morning. How are you?"

"Wonderful." She hung the frying pan she had been drying over the island. "A little nervous, I guess, but I'll be okay."

"Me, too." I pulled out a chair and sat down as she prepared a plate of scrambled eggs and fried ham for me. "I'm pretty much wired tight. I almost called to cancel."

"I'm glad you didn't, honey." She set the plate in front of me and touched my shoulder as I dug in. "We're both nervous because it's so unusual, what we're going to do, but it'll be alright. I'm so happy you agreed to do this for us."

I vacuumed up the breakfast like I was starving. My normal morning fare was day old donuts from the store which were often much older than that before I got around to eating them. Anything warm and fresh was a welcome change.

Mom sat down opposite me and watched me eat. The look in her eyes was warm and loving. Except for the tremble in her fingers she appeared calm and in control of her emotions. When I pushed aside my plate and downed the last swallow of my coffee I wiped my mouth with a napkin and sprawled back in the chair.

"Wow." I patted my stomach, "I might move back just so you can cook for me, Mom."

She giggled. "You can move back home any time you like, darling. I don't like that flophouse you're living in. It's so...dirty."

"It's not that bad." For some reason I wanted a cigarette and I didn't even smoke. "So, what is the plan?"

She started blushing and looked down at her hands. "Well...I thought we could operate on a schedule. If you're up to it I think three times a day; once in the morning, once around noon, and once more in the evening. Do you think that is too much?"

I shook my head. "No, I should be able to handle that with no problem. Do you want to...uh...get started now?"

Mom's head slowly moved from side to side. "I think at noon. I want to get on the schedule from the start."

I nodded but didn't say anything. My dick was already getting hard.

"What I'd like is to get into bed before you come in the room. The shades will be pulled and the lights will be off. I'll wear my nightgown and you can wear a tee shirt. We'll be under the covers. You'll see, honey, it'll be as...as...disconnected as it can be." Mom's words were clipped and rapid fire, as if she'd practiced the speech many times before.

I grinned easily at her. "Sure. Say, do you mind if I start my laundry while we wait? And I need to take a shower...before."

She stood up and gathered my dishes. "Of course not. In between...sessions...you have carte blanche to come and go as you please and take care of what you need to. Don't you have classes and work?"

I could help admiring the way her shirt was molded to her breasts as she walked to the sink. "No. I have a class this afternoon but I can get the notes from the TA and I'm pretty sure I won't be needed at the store anytime soon."

-

With the washer stuffed to capacity with skid-stained underwear, holey socks, filthy denim and towels, I took a long shower and then whiled away the time in the living room. I turned on the TV and absently watched a soap and thought of Mom. She was utterly gorgeous and I loved the coral shade of her lipstick and fingernail polish. I thought the subtle touch of her eye shadow worked well; not too garish or loud. Her makeup was always immaculately applied. The only time I ever saw her without makeup was late at night when she was getting ready to go to bed, and I didn't see that often.

I wondered if she'd remove her makeup before our first 'session' and then decided it didn't matter one way or the other.

The pendulum wall clock ticked to 11:30 and then seemed to stop. I swear it started ticking backward. I could hear Mom moving around upstairs and felt myself jerk with every sound. I was so aroused it felt like I was on fire. The blood in my veins seemed to alternate between running hot with anticipation and then cold with fear.

Five minutes before noon I sprang up when Mom called down the flight of stairs. "Honey, it's time. Give me five minutes and come to my room."

It is amazing how long five minutes can seem. I paced anxiously from the living room to dining room to kitchen and back. Should I strip down to my birthday suit before entering her room? Then I remembered she wanted a tee shirt. I literally ran to my old bedroom and rummaged through the bureau until I found an old Narragansett Beer shirt that was still somewhat presentable even if it was a touch too small for me.

I pulled off my jeans and socks and sweatshirt and tossed them into the hallway. Pulling the chartreuse tee over my head, I looked at myself in the mirror. I might have been a little vain, but I thought I looked good under the circumstances.

Tall and fit, I was 21 and in my prime. Swimming laps four times a week with a budget that didn't allow gorging kept me flab free, even if my diet sucked. I was 6'2" and hovered around 190 pounds most days. My hair I inherited from Mom, thankfully. Dad's red hair worked for him, but I was grateful it had skipped me. My Irish green eyes I did get from Dad. Mom had green eyes, also, but hers were a more muted olive-tone.

I had a swimmer's build; strong arms and shoulders, a deep chest, a flat stomach with a narrow waist, and my legs were powerfully muscled. I occasionally lifted weights -- not to build my physique -- to better my performance in the pool, and it showed. I vainly hoped Mom would appreciate my body.

The erection that tented my boxers and pushed up out of my waistband was long and thick and I was so excited it actually hurt. I hoped Mom would appreciate my penis, too.

My nerves were shot when I walked across the hall and waited for straight up 12 o'clock. No matter how many times I had fantasized about being with Mom, I was not at all prepared for reality. When the wall clock downstairs announced the noon hour my heart was hammering in my chest and my hand shook when I raised it and lightly tapped on the door with my knuckles.

"It's open." Mom called out. Her voice sounded like she was being strangled.

I quickly pushed open the door and slipped inside, closing it behind me. Mom and Dad's bedroom was almost completely dark. If it wasn't for the slivers of light that leaked around the drawn shades over the windows it would have been inky. As it was, I could see the queen sized bed in the center of the room and Mom laying on the right side beneath the heavy comforter, the edge of the blanket tucked under her chin.

I froze. I couldn't make myself move. My body wouldn't respond to the screams in my head. What was wrong with me? This was what I had dreamed of for so long and my body was short circuiting. It wasn't until I heard her voice that I was able to move to Dad's side of the bed.

"It's going to be f...fine, darling. You'll see. I'm just a woman. You're just a man. Don't think of me as your mother." Her words were soothing and calming.

I didn't think I'd be doing that. I reached down and peeled back the cover and sheet and clumsily climbed into bed with her. For many minutes we lay in silence. I was sure she could hear my heart beating erratically. I was sure she could hear the voices in my head as loudly as I could.

Mercifully, Mom took charge. She reached out from beneath her cocoon and retrieved a small tube of lubricant from her nightstand and handed it to me. I was strangely relieved to see her hands were shaking, too.

"Take off your shorts. Use this to...to lubricate yourself." Her voice sounded only vaguely like Mom. "It's going to be alright, I promise."

I wasn't sure whether she was trying to calm me or herself. I reached down and pushed my boxers down my legs and kicked them off onto the floor. Mom fumbled beneath the blanket and I knew she was pulling her nightgown up north of her hips and then removing her panties. I made a show of trying to achieve an erection for Mom's benefit; she didn't need to know I was warm steel almost from the moment I pulled my car into the garage.

She watched intently when I extracted both arms and unscrewed the cap of the K-Y Jelly and then squeezed out a liberal amount onto the fingers of my left hand. My eyes had adjusted to the dark considerably and I could watch her eyes narrow when I reached down and slathered the clear jelly over my heated flesh.

Mom's hair was down and fanned out on her pillow. Her color was high and she was sans makeup. She was as beautiful as I'd ever seen her.

"I'm ready." I choked. My heart felt like it was being squeezed in a vice.

"It's alright, then." She sounded like I felt. "Roll up and climb between my legs. Use your elbows to support your weight."

"Are you really sure about this, M...Mom?" I asked shakily. "I mean...it's not too late..."

"I'm sure." She whined through clenched teeth.

I forced myself to do as she directed. She flinched when my leg brushed one of her splayed legs. I looked down at her face. In the near dark I could see her eyes were mere slits and her nostrils were flared. She was biting her lower lip. I pushed forward with my hips and we both grunted when my swollen helmet contacted her dense pubic hair.

I had lost my virginity when I was 16, and I'd been with maybe two dozen women and girls, so I knew what I was doing, but it felt so alien I kept missing the mark. Mom finally violated one of her 'rules' and reached down between us to lightly grip my cock with her hand and position me at her entrance. Her eyes popped open wide and I felt her briefly finger my thickness as if 'seeing' me with her digits.

"Oh my..." She whispered as she moved me into position. "You're not a little boy anymore."

She nodded up at me and we both cried out gutturally when I slowly pushed down and forward with my hips and my lubricated knob pushed inside her. I paused briefly, with just my glans inside her pussy, and watched her face. Clinical, my ass.

I gently eased into her ever so slowly. She felt a lot like any other woman I'd been with, but she felt like no other. I am pretty sure we could have got the job done without the lubricant -- she was wet with excitement. Deeper and deeper I pushed, reveling in the exquisite sensation of finally fucking Mom. She was tight and hot and felt delicious. Her body was quivering and she was breathing in short, gasping bursts.

We spoke not a word. Not then. I had a job to do and I only wanted to feel. I wanted to feel the silkiness of her vaginal tissues around me. I wanted to feel how she squeezed at me as I sank into her. I wanted to feel the utter, complete power of taking what she was freely giving me. Regardless if my mission was to get her with child, I was fucking Mom.

Then, with one last little wriggle of my hips I was completely inside her. I could feel my glans nudging against her cervix and my testicles lying heavy against her ass. My face was about six inches above hers and I

could feel her warm, moist breath on my chin. She held me at the shoulders, her fingernails digging deep.

Instinctively I knew to wait for her signal and I was in no hurry in any case. I was in heaven. My cock was where I'd only dreamed of it being and I wanted the moment to last the rest of my life.

When I felt her fingers relax their death grip on my shoulders and she looked up at me and bobbed her head, I pushed up with my knees and couldn't help grimacing as my erection slid almost entirely out of her. I paused for a second and then slowly pushed it back in. Mom only gasped.

I found a long, slow tempo with my hips and methodically began sliding in and out of her pussy. On each down stroke I wriggled my hips ever so slightly and grinned inwardly at the way Mom's eyes widened each time I did. In and out of her drenched vagina I worked my cock. There was no longer any doubt that her body was responding to the stimuli because her pussy was making a wet slurping sound with every withdrawal and I hadn't used that much jelly.

I wasn't going to last long, but that was okay. I had been ready to burst the moment I walked into the kitchen so nothing was going to delay the inevitable. Buried beneath a heavy down comforter and wearing a tee shirt, I was sweating profusely, my breathing was labored, and the look on Mom's face was driving me crazy.

She was fighting the feelings but they showed in her hooded and lust-filled eyes. They showed in the way she bit her lip. They showed in the gasping cries that leaked from behind clenched teeth.

"I'm c...coming, Mom..." I whimpered weakly as I continued working my cock in and out. "I can't help it...gonna come..."

She tried to encourage me but her words were slurred and unintelligible. The only thing I understood was "Yesssss..."

I lost control. I slid my penis as deeply into her body as I could and pushed up onto clenched fists as my load boiled up from my balls and erupted deep into her belly. I screamed exultantly as my semen poured into her as my cock jerked over and over, flooding her womb with my hot syrup.

I tasted blood and smelled smoke as explosions of pure energy detonated in my head and bolts of electricity blasted over and through me. My body seized and jerked and shuddered as the single greatest orgasm of my life wracked my mind.

Finally my orgasm gradually faded leaving me as weak as a child. My body still tingled lusciously as I collapsed heavily onto Mom and lay enveloped in her arms. I knew, then, what Heaven was like. I have no idea how long I lay on Mom. It was long enough for my flaccid dick to slide wetly from her vagina. It was long enough for me to realize that my fantasies were nothing compared to the real thing.

In my fantasies, Mom was nasty and lecherous and a wanton cock-slut. At least she was a slut for my cock. In my dreams she was wild and energetic and willing to try anything. And though what we had just done was nothing like anything I'd ever masturbated to, it was hotter by far than anything my pea brain could have dreamed up. It was real and it was wonderful.

Chapter 5

When I floated back to reality Mom still held me lightly at the hips. She lightly kissed the side of my neck over and over and she was humming an old love song. I sluggishly raised my head and looked down at her where she was beaming happily.

"Hi." She whispered.

"Hi yourself." I blushed. "Oh my God..."

"Uh-huh..." Her perfect lips curled up at the corners. "See, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

"Holy shit!" I blurted. "Wow..."

"I'll take that as a 'yes.'" She slid her hands up and pushed up lightly on my shoulders.

I felt drunk as I struggled to roll off her. In the near dark I couldn't see anything beneath the covers anyway, but I still tried to look at the treasure between her legs.

She playfully slapped my arm when she saw me trying to eye her naughty parts and pulled the covers down onto her as I lay back on Dad's side of the bed. "Stop that, pervert. I'm still your mother."

I felt it was pointless to argue I was only trying to see what I had just fucked so I bit my tongue.

"Okay, honey." She smiled at me lovingly. "You need to scram. You're basically free until 8 tonight and our next session. If you want to go out until then, that's fine."

I nodded and rolled out of bed and hunted for my blue and white striped boxers. "I think I will. I'll put my wash in the dryer and maybe catch my Anthropology class. I'll be back with plenty of time."

As I walked to the door I looked back at Mom who was looking at me intently through the poor light. I could only see her head poking above the comforter and she completely captured my heart.

As I pulled open the door I heard her softly call out to me, "Thank you so much, honey."

-

I did go to my two o'clock class. My entire attitude about life had changed thanks to recent events. I no longer wanted to go to Vietnam. I no longer wanted to leave school. I knew that it was far too late to do much about my GPA, but I could finish with a flurry. I could apply myself for the last two semesters and see if I wanted to go further when the dust settled.

Strangely, I was able to follow what the professor was saying and I wasn't bored by the subject. I would have expected the opposite. Being with Mom had been liberating and knowing I'd get to be with her again freed my obsessive mind to focus on other things.

When I left school and headed to the store to apologize to the manager -- whether or not I still had a job -- I began work on a plan to get more of Mom and change our arrangement. If it didn't work, the worst that would happen is I'd continue to lay her as I had our first time; in the dark, partially clothed, and in a cocoon of blankets. If my plan worked things would be a whole lot different.

There was six inches of new snow that covered Brooklyn when I pulled into the Qwik Stop parking lot. I could see three cars in the ditch up and down the road and I heard sirens off in the distance as I walked to the front door.

I reached for the handle and the door burst open and a jackass in a ski mask ran out and tried to push past me. Ignoring the black pistol he held in one hand, I drove my hip out and sent the robber sprawling into the wall. He looked at me with fear from the eye holes on his mask and started to raise the gun in my direction. I reached out, gripped his head gear at the forehead and slammed his head back against the brick. The sodden meaty sound of skull on brick stayed with me even after the police had come and gone and the would-be gunman was hauled off to Memorial Hospital by ambulance.

While it was happening, I wasn't scared. Afterward, fear that I had maybe killed a 17 year-old kid ate at my mind. The store manager didn't seem at all concerned about the condition of the robber and happily told me I could have my job back after I apologized for my unacceptable behavior.

Things were looking up. I dropped by the apartment with a bag of day old from the bakery next door to the Qwik Stop for the hobos and sat and bullshitted with them for awhile. The 'tents' that they had constructed out of cast off 2 x 4s, lengths of conduit, and mish-mashed tarpaulins they got from God knows where had survived the snowfall. The 55 gallon barrel they used as a fire pit was black and charred but the heat it gave off was radiant. On the coldest of nights the group moved collectively into the enclosed stairwell.

I enjoyed just talking with them if they weren't too drunk or high on something other than alcohol. It was like a mini-laboratory for me to examine first-hand social theory and ideas for social reform.

Every so often the building super rousted the bums and tore down their ramshackle homes, but they always returned a couple of weeks later. The super probably would have just let them stay if they weren't prone to hanging their butts over the edge of the building and crapping down into the alley. When you have to go, you have to go, I thought, and a body couldn't always make it to the coin-op down the street, especially late at night or in the rain.

I drank a beer and went down to my apartment and took a nap. I could have gone to Mom and Dad's to rest but I didn't think I'd be able to do so with her there. When I woke an hour or so later I lay on my mattress and worked on my 'plan.'

It was almost 7 PM when I got back in my car and drove the handful of blocks to home. Even after three years I still thought of it as 'home.'

Mom looked up and smiled broadly when I came through the door into the kitchen, kicked off my shoes, and made short work of my outer clothes. "Hi, honey. How are you feeling?"

"Amazing," I smiled back at her, "I feel wonderful. How about you?"

She nodded in agreement. She was wearing her makeup perfectly, as always. "Me, too. I wasn't sure how I'd feel, but I am much better than I thought I'd be. I expected something like...guilt or shame but I don't feel any of that. I feel wonderful about it...about what we're doing."

I sat down catty corner to where she sat reading Erich Segal's 'Love Story.' "It is alright. I don't mind doing this for you and Dad. I'm just glad I can help."

Mom reached out and took my hand in both of hers. "Me, too. I just know we're going to have a baby really soon."

I couldn't help laughing at the absurdity of it all. Mom joined me and we were soon laughing like hyenas. We laughed so hard both of us had tears rolling down our cheeks. In between gales of laughter I nibbled at a hazelnut biscotti.

It really was absurd. If I had wrote a screenplay about just such a scenario and tried to sell it to Hollywood I would have been roundly told it was a ridiculous plotline. Mothers don't have sex with sons in an effort to get pregnant. It just didn't happen. But it was happening and it was real and I couldn't wait until the clock ticked the appointed hour.

At 10 till 8, Mom smiled softly at me and patted my shoulder as she rose from the table. "It's almost time. Just like earlier."

I nodded and looked up into her eyes. Apparently once was all it had taken to eliminate her nervousness. She was calm and serene as she walked from the kitchen.

Digging a clean tee from the drier, I stripped down to my boxers in the dining room and pulled it over my head. I was already hard, but not nearly like I had been before our first session.

-

Like before, when I rapped my knuckles on the door she called out, "It's open."

The bedroom was considerably darker than it had been. The window shades were still pulled but there wasn't light trying to spill over the sill. I waited by the door until my eyes adjusted and I could make out the gray shape of the bed.

I crawled into bed and found the KY Jelly on Dad's pillow where Mom had put it. There was a few seconds of fumbling beneath the covers and our underwear floated to the carpet.

Play acting, I took much longer in trying to get my little buddy ready. I could sense Mom's impatience as I pretended to vigorously shake my penis and smiled inwardly. It was all part of my scheme.

She heaved a sigh when I put a much larger dollop of jell than necessary on my fingers and then methodically smeared it over and around my erection. There were no words when Mom pushed up on the blanket and sheet and allowed me to clamber between her legs.

Besides our breathing and the quiet squeaks of the bed as I crawled over her, there was no sound in the room. I lowered myself over her and cautiously hunted for her vagina with my penis. There was no need for her to guide me our second time.

We both exhaled loudly when my bulbous helmet nudged against her and then parted her tissues and eased into heaven. I slowly inched into

her and I might have been mistaken but it felt like Mom raised her hips to me as I worked myself into her.

I could hardly make out Mom's face in the dark but, like before, it looked she was biting her lip as my penis sank deeper and deeper. She held my arms and her head rolled back on her pillow and I thought I heard her moan as I buried my cock in her pussy.

I had to fight to keep from kissing her. I had to fight to keep control over my body. I wanted to ravage her. I wanted to consume her completely. When I felt my cock bottom out against her cervix I wanted to scream for joy.

Lubricant or not, Mom was wet. She was enjoying our 'union' as much as I was. I could feel her delicate tissues clasp at me. I could feel her body welcoming me even as her hands slid down to hold me at the waist.

When I began moving over her and my cock was sliding in and out of her so deliciously I knew that my plan would work. She whistled and gasped and panted as I smoothly fucked her. Mom might have wanted me to get her pregnant, but she was getting into her son. I knew, then, that my plan would work just fine.

Stamina was never a problem for me. Jennifer had informed me that I could go longer than any man she'd ever been with, and I had never encountered difficulty in getting my partners off before coming myself, and while my excitement was heightened by an order of ten with Mom, I was still going strong fifteen minutes after I began, although my shirt was soaked with perspiration and my breathing was labored.

For her part, I could tell Mom was coming apart. Her head lolled back and forth on her pillow as we fucked, and her hands clutched at me. I had spread my arms and allowed my upper body to lower and thrilled at the sensation of her breasts pressing against my chest, even if it was through two layers of fabric.

Ever so slowly I increased the speed of my thrusting. The slurping of her pussy sucking at my cock sounded as hot as it felt. Beneath her whimpering I could hear Mom's cries of passion and knew she was not at all clinical.

She reached around me and clutched at my lower back, pulling me against her in time with my movements. I sensed her pulling her legs up then she was pushing her groin up to meet each down stroke.

My orgasm snuck up on me and I bellowed at the top of my lungs when my balls exploded. I slammed myself as deeply as I could inside her pussy and came apart. I yelled and shuddered over her as my come percolated up and spewed into her womb. It felt like the purest bliss I'd ever known. Over and over I jerked inside her as wad after wad of semen poured into her.

I had entered Nirvana's hallowed halls and floated on clouds of warm cotton as lights burst behind my eyeballs and warm energy radiated out from my sex and flowed through me.

Through my bliss and the dark felt Mom bite the side of my neck and I heard her hiss, "Oh yesssss..."

My arms gave out and I sank on top of her and embraced the feelings of erotic delight that made me thank God I was a man.

When I came to, Mom was humming her song again. Her hands were beneath my tee shirt in back and she was lightly tracing her fingertips across my skin. My penis was still lodged inside her vagina.

Like our first time, when I raised my head to look at her in the dark I heard her smile as she said, "Hi."

"Oh, Mommmyyyy..." I managed. "Oh sweet Jesus."

She brought her hands to my face and cupped it lightly and then lifted her face to kiss me full on the mouth with a loud smack. "That was...nice. Now vamoose, you need to get some sleep to get ready for tomorrow morning."

I groaned plaintively but pushed up and screwed up my face as my limp and wet little buddy slithered from her center. She made no effort to try to cover up; it was so dark I couldn't have seen anything anyway.

Again, as I left her room, she called out. "Thank you so much, honey."

I nodded drunkenly and smiled back at her. "You're welcome."

As I closed the door, I heard her yell, "7 AM."

Chapter 6

It was only shortly before 9 but I was exhausted despite the nap I had taken that afternoon. I was a night owl but the events of the day had drained me. It felt a little odd to be in my old bed again, but it was comfortable, too. I would have expected to spend hours dwelling on Mom; instead, I fell asleep wondering how the sad sack of a robber was doing.

No matter how clichéd it sounded, I slept like baby. It was still dark when I surfaced from my slumber but I could tell that dawn was soon to break. A glance at my alarm clock showed it was a little after six. I reached out and turned it off and snuggled back beneath the covers. I had a morning class that I was going to miss, but not much.

I went over my 'plan' once more and decided it would work. Especially after the way Mom responded during our second session. It was going to take some play acting on my part and lots and lots of baseball and football statistics, but I was pretty sure it would come off nicely.

Mom's knock and cheery 'Good morning, honey' came, as expected, at 6:30. "Good morning, Mom. I'll be there on time but I'm going to take a shower first."

Mom had folded my clothes and set them outside my door so I scored a clean pair of shorts and a fresh tee shirt and padded barefoot to the bathroom at the end of the hall. I washed up quickly and then used my imagination to bring Mom into the stall with me.

It was all part of the plan and as I masturbated I thought she'd come to thank me for it later.

-

"It's open." She announced when I tapped on one of the panels of her door.

Like before, I slipped inside and quickly shut the door against the light in the hallway. The slivers of light at the edges of the drapes were back and even brighter than the day before. Mom was in her usual position and I felt good at the happy smile she gave me as I slipped into bed with her.

Like before, we both fumbled to remove our under garments beneath the blanket, and like before I made a show of trying to massage my little buddy to life. Unlike before, I was predictably unsuccessful.

After several minutes of trying I feigned frustration and shook my head at Mom when she asked what was wrong.

In reality I had jerked of only ten minutes before and the 1972 Yankees roster was going through my head to keep my penis from rising up for battle. He was as limp and soft as al dente fettuccini.

"Is...is something...wrong, honey?" She asked again, turning slightly to look at me.

I muttered something darkly beneath my breath and acted at redoubling my efforts. Nothing. Did Munson have 144 or 154 hits last season? I couldn't remember. I hoped Houk wouldn't come back in '73.

"Honey, talk to me. What's wrong?" She persisted.

I could have been an actor. I choked a sad little sob and flopped my arm down at my side. "It...it doesn't want to wake up."

Mom wrinkled her forehead at me and did something that almost woke my little buddy up. She reached out and peeled the covers down my torso. Fortunately, I wasn't lying about my penis being down for the count although it did twitch when Mom looked at it.

"What's wrong with it?" She turned on her side and reached out to touch my arm. "Are we...um...doing it too much do you think?"

I shook my head and wrinkled my nose. "No, I don't think so. I think maybe this is so odd...so different. I don't know."

Mom looked up into my eyes and then back at my penis. It wasn't exactly flaccid, but nor was it hard; it was somewhere in between. Even soft, though, it was long and thick and a dark red. She was biting her lower lip again and I could see her eyes narrow as she gazed at my dick.

"Maybe..." She began and stopped. She looked up into my eyes again and smiled grimly. "These are unusual conditions. Do you want me to...um...try and see if I can help it?"

Not exactly sure what she had in mind I was half hoping for her mouth but would happily settle for her hand. I tried to appear miserable and nodded lethargically.

When Mom extended her arm across to me and gently took my penis in her hand all the baseball facts went out the window. If Thurman Munson had been dancing the Charleston at the foot of the bed I'd have sent him to the bench.

I fought hard to keep from reacting like a maniac. Mom's fingers lightly touched and stroked at me, curling around me and gently pulled at me and my little buddy woke up and rose for the task at hand. I wasn't exactly proud of my equipment but nor was I disappointed with it. But Mom seemed dumbfounded as she fondled me and my cock became hard as steel. Just the touch of her slender fingers on me was enough to send me over the edge.

"Oh my..." She whispered hoarsely. "You're longer than your father and you're so m...much thicker. I could feel it when it was inside me but seeing it like this...so long and thick...very nice, honey."

"Thanks, M...Mom." I said sincerely and reached for the lubricant on Dad's bedside table.

I turned back to her when I felt her fingers relinquish my erection and lightly touch my shoulder. "Uh-uh. I don't think we'll be needing the jelly."

She nodded when I looked into her eyes. She was as excited as I was. She lay back on her side of the bed and pulled the sheet over us, disregarding the heavy comforter. I rolled over and managed a smile as I climbed onto her. Her hands shook as she held me at the hips and guided me into place. I didn't need direction but I loved it when she reached between us and clasped my rigid cock and pulled it to her pussy and slowly rubbed it along her wetness. She was right; the lubricant would have been a decided redundancy.

A long, soulful moan sort of oozed from her throat when I penetrated her. Ever so slowly my penis spread her swollen petals and pushed past

her portal. I was in ecstasy that she was so wet for me. As I sank into her I could feel her pulling at me urgently.

All of my concentration was on the feeling of her tight cunt swallowing me, squeezing me, claspings at me. It felt like I was wrapped in hot, oily silk. Mom's vagina felt no different than other vagina's I'd had, but it was different just the same. For some reason it felt simply better and I entertained the thought that perhaps it was solely because of whom it belonged that made it so much more. And then I ceased thinking.

The room was far brighter than it had been the day before and I could clearly see the glazed look on her face as I slid the last inch home and came to rest, buried to the hilt inside her. Her eyes were hooded and her lips trembled as we looked into each other's eyes.

I couldn't wait and pulled back, withdrawing almost completely from her sheath and then slid it back home with delicious emphasis. Mom's mouth popped open and she cried out almost mournfully. I paused just long enough to determine that I wasn't hurting her and found my rhythm.

There was no doubt that Mom was into me because as I began stroking my cock in and out of her she tightened her grip on my waist and began pushing her hips up to meet me. We were both panting heavily as we writhed together and she pulled at me with her hands. She wrapped her arms around my shoulders and pulled my upper body down onto her, her mouth biting my neck, her fingernails digging into my back through my shirt.

Time stopped having meaning. The room closed in on us and my vision faded to black around the periphery. The bed was making a rising crescendo as I thrust myself into her faster and harder. Over the slurping and grunting and creaking I heard her voice crying out with passion, something I'd never heard from Mom.

"Oh...oh...oh my...oh...oh yesssss...oh..." She moaned in an elegy of illicit lust that punctuated every thrust of my hips. "Oh...oh...oh...oh my b...baby..."

I was getting close and tried to prepare myself but before I came, Mom did. It was amazing. Her head snapped back on her neck and she screamed shrilly, her fingers gouging into my back. Her body arched beneath me and almost pitched me off of her and then I felt her vaginal muscles contracting hard on my penis.

I wanted to shout myself; I had made Mom come! I paused with my cock buried inside her and just watched her face as her body and mind were wracked with carnal joy. The feeling of her vagina clasp spastically at me was mind-bending and then I was coming myself.

Pushing my head up, I hollered as my balls erupted and filled her belly with stream after stream of hot come. My mind went numb with the pure bliss of orgasm and I shuddered and shook over her and emptied myself in concert with explosions of light and sound and shouts of joy.

When I followed pattern and slumped onto her, she just held me and nuzzled my neck. She was humming the now familiar love song.

"Hi." She smiled up at me when I finally looked into her eyes.

"Hi yourself." I dipped my head and kissed her lips softly. She didn't pull away.

"That was amazing, darling." She said shyly. I smiled at her 'darlink.'

I nodded in understanding but she reached around to cup my chin in her fingers and forced me to look in her eyes again. "You don't understand, honey. I think that was...the first time I ever had an orgasm during vaginal intercourse."

"The first..." I was dumbfounded.

She bobbed her head up and down. "I always -- and I mean always -- have to finger myself off after your father is...um...done."

"Holy shit." I stared at her in a mixture of pride and wonderment.

"Holy shit is right." She giggled at her indelicate language. In my whole life I never heard Mom swear.

She giggled again and hugged me tight as my spent organ slipped from her pussy. "And it was breathtakingly beautiful. It was delicious, honey. And it was completely unexpected. Wow!"

Chapter 7

We ate breakfast together, fully dressed of course. I watched her apply her makeup and wrinkled my nose and stuck out my tongue at her when she shooed me from her room while she dressed. I was pleased that she had taken my suggestion and wore her hair down instead of her usual French braid coiled like a tiara around the top of her head. Her dark brown hair reached to the small of her back and was soft and lustrous and seemed to glow as if with a life of its own and I loved to watch it sway with her movements.

Mom did the dishes while I phoned Memorial Hospital to try to find out the status of a young man who had been brought in the day before. The information desk had no information for me as I didn't have a name or even a description other than he was a white teenager.

I don't know why I was so concerned about him; he might have killed me if I hadn't slammed his head into the wall. I think I just didn't want a life on my hands. I figured I could easily find out his name by going down to the precinct on my way to school the following week.

We were in the living room watching something mindless on the tube and talking idly even as Mom was sporadically reading her book. What was odd was that despite the introduction of sex into our relationship, nothing had changed between Mom and me; we still loved each other and our bond was still warm and caring. Nothing had changed.

It was time for phase two of my plan.

"Can I make a suggestion?" I asked as I pushed the clicker and flipped through the handful of available channels.

Mom looked up from 'Love Story' and held her place with a finger. She nodded.

"Why don't we make a few...uh...changes in our sessions? It might make things go easier." I held my breath and pretended to be interested in the morning talk show on the screen.

"What do you mean, honey?" She canted her head to the side a bit and looked at least curious which was a start.

"Well, you saw what...happened this morning." I tiptoed into a gray area that could go really well or blow everything up in my face. "Why can't we do things differently?"

"I'm not sure what you're asking." Mom set her novel on the table between us and gave me her full attention. "I thought things were going well, especially...considering."

"They are." I laughed easily. "I mean the job is getting done and all, but it isn't easy and I think it's going to become increasingly difficult for me to...well, you know."

"What are you saying?" Mom stared at me intently.

I looked directly into her eyes and bulled ahead. "I'm just saying that it might make it easier if we...I don't know...could...could do more."

"More?" Mom's gorgeous green eyes narrowed.

I breathed deep and blurted, "Well, why can't we be more...passionate? Why do we have to do it in the dark? Why can't we look at each other and touch each other? Why do we have to try keeping it so...clinical?"

"Oh..." She seemed to be digesting what I was asking.

"It would sure prevent things like this morning from happening if we...maybe engaged in a little foreplay before the main event." I was in walking out onto thin ice. "I mean, we're doing...it anyway, why not enjoy it instead of treating it like it's some kind of...icky task?"

"I don't think your father would...approve." Spots of color had risen in her cheeks. "We're not supposed to enjoy what we're doing."

I laughed and got up to push the 'power' button on the television. "How will he know? I'm sure not going to tell him, so the only way he'd know we did anything is if you told him. Think about it. Wouldn't it be nicer to...to make love instead of just rutting like livestock?"

"Peter Doru Patrick!" She was blushing furiously. "Listen to you talk."

I noted that she hadn't immediately shot me out of the water. "I just think the way we're doing it is so strange that it's going to get progressively more difficult for me to...uh...get ready. I think if we were naked and the lights were on and I could hold you and kiss you..."

Mom jumped up from the couch. "You can't kiss me...not like that...your father...I can't believe what I'm hearing!"

I followed her to the kitchen. "Why not? I have it on good authority that I'm a good kisser. Dad won't ever know. All I'm saying is; we're doing...it already anyway, why can't we have a little fun with it?"

"Because....because...we're not supposed to, that's why." She rummaged through the refrigerator and studiously avoided looking at me.

"That's a really cogent argument." I walked up behind her and touched her arm.

She stood up and held up a bag of celery sticks between us like a wall. I couldn't exactly see fear in her eyes but she was blushing.

"I think it would be really cool to be naked with you...to touch you...to kiss you all over..." My voice was soft and husky.

"Oh Pete..." She moved away and found the jar of peanut butter in the pantry. "It would be so wrong."

"No, I don't think so."

She dipped a stalk into the jar and looked at me with something approaching suspicion as she munched on it. I instinctively knew I had to proceed with caution even if she was showing interest in my proposal. It could go either way.

"Mom, we have the rest of today and tomorrow and Sunday this month. If we're not successful, we'll have about four days next month and so on until we get you pregnant or give up. While doing...it...the way we have is not the same as having a root canal, it isn't the way it could be, either. All I'm suggesting is that we...uh...be more...creative when we're doing it. Nothing else needs to change."

She giggled and chewed on her celery. "Do you really think it'll make it easier for you if we were naked? Why on earth would you want me to be naked for anyway? I'm old for heaven's sake."

I laughed and took her proffered stalk and noted her hand wasn't shaking. "I know it would make it easier for me. You saw the...uh...condition I was in this morning. And I think I'd love to see you naked and you're not old. You're what, 44, and you don't look anything close to it. Look at Seth's mom; she's not even 40 yet and looks 15 years older than you."

"I'm 43, mister, and I'll thank you not to make me older than I am. This is so odd? You'd really want to...?" Her interest was piqued.

"I'd love to. I think you're the most incredible and...classy woman I've ever seen." I tried to seduce her with words and she didn't back away when I stepped up close and reached out and lightly cupped the sides of her face with my hands. "And for the life of me I don't know why not."

Dipping my head, I watched her lips draw close and marveled at how luscious they looked with her perfectly applied coral pink lipstick. I felt her shudder as my mouth firmly pressed against hers. For what seemed an eternity I held the kiss until I felt her lips relaxing and begin moving slowly on mine. When I opened my eyes I saw hers were closed and took heart in the fact. I ever so delicately peeled my mouth from hers and waited as she slowly opened her eyes and looked deep into mine.

I could feel her warm, moist breath on my chin. We were so close I could see her lips quivering lightly. I dropped my hands to my sides and was about to stop my full court press and admit defeat when Mom leaned close and kissed me again.

She dropped the baggie of celery on the floor and slid her arms up around me and pressed her body against me as our lips softly slued and clung together. Our lips parted simultaneously and for the first time our tongues touched. It was just the tips that slid over each other and it only lasted a second, but it was the most powerful kiss I'd ever known.

Her eyes were glazed and her nostrils were flared and the color was even higher in her cheeks. "Oh my..."

I nodded in complete agreement.

She stopped down and picked up the celery and walked to the entry to the dining room. She paused and looked back at me and smiled softly. "Let m...me think about what you're asking, honey. I'm pretty sure I like the idea but I need time to think."

"Absolutely." I managed to mutter through a constricted throat. "I don't ever want to do anything that makes you feel uncomfortable."

She was humming when she walked up the stairs to her room.

-

It was going to happen. My plan was going to work. I could see it in her eyes after the kiss. I could still feel the soft warmth of her lips and the way her tongue touched mine; nervous and hesitant, but insistent, also. I could still feel the way she pressed her warm, slim body against mine; yielding and urgent.

I didn't know how far she'd let herself go with me, but after bringing her to orgasm that morning and that kiss, I was sure that our sessions were going to change in a big way.

Returning to the living room I tried to get into 'Exodus' and failed. I couldn't make sense of the words and there were no pictures. All I could think of was the statuesque woman who was one flight above me.

For 43, Mom was all a woman should be. She was trim and tall with a figure that wouldn't quit. She had looked the same my whole life and

she looked amazing. On the occasions that I saw her in a bathing suit I saw enough to know her body was something special. In a world of frumpy Jewish and Italian mothers who pushed out baby after baby, Mom's body hadn't been destroyed in child birth. Mom still looked like she did in her wedding photo.

Thinking of her wedding photo made me think of Dad and I had misgivings about what I was doing. I eased my mind with the thought that what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

I don't know what Mom's measurements were but if I hazarded a guess I say 34 24 34, but what did I know. All I did know for certain is that she had a slender hourglass figure hiding behind her clothing. Her breasts looked like halves of large oranges behind her dresses and sweaters and her waist was narrow and her stomach was flat. Mom's legs were long and perfect and could have fit right in a chorus line with the Rockettes and her butt always looked amazing no matter what she wore.

From my perspective -- and I'll admit to bias -- Mom was the epitome of the feminine mystique. I never tired of looking at her and I was no different than any other man or boy in Brooklyn. She simply gave hope to my dreams and made my world a whole lot prettier. She was grace personified and could have had her pick of men; thankfully she chose a tall, beefy would-be Irishman who was able to make her laugh.

-

She called down to me at about five minutes before noon. I couldn't hear anything in her voice as I pushed up out of Dad's chair. I was becoming energized as I ascended the stairs, dropping my pants and peeling off my socks as I did. Even if she didn't go for my suggestion, I was still about to fuck her again, which didn't suck.

Something was different. Her door was ajar and I could see the lights were on. I could hear Rosemary Clooney singing 'Come On-A My House' in the background.

I watched my hand mechanically reach out and slowly push open her door. The overhead light and both bedside lamps were blazing away. My heart stopped and my eyes widened and my penis surged in my boxers when I saw her because I knew what it meant.

She was standing in the center of her room behind her vanity chair. She was wearing her navy blue terry cloth robe and it was cinched at the waist. A glance at the bed showed the comforter rolled to the footboard. Mom looked nervous but at the same time, determined.

I closed the door behind me and walked toward her. She held up her hand and whispered, "Stop. Wait."

Doing as she asked, I watched her step from behind her chair. Her large green eyes were wide and riveted on mine. She bit her lower lip.

"Honey," She whispered again, "I've been thinking about it. You're right about...about what you said." She shivered and hugged her arms close. "But I'm scared. I'm scared that I'll...we'll...feel things we shouldn't feel for each other. It took me a gosh awful long time for me to even agree to try to have a baby with you but I'm afraid..."

"Mom..." I started and bit off my words as she held up her forefinger to my lips.

"Shush." Her lips curled up at the corners, "Listen to me. Just lying with you...trying to get pregnant by my own son...that is wrong enough by itself. Oh don't look at me like that. What I mean is, just doing what we're doing is so forbidden...taboo. For heaven's sake, I vomited the first time your father suggested it. What I'm most afraid of, honey, is that if we do what you ask I won't want to stop."

"M...Mom..." I was really feeling suave and glib.

"I need you to understand me." She caressed my cheek with the back of her fingers. "I'll do what you ask, for you, but it ends when I tell you it ends, understood? And if I start feeling...things I shouldn't I'll end it on the spot, baby or no baby."

I gave up trying to talk and just nodded and I felt faint when she slipped her arms around me and pulled me close and raised her mouth to mine. Her lips were soft and pliable and her tongue was nervous and hesitant when she slipped it into my mouth. I ceased conscious thought as I returned her kiss. In seconds our mouths were wide open and we were kissing like we were starving. Our tongues coiled and danced together and I felt her hand slip under the hem of my tee shirt and lightly stroke my back.

I was instantly erect and she moaned into my mouth even as she loosened her arms and allowed me to adjust myself. Our arms tightened again and I felt faint at the sensation of my turgid cock pressing into her belly as our kiss went on and on.

It was my turn to moan when Mom broke our clinch and stepped away from me. She looked eyes with me as her fingers undid the loose knot of her belt and her robe fell open. I was in shock. She was wearing a lacy white bra and a simple pair of white cotton briefs and I could see her heavy thatch of pubic hair behind the front panel. She let me stare for a beautiful eternity and then shrugged her shoulders and allowed the robe to fall around her ankles.

She was utterly gorgeous. Her breasts rose and fell on her chest and I thrilled at the sight of her dark little nipples denting the silky fabric of her bra. Her tits were like tea cups, round and up thrust, her stomach looked soft and smooth, and her navel was slightly oval. If she had a flaw anywhere on her body I couldn't see it.

My dick was so hard it hurt but I hardly noticed.

Mom smiled at me and stepped close. "You were right, darling. We won't be having any more problems like this morning, will we?"

Her skin felt like warm velvet under my fingertips as I forced my arms to wrap around her. I could smell her perfume and it filled my head as her mouth covered mine again and her tongue explored my mouth.

She pulled away and smiled mischievously at me as she led me to the bed by my fingers. "Before this goes any further you have to promise me your father will never find out about this. And lose the shirt."

My Pepsi shirt hit the floor before her words faded. "All I can promise you is that Dad will never find out about anything we do from me."

"That will have to be good enough, darling." She cooed as she climbed up onto her bed and looked back at me. "You are truly beautiful, you know that."

I blushed with pride and paused to push my boxers down my legs. I wasn't going to need them.

Mom motioned for me to stop and for a long time she just ogled me. It felt a little strange to be standing by her bed with my penis fully erect but I struck a few masculine poses for her and then crawled up onto the edge of the bed. Mom lay back and sort of writhed under my hungry gaze. It didn't take genius to see she was excited. Besides the taut little nipples that were ill concealed in her bra, the gusset of her panties was clearly wet and plastered to her labia.

We both moaned softly when I lay down beside her and slipped my arm across her stomach and pulled her close. Our mouths came together and we kissed deeply and passionately, our tongues sparring. She grunted when I lifted my hand and cupped her right breast but she only kissed me harder. I almost fainted when I felt her fingers curl around my aching cock and lightly begin stroking me.

In need of oxygen, we broke the kiss and I trailed my lips down along her jaw and mouthed her throat even as my hand explored her perky

little tit. I kissed and licked and sucked at her silky flesh and relished her heady scent. I was more stimulated than I'd ever been and I knew, at that moment, I had fallen in love with my own mother. Lusting for her and loving her was one thing, but falling in love was something else altogether.

I wasn't about to let that cat out of the bag so I just continued loving her the best way I knew how. Her hand felt amazing as she fondled me and she was actually purring. She made a strangled sort of burble when I reached up and delicately pushed her bra strap off her shoulder and down her arm. I drunkenly pushed my head up and watched my fingers as they slowly peeled back the cup of her bra.

Her excited little nipple caught momentarily on the edge of her cup and then sprang up. I gasped audibly. Her nipple was the size of a large pencil eraser and it, like the quarter-sized aureole that surrounded it, was a dark brownish-red. Her aureole was wrinkled with her arousal and seemed to be calling for me. Her breast was smooth and perfect and exhibited very little sag. When I hesitantly touched it with my fingers she shuddered and whimpered softly.

I glanced up at her face and was awe struck by the hungry need that shone in her eyes. I had never seen Mom in the throes of passion and I felt powerful and alive. I turned my attention back to her breast and dipped my head to lightly kiss her nipple. She shrieked and slid her hand around the back of my head and pulled me into her.

Clamping my mouth around her little nub, I sucked it between my teeth and began gently lashing at it with my tongue. She was going wild on the bed beneath me. Her hand pulled at a handful of my hair and she abandoned exploring my erection as I suckled at her.

Mom was sobbing and whimpering as I nursed at her. She was wild and loud and I loved it and when I slid my hand down the silky soft flesh of her belly she knew where I was going and became a different woman than the one who raised me.

She splayed her legs wide as my hand curled over her groin and my fingers began probing her wetness through her panties and as I examined her magnificent body with my hands and mouth she quivered and shook and hissed like a demented woman.

She pulled up on my head with my hair until I gave up the nipple I had been mouthing and as I looked down at her she frantically reached behind her and unhooked her bra and tossed it aside. The look on her face would have been comical if it hadn't been so intense. She reached up and slipped her hand around my neck and insistently pulled my mouth back to her chest.

I resumed sucking at her tits, alternating from one nipple to the other as she writhed and contorted her body on the bed beside me. When I hooked the front of her panties with my forefinger and pushed it aside and began sliding my fingers along her drenched and swollen petals she screamed.

I again paused sucking at her and looked at her in dazed amazement. She looked feral and the mask of lust twisted her face into something I didn't recognize. And I liked it.

"Put it in me, darling." The 'darling' was heavier than normal. "Please put it in me. Make me come again."

Chapter 8

My sole reason for being born was to please women and she might have been my mother but she was a woman.

I pushed up and climbed between her legs and just stared down at her. I have never seen a more beautiful sight in my life, before or since, than the sight of Mom lying before me, naked save for a pair of wet panties, her breasts quivering lightly on her chest, her nipples red and puffy, and a pleading and desperate look in her eyes.

I reached down and curled my fingers into hooks and slipped them beneath the elastic of her panties and ever so slowly pulled them down her legs. I just stared. The large vee of dark pubic hair that covered her pubic mound was thick and lush. Her vagina wasn't the pink I'd imagined it would be in all my fantasies; rather it was the same dark brownish-red hue of her nipples. Through her dense pubic hair it shimmered wetly and I moaned inwardly at the thought that it was wet for me.

She impatiently held out her arms for me and I leaned forward and crawled up and over her. She was so wet that when I lowered my hips and pushed my knob against her I slid into her effortlessly.

We both cried out with passion as my rigid penis slid smoothly into her with one fluid thrust of my hips. It was like she was made just for me. Mom wrapped her arm around my shoulders and raised her legs to wrap them around my hips, hooking them together by her ankles and as I marveled at how hot her pussy was she kissed me.

I had died and gone to heaven, I was sure, or hell, and to my mind it didn't make a difference which one. My cock was snuggled deep in my mother's pussy and she was kissing me with wild abandon. My dreams had become a reality. I loved the little things and tried to memorize them; how it felt to feel her tits mashed tight against my chest, the way her tongue darted and probed my mouth, the purely evil sensation of her warm, silky flesh against mine. And I was enthralled how she deliberately squeezed at my penis with her vaginal muscles.

We kissed and groped and clutched at each other as if trying to become one. Her fingers burned like fire as she caressed my back and I fancied I could actually hear our hearts beating in unison.

Mom unhooked her feet and her legs dropped to the bed on either side of me, her knees still pulled up. She pulled her mouth from mine and weakly nodded at me. A soulful sob squeezed from her throat when I drew back on my knees and withdrew almost completely from her sucking channel. Her eyes rolled back in her head when I slid my cock back home with a wet, splattering sound.

I had come twice already that morning only a few hours before so I wasn't about to ejaculate quickly regardless of how erotically wonderful holding her naked body in my arms may have been. The look on her face was amazing; a carnal mixture of wild animal and Mom. Her eyes were glazed and her breath was coming in startled little gasps every time I pushed into her.

She clawed at my back and shoulders and I could feel one of her feet stroking the back of my calf as she squirmed beneath me and feverishly raised her groin to me with every down stroke. Shrill little squeaks in my ear encouraged me and I could hear her panting, "Yes...oh yes...oh yesssss..."

Mom came with an explosion of energy that was shocking. The tendons in her neck snapped taut and she yelled as she through her head back on her pillow. I could feel her vagina contracting on me and relished the sensation. It felt like I was being clamped over and over again by a giant, warm and very wet fist. It actually hurt where she dug her nails into my biceps.

I paused moving over her and just took great joy in her joy. I never felt better about myself as a man and a lover than I did in making Mom come.

Gradually she returned to the present and blinked rapidly as she looked up at me and fell back into her first language. "Oh, Doamne, asta a fost minunat."

She was either complimenting me on my skill as a lover, or complaining that she had forgotten to pay the electric bill, I wasn't sure. The smile that spread across her shivering lips led me to believe it was the former.

She slid her hands up around my neck and pulled my mouth to hers and showed me with her lips and tongue what she was feeling.

When I lifted my head and pushed up on my elbows she moaned softly when she recognized I hadn't finished. Mom looked up at me stupidly when I hooked her behind the knees with my arms and pushed her legs up over my shoulders and began sliding my rigid cock in and out of her pussy again as smoothly as I could manage.

"Ohhhh...my...God..." She sniveled and resumed biting her lip.

We were both drenched with sweat and splattered loudly every time I lunged into her. I was getting close. I could feel my testicles tightening in prelude to my climax and ratcheted up my tempo. Faster and harder I skewered her while trying to maximize her pleasure.

All at once I lost it. I slammed into her almost violently and I exploded. I bellowed as loud as I was able as my semen boiled over and spewed deep into her belly. Miracle of miracles, my climax triggered her second and for a long time our bodies jerked and seized together, our mutual orgasm rocking us to the core.

At that point I no longer cared about her. I couldn't see past the blinding white flashes that burst in my head and I smelled smoke and tasted the coppery flavor of blood. Over and over my penis pumped my come into her as her pussy clasped at me, milking me of all I had to offer. Her screams echoed my own and I felt a power like I'd never known as we gave and took from each other.

Like a night mist with the morning sun, my orgasm ebbed away, leaving me and Mom a single, conjoined lump of quivering flesh. I unhooked her legs and they fell limply to the bed as I sank down on top of her. Her arms circled me weakly and she just held me as we floated back from our ride to the nether worlds.

I beat her to it and smiled down at her when I raised my head and whispered, "Hi."

She giggled and blushed happily. "Hi yourself."

"That was something else..." I kissed the tip of her delicate and perfect little nose. "Amazing."

"It was more than amazing." She beamed and then grimaced as gravity caused my flaccid little buddy to slide from her sex, "It was quite simply the b...best sexual experience of my life. Get me your tee shirt or we're going to have a mess."

I scrambled to find the yellow garment and as I handed it to her I froze. It was the first time I had ever set eyes on her completely nude and she was stunning.

Toned and taut, she was breathtaking. She could easily have held her own against any Playmate I ever saw with the face of an angel and a body that belied her age. She may have been 43 but looked better than any of the co-eds I'd dated in college. I couldn't see cellulite or spider veins or unsightly stretch marks anywhere on her. Yes, her tits had just a hint of sag, but she was no longer in her 20s. A small mole high up on her inner thigh was the only flaw I could see in a wonderful work of art.

What was most stunning about her though, wasn't her body; it was her face that mesmerized me. She had a freshly fucked glow about her that shone from her eyes and leaked from her radiant smile. She noticed me staring and stuck her tongue out at me as she wadded up my shirt and stuffed it between her legs.

I almost laughed at her but bit my tongue. I simply adored the woman who lay back and relaxed her muscles to allow our come to drain from her pussy. I wished I had my camera and then sluggishly shook my head; I was pretty sure she wouldn't go along with letting me photograph her in the altogether.

Kneeling on the edge of the bed I couldn't stop taking in her pure and natural beauty. She looked up at me and blushed but let me look to my heart's content.

"Do you know you are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life?" I said sincerely as I tried to memorize every detail of her nakedness.

She simply smiled happily and replied, "Thank you."

"You are, you know." I didn't feel at all strange being naked in front of her and she didn't seem to mind our new arrangement either. "You look better than Donna Reed or Ingrid Bergman or Gene Tierney or any actress I've ever seen."

"You're serious, aren't you?" She rolled onto her side and pitched the semen soaked tee shirt to the floor in the general direction of her hamper.

"Absolutely." I lay down on my side facing her and reached out and lightly brushed her arm with my fingers. "You're perfect in every way."

Mom caught my hand and laced her fingers with mine and raised it to her mouth and lightly kissed each of my fingertips. "That is nice to hear, darling. You make me feel good about myself saying such things from a young man like you. Your father...he...he takes me for granted sometimes."

I stretched to look over her shoulder and saw it was 1:10 PM. I was exhausted and needed a nap but I didn't want to leave her side until she made me. "He's crazy, Mom. If I had a woman like you I'd make certain she knew, in no uncertain terms, exactly what I thought of her every single day."

"You're going to make some girl really lucky someday, honey." She extracted her fingers from mine and pushed on my chest. "You need to scram, though. I need to shower and you're filling my head with sweet lies that make it difficult to think."

Debating whether to push to join her, I instead opted for that nap that was calling me. I bounced out of bed and tracked down my boxers and watched as she walked to her dresser for clean clothes and seemed completely nonplussed that I was watching her intently.

"I think I'm going to go lie down for a couple of hours." I resisted the urge to follow her to the master bath. "I'm beat."

She smiled at me over her shoulder and blew me a kiss with a flourish. "That sounds good. You need to rest up for session number three."

I laughed as I caught her kiss and opened the door and as I did she pointedly wiggled her butt at me.

-

I didn't bother to set the alarm. Almost every afternoon from two to four when my class schedule allowed I napped. Sam never complained and Jennifer used to call it my sinful indulgence, but she understood. I was a bit of a night owl, often reading or listening to the radio until the wee hours of the morning.

Sure enough, at quarter till four I blinked against the sunlight that was flooding into my window. I stretched hard and yawned and then marveled at how well my 'plan' had gone. Even if Dad somehow found out that Mom and I had gone off the reservation, I didn't see what difference it would make. I had his blessing to lay with Mom; why would he care if we were getting a little friskier?

Somehow, though, I felt strongly that he would. If our roles were reversed I would have had a problem with it. But then, if I were married to a woman like Mom there is no way in the world I'd ask my son to bed her for any reason, whether it was to sire a child or save the world from flying into the sun and being incinerated.

That was the difference between Dad and me, I guessed.

-

I showered again -- I had worked up quite a sweat during the early sessions and I stunk like an old gym sock. When I dried off in front of the mirror I couldn't help grinning at the tiny little love bite Mom had left on the side of my neck.

Mom had been busy. When I descended the stairs she had dinner nearly ready and was setting the table. Like always, she was dressed as if she were going out to the ballet or a formal dinner party and she sucked the air from my lungs. An Engelbert Humperdinck platter was spinning on the phonograph player. Music should be played softly was one of Anna Patrick's life mottos.

"Hey there, sleepyhead." She smiled happily as she lit the candles in the center of the dining table.

I noted that the table was set with her good china. "Hi. Is that tuna casserole I smell?"

She nodded and paused what she was doing long enough to kiss my cheek. "Uh-huh. Just for my...um...new...lover."

She knew me so well.

Mom was a phenomenal cook with a head full of old world recipes passed down from her mother, but nothing beat her tuna casserole so far as I was concerned. Given the choice between her casserole and a five course meal at the Ritz Carlton I'd stay home.

I started to pull out my customary chair when she stopped me. "No, honey. Tonight you sit at the head of the table."

It was just a little thing but as I watched her flitting from the kitchen to the dining room and back I wondered if she had done what she expressed fear about doing and was feeling things for me that she shouldn't.

She was wearing one of the nicest dresses in her wardrobe, a bright yellow number with a plunging neckline. I was quietly pleased as I had told her many times she looked fabulous in it. Her hair was down although she had it tied back with a matching yellow ribbon.

We ate. Mom just picked at her food while I acted like I hadn't eaten in days. The dinner conversation was a little different in that it seemed cheerier than normal. Mom's eyes sparkled and her smile was infectious and I found myself feeling as if I were on a date.

Afterward, I loosened my belt and moved to Dad's chair in the living room. Mom gathered the dishes despite my urging her to leave them. She returned with a beer for me and a half glass of wine for herself. Suddenly it hit me; at least for the moment, Mom was servicing me like she serviced Dad.

I was floored. Housewives the country over, at least of her generation, doted on their husbands. They prepared meals, cleaned the house, and gave of themselves in return for safety and security. Mom was doing what she had been trained to do.

She offered to change the record on the hi-fi to something more my taste. I thanked her but shook my head. She offered to turn the music off and turn on the television. I thanked her but shook my head.

"Mom," I sat up straight in the recliner. "You don't have to wait on me. In fact, I should be waiting on you."

Her reaction showed she wasn't even aware she was doing it. She laughed with amusement and sipped at her wine. "How strange. I guess old habits die hard."

She walked past the chair and as she did I caught her arm in my hand and pulled her gently down onto my lap. "Maybe it's time to start making some new habits."

My heart hurt looking up at her face. Her lips trembled as she brought them to mine and we kissed slowly and thoroughly. My arms slipped around her waist and I memorized the feel of her feather soft skin beneath her light dress. I learned by heart the sensation of her weight settling on my lap and her tongue delicately playing with mine. Her fresh musky scent filled my head and I was becoming aroused beneath her bottom.

"It's n...not 8 o'clock yet." She whispered shyly when she peeled her lips from my mouth.

"Screw the schedule." I muttered thickly.

She grinned impishly and kissed my nose. "I'd rather you screw me."

"Would you like to go upstairs?" I asked and winked.

"Uh-huh." She replied. "I'd like that very much."

Chapter 9

She turned off the phonograph and shut off all the lights as I waited for her.

At the foot of the stairs, I turned her slightly and bent at the knees and effortlessly scooped her up into my arms. She blushed happily as she wrapped her arms around my neck and allowed me to ferry her up to her room.

My heart hurt again when I set her on her feet inside her door and I watched her flutter about the room like a butterfly turning on the radio and the bedside lamps. The vacuum tubes warmed up by the time she stepped up to me and, on cue, Dean Martin's vocals started up mid-song.

She was adorable and I was captivated as she took my hands in hers and smiled, "Dance with me, darling."

I stepped up to her and pulled her close, my right arm around her, my left held her right at shoulder height and we began swaying to the music. Her eyes sparkled and never left mine and I was acutely aware of her hand stroking the back of my neck as we moved together.

I don't recall how many songs we danced to before our dancing devolved into nothing more than deep, soulful kisses that made my toes curl and my soul sing, but in short order we were groping at each other in desperation, our mouths wide open and hungry, our tongues writhing together.

'Dad would definitely not approve.' I thought when Mom extricated herself from my arms and mouth and stepped back a bit and began fumbling with my trousers. I helped by pulling my polo shirt over my head and dropping it to the floor as she slowly unzipped my fly.

I shuddered involuntarily when Mom pushed her hands into either side of my pants and pushed them down off my hips leaving me standing there in my boxers and socks. I was already semi-erect and Mom bit off a quiet little moan when she saw how my penis bowed out the front of my underwear.

When she looked up into my eyes she must have seen the burning need for her there because she smiled feebly and reached up to remove the ribbon from her hair. She spun around on wobbly legs as the ribbon fluttered around her feet and pulled her hair to the side to allow me to unbutton her dress.

Any confidence I had vanished as I reached up to help her get undressed. My hands shook as one by one I slowly popped her buttons through the eyes and then, just as slowly, slipped my hands inside to ease it off of her shoulders. She shimmied the dress down her arms and body and stepped out of it and carefully draped it over her vanity chair.

I was stunned. Mom was wearing a set of lingerie that took my breath away. The bra and panty set were a light pink satin with a white lace border and she was wearing a matching garter belt that held up her thigh-high nylon stockings. She was unbelievably gorgeous and I struggled to breathe even as my eyes roved over the gentle curves of her shoulders, the clean, smooth lines of her back, and the exquisite heart shape of her perfect ass.

She knew I was taking in her beauty and let me look until I stepped up close and my fingers curled around her waist and I pulled her close with my hands. She rolled her head to the side in invitation and I didn't hesitate in raining fiery kisses along the side of her neck and shoulder. I was almost overcome with sensory overload; the warm heady scent of her perfume, the soft warmth of her belly beneath my hands, and the delicious sensation of my thickening penis wedged snugly in the split created by her butt cheeks.

Mom reached behind her with her left arm and clutched at my leg even as her right arm lifted up to circle my head. She turned her face up to mine and our parted lips fused together as her warm, wet tongue slithered into my mouth. She only moaned into my mouth when my hand lifted to cradle her left breast.

My other hand slipped south and found the first elastic suspender on her garter and deftly pushed the fastener open with my thumb and forefinger. Mom jerked when it sprang free and jerked again as I repeated the move three more times. I released her and took a half step back and sank to my knees and delicately rolled her nylons down her shaky legs. I reached up and clasped her panties and they followed her stockings.

I froze and lifted my hands to caress her ass. It was lovely as I always knew it would be. Smooth and soft and warm under my touch, I could

see the downy little hairs and my head was spinning as I leaned forward and kissed her left cheek and then her right.

"You are such a naughty, naughty boy." She whispered gravelly as I struggled to my feet.

"Uh-huh." I mumbled and reached out to unfasten her bra strap. "Where you're concerned you have no idea."

She rolled her shoulders and her brassiere fell down her arms and as it joined the rest of our clothing she turned to face me while I was making short work of my shorts and socks.

For God knows how long we just looked at each other. I was in the presence of a fineness I'd never known was possible. My eyes couldn't stop looking at her lady parts while hers were transfixed by my equipment.

Having ejaculated three times already that day had rendered my little buddy sluggish. He was trying, bless his heart, but it was going to take work, or Mom stepping into my arms and pressing her body against me and covering my mouth with hers. When she did just that, my little buddy found some energy stores and surged.

It felt like I was going to burst. The light and lively woman in my arms gave herself to me unreservedly. She bit my lip when I dropped my hands and my fingers spread over her ass. I gripped her cheeks and pulled her against me. I could feel her coarse pubic hair against my penis and her hands stroking my back as she tried to swallow me.

I tightened my grip on her butt and lifted her bodily off the carpet and she wrapped her legs around my hips. We continued kissing voraciously as I carried her to the bed and laboriously climbed up and crawled on my knees to the center. When I bent at the waist and gently deposited her onto her back she looked up at me with unbridled passion twisting her face into a mask of lust.

I was on a mission and ignored her extended arms and dipped my head to briefly mouth her swollen little nipples. And then I extended my legs behind me and shifted my body toward the foot of the bed and began trailing my lips south over the milky white flesh of her belly. She grasped where I was headed and a long, low guttural moan was pulled from somewhere inside her and her body sort of convulsed beneath me.

She lifted her hands and ran her fingers through my hair as I paused to tongue her bellybutton and then continued my journey to the juncture between her legs.

I sensed her spreading her legs for me and I could hear her crying out before I even reached her pubic mound. I raised my head slightly when I felt her hair tickle my chin and just admired her thick, heavy bush. It was just as dark as the drapery and neatly trimmed, as I would have expected. I loved that she didn't go Brazilian, like some of the chicks in school were, or worse, completely bald like Jennifer.

Gripping her legs with both hands high up on her inner thighs I pushed them apart further and bent to accomplish my mission.

Mom screamed when I stuck out my tongue and slowly dragged it through her thatch along her labia. She went wild and violently pushed my face into her pussy even as I opened my mouth as wide as I could and began tonguing her into a state of dementia. She was yelling something in Romanian and bucking ferociously on the bed, pushing herself up into my mouth.

I loved eating pussy almost as much as I loved fucking and Mom's pussy was delicious. It tasted salty and fishy and her scent filled my nose and finished the job of waking up my little buddy. He was so hard it actually hurt. I tightened my lips on one of her blood engorged labia and sucked at it vigorously and then did the same on its twin. I reached in and split her with my fingers and pushed my tongue as deeply into her as I could and licked and sucked at her warm velvet walls while she was acting like she was coming apart on the bed.

Mom was so prim and proper in everything she did it was bizarre to hear her swearing like a sailor but that's exactly what she was doing.

"Oh f...fuck...don't...stop...so g...good...eat my pizdă...ohhhhh...c...copil...you are so nasty...mânjit..." Her English was mixed with Romanian and the loveliest sounding lust I had ever heard.

Her fingers opened and closed in spasms, pulling at my hair and alternately pushing and pulling on my head. I couldn't help wincing when the heel of one of her feet whacked me in the kidney and when I slid my mouth up to suck on her clit she came apart at the seams. She shrieked shrilly and her back ached hard on the bed. Despite my grip on her legs they snapped tight around my head.

She thrashed about wildly and I raised my head to watch her pulling at her tits with her hands. Her eyes were squeezed tightly shut as she shuddered and shook and meowed like a cat. I felt supremely proud and dipped my head back to her vagina to lap at her free flowing honey.

A short while later I felt her pulling at my hair again and drunkenly looked up from between her legs.

Mom was looking at me with a disheveled and glazed look about her and she wasn't going to brook any arguments when she demanded, "Fuck me."

I eased her legs off of my shoulders and climbed up over her and reached down to guide my erection to her center. With one smooth thrust of my hips all eight inches of my penis slid completely inside her.

Mom wrapped her arms around my shoulders and pulled my head down and first licked and sucked at my chin and cheeks and I whimpered when I realized she was cleaning her own juices from my face. Then she covered my mouth with hers and tried to shove her tongue down my throat.

I had never been kissed with such passion and hunger. Jennifer didn't even really like to kiss and the other girls I'd dated apparently didn't know what they were doing. Mom was a wild woman as her lips clung to mine and her tongue wrestled with my tongue. She was insistent and frantic and giving.

When she relaxed her arms and let her head fall back on her pillow she didn't need words. I rocked back on my knees and we both grunted as my cock slid about halfway out of her cunt. I paused for a second and slid it back into her with emphasis and again we grunted together.

I found my pace and lovingly stroked my thickness in and out of her as she began sort of rolling her hips in time with me. I held myself up on my elbows and gave her everything I had.

She was squealing and crying and whistling and her eyes were feral and hooded.

"Oh G...God...M...Mom..." I panted heavily, "Y...Your pussy f...feels so g...good...so tight..."

My talking to her apparently was the green flag she needed because the litany of profanity that poured from her quavering lips would have made a drunken sailor sit up and take notice. "Ohhhh yesssss my love...fuck m...me...your cock so hard...so big...mi-o tragi you m...minunat nemernicule...c...come for me...give me your...oh...wonderful semen...mă face să gravid..."

The only Romanian I knew were the cuss words so I had a good idea what she was crying up at me as I stroked my penis in and out of her sucking vagina. Surprisingly, I could feel that familiar tingle in my testicles for the fourth time that day and simply attributed it to the sheer erotic bliss I found with Mom.

Faster and harder I pistoned myself into her, impaling her over and over almost violently. Her words had melded into a scream of nonsense and the bed was screaming just as loudly with the headboard punctuating

each drive of my hips. We were both drenched with sweat and I loved the sound of her pussy wetly slurping at me.

Mom came again seconds before I did and sort of froze for a moment and then went even wilder than she already was. I held on as her head rolled back and her back arched beneath me and her vaginal muscles squeezed down on my cock hard. And then I lost it. I pushed myself into her as firmly as I could and arched my own back as my come seemed to explode up from my balls and blasted into Mom.

I couldn't help yelling at the top of my lungs as my cock jolted inside her over and over and I delivered my load. The intensity of my orgasm was frightening. I lost the ability to think for a moment and just shuddered and shook as I came. The warm waves of energy that coursed through me were luscious and I just savored the blissful sensation.

When my climax waned and I sort of crumpled inwardly, Mom was floating down from her own orgasm.

She was clutching at my arms and when she opened her eyes she just breathed, "Oh...my...God..."

"Oh my God is right." I replied gasping for breath. "That was fucking awesome."

"I never..." Mom was actually crying. "You took me to p...paradise."

I slumped down lower and tenderly kissed away her happy tears. "You took me along for the ride, Mom. You are the best lover I've ever had. Period. Not only are you prettier...sexier than any woman I've ever been with, you fuck better, too."

My spent penis slipped from her well-used pussy but Mom didn't direct me to find a dam. She just giggled happily as she relaxed and let our mutual discharge drain onto her bedspread.

"It tickles." She kissed me lightly, her tongue licking at my lips. "I'm not ashamed to say you are the best lover I've ever had, also. But then, I've only had two so there you go."

I laughed but felt a little guilt at the thought of Dad but pushed it aside with the thought that he had put it in motion. Granted, he probably didn't envision me performing cunnilingus on Mom, or foresaw that our passions would be unleashed the way that they had, but none of it would have happened without Dad's grand idea.

I shrugged aside my remorse and accepted Mom's heartfelt kiss and then rolled off of her as she pushed up on my chest.

I slipped from the bed and almost fell my legs were so weak. I managed to pull on my boxers as Mom slipped up behind me and wrapped her arms around me still naked.

"You are so beautiful, darling." She murmured, kissing my back and holding me close. "You're my beautiful stud and I just know you're going to give me a baby and I hope it's a boy just like his father."

Turning to face her I kissed her gently. "I hope it's a girl just like her mother."

"Maybe we'll have twins." She giggled happily.

Chapter 10

It was still early when I exited the shower and traipsed back to my room and crawled into bed but I was drained. Even if Mom had crawled into bed with me, I wouldn't have been able to do much about it.

I fell asleep and dreamed of the teenager who had tried to stick up the Quik Stop. He was being buried in the cemetery and his gathered family stared at me accusingly as a priest mouthed something unintelligible over the coffin. I woke with a start when the lid of the casket burst open and the deceased sat up and pointed at me.

It took awhile to fall back to sleep and before I did I decided I had to find out what happened to him. God knows why. I didn't feel guilty about what happened, but I didn't feel right about it either.

-

I forgot to set my alarm and it didn't take any sort of genius it was way past 7 AM when I woke. Judging from the light outside it was closer to noon, a fact I confirmed when I glanced at the clock. I rolled out of bed and walked across the hall. I could hear soft music from below so I didn't even bother to knock on her door.

I dressed and brushed my teeth and scooted down the stairs to find Mom. For some reason I expected to find her upset about our last couple of sessions and tried to prepare myself. 'It wasn't our fault we crossed the line.' 'Dad won't ever find out.' 'We can pretend it never happened.'

Relief washed over me when she saw me and a broad smile spread across her face. "Good morning, honey."

"Good morning, Mom." I walked up to her and accepted her enthusiastic hug and kiss complete with a little tongue. "How are you?"

"I'm wonderful." And she was. Happiness danced in her eyes and she couldn't stop smiling and humming to the Nat King Cole song that was playing.

She was dressed as always; like she was ready for the opera although, to my knowledge, she had never been in her life. The white silk blouse went nicely with her beige felt skirt. A wide black belt and her flats

matched and a string of faux pearls hung around her slender neck. Her hair was back up in the familiar French braid but it looked good on her. She looked like Mom.

"Why'd you let me sleep so long?" I sat down at the table and poured a bowl of corn flakes.

"I don't know. I knocked on your door this morning when you didn't knock on mine and you were out like a light." She brought me the paper and added, "You evidently needed it."

Pulling the Saturday edition apart for the sports section I cocked my head. "But the schedule..."

"Foey on the schedule." She smiled, "If you don't get your needed rest the schedule is going to fall by the wayside anyway." Her smile turned impish and she added, "Besides, dragul meu, you can make it up to me later."

"I'll be happy to." I grinned and dug into my cereal that was getting soggy. Between bites I asked, "Do you mind if I run out for a bit? I have something I need to take care of."

"Of course not. Feel free to do whatever you need to. We're under a little time crunch -- your father is supposed to be back tomorrow afternoon sometime -- but you're not a prisoner."

When I finished breakfast I grabbed my coat and keys, kissed her as I walked out to the garage, and drove to work. The snow was being transformed into dirty slush and the roads were mostly clear. The store manager gave me a name, Jeremy Wilson, and, more importantly, told me Jeremy was in the county Jail set to be arraigned on Monday. I thanked him and told him I thought I could pick up a shift Sunday night if he needed coverage.

I bought a bag of day old and half-priced bagels and muffins from the bakery next door and drove my POS to my apartment building and as I pulled it into my parking spot I saw one of the bums climbing the fire escape to the roof.

-

I dropped off my clean laundry at my apartment and left a bagel for Sam and climbed the five flights of stairs to the roof. Two of the rooftop denizens were already drunk and another was well on the way. Night Train is a cheap and easy pain medication.

One of the vets was passed out on his cot. The others were standing around the barrel fire and passing a bottle. The ones that were still upright all thanked me for the bakery products and polished them off as if it was high cuisine and, for them, maybe it was. I passed on the offered bottle and for an hour or so we shot the shit.

I don't know why I liked them so well. They weren't bad people; they were just at bad places in their lives but it wasn't yet noon and they were all shitfaced. One by one they drifted off to whatever bed they could find until it was just Aiden and me standing by the makeshift fire pit.

He was a decrepit looking man who seemed to be in his mid 50s but could have been anywhere from 50 to 80 for all I knew. He was nice enough, he just didn't talk much. The others on the roof were only too happy to share their life stories with me. I liked to think that it was therapeutic for them to talk about their problems and I wasn't just taking from them.

I shook my head at Aiden when he offered me a puff of a hand-rolled cigarette.

"It's just tobacco." He said. His voice sounded raspy.

"Thanks." I shook my head again, "I don't smoke."

He bobbed his head. "Smart. Not like my kid."

"You have a kid?" I asked inanely.

"Uh-huh. A punk ass kid probably your age. Maybe a year or two younger." Aiden looked both proud and disgusted at the same time. "Dumbass keeps getting into trouble. Drinkin' and pot and who knows what else."

"I'm sorry." I offered sincerely.

"What the hell do you have to be sorry about?" He grumbled. "It's my cross to bear."

"I don't know." I held my hands over the glowing coals in the barrel. "Empathy maybe."

"That and 20 cents'll buy you a coffee." He smoked the cigarette down to the size of one of Sam's turds and dropped it in the fire. "Keep your empathy."

I tried to probe him a little to see if I could get him to open up. "Why are you here?"

"What, you a philosopher now?" He muttered and spat. He shrugged and added. "Choices. I'm here because of choices."

I looked at him blankly and then laughed. "No, I mean why are you up here on the roof? Why aren't you down at the mission?"

He snorted. "'Cause the fuckin' mission don't allow booze and it's crowded with barkin' moon bats and other assorted ne'er-do-wells."

"Makes sense, I guess. I just think it'd be a whole lot warmer is all."

"We all got here by choice. Choices are what determine where and how we end up. Listen to me, sport: you make good choices and you'll end up fine; make bad ones and you'll end up with us." He pulled out a bag of loose tobacco and poured some out onto an open Zig Zag. "Just because you want somethin' doesn't mean you should have it. My life is in the shitter because I let myself make some poor choices."

"What do you mean?" He wasn't really telling me anything new. Everybody's lives were a result of choices, poor or otherwise.

"Take my kid. Yesterday he made the choice to try and rob a convenience store -- the same one you work at, I think -- and wound up getting his head slammed into the sidewalk. He's cooling his heels in jail right now and probably will be goin' away for awhile. If he's ain't lucky -- and he ain't -- he won't get tried in kiddie court. Choices."

I decided against telling him that it wasn't the sidewalk his son's head had been slammed into. I hoped my emotions didn't show on my face but inside I was in turmoil. My would-be armed robber was Aiden's son. I was discovering that it true what my sociology professor was always saying: we are all connected by invisible threads and the things we do affect everybody else even if it is hard to see the effects.

Aiden laughed harshly and polished off his bottle of Night Train Express. One of his 'roommates' stirred when he rolled it noisily across the roof into a corner. "Jeremy ain't all there. There's somethin' wrong with him...somethin' missin' upstairs." He peered at me with bleary eyes. "That's what I'm tellin' you. He's a result of a piss poor choice I made."

I waited and tried to express with my facial expression my interest.

"Jerry was raised by his grandma. My old lady. She took him in when his ma committed suicide a year or so after he was born 'cause I wasn't in any shape to be there for him, you know." Aiden rubbed at his mottled whiskers and then looked at me intently as if deciding whether he could trust me or not. "What the hell? Who you gonna tell? Nobody cares anymore anyway."

I nibbled at one of the remaining bagels and assured him, "I don't say boo to anyone. Especially things friends confide in me about."

"You my friend, Pete?" He asked, hacking and coughing. "You won't be after I tell you that Jerry's mother was my sister."

I maintained a stoic look on my face and let him press on.

"Not my step sister or half sister or adopted sister. My full-blood, squirted-out-of-the-same-cunt-I-did sister." He looked at me to see my reaction and continued when he saw none. "She and I were in love. At least I was. We was both in our early twenties and got an apartment near our jobs. Sharin' expenses and such, you know. And we fought the temptation for forever it seemed like until one night we just gave in. Those were the best days I ever had, lemme tell you. She was beautiful, you know. And then she came up in the fambly way and everything went to shit."

"Why?" I used my open-ended interviewing techniques. "What happened?"

"Jerry happened is what happened." A solitary tear trickled down Aiden's weather beaten cheek. "When he was borned about a month early he had an uphill climb to start with and it only got worse. The little bastard was behind the eight ball from the git go, and then when our ma found us out she went ape shit, you know. If she had been just angry with us it maybe would've been okay, you know. A body can get over angry, but ma was beyond angry. She was disgusted and cut us both out of her life and refused to talk to either one of us. Penny sank into a deep depression and stopped carin' about anything. She closed herself off to me and she came to hate Jerry and me and even herself."

When I came home from work one day to find her lyin' cold and still in a tub full of bloody water I could only hear Jerry cryin' for his ma and I started hatin' him, too."

I breathed deep and reached out to touch his arm. "Whatever you did or didn't do is water down the drain and you've paid for whatever mistakes you made, Aiden. You don't have to pay any more penance."

He violently brushed away a tear with his sleeve and snorted. "Whatever. It was all I could do to keep it together after, you know. Ma took little Jerry to keep him from becomin' a ward of the state 'cause I wasn't capable of raisin' him. She did that much, at least. But she went and got a restrainin' order on me and wouldn't let me near the kid, even after I got my act somewhat back together. I was kin to the devil so far as she was concerned. Maybe I am. Didn't matter how much I begged and pleaded, neither. It didn't even matter when I tried explainin' that Penny was the one in charge and I never would have...done it without her come on. She was always in charge. Didn't matter."

I was floored by his confession and more than a little moved. Rapid calculation showed me I was way off in my guess as to his age. If he was in his early twenties when Jeremy was born like he said then Aiden was only in his early to mid forties, at best. I supposed living in one's own personal hell day after day aged a person.

As strange as it seemed, Aiden seemed relieved to have unburdened himself. He looked square in my eyes and saw no condemnation there and then walked over to his makeshift tent. As he crawled into it he looked back at me, his hand-rolled cigarette at the corner of his mouth. He was crying openly.

I just nodded when he said in a quiet whisper, "I loved her, sport. With all my heart I loved her and it all went to shit."

Chapter 11

I sat in my car for a long time looking out the window at the brick wall of the apartment building and thinking about Aiden's pathetic story. I felt like crying for him. His story was heartrending and I don't know that I'd ever heard such a wretched tale in my life. Aiden and Penny Wilson had stepped over a line and loved each other until it destroyed them both.

Driving back to Mom and Dad's, I felt real apprehension about Mom and me for the first time. I had fallen in love with her, that much was clear, and I had inkling that Mom was close to falling for me herself. What would happen if she did fall in love with me? Could a woman be in love with two men at the same time? If not, what would that do to Dad?

Dad. He was one of the better things in my life and I didn't want to hurt him in any way. Was Dad going to be able to handle his wife being with another man even if it was his own idea? I don't believe I could have in that scenario. Was he truly going to be able to accept let alone love the child Mom and I produced? Were we all on a one way road to destruction like Aiden and Penny?

When I pulled my car into the garage I was nervous. Who was more important to me? It was no contest. Did I really want to put the brakes on and stop what was happening with Mom and me? Not only no, but hell no. I had yearned for Mom for so long and now that I had her I couldn't go back to merely hungering for her from a distance. What was going to happen when we were successful in getting her pregnant was a prospect I didn't want to consider. I'd cross that bridge when I got to it.

The kitchen clock read straight up 2:00 PM when I entered the kitchen.

Mom was in the living room and came to greet me. "Hi honey. I've missed you."

I returned her hug and held her so tightly a small yelp was wrung from her throat. She leaned back in my arms and looked up into my eyes in concern.

"What's wrong?" She reached up to touch my cheek.

"I don't know." I tried to make myself shake of my trepidation and failed. "I think maybe I've been feeling...guilty, I guess. Thinking about Dad and me and you..."

Mom put her finger to my lips. "Honey, listen to me. This was your father's brainchild in the first place, so don't you worry your pretty little head about him. So maybe we weren't supposed to...uh... do things the way we have the last few times, but so what? So what if we've...enjoyed ourselves instead of acting like machines...automatons? I'm not at all ashamed of what we've done and I don't want you to be either. It's going to be alright, I promise. I'll take care of your father."

Mom boosted my flagging spirits and I couldn't help grinning at her. "If you're not ashamed then I won't be either."

"Why on earth would I be ashamed of having the most wonderful sex of my life with the most gorgeous man on the planet?" She whispered and I watched her mouth as she pulled my head down to hers and kissed me so softly and with such passion the last of my anxiety just receded away like water down a drain.

I clutched her to me and returned her kiss and hungrily sucked on her tongue as she molded her body against mine and one of her hands slid down to clamp on my ass.

"Thanks, M...Mom..." I kissed her ear when we broke the kiss. "I think I'll be alright now."

She smiled warmly and released her hold on my butt and pinched it playfully as she did. "Good. If you ever start getting the heebee jeebees about things just come talk to me. I'll make you feel all better."

I kissed her nose and then her forehead and agreed with her. "Deal. If you don't mind, I'm going to go take a nap for a couple of hours."

"Certainly, my love." She let her arms drop to her sides and walked with me to the dining room. "Still taking your afternoon naps? All through school you were the only kid on the block who voluntarily plunked himself down for a nap after school let out."

I wrinkled my nose at her and nodded, "I need 'em to recharge my batteries."

"That's good because you're going to need fully charged batteries later tonight." She grinned evilly.

I shivered at the rapacious look in her eyes and made my legs carry me upstairs to my room.

I felt considerably better when I stripped of my clothes and crawled into bed.

-

I could tell it was way past four when I woke to Mom sitting on the edge of my bed and lightly stroking my chest with her fingertips. The room was near dark but I could see her clearly.

"Hi." She smiled softly down at me.

"Hi yourself." I replied and stretched and yawned. "What time is it?"

"A little after six." Her hand was soft and warm on my skin. "I decided to wake you up because we don't want you awake all night. Plus, and more importantly, I wanted you and couldn't wait any longer."

I pushed up on an elbow when she stood up and went to the window to pull down the shade against the Locatelli's view from next door and then went to the light switch and flipped it on. She was wearing her robe and just as casually as anything Mom untied the belt and let it fall from her shoulders. She wasn't wearing anything underneath.

I was fully awake in seconds and my blood ran hot as I watched her walk to the bed and gesture at my boxers. "I think you probably aren't going to need them."

They floated to the floor as I reached for her and she lay down in my bed next to me and our mouths came together in a deep, illicit kiss. My hunger matched hers and my little buddy was hardening even as Mom's hand blindly hunted for and delicately began stroking and fondling him.

Our tongues alternated thrusting into each other's mouths as we groped and touched each other into a frenzy. Mom's body began thrumming lightly when I reached up to cradle one of her tits and lightly teased her hard little nipple.

I loved the exquisite sensation of her warm skin on mine and the way she moaned into my mouth at my touch. I cherished the warm scent of her musk and grunted when she dipped her hand between my legs to finger my balls. I rolled onto my back and carried her with me and I felt amazing as she slipped her leg over my hips and crawled up onto me and lay down on top.

Mom pulled her lips from my mouth and began nuzzling the side of my neck as I traced the pads of my fingers over her silky smooth back. My erection was directly beneath her vagina and I reached down to cup both her ass cheeks when she began sliding her drenched labia back and forth along my penis.

"It feels like someone likes me." She murmured impishly.

"Someone adores you." I managed to choke. "Someone worships the ground you walk on."

"Mmmm..." She nibbled my neck, "I'm glad."

"I love you, Mom." I whispered and held my breath.

"I love you, too, darling." Came her muted reply. "I missed you so m...much when you went out this morning. I don't like it when you're not with me."

"Likewise." I squeezed her ass in time with the rolling of her hips. "I can't get you out of my head."

"Me either." She raised her head and looked into my eyes, "Especially lately. I wonder if we can put this big old thing inside me now."

"I think that can be arranged." I kissed her nose. "You are just full of good ideas, Mom."

She pushed up with her arms and then with her knees. I just gaped at her as she reached down to pull my cock vertical. She was breathtaking. Her tits hung on her chest like two firm little teardrops, perky and proud with just the tiniest bit of sag. I could see the tiny little openings at the tips of her hard little nipples. Her stomach seemed soft but flat at the same time and as she rubbed my helmet up and down her vagina to lubricate it I knew I'd never see a more beautiful and sexy woman in my life.

Mom closed her eyes as she positioned my engorged penis at her entrance and then let her weight push her down onto it. The sight of her pussy swallowing me was almost as glorious as the feeling of entering her itself.

She paused with about three inches inside her and pushed up with her knees and let herself fall again and another inch slid into her. She bounced once and then again and moaned as the last of me disappeared inside her and I bottomed out against her cervix.

Her eyes popped open and she found my hands with hers and laced our fingers and for a long time we didn't move. She was biting her lip and her eyes were hooded. Under the bright overhead light I just watched her and silently worshiped her.

Her pussy was hot and wet and tight and I cherished being deep inside her. Her vagina was not dissimilar to others I'd had. Her tits were nice but certainly I'd seen nice tits before. She was slender with very little body fat but I'd had women who were physically fit in my bed in the past. But I'd never had the whole perfect package wrapped up in one desirable woman before.

And I'd never been with a woman with a lovelier face. Period.

When Mom tightened her grip on my hands and pushed up to allow my penis to slide almost entirely from her pussy and then slid back down it I was watching her face. It was the face of a woman who was experiencing great erotic joy. Her green eyes leaked her love and lust for me, her nostrils were delicately flared, and her luscious lips trembled as she moved over me. The color was high on her cheeks and made her look even more ravishing.

She extricated her fingers from mine and placed her hands on my chest and leaned forward. My hands gravitated to her legs and simply held them as she began rocking and rolling over me, her vagina sliding up and down my rigid penis, sucking and claspng at it. She showed me how a real woman uses her body to pleasure a man.

"Oh Christ...M...Mom..." I whimpered with a decided quaver in my voice. "So fucking hot...fuck me...your p...pussy...don't stop...holy shit...so g...good...talk to me, Mom...tell m...me what y...you're feeling..."

"D...Delicious..." She panted as she slammed herself down on me vigorously over and over. "Your cock is...oh...m...magnificent...so long...ughn...and thick...I love fucking you...you spread me s...so well...so hard...I love you in my p...pussy...like heaven...like p...paradise my love..."

A glistening sheen of perspiration made her skin glow and her breasts heaved up and down on her chest as she rode me. Her flat stomach sort of rolled each time she settled on me and her navel seemed to be winking at me.

All at once she seemed to come apart. She became immobile with my erection buried in her pussy and her fingers curled into claws. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she threw her head back and she shrieked and I felt her vaginal muscles contracting on me over and over. Her pleasure was more important than my own and I just watched as her orgasm wracked her body and left her spent and nearly lifeless.

Her hands slid off my chest and her upper body fell down onto me with a wet splatter and she bumped her forehead on my nose. I hardly noticed.

I circled my arms around her waist and just held her. I loved the feeling of her tits squashed against my chest and the way her body sort of lightly vibrated in my arms. Her breath was coming in short little bursts that sounded like music to my ears.

"Hi." I smiled up at her when she lethargically lifted her head to look into my eyes.

"Hi y...yourself." She wheezed. "Sfinte Sisoel! What you d...do to me."

I pulled her face to mine and kissed her softly and thoroughly, like she was my delicate and precious flower. My heart swelled to near bursting as she sucked on my tongue and our lips clung together. My love for her was pure and deep and I drank from it like I was dying of thirst.

Whatever else happened going forward I knew I wasn't going to be able to live without her. If that was what lay in store for me I was going to be found like Penny Wilson had been found.

I tightened my arms around her and smoothly rolled us over and resumed stroking my cock in and out of her vagina. Mom immediately began thrusting her hips up to meet me and reached behind me to clutch at the small of my back to pull me deeper.

"Ahhhhh...so nice...fuck your mommy...you're such a g...good lover...oh...your cock...don't s...stop...don't stop...oh G...God..." She cried in time with our coupling.

All I could do was mumble, "M...Mom...Mom...MommMMM..."

"Come for me, b...baby..." She begged. "Give me all your w...wonderful baby batter...make me pregnant...come for Mommy..."

I gathered myself and began fucking her for all I was worth. Fast and hard I pounded my cock into her cunt and watched her head bobble back and forth on her neck as I did. Her eyes were wild and she looked like she was drooling as a keening whine rose from her throat. I balled my fists and pushed up on straightened arms and looked down at our middles and thrilled at the sight of my stiff cock sliding in and out of her pussy, slicked and shiny and coated with her come. I loved the sight of our pubic hair plastered to our bodies and Mom's labia stretching out every time I pulled out of her.

I achieved orgasm without the usual warning. In mid-stroke I burst and grunted as I slammed myself as deeply into her as I could manage and as my hot semen flooded her womb Mom came again.

We yelled and cried and shuddered and shook as our climaxes rolled over and through us. Mom dug her fingernails into my forearms and I

bit my tongue and tasted blood. My vision faded to darkness as bombs detonated in my head and electricity coursed to all of my extremities.

It was luscious and warming and blissful I knew why I was put on this earth. When my arms gave out I slumped down onto Mom as her orgasm was fading to the ether. She wrapped her arms around me and for a long time we just lay like that, sweaty and sticky and utterly sated.

-

Sometime later after my penis slid from her pussy, I sort of sloughed off of her but kept her trapped by my arms and legs. She didn't seem to mind.

"I never knew I could come like that." She smiled at me and brushed my tousled hair from my forehead. "I mean, I never knew I could come more than once. I didn't know anyone could make me come at all, but twice? What is it you say? Holy shit!"

I laughed and kissed her shoulder. "You just didn't have the right...uh...never mind."

"Lover?" Mom sort of grimaced. "You can say it. Your father is borderline boring in bed. At least since we've been getting older. All he ever wants is to get himself off and doesn't care about my...needs. The last few years while we were trying to get pregnant I could have read the Reader's Digest while he was grunting and sweating over me."

My eyes widened. It was the first time I'd heard that Dad was anything but the world's greatest husband.

"And he never wants to try...variety." Mom lightly stroked my arm with her fingers. "Take what you and I did tonight. If I tried to be on top he'd complain that it was uncomfortable for him. And oral, he won't hear of doing it to me. He says it's dirty or stinky or something. He doesn't mind

if I do it to him, but until yesterday it had been probably close to twenty years since somebody kissed my pizdã."

"I'll kiss your pizdã any time you like." I grinned and nibbled at her earlobe. "I love eating pussy and I especially love eating your pizdã."

"While it won't get me with child, I think you can do that to me whenever you like, honey. It felt so amazing."

"With that kind of invitation you might as well go around the house without wearing panties to save time." I sucked at her neck.

"Uh-uh." She shrugged her shoulder. "No marks. Would it interest you to know I wasn't wearing panties this morning when you came downstairs?"

"Holy shit!" I blurted, "Really."

She laughed and nodded. "I guess I'm just a dirty old lady. I was fantasizing that you would just take me on the kitchen floor or over the dining room table. And while I was waiting for you to come home I fantasized about you and me in so many places and positions and then when you wanted to take a nap I was so frustrated and then I couldn't wait anymore and came up here to rape you."

"You can't rape the willing." I kissed her lips. "All you have to do is tell me what you want and I'll try to make it happen." I kissed her nose. "I'd roll around on broken glass and swim in rubbing alcohol if you ask me to." I kissed her eyes. "Anything you want, Mom. Just ask."

Chapter 12

We lay on my bed for hours talking and touching and learning about each other's sexual desires. We kissed so hard and so frequently my tongue felt swollen and still we went at it. I explored every inch of her

body and found that there were spots I could kiss that could make her bark like a Chihuahua. She learned that I was extremely fond of having my nipples sucked on and she was only too happy to indulge me.

I discovered all of Dad's failings, and Mom discovered I loved fucking a woman doggy style best of all. Mom's favorite position was female dominant, which didn't suck, and she informed me that she had always wanted to try anal but didn't know how to approach Dad with such a request.

By the time the clock on my bedside table ticked past nine PM I was well on the way to becoming erect again. Mom stopped me as I was trying to get her up onto all fours.

"Patience, honey." She cooed coyly, "We'll get to that and soon but I need to shower. You make me sweat like a boar hog and I don't feel...fresh."

She rolled onto her back and swung her legs off the bed and pushed up onto her long, slender legs. She walked to the door after gathering up her robe and smiled over her shoulder at me and winked, "Want to join me, lover?"

"Does the Pope shit in the woods?"

"Peter Doru Patrick!" She admonished me. "You can't talk about the Pope like that."

I laughed even as I jumped out of bed and followed her across the hall into her bedroom and the master bath with my semi-hard penis doing the leading. She ran the shower and squatted over the toilet to pee and, after patting her groin with a couple of folds of TP she stood behind me and held my organ while I emptied my bladder into the bowl. It was so odd but I managed the feat with some difficulty.

Billows of steam was filling the spacious bathroom when Mom pulled a shower cap from a drawer and put it on, stuffing her voluminous hair under it.

She stuck her tongue out at me and explained, "It takes forever to dry it."

I shrugged and held her hand as she slid open the frosted glass door and stepped into the oversized tub and waited for me. I thought I liked my showers hot, but by comparison to Mom's, mine were cool. The water felt like it was scalding my flesh and I could barely stand under the showerhead.

"Big baby." Mom grinned as she adjusted the temperature for me.

She spun around a few times under the water and then stepped aside and allowed me to do the same. I took her bar soap in hand and the wash cloth and worked up thick suds and then proceeded to wash her from head to toe. I simply admired her body as I ministered to her, gently scrubbing her back and front and everywhere in between. I loved watching the water cascade over her and run down her sleek, feline-like lines.

I was fully erect when I set the cloth aside and gathered her wet and slippery body in my arms and pulled her into an embrace. She leaned back against me as my rigid penis pressed between her butt cheeks and my hands lifted to cup her breasts. Her eyes were closed when she turned her face back and up to me and her lips parted as my mouth claimed hers and for a long time we stood there as one, our hearts beating in time, and the water cascading over us.

Sometime later -- God knows how long because I sure don't -- Mom pulled away from me and methodically began to wash me. Her soap had a floral smell but it wasn't at all objectionable. She built lather in her bare hands and washed my chest, back and arms down thoroughly before sinking to her knees in front of me and washing my legs. I could see her frequently glancing up at my erection that swayed and bobbed heavily just above her.

She handed me the soap when she was finished scrubbing me clean and straightened up on her knees. Without words she reached up and took my cock in her hands and examined it as if it was completely alien and she was mystified by it.

She didn't say a word when she leaned toward me and lovingly kissed my crown. I grunted and reached up to hold onto the top edge of the shower door to keep from falling as she slowly and methodically kissed my hard penis from the tip to the base and back up the other side. The look on her face was one of lust and sheer hunger. I cried out when she parted her lips and snaked out her tongue to lick at the slit at the end and lapped up some of the pre-come that was oozing from me.

"Mmmm..." She cooed up at me. "Delicious..."

My heart felt like it stopped when the look on her face changed to grim determination and she opened her mouth wide and wrapped her lips around my knob and slowly took me in her mouth. My legs were shaking uncontrollably as she swirled her tongue around my glans and pushed her head forward and allowed more of my dick to slide into her mouth.

"Oh God!" I whimpered while she stuffed as much of me into her ravenous mouth as she could. "That feels so fucking good, Mom..."

She managed to get about four or five inches into her mouth before her gag reflex kicked in and she withdrew it slightly. Mom reached her arms around me and gripped my ass with both hands and ever so slowly began moving her head back and forth. Her eyes were closed and I could see her cheeks moving as she sucked at me. Her tongue never stopped licking at my flesh as she fucked me with her mouth.

I reached down and rested one hand on the top of her head and threw my head back and tried to memorize the sensation of my first blowjob from Mom. The warm heat of her mouth was mind-bending and the way she sucked at me made me realize that not only did she love doing it, she was good at it. I glanced down to watch her head moving back and

forth energetically as two or three inches of my cock slid in and out of her mouth.

I was yelling incoherently and my yells filled the bathroom like the steam. And when Mom pulled my spit-slicked dick from her mouth and dipped her head to tongue my balls I whimpered like a little girl. Nobody I'd ever had a blowjob from before ever bothered with my testicles, but Mom was like no other woman I'd ever been with. She gently sucked one of my twins into her mouth and lovingly ran her tongue over and around it and then repeated the process with the other one.

She brought one hand around front and gently held my penis at the base and as she let my testicles recover from her loving she looked up at me and winked.

"Oh fuck, Mom..." I gasped heavily, "You're incredible...you are such a g...good cocksucker..."

She smiled happily and began kissing the underside of my organ slowly and thoroughly.

"Can I c...come in your mouth, Mom?" I choked as she mouthed me.

She looked up at me in surprise and happily agreed. "By all means, darling. I think I'd like that very much."

Mom again crowned me with her mouth, her lips parted slightly, her tongue running over my sensitive skin and driving me insane. In my wildest dream I never would have pictured my prim and genteel mother as a certified expert at fellatio, but she was. She used her mouth like she used the rest of her body and she loved it and it showed.

She sealed her lips around me and created a strong suction with her cheeks and began working at me like she was starving. The sight of my cock being gobbled by her was as mind blowing as the sensation of her warm, wet and sucking mouth on my skin.

I was going to come and nothing I was going to do was going to prevent it.

"I'm c...coming, Mom..." I yelped, "Can't help it..."

She pulled me almost completely out of her mouth and tightened her lips around me just south of my helmet and tugged at me vigorously with her hand. My balls tightened up and I felt that familiar tingle and my semen erupted and blasted out of me and into her waiting mouth. From the look on her face I'd say the first jet of come blasted into her throat and slid into her belly just as another followed. Over and over I seized as my load poured from me to her.

I screamed with pure joy as bright lights and thunderous explosions went off in my head and Mom swallowed my come as rapidly as she was able. Wonderful bolts of energy wracked my body from head to toe and I gave thanks to God.

I looked down and watched Mom's cheeks puff out with each stream of my jizz that filled her mouth. She never spilt a drop. Even after the last trickle of come was sucked from my penis and the last shiver of carnal joy faded from my body, Mom continued nursing at me. She sucked me deeper and deeper as my still-sensitive organ softened. She suppressed her gag reflex and I thrilled at the sensation of my glans at the back of her throat. And still she sucked me in, until my damp pubic hair tickled her nose and she had me entirely in her mouth.

I was in shock. Completely stunned I looked at her as she deep throated my cock, albeit while it was flaccid. Her hands held me at the hips and I moaned softly as I felt her moving her throat muscles deliberately on me.

She smiled happily and clapped her hands when she delicately extracted me from her mouth. She was obviously satisfied with a job well-done. I helped her to her feet and gathered her in my arms and

kissed her in thanks and wondered if that salty taste in her mouth was my own come.

"That was fucking awesome." I was still stunned. "Holy shit!"

"Holy shit is right." She giggled. "I loved feeling your come spurt in my mouth like that. You're delicious, honey."

I slid open the shower door and helped her out and carefully dried her off before removing her yellowed shower cap. It made my heart skip a beat to watch her hair tumble around her head and down her back. She was simply beautiful.

She then dried me off with one of her large, plush towels, paying particular attention to my naughty bits.

She had a serious look on her face when she looked up at me from her knees, "You know, you have the most perfect penis, honey."

"Thanks, I think." I wrinkled my nose at her.

She stood up and led me from the bathroom by my hand. "It is. Your father isn't circumcised and when he's limp his equipment is ugly and withered."

I didn't bother to tell her that my little buddy was normally ugly and withered, too, when it was sleeping. At the moment he may have been soft but he certainly wasn't sleeping.

-

It was after ten when we left the master bath and Mom insisted I sleep in her bed so we crawled under the blankets and held each other in the dark and just talked.

"Your father will be home tomorrow." She whispered. "He said around noon so I think it best if you were to leave before then."

"Why do I have to leave, Mom?" I queried. "I mean, Dad asked for...this. It isn't a mystery what we're doing. We're trying to make a baby."

"I just think it'll go better if you weren't here." She kissed my chest. "I think it will be awkward for him...and you...if you're here when he gets home."

I didn't agree with her assessment, but acquiesced for her sake. "Okay. I'll take off after breakfast."

"Maybe we can get one more...session in before breakfast." She giggled. "I'm still ovulating, you know."

"I'm pretty sure that can be arranged." I laughed.

We kissed goodnight and both drifted off to sleep with her nestled in the crook of my arm and her head using my chest for a pillow and it felt right.

Chapter 13

We slept late. Mom seemed a bit put off that it was 8:12 per her alarm clock. Her whole adult life saw her and Dad waking up and getting going before five every day of the week except Sunday. Sundays they slept in until six.

I kissed her warmly and as I did I felt her relaxing in my arms and then becoming aroused. Her hands pulled at me and she seemed to be purring as my tongue lightly waltzed with hers. I loved waking up with her. I loved sleeping naked with her and feeling her warm breath on my

skin. I loved the feeling of her tits pressed into my chest, her hard little nipples like pebbles. I loved her completely.

She kicked up her right leg and planted her foot flat on the sheet when she felt my hand creep down and slip between her legs. She was wet. I watched her eyes as I slipped one, then a second finger into her pussy and pushed them deep into her. She gasped and lightly bucked her hips with my probing fingers. Her eyes rolled up and her fingers dug into my arm.

In and out I slid my fingers, touching her most special spots, feeling her silken walls clasp at them, squeezing them. She wrapped her arms around my head when I dipped it to capture one of her rubbery nipples and lightly chewed and sucked at it.

"You are sooooo naughty..." I heard her murmur breathlessly. "You make me feel sooooo nice...sooooo n...nice..."

She whined plaintively when I pulled my digits from her nether parts and impatiently kicked and pushed the down comforter down to the end of the bed. My penis was up and ready and Mom whimpered when she saw it and sprawled onto her back and held out her arms for me.

I shook my head as I sluggishly pushed up onto my knees. "Uh-uh. Get up on your hands and knees."

She squealed happily and sprang up full of energy and did as I asked, pushing her delectable ass up as high as she was able in my direction. I knelt slightly off to the side and just looked at her for a long time. She was simply incredible.

Her ass was tight and toned, her back was straight and her waist was slim. Her perfect tits dangled from her chest and quivered and jiggled with every breath. I climbed behind her between her legs and reached out to push her tresses over her left shoulder. She took my breath away.

Mom looked back at me over her shoulder and moaned when her eyes fixed on my erection that jutted up and out from my groin. "Fuck me, lover. Put it in m...me and make me come."

"You've been a naughty, naughty girl." I looked into her eyes with a steady gaze.

She looked confused and then I saw the excitement rise in her face. "Why yes. Yes I have. I have been a very n...naughty girl and I need to be punished."

She yelped a shrill little yelp when I smacked her ass with my open right hand. I had no interest in causing her pain so I curled my fingers as I spanked her even as she begged me to spank her harder.

"Harder. I've been so bad..." She pleaded, "I'm a nasty girl...dirty..."

Over and over I smacked her butt until it glowed red and she was crying with joy.

"I think you've learned your lesson." I said, still in shock over my mother's wanton behavior. Never would I have expected her to go along with such a thing.

I was learning more about her every day.

Mom was blushing furiously when she looked at me and snarled. "Thank you, honey. I have learned my lesson now put your goddamned cock in me and fuck me good and hard."

I gripped my aching cock and pushed it down and guided it between her legs per her direction. We both moaned softly as I lubricated myself up and down her drenched pussy and then put it into position at her portal.

I gripped her at the hips and sank my entire length into her with one mighty drive of my hips. Mom screamed with happiness as her ass flattened tight against me and I held her impaled on me.

Good and hard is what she asked for and I always tried to please the women in my life. I drew back and began plowing my erection in and out of her as hard and fast as I could. The sound of our flesh slapping together sounded harsh and violent. She was crying and howling nonsense as I gave her what she wanted.

Her tits jiggled wildly beneath her and I saw her hands opening and closing on a pillow sham. Her head was wobbling to the left and then to the right and back and her entire body shuddered with every thrust of my hard penis.

I almost lost it at the sight of my dick disappearing inside her and then pulling almost completely out. It was coated with her cream and looked angry as it skewered her over and over. It felt like I was dipping it into a tight, wet vat of boiling oil.

She went frantic when I pressed my thumb against her anus and fingered it. "You are so n...nasty..." She cried, "Playing with my b...bunghole...oh Jesus...fuck me...ma futa...penisului...don't stop...p...please...come in m...me... umple-ma cu sperma ta puternic..."

I don't have any idea how long we fucked before I came with a roar. Time lost all meaning. Nothing existed but Mom and me. My cock and her pussy. Nothing mattered but Mom and I was grateful that she came about the same time that I did.

Our cries echoed through the house as our bodies surrendered and we shook and shuddered together. I felt like I was held by a warm cloud of bliss as I held her planted on my jerking cock and my semen pumped into her belly before slowing to a trickle and then stopping altogether.

We didn't move. My limbs were nonresponsive and Mom didn't seem to be in any hurry to have me dismount.

When we finally slumped apart and my spent member pulled from her sodden vagina I watched her tighten her pelvic muscles and crawl off the bed to find a towel or something suitable to stanch the flood of our come.

She grinned at me as she crammed a pillow between her legs and explained. "I have to launder the bedding anyway before your father gets home."

-

We ate breakfast together after we dressed and she started a load of laundry. I couldn't stop looking at her across the kitchen table and I wondered if she was feeling the same sorrow I was.

"When will we know if we've...um...been successful?" I asked between bites of scrambled eggs. "I mean..."

She smiled and it seemed a little sad. "A week or so, I think. I knew the day it happened when I got pregnant with Kelly. With you I didn't know until I missed my period. So I don't rightly know. I'll certainly let you know."

I nodded and finished my meal and pushed aside the plate. "Please. As soon as you know one way or the other."

As I was leaving the house Mom hugged me tight and kissed me as if she didn't want to let me go.

I didn't want to leave but I was sure she was right: it would feel awkward if I were there when Dad got home.

-

Sam showed no sign that he had missed me at all when I got back to my apartment. I put my clean clothes away in the one chest of drawers that I owned and skipped up the stairs to see my friends on the rooftop. I especially wanted to see and talk to Aiden and see if he'd tell me more of his story.

They were gone. Sometime the afternoon before the building supervisor had roused the bums and tore down their 'tents.' The only thing that remained of their existence was the makeshift fire pit and it had been rolled to the edge of the roof and was filled with all the Night Train and Mogen David bottles and broken two by fours.

I wanted to cry for them. They never really hurt anyone and crapping in the alley didn't justify getting booted, to my way of thinking. They'd be back, but it might be weeks before they showed up. I just hoped they'd be alright where ever they were.

-

Back in my shithole of an apartment I thought of Mom and Dad. Mostly Mom, but Dad figured in my thinking as well. I wanted desperately to call and talk to Mom but resisted. It wasn't even noon and Dad probably wasn't even home yet but I felt I needed to give her space.

I was so much in love with her I hurt being away from her. In less than four days my lust had grown and flowered into the most beautiful thing imaginable. She was everything I wanted in a woman; beautiful and sexy but so much more. She was funny and intelligent and gentle and compassionate. She had been the most special person in my life before; after, she was my everything and I couldn't shut her off.

I missed her so much I couldn't stand to be alone so I went to the school and had a long swim. There were a few attractive female students in the pool and if I hadn't been deeply in love with my mother I might have been tempted to pursue one or more of them. The problem was nobody

could measure up to Mom on any level. It was laughable to even consider that there was a woman somewhere who might.

I laughed and returned flirtation for flirtation with an especially cute little co-ed, and even accepted an invitation for a drink at the student union after I showered and dressed, but my heart wasn't in it. I drank a beer with her and we joined a small group of her friends but I felt lost. I saw a flash of disappointment in her eyes when I left alone and drove back to my ever so humble abode.

I napped and the hurting was still there when I woke. Sam was no help. Aiden was gone along with the other hobos. And Mom was out of reach.

-

So began the most miserable period of my life. Having had Mom made being without her worse. I couldn't eat or sleep and I lost interest in my classes again. For ten days I just went through the motions. I took as many shifts at the store as I could with the idea being that the missing her would lessen if I stayed busy. I was wrong. My paycheck was larger but my heartache was no smaller.

When I ran out of clean clothes I used the coin-op down the street because I couldn't make myself go to Mom and Dad's. I wanted to, but I didn't want to see her as much as I wanted to see her because I wasn't sure I could control myself. And I didn't want to see Dad.

Sex with Mom had changed everything.

Nixon spanked McGovern, as I expected and Jennifer called to tell me she was rethinking things and might come back home before Nixon was out of office. The way it turned out she came home long before January of 1977 but still came home after Nixon was out of office.

On November 14, 1972 my phone rang just before I lay down for my afternoon nap. I almost let it just ring without answering but reluctantly picked it up.

"Hello."

"Hi, honey." Mom's voice sounded normal. Maybe even cheerier than normal. "How are you?"

"I'm fine." I lied. "How are you...and Dad?"

"I'm doing wonderful." She sounded happy. "Your father seems to be doing okay, also. He's back at work, so there's that."

"That's good." I felt my heart sinking.

"Honey, I called to tell you my period started today." Her voice had dropped to a whisper.

"I'm sorry, Mom." It sounded weird to say. I was saying, in essence, 'I'm sorry I didn't get you pregnant, Mom. I'll do better next time.'

"Don't be," She ordered kindly. "I won't have that. We'll get it done eventually, right?"

My spirits soared. "Sure we will, Mom. I'll eat a lot of spinach between now and the next time. When do you think...?"

She knew what I was asking. "I think maybe Monday or Tuesday of the week after Thanksgiving. I'll know better as it gets closer."

"Sounds good." I was pumping my arm in celebration. "I miss you, Mom..."

There was silence on the line for a long time. When she again spoke her voice had dropped so low I could barely hear her. "I miss you, too, honey. I miss you so much I can hardly stand it. I think I'm going crazy half the time."

"Oh my God, Mom!" I yelled into the receiver. "I can't get you out of my head."

She laughed happily. "Serves you right. I'm glad I'm not the only one. I dream about you constantly. The way you look at me and hold me and touch me...the way you fuck me..."

My relief was almost overpowering. "Oh Mom..." I breathed, "I can't stop either. I jerked off this morning with the thought of you blowing me."

"Darling, yesterday evening, after your father and I...well, you know. Afterward, I fingered myself off thinking about you. I dream about you sucking on my nipples and the look on your face when you come in me."

I could actually hear her blushing over the line. "What the hell are we going to do?"

"I don't know, honey, but I'm going to go crazy until I can be with you again." She breathed. "I'm wet right now just thinking about being in your arms again."

"I'm so hard."

"I wish I were there to suck it for you."

"I want to eat your...pizdã."

"I want you to eat my pizdă."

"What would you say if I told you I wanted to fuck your ass?"

She paused for a second and answered, "What would you say if I told you I want you to fuck my ass?"

"It won't get you pregnant."

"Either will swallowing your semen but I love doing that, too."

"You're a nasty girl, Mom."

"I am. I need another spanking."

I turned serious even as I tried to adjust my erection in my jeans. "Mom, what are we going to do about...about Dad?"

She breathed deep and replied, "I don't know, honey. I don't know, but it's going to work out. It has to."

I started to say something and she cut me off. "We'll cross that bridge when we have to. Right now your job is to get me with child. And I'll tell you something else; I sincerely hope that it takes months and months and months for you to get me pregnant because it sure is lovely trying with you."

"I know what you mean." I laughed happily, "A very similar thought crossed my mind a few days ago."

"Honey, no matter what, know that I love you and I always will and I'll be thinking of you until we can...be together again." She sounded like Mom again.

"I love you, Mom." I said softly.

"I love you, too." She replied as she hung up the phone.

I went to my 'bathroom' and jerked off into the toilet before I lay down for my nap.

Chapter 14

My world was back on track. The up and down rollercoaster of the past couple of weeks since Dad first asked the favour of me levelled off to a high that was breathtaking. Just knowing Mom was feeling much the same as I made the being without her tolerable. Barely tolerable, but tolerable nonetheless.

My days and nights were filled with the most carnal erotic dreams of her. I could still see her and feel her. My hands still touched her and I felt again how she pressed her naked body to mine. I again felt her tongue in my mouth and tasted her warm saliva.

The days crept by like molasses. Two of the bums from the roof showed back up and began reassembling their encampment and then three days later another showed. Aiden wasn't among them.

My grades soared and I had renewed focus and felt I'd be able to graduate on time -- at the bottom of my class, perhaps, but on time. My counselor seemed encouraged by my change of heart and suggested ways of boosting my standing.

I knew I was going to have to attend Thanksgiving dinner with the folks. There was no way around it and I was dreading being under the same roof with Mom and Dad. I knew it would be a challenge to keep my hands to myself in her presence and was pretty sure it was going to be

akin to looking at heaven while I was standing in hell. I couldn't see any way out of it and resigned myself to make the best of it.

The day before, I ran home on a break from the store and called Mom, confident Dad would be at work.

The silvery tone of her voice was thrilling when she answered.

"Hi, Mom." I sat on the edge of my mattress and twirled the cord around my finger.

"Hi, honey!" The happy in her voice was hard to miss. "How are you?"

"Fine, Mom. I'm doing just fine." I lay back and looked up at the ceiling. "How have you been?"

"Really good." She sounded really good. "I miss you so badly, but other than that I'm doing wonderful."

"Good. I'm glad. Say, Mom, I wanted to talk to you about tomorrow." I closed my eyes and pictured her face.

"What about it?" She asked. "Don't you dare tell me you're not coming? Your Grandpa and Grammy aren't coming because they're in Connecticut, your Uncle Tavi is having dinner at Lisa's parents, and your Aunt Marina is going to be in Boston. Don't you dare disappoint me, too, honey."

I swallowed hard, "No, that's not it. I'll be there unless a plane engine falls through my roof tonight. No, I'm...uh...concerned about Dad. What if he wants to ask about...us? I don't know what I'd say."

Mom giggled. "You don't have to worry about him, honey. I promise. The day after he came home he tried to ask about it and I cut him off at the

knees. I informed him he had no business asking and I wasn't going to tell him anything. I also ordered him to not bring up the subject with you. Ever."

"Well, okay then." I felt a little better. I still didn't know how I'd be able to be in her presence without touching her, but I wasn't going to have to be concerned about Andrew Patrick. "Is it ham again this year?"

"Uh-huh." She replied. "I'm getting it ready even as we speak."

"I can't wait." I sat up and startled Sam.

"I can't wait to see you." She breathed. "You know what is really stupid? We live only four blocks from each other. I could walk it in ten minutes and we haven't seen each other in weeks."

"I see you every time I close my eyes." I answered.

"Me, too, darling. But it's not the same at all." She said quietly.

"I know, but when I think about coming to dinner tomorrow I have anxiety attacks at the thought of being in the same room with you and not being able to touch you or hold you or kiss you." I said and flopped back down on my back. I felt like I was in high school talking to the popular girl.

"Not me. For some reason just knowing you're going to be close at hand is strangely calming for me." Her voice was husky and soft. "It'll be okay, honey, I promise."

"Okay, Mom." I tried to sound assured. "I trust your judgment, but if I go nuts and I can't keep my hands to myself it's not my fault."

She giggled again. "I wouldn't mind at all but your father might have a problem with it." She laughed evilly and added, "Maybe I can get you alone for a few minutes in the basement or the attic. Oh, and by the way, darling, in your honor I won't be wearing panties tomorrow."

"Mom!" I exclaimed and laughed with her. "What time do you want me?"

"Once a day, every day, all day long." She smiled on the phone. "But for tomorrow, if you can make it here by noon that should be fine. You can watch the football game with your father if you want."

"Sounds good, Mom. I love you." I whispered.

"I love you so much, honey." She responded. "I had a dream about you last night."

I perked up. "Uh-huh?"

"You were very bad." I could picture her leaning against the counter. "You were doing really bad things to your mommy."

"And what kind of things were those?" I had to get back to the Qwik Stop but guessed I was going to be late. I heard their doorbell chime in the background.

"Rats. Mrs. Locatelli is at the front door. I'll have to tell you later. Maybe you could help me in the kitchen during half-time and I'll give you a blow by blow description."

She giggled happily when I yelled, "Mom!"

"I love you, honey." She said and the line went dead.

I took a minute or so in my 'bathroom' to take care of business.

-

It was cold and gray and blustery when I drove to Mom and Dad's the next day. I almost had to walk as I couldn't get my car started but it fired up as I was giving it one last try. I often thought about replacing the POS with something else but I didn't want to take on a car payment and I only had about \$1,200 left of my student loan and that was to pay for the spring semester.

I felt extremely nervous when I pulled into Mom and Dad's drive. The house looked cheery and warm and I had a bout of nostalgia as I looked up at it. Tomorrow Dad would be out hanging Christmas lights and then Mom and Dad would go out to get their tree. The street would soon look like scene out of a Currier and Ives print and I'd not be a part of it. They say you can't go home again and it was never truer than in my case. I lived four small blocks away but I might as well have lived on another continent.

I saw Mom through the huge picture window and felt better until I saw Dad walk up behind her and say something. She laughed looked up at him and shook her head back and forth. She didn't look at all unhappy. Something in me hardened until I remembered that she wasn't mine. She was his wife. What did I expect? A few nights together in bed and she'd kick him to the curb and run off with me? So she wanted me, so what? She had built a life with Dad and she wasn't likely to throw it all away because I made her come.

I was starting to suspect I was bipolar with the way my mood went up and down so fast based on outside influences.

Laughing harshly, I exited the car and walked up to the porch and rang the doorbell like always. The staccato clickety clack of her heels preceded the door swinging open. My heart surged at the broad smile that spread across Mom's face and positively leaked from her eyes. She quietly pulled me into her arms and hugged me for a long minute in the open doorway.

Her lips felt soft and warm when she kissed my cheek softly and then drew back to pull me into the house.

"New shade?" I asked as she reached up to wipe a smear of bright red lipstick from my cheek. "It looks good on you."

"I thought I'd try something different." She nodded and then whispered, "It's going to be alright, Peter, I promise."

And it was. Sort of.

On the surface, it was. Ella Fitzgerald sang quietly in the background. The smells that filled the house were overwhelming even if I couldn't exactly shake the scent of Mom's Jovan Musk. Either Dad or Mom had been hanging decorations and garland and candles were artfully placed around the living and dining rooms.

Dad seemed the same as always. He greeted me with a firm handshake and a fierce hug and seemed sincere when he asked how I was doing and whether I needed anything. When we moved to the living room the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade was still in progress on the television but the volume was down.

Mom brought me a mug of coffee; two creams and just a touch of sugar. She knew me so well.

Dad and I prattled on about nothing for a few minutes and then our conversation was cut off by the sound of Mom laughing like a lunatic in the kitchen. Her laughter was loud and raucous so I got up to see what was so funny.

I stuck my head through the swinging doors and looked at her. "What's so funny?"

She was leaning against the counter doubled over and holding her stomach. She was laughing so hard tears were rolling down her cheeks and her wine was sloshing around in her goblet. She looked at me and laughed harder. When she managed to catch her breath she waved a hand at me. "It's n...nothing, honey. Something just struck me is all."

I shrugged at Dad when I returned to the living room. "Beats me."

Dad resumed our conversation but I had trouble following it because Mom popped in and out of the kitchen and looked amazing in her bright green blouse with a ruffle down the front and sage-colored skirt that hung to her knees. Her hair was down and pulled back into a neat ponytail that set off her slender neck and shoulders and bared her ears which were adorned with teardrop-shaped emerald earrings.

"It looks like the Giants might make the playoffs, huh?" Dad puffed on his pipe. A beer was open on the side table, and empty stood sentry behind it.

We were both diehard Giants fans but it had been a rough couple of years. "I don't know, Pop. We might beat Philly Sunday but we finish with the Bengals, the fish and the Cowpokes. It's going to be tough, but who knows."

To anybody who lived elsewhere and wasn't intimate with the Patricks everything would have looked and sounded normal; like a Norman Rockwell holiday themed illustration. But I could feel an undercurrent. Just beneath the surface I sensed a change. It was there in Dad's Irish green eyes when he looked at me - his old familiar sparkle was missing. It was there in the knot that bobbed up and down in the muscle on the side of his face when he talked - like he was clenching his jaw over and over. The underlying tension was almost palpable I couldn't believe Mom didn't feel it.

Maybe she couldn't feel it because she lived there. I don't know if Dad was even aware of it but it was real.

I asked Mom if she needed help in the kitchen but she declined so I settled in to watch the Jets and Lions with Dad. Even as the game was being played on the field I couldn't help thinking another game was being played out in my parent's house.

I couldn't stop myself from staring at Mom whenever she came out of the kitchen. She looked like a picture from a Woman's Day magazine, sleek and glossy with her hair back and her glass of wine. It made my world light up whenever she came into view and dim considerably when she left. I tried to focus on the game but failed miserably. At halftime I popped up and poked my head in the kitchen,

"Need a hand?" I asked loud enough for Dad to hear.

I was dismayed when Mom answered just as loudly, "No thank you, honey. I think I've got everything."

She gestured with her eyes toward the living room and then rolled them pointedly. Maybe she felt the undercurrent, too.

I nodded and retreated back to the couch and engaged Dad in mindless banter and watched the TV with one eye on him. "Going to Pittsburgh on Sunday." He drank from his Narragansett.

"Oh yeah?" I perked up.

"Yep. Taking a week's vacation and flying out to see an old Navy buddy. Back on Saturday." He rolled the bottle in his hands.

"Is Mom going with you?" She hadn't mentioned the trip.

"No, you pudding head." He look at me askance. "It's her time. You know, for you to try to...to...get her with child."

I didn't respond immediately but I looked directly in his eyes when I did. "Pop, are you really...okay...with the plan for me to get Mom...pregnant?"

He didn't look okay with it at all when he answered, "Sure, buddy, why wouldn't I be? You're still on board, aren't you?"

I nodded slowly and methodically. "I am, if that's what you want but..."

"Look, Son," Dad swallowed hard and leaned toward me, "It's what we both want. It feels...strange, but I'll be alright. So long as you and your Mom do things the way we laid it out I'll be fine with it."

"Well, okay then." I felt better. Not great, but better.

Chapter 15

The dinner was a phenomenal success. With Mom as the cook I wouldn't have expected anything less.

When we held hands and said grace it felt normal until I felt Mom's forefinger lightly stroking my palm and my spirits soared again.

The ham -- Dad didn't like turkey -- was perfectly baked with a brown sugar and honey glaze of Mom's own creation. The table was loaded down with a spread fit for royalty; mashed potatoes, corn, sweet dinner rolls, and candied yams. Dad and I ate until he couldn't eat any more and then I ate some more. Mom ate, but like a bird in comparison to the two men in her life.

When she brought out her Dutch apple pie I forced myself to down two slices with vanilla ice cream and sprinkled cinnamon.

"Thank you so much, Mom." I struggled to my feet. "As usual, you've outdone yourself."

She accepted my kiss on her cheek and smiled as she refused my offer of help in clearing the table. "You're welcome, honey. You go sit with your father in the living room. I've got this."

Dad and I both loosened our belts as we resumed our respective positions; he in his Barcalounger, and me sprawled across half the couch. He was working on his third beer and packed his pipe as the second football game was starting. I hated the Cowboys almost as much as I hated the Eagles and found myself rooting for the Niners, as distasteful as that was. In reality, I just didn't care about the game but it was football and it was on so I watched.

I was half-tempted to partake of my 'sinful indulgence' but, despite it being almost 4:30 PM I was wide awake and alert. Dad, on the other hand, was looking more and more drowsy. The conversation between Dad and me trailed off and his eyes began to struggle staying open. His head slowly sank down onto his chest and ten minutes later he was snoring like a Husqvarna in bad need of a tune up.

Mom looked at him and then me when she came out of the kitchen. She was holding the same wine glass she had been nursing on all day but it had been refreshed. She shook her head softly at me when I looked at her with a question in my eyes.

A half hour later she emerged through the swinging doors again and nodded at the same question.

I quietly stood up and cautiously moved into the kitchen. My heart was beating hard in my chest and I felt flush. She was leaning against the island and nervously played with her goblet and looked so good it made my soul hurt in my wanting.

"When did he decide to go to Pittsburgh?" I whispered as I let the door swing closed behind me and stepped toward her.

"He told me last n...night." She drank from her glass, her eyes riveted on my mouth.

She flinched when I reached out and gripped her at the waist but she didn't pull away. Her skin felt powdery soft and warm beneath the silk of her blouse and camisole.

"He doesn't seem...odd to you?" I murmured as I leaned in and pulled her against me.

"N...No..." She sobbed as she raised her arms over my shoulders and wrapped them around my neck still holding her glass. "Not r...really..."

"He does to me." I muttered thickly as she pressed her body against me in a full-bodied hug and raised her trembling mouth to mine.

Everything felt right again when my lips covered hers and her warm and wet tongue greeted mine. We kissed frantically, hungrily, our mouths sluing together in desperation. Mom moaned into my mouth when I reached down and grasped her skirt in both hands and pulled it up and then slid my hands down over her ass. True to her word she wasn't wearing panties.

It was so dangerous for us to be doing what we were doing but I couldn't stop and I pulled her roughly against me even as she was grinding her groin against the erection in my chinos.

We kissed over and over recklessly with our hunger for each other in control. It was only when the sound of an empty beer bottle falling to the hardwood floor in the living room reached us did we break apart and move away from each other. Mom frantically tried to straighten her clothes as she found a napkin to wipe her lipstick from my lips and neck.

I was disappointed when I poked my head from the kitchen and saw Dad was still sleeping soundly. He had knocked over the bottle in rearranging himself in his chair.

Mom shook her head vigorously when I turned back to her. "It's too dangerous." She hissed.

I nodded reluctantly. As much as I wanted to continue, she was right.

Making myself behave, I helped her with the dishes and after a few minutes we both had ourselves under control. Mom graciously allowed me to take most of the leftovers for my friends on the rooftop and packaged it all up in Tupperware bowls.

I yelled my goodbye to Dad who only mumbled and resumed snoring. At the front door I kissed Mom -- chastely of course as we were in full view of the neighbors -- and thanked her earnestly.

She laughed when I whispered in her ear, "Are you sure I can't help you get something out of the attic?"

"As tempting as that sounds, my love, I can wait until Monday morning."

I halfheartedly agreed, thanked her again, and drove home in my POS to spend the rest of Thanksgiving with Sam and the bums on the roof.

Chapter 16

Aiden was back on the roost. All four of the winos thanked me even as they wolfed down the ham and potatoes and other fixings. I supplied paper plates and plastic cutlery from my apartment as china was hard to come by in Peter Patrick's world. Sleeves and pieces of brown paper bags made suitable alternative napkins.

I felt somewhat out of place when they all bowed their heads to say a prayer of thanks before digging in.

I sat by Aiden who had removed himself from the fire pit and was sitting on the ledge of the roof. The look in his eyes was defiant as if he was daring me to say anything negative about what he had told me about his life. I had no intention of doing so.

"I just wanted to tell you that I understand." I didn't flinch from his glare.

"How'n the hell can a punk ass kid like you understand anythin'?" He chewed on a mouthful of yams.

"Because I'm not a 'punk ass kid' and I know what you must have gone through."

"Bullshit!" He ejaculated and sprayed bits of food.

I wiped yams from my coat sleeve and nodded. "I know." I felt a kinship to him that I couldn't explain to myself. Maybe it was because he went through the same fire I was walking through. A kindred spirit?

Aiden bit into a roll and looked sideways at me. "How can you possibly...know?"

I glanced at the other three bums and decided they couldn't hear me. "Because I am going through the same thing myself."

I nodded when his eyes locked on mine. "You're in love with your own sister?"

Shaking my head softly I grimaced, "No. Not my sister. My mom."

He stopped chewing and stared at me. His eyes softened and he reached out to pat my leg. "You sorry bastard. Tell me."

He listened raptly as I gave him the thumbnail version of my situation. I didn't exactly provide detail, but I told him enough. I was touched by a tear that trickled down his cheek and for a long time we were silent after I'd finished.

"You poor, poor sorry bastard." He smacked his lips. "You gotta be careful, Pete. Your old man might say he's okay but is he really? I don't know that I'd be able to swallow it if'n another cow was grazin' in my pasture whether it was my idea or no. If he can't, you don't know what he might do if he snaps, you know."

I bobbed my head thoughtfully and said, "I've been thinking something along those very lines. I'm not so much concerned about me but Mom. It feels like there is an...an uncontrollable anger just bubbling beneath the surface with him, but I don't know. He says the right things but..."

"But the words don't match what's goin' on in his eyes." Aiden finished.

"Exactly."

"Well my young friend, you got a pickle there." He looked genuinely sympathetic. "You can back off and spend the rest of your life tryin' to forget you 'n her ever happened, or you can keep on keepin' on and hope it don't blow up in your face. And hers."

He laughed and before I could interject he added, "And how you goin' to feel if your sprout comes out with a nasty ol' birth defect' or with his brains all stirred up like my Jerry? You poor dumb bastard."

"I don't want to think that far ahead." I spread my hands as if in supplication to God. "You'll keep my secret, Aiden? You won't tell anyone?"

He pushed up from the ledge and looked back at me. "Buddy, you treated me good when most don't. You let me unburden myself on you and you fed me a nice Thanksgiving dinner. Why would I tell anybody anything you tell me? Besides," He grinned and added, "Who'll believe a story like that. It sounds like complete fantasy. Buddy, I just hope you don't lose everything that's important to you and have to come live up here with the rest of us bums because of your choices."

-

Mom called me late Sunday night to tell me she dropped Dad off at LaGuardia. "I watched him walk up to the boarding gate and walk up the ramp and get on the plane and I watched the plane take off."

"Do you want me to come over tonight?" I asked and held my breath.

She was silent for a long moment as if considering it. "No...no. Get a good night's rest, honey. Come over as soon as you can tomorrow morning, though. Uh...you don't have a morning class, do you?"

"Nope. The only morning classes I have are on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Most of my classes are mid-morning or later by design. I'll be there with the sunrise, Mom." I had a thought and asked, "Mom, are you...um...ovulating?"

She giggled impishly and answered, "Nope, not yet. I should be in a couple of days. But it won't hurt for us to get in a few...um...practice sessions, will it?"

I laughed, "No, I reckon not. Practice makes perfect, right?"

"Right." She smiled over the line, "We have to make sure you can hit the bull's-eye when I start."

-

At 7:10 AM or so I started walking because I couldn't get the Tempest started despite cursing up a blue streak. I finally gave up in frustration and started walking in the falling snow. After a block I wished I had pulled on my galoshes over my tennis shoes. After a second block I wished I had my pile cap and gloves. And a third block gave my feet wings because I could see Mom and Dad's roof across the yard that backed theirs.

I entered through the garage and pulled the door shut behind me and kicked off my shoes on the step leading into the kitchen. Mom was using a whisk and whipping eggs into a yellow, slimy froth in a bowl. She paused and straitened up and wiped her hands on her apron when she saw me.

"Good morning, Mom." I smiled as I shucked my coat.

"Good morning, darling." She stepped toward me, her hands reaching for me. "How are you do...?"

My mouth cut her off and she was in my arms and we were kissing like old, familiar lovers. Urgently, eagerly we clung together, our mouths wide open and our tongues curling and twirling. I pushed her back against the island and felt one of her legs wrap around the back of mine. We were frantic and nothing was going to stop us.

I felt her fumbling with my belt and then my fly and felt my pants fall around my knees. I pulled up her skirt as my boxers joined my pants and we sort slumped down in a controlled fall to the linoleum. The bowl full of whipped eggs went flying and the frying pan she had been intending to use for breakfast fell with us and whacked the back of my head.

Mom bit my lip when I hunched forward and my rigid cock sank into her hot, wet pussy. "Ohhhh yesssss..." She hissed as she threw back her head and frenetically pushed her hips up at me while simultaneously pulling at my waist.

With a strong lunge and a wriggle of my hips I was where I had yearned to be; buried to the hilt in Mom's vagina.

"Fuck me, b...baby..." She panted. "I m...missed you so much...fuck me and make me whole..."

I gripped her behind the shoulders and drew my penis from her grasping, sucking cunt and then slid it back home with emphasis. Her eyes rolled back in her head and we both grunted and then I was sliding in and out of her with mindless desperation.

"Ohhhh...ohhhh...ohhhh yesssss..." Mom blubbered, her head tossing back and forth on the faux stone flooring. "Don't stop...so g...good...your...c...cock..."

I couldn't hold it. Mere minutes after entering her I felt myself losing control. I rammed myself into her as fast as I could and bellowed loudly when my balls released their load and my come boiled over and shot out of the end of my dick and poured into her. I pushed up on my arms even as I pushed my cock as deeply into her as I could and tried to raise the roof.

The sensation of the hot jets of my semen splashing into her womb must have been the catalyst for her own orgasm because she came apart. Mom contracted in on herself and then exploded. She shrieked like she had lost her mind and her body jerked and jolted beneath me, her hands clutched at my arms, and her pussy convulsed on my spewing cock over and over.

When the delicious bursts of pure electric bliss finished radiating through me and I could function again, I bent my elbows and allowed my body to gently fall onto her. For many minutes we lay there, holding onto each other in clouds of love and lust.

When I raised my head and looked down at her I saw her love in her eyes.

"Hi." She smiled happily.

"Hi yourself." I lightly kissed her nose.

"Wow!" She giggled. "That's a really nice way to say 'good morning.'"

"Boy howdy!" I panted heavily, "I'll say."

Our bodies still quivered lightly and I felt warm tingles all over me. She was radiant as she held my face with both hands and lifted her head to kiss me tenderly. I loved that even though it had become a tousled mess she was wearing her hair down. I loved that her makeup was immaculate, even if her lipstick had smeared considerably. I loved that she loved me.

"Would you like breakfast?" She laughed as my semi-softened penis slid from her vagina.

I looked around at the egg-splatter refrigerator and wall and shook my head. "No, I'm good."

I rose up on my knees and helped her up onto her feet and pulled myself up, kicking off my pants and boxers as I did. She wrinkled her nose at the mess we'd created.

She yelped gleefully when I scooped her up into my arms and walked to the door. "It'll keep."

Chapter 17

She apparently had made a point of readying her bedroom. The comforter and top sheet were neatly folded at the foot, the lights glowed warmly and a few scented candles burned around the room. I set her down lightly and closed the door behind me and leaned against it as she demurely began removing her dress.

I watched as she pushed it off her shoulders and wriggled it down her torso and then down her legs. Her half slip followed, leaving her wearing only a bra and her flats. She hung her bra on the back of her chair and kicked off her shoes.

It was breathtaking watching her walk to the bed as casually as if she'd been out for a walk in the park. She paused at the windows and pulled the shades down and then went to the radio and turned it on. After a commercial for foot powder and a denture cream, Frank Sinatra started up with 'I Did It My Way' and Mom looked at me and mimicked unbuttoning a shirt.

I was stunned by how normal it felt to toss my shirt aside and be naked with her. She was my mother but she was so much more. She was my everything and as she came into my arms and pressed her luscious body against me and covered my mouth with hers she became even more. She was the woman I would spend the rest of my life in love with. If I couldn't have her I was either going to spend the rest of my life a eunuch or end it prematurely.

Her skin was soft and silky beneath my fingertips and I felt faint at the sensation of her smallish tits pressing into my chest and her flat stomach molded to mine. I could tell she wanted to take it slow and easy and I responded accordingly. Her tongue lazily played with mine as her hands tenderly rubbed my back. I held our kiss as I dipped and scooped her into my arms again and carried her to the bed.

We fell headlong onto it and kissed and groped and fumbled our way until we were roughly in the center. I pulled my lips away from hers and bent at the waist and kissed the hollow of her throat as my hand slid up to cup her teacup-sized breast. Her body was vibrating lightly; her hand at the back of my head guiding me as I kissed across her chest and then clamped my lips around her nipple.

Her breathing was shallow and ragged and I could feel her stomach heaving as I stretched my hand down her body to curl my fingers over her groin. I licked and chewed and suckled at her nipple and she whimpered when I pushed my middle finger between her labia and dipped it deep into her cauldron. She pulled my head from her chest and kissed me again, over and over, her lips clinging and sucking and I felt her slide her hand down my arm to hold it at the wrist and push it more firmly against her.

I slipped my hand from her groin and climbed between her legs as she spread them for me. I pulled my mouth from hers and pushed up onto my knees and looked down at her. My penis was hard and ready and became even harder still at the sight of her lying naked before me.

She whimpered softly at the sight of my cock. "So soon...?"

"Only you, Mom..." I muttered hoarsely, "Only you can get me like this."

She reached for me as I bent over her and lowered my hips. My not so little buddy found her waiting cunt and nudged up against it as our mouths came together and I kissed her as gently as I was able. I wriggled my hips over and over and my cock slid into her welcoming sheath as we kissed. Deeper and deeper I sank into her until I felt my testicles resting against her ass and her flat stomach against mine.

I reached out and blindly found her hands and laced my fingers with hers and pushed our arms out and up onto her pillow.

Lifting my head I smiled as my lips peeled away from hers leaving her with trembling lips, her tongue still extended, and a glazed look in her eyes. She was simply gorgeous.

"I love you, Mom." I kissed her eyes.

"I love you, too." She whispered.

"No," I kissed her nose. "You don't understand. I'm in love with you and I have been I think as long as I've known what that meant."

"Do you know what it is you're saying?" She seemed serious, but a happy light danced in her eyes.

"Absolutely." I kissed the side of her neck. "I just thought you should know."

"Look at me, honey." She breathed in my ear.

I lifted my head again and looked into her eyes.

"I'm in love with you, too." She smiled. "It wasn't supposed to happen, but it did. When I realized that I had fallen for you I tried to tell myself it was just my reaction to great sex and nothing more. When I saw you on Thanksgiving Day I knew that I was deluding myself. That's why I was laughing like I was crazy lady in the kitchen. I'm so much in love with you I can't stand the thought of not being with you forever and always."

"What are we going to do, Mom?" I asked when she pushed up with her head to kiss my chin.

"I don't know, but for right now I'd like you to fuck me with that nice, hard penis you have inside me." She looked like she didn't want to discuss the request.

I eased back and thrilled at my hard cock pulling from her wetness. I paused and as smoothly as I could manage slipped it back where it belonged. I found a slow, gentle rhythm with my hips and began fucking her slowly and thoroughly. I watched her face transform from Mom to something else as her body began to respond.

The bed hardly made a sound as I coupled with her tenderly, giving more than taking, feeling every movement, every touch of her flesh on mine. I felt her extend her left leg and run her foot along the back of my calf. Her pussy was a boiling inferno as I plumbed her depths almost leisurely.

"Ohhhh my Peter..." She gasped as she bit her lip. "So nice...don't stop m...my love...oh G...God...so nice..."

"Ohhhh Mommmmm..." I didn't sound anything like myself. "Your pussy...your b...body...ughn...oh fuck..."

She kissed me repeatedly, her lips clinging and insistent, her tongue darting. Her eyes her filled with lust and hooded. I still held her hands in mine over her head and was using only my legs and feet to push myself in and out of her. Our breathing was labored and we were both drenched in sweat as we strained against each other trying to become one.

I was as controlled as I could be under the circumstances. I was in the arms of heaven as I fucked Mom. Nothing in my life was so special or so perfect and nothing would ever take her place with me. I was grunting and Mom was moaning and we both were at the mercy of our bodies. In and out, back and forth, slurping and sucking we came together wetly, my rigid thickness impaling her over and over.

"Fuck me...fuck me...fuck me..." She chanted as I worked over her. "Oh d...dear G..God, f...fuck me...make me come..."

I released her hands and gripped her at the shoulders as her hands gravitated to my waist and she bent her knees to plant her feet into the bed and begin thrusting her groin up at me.

"This is my...oh...fuck...p...pussy, right?" I choked, overcome by emotion. "Your p...pussy...your body...belongs to me?"

"Yes, baby...oh my God yesssss..." She bit my shoulder. "I'm all yours...my body belongs only to you..."

I increased my tempo gradually and soon I was slamming myself into her as fast and hard as I was able to even as her shrieks of carnal happiness grew louder and more shrill. Her ass was bouncing off the bed and she was digging her nails into my back to hold on. I pushed up on my elbows and paused with my cock deep inside her and ground myself against her pubic mound and watched her reaction.

She went crazy, pulling and pushing at me as I rubbed her clit with my body. She screamed and came, her body bending and contorting beneath me as her orgasm wracked her mind and body. I felt pain where her nails drew blood and great joy when I saw the look on her face.

And then I was coming. My balls tightened and I yelled loudly as my come exploded from me and blasted from the end of my cock and sprayed deep in her belly. Repeatedly I jerked and trembled as bright lights blurred my vision and thunder rolled through me. It was like a freight train crashing through me, powerful and irresistible and I was swept along.

When the train came to a shuddering stop I collapsed on top of her as she was floating down from her own voyage to Valhalla. I couldn't move and for a long time we lay there and held each other, two sweaty bodies that had found each other and belonged together. Like two halves of a single heart or soul mates who had found each other.

I loved the way she ran her fingertips over my back, talking without words, touching and feeling and communicating so much.

I kissed her ear and nibbled at her earlobe. "Hi."

"Hi yourself." She breathed in my ear.

"That was something else." I mouthed her neck.

She laughed shakily. "That was more than 'something else.' That was fucking incredible. That was life changing. Oh my God."

"It's so weird to hear you swear." I raised up and grinned down at her. "I mean, my whole life I never heard you say anything more than 'rahat' and most people in the neighborhood had no idea what it meant."

She giggled and kissed my chin. "That's what you took from that? The fact that your mother can swear? Honey that was a spiritual experience. It was far and away the best sexual experience of my life and you made it happen. You showed me what being a woman is all about."

I smiled with pride and then grimaced as my limp and slippery little buddy slipped out of her. I did as she directed and handed her a towel she had set on her vanity and watched as she wadded it up and placed it between her legs.

Watching her relax her vaginal muscles I grinned when she said, "I'd be doing a gosh darned awful lot of laundry this week if I just let it drain onto the sheets."

After she was satisfied that our mingled come had been collected by the towel she tossed it aside and patted the bed next to her and I gathered her back in my arms and just held her close. I heard her heart beating with mine and felt her love envelope me like a soft and gentle cloud. We kissed and then kissed some more, talking low and letting feelings show.

For a long time, then, we just held each other as the morning crawled by. Everything was right and good.

I stretched out on my back and used Dad's pillow as Mom rested her arms across my chest and just looked at me, her fingers idly tracing circles on my skin. She had jumped out of bed for a minute to neurotically fix her makeup and hair and she made my heart hurt in her beauty..

"So, where do we go from here, Mom?" I asked. "We're in love with each other, that much is clear, but what now?"

She shrugged her shoulders and wrinkled her forehead. "I don't know. I haven't had a great deal of time to think about it, but everything has changed, that much I do know."

"I sort of feel sorry for Dad." I brought my hands behind my head and looked up at the ceiling. "I mean, he a good guy, and I never wanted to hurt him but I don't see any way where he isn't."

"Don't feel sorry for him, honey." Mom curled her legs up under her and leaned against me. "At least don't feel anything for him that you wouldn't feel for a total stranger."

"But..."

She reached out and shushed me with a finger to my lips. "Listen to me, Pete, you don't really know your father. I know you think you do, but you don't. You have this idealized or romanticized view of him but you're

wrong. You've always been wrong about him." She snorted and looked off into her memory. "Sure, he was always there for you to play ball with or sitting in the bleachers when you played Little League or Pop Warner football, and I think he loves you in a warped sort of way, but the man never does anything for others unless he can get something for himself."

"But you guys seem so good together." I was starting to feel confused.

Mom laughed and it wasn't at all pleasant. "What would you know about it? Your father is a lousy husband and has been such our whole life together. Every time I want to talk he shuts down. He's emotionally empty...vacant. The only things I'm grateful to him for are you and..." A sad cloud crossed her face, "...and Kelly."

"Then why...?"

"Have I stayed with him?" She read my thoughts and finished my sentence. "I stayed for you kids. The last five years or so, especially since you left, I've been planning on leaving. I have a little money put aside and your grandma said I could stay with them until I find something else."

"Wow!" My head was spinning, "I never knew."

"How could you? There are things in a marriage...in relationships that are...secret things that aren't brought out for discussion. Things the world doesn't see. So long as you believed he was a hero and it wasn't hurting anything I let you go on thinking that. Why not? He isn't a...a bad man, or evil or anything like that. He's just...empty and weak. He's a taker and a user. Look at us...you and me; I'm sure he came up with this idea in an effort to somehow control me, not because he wants another baby. He really was insistent that if we have a baby it had to be from his blood, and I think he expected me to reject the idea of asking you to help."

She grimaced and wet on, "If I'm happy he can go on like he always has, play acting the dutiful husband and putting up a façade for the outside

world to see. If you want to see what I mean, tell him we've been enjoying ourselves in trying to get me pregnant and see how he reacts." She kissed my chest and continued, "Just as another example of what I'm talking about do you remember your Grandpa and Grandma Patrick? You were only about five or six when they died but do you remember how they talked? There certainly is Irish in the blood, but your father never picked up his accent at home. His mother and father spoke more like they were from South Philadelphia than from Dublin. At some point your father thought an Irish accent sounded...I don't know, groovy or something, and practiced it until it became a part of him. He sure didn't talk like that before we got married."

"I'm sorry, Mom." I said simply.

"I'm not. Not now. All my roads led me to you, my love, so I'm not sorry about anything. What we're going to do is another issue." She smiled wistfully and then perked up. "I don't know about you but I'm starving. How about breakfast?" She looked at the clock and then grinned, "Or lunch?"

Chapter 18

We showered together before moving our little party downstairs to eat. It was wonderful to wash her and feel her washing me. We kissed like teenagers, over and over again, hot, steamy kisses that made my head spin, but we skipped any extracurricular activities knowing that we had plenty of time afterward. And I really was hungry.

Mom insisted on dressing, despite my bellyaching about the pointlessness of wearing clothes. "I'm sure it'll go over well if I'm gamboling about in the nude and Angela Locatelli comes over, or one of your father's friends, or one of the parish priests. No, honey, if we're anywhere but here in my bedroom or the shower, we're wearing normal clothing. Acting normal. Being normal in every way."

"You're right, of course. I just love looking at you naked." I pulled on my boxers.

She smiled as she adjusted her bra. "You'll have plenty of opportunity to look at me naked; just not downstairs."

I hadn't even noticed their Christmas tree when I carried Mom through the living room on our way to the bedroom earlier. I paused to admire her handiwork while she put a Christmas album on the phonograph player as we walked back through to the kitchen.

"It looks really nice, Mom. It looks like the trees we had when I was little. Traditional. It makes me homesick." I looked up and down the seven foot fir that dominated the front window in the living room.

"You know you don't have to be homesick, darling." She hugged my arm, "This will always be your home."

I nodded but felt sad just the same. "I guess I just miss opening presents under the tree. The wrapping paper and ribbon and colors and the...whole Christmas thing."

"Well, my love," She cooed as she rose up on her tip toes to kiss my cheek, "Maybe, if you're a good boy I'll let you unwrap something beneath the tree this year." She giggled and added, "If your father isn't here, that is."

"You're evil, Mom." I laughed.

"No. Just horny as a Billy goat." She returned my laugh as she pulled me toward the kitchen. "You know if you look at the calendar and do the math you might notice that if we're not successful in getting me pregnant this time around, my next window will be right around Christmas."

"I'm already looking forward to it." I nodded.

Mom prepared a light lunch while I cleaned up the egg mess from the wall and floor. Afterward we ate leftover ham sandwiches and split pea soup. We both ate one handed as we were sitting at a corner and held hands all through the meal.

It was still snowing outside and coming down hard but Mom relented when I asked to borrow her car to go collect my dirty laundry from the back of my dead POS and then head to class. "I'll be back by 2:30, I promise."

"You better be, darling." She grinned impishly, "Or I'm going to ground you for a week."

Despite standing in front of the open window over the table, we hugged each other tightly and kissed like lovers would. Her lips were gentle and clinging and curled my toes before slowly peeling away.

"I'm just kissing my son good bye." She wrinkled her nose at me when I inquired what would happen if the neighbors saw. "What in the world is wrong with that?"

-

I pretty much aced a test in school and was feeling good when I drove back to Brooklyn and Mom. The back of her Opal station wagon was full of green garbage bags of laundry. I stopped off at the store to get my schedule and was happy to see I was on only Wednesday night and Saturday and started thinking of coworkers who might want to pick up an extra shift or two.

Pulling Mom's car into the garage I felt like I was coming home in every sense of the word. I sat for a few minutes and thought about Dad.

My image of him had taken a significant hit since that morning. He wasn't the perfect husband he portrayed himself to be. I know we often see only what others want us to; the street front that is painted up nicely

with pretty trim and clean windows and window boxes. One step off the main street and oftentimes the wood is weathered, the chinking is falling from the boards, the window panes are cracked and dirty, and cobwebs hang from doorways.

But I was a member of his inner circle; surely I would have seen beyond a façade, wouldn't I? Maybe I didn't want to see. Maybe I just wanted Dad to be perfect because he was 'Dad.' Perhaps I wanted the Norman Rockwell parents so bad I was blinded to the truth.

When I got out of the car I smiled to myself and thought, 'I have at least one perfect parent, so there's that.'

-

Mom grounded me because the clock on the wall over the kitchen table read 2:37 when I walked in the house.

"You are a bad boy." She said sternly as she molded her body to mine and wrapped her arms around my neck. "Whatever am I going to do with you?"

"I am really bad." I hung my head. "I think you should make punish me for my negligence by making me make love to you over and over again."

"I would but you'd probably fall in love with me and then I'd never get rid of you." She kissed the tip of my nose.

"I already am in love with you so that won't happen." I countered, breathing deep her musk scent.

"Mmmm..." She nuzzled my neck. "Well, then, I suppose I have no choice..."

She led me up to the second floor and to her bedroom door by my fingers. "I think I have a suitable punishment in mind for you, you naughty boy."

"Take off your clothes," She ordered gently as she turned on the overhead light and walked around the room lighting the candles. "You're going to be disciplined severely."

I was already semi-erect when I dropped my boxers on my corduroy pants and sweater. I made short work of my socks and dropped them unceremoniously on the pile.

"Get on the bed." She pointed and snapped her fingers.

My little buddy continued stiffening and rising as I watched Mom remove her dress and slip and then her bra and panties followed. She tried to look strict but the happy showed behind her mask. She barked at me when I reached for her so I kept my hands at my sides and just watched her climb up onto the bed and kneel next to me.

Mom looked at my face and I saw her lips curl up for just a second. She put her finger to her lips to silence me when I started to say something and turned to the punishment she had in mind.

I did as she directed when she said, "Scoot your happy butt down the bed a little more."

I watched her hand reach out and her fingers lightly clasped my penis and pulled it up vertical. "This won't do at all." She murmured as her fingers curled around me and lightly ran up and down my length. "We'll have to do something about this."

I watched her and couldn't help grunting when she bent at the waist and lovingly ran her tongue across my crown. I raised my hand to cup her firm little tit and she pushed my hands away.

She looked up at me and said, "You're being punished, mister. Keep your hands to yourself."

"Punish away." I mumbled as she resumed swirling her flattened tongue around my glans.

I felt like screaming with joy when she parted her lips slightly and then pushed her head down and allowed my penis to slide into her mouth where she energetically mouthed it, rotating her head around and sucking at it. I watched the fingers of her left hand hold me at the base and lightly knead me as she took more of me into her mouth even as her tongue swirled around me.

Mom's eyes were closed as she ministered to me, and I loved the sight of my penis pushing out her cheeks as she began slowly bobbing her head up and down on me. The sight of Mom blowing me was mind-bending. I had dreamed of it a thousand times before but my dreams were but a pale imitation of reality. She sucked at me vigorously, her hand occasionally sliding down to finger my testicles. I watched dribbles of saliva leak from the corner of her mouth and I loved seeing the way her lips stretched out slightly when she pulled her head up.

Mom knew how to use her mouth on a man and she was driving me quite insane when she did something that drove me even crazier. She delicately extricated my cock from her mouth and looked at me with glazed eyes and then walked on her knees next to my shoulder and lifted her right leg up and over my head.

"This is p...part of your punishment, young man." She breathed heavily, "You have to eat my...p...pussy for your penance."

I didn't really much care that she had told me to keep my hands to myself. I slid my hands up her legs to grip her ass cheeks with both hands and pulled her vagina to my mouth. Mom whimpered loudly and spread her legs further and then bent down to resume sucking my cock.

I gently covered her crotch with my open mouth and extended my tongue between her swollen folds and began lapping at her furiously. I savored her taste and mouthed at her even as I felt her suck my penis back into her mouth. I kissed and sucked at her flesh, pausing to mouth her inner thighs and occasionally thrusting my tongue deep into her pussy. My hands squeezed her ass methodically and I felt her subtly grinding herself into my face.

Focus was difficult with Mom sucking at my cock and gently rolling my balls with her fingers. I couldn't think; I could only react like an animal. I pushed my mouth down and found her distended little clit and sucked it between my teeth and almost laughed when she threw her head back and screamed. Who was punishing whom?

She went wild, pushing up with her arms and forcefully pushing her crotch against my mouth. I heard her crying out from somewhere over me but I couldn't make out her words. I brought my mouth back to her opening and drank of her warm honey as she came, lapping at her like a cat in the cream.

Mom had gone crazy and she bounced and yelled and wriggled around on me, all the while maintaining her death grip on my erection. I just continued mouthing her vagina, sucking at her folds and enjoying my punishment.

When she came back to the present, she sort of whimpered and bent back down and stuffed my cock in her mouth. She was bound and determined to punish me.

I examined her pussy in detail, occasionally pausing to kiss or lick at it, but most of my attention to what Mom was doing to me. I felt her nails run up the underside of my penis and then back down as her lips closed around me and she set up a vacuum with her mouth and began sliding her head up and down.

I felt her reach beneath me to grab hold of my ass with her hands and went to town, her tongue stroking and licking at me as she sucked. She

was a certified pro with her mouth and it showed. I was going to come and nothing was going to stop it.

I yelled to warn her but she was oblivious and continued gobbling me. When my nuts let loose Mom pulled my cock from her mouth and coughed and choked as then stuffed me back in her mouth as my warm sap bathed her tongue and filled her mouth.

My whole body went spastic as my orgasm crashed over me. I involuntarily dug my fingers into her butt cheeks as every nerve in my body stood up at attention and sang. Warm flashes filled my head and I yelled over and over as Mom slobbered over my jerking penis, sucking and pulling at me with abandon. She slurped hungrily as my semen shot into her mouth in thick streams. I could feel her swallowing as fast as she could until my orgasm ran its course and petered out with a sob from me and an "Oh my God" from Mom.

Long after my climax faded, Mom continued slurping on my softened penis and I continued mouthing her weeping sex. She lay completely on top of me and it felt like everything was perfect in my world and for a while everything was.

"I feel sufficiently chastised for being late." I kissed her inner thigh.

"Well, that's good then." She giggled. "You're forgiven, but don't let it happen again because the next time your punishment will be much more...severe."

She lifted her leg and clambered around until she was lying with her face directly over mine. "You know you take my breath away, my love. I've been waiting for you for my whole life, I think. I've wanted only to be loved; who knew it would be my own son who'd be my answer?"

"Mom, all you ever had to do was ask the question." I lightly kissed her lips.

She kissed me back and shook her head slowly, "The only problem I see is what on earth we're going to do."

Chapter 19

What we did over the rest of that week was fuck and suck each other at every opportunity, and then fuck and suck some more. We were completely insatiable for each other. I never once slept in either of my beds that entire week; either at my apartment or across the hall. Other than my classes or work, I was with her, holding her close, talking and laughing like two young lovers, or working at trying to get her pregnant.

On Thursday evening we were on our way out to go see 'Cabaret.' We never made it out of the garage and wound up in her back seat like we were high schoolers.

When Saturday morning rolled around, Mom was crying inconsolably when we hugged and kissed good bye. I am not ashamed to admit that the thought of not being able to be with her brought me to the brink of crying, too, but I tried to be strong.

If we were unsuccessful in impregnating her, it would be nearly a month before we could try again; I didn't even want to think about what would happen if we were successful.

-

My apartment seemed even drabber than it had been. Sam wasn't a very good conversationalist and, quite frankly, he showed no interest in my problems whatsoever. The bums on the roof were welcoming, but not the same as Mom, as strange as that seemed. Aiden sympathized with me, and we talked things over, but he had no answers for me.

"Hell, Pete, if'n a frog had wings he wouldn't always be bumpin' his ass on the ground now would he?" He offered as sage advice when I whined and complained about the ifs and buts.

Ifs and buts. If I had done this, or but what about that. Candy and nuts and merry frigging Christmas to you, too. I was at a loss. And so, as it turned out, was Mom.

At 7:30 Monday morning my phone rang. Sam refused my suggestion he answer it so I crawled off my mattress and picked up the receiver. "Hello?"

Through her tears I heard her say, "Good m...orning, darling."

"Hi, Mom." I looked around for something to drink to rinse the sleep from my mouth. "What time is it?"

"7:30 or so." She sobbed, "Your father left for work a few minutes ago."

"How is the old sod?" I sat up, my back to my 'bed' and looked at the big toe that peeked out of the hole in my sock.

"Not good." She said quietly. "Something is wrong with him. He hardly talks to me since I picked him up at the airport Saturday evening and he got really stinking drunk last night."

I felt myself waking up. "Do you think he's...having second thoughts? About...us."

"Yes. No. I don't know. Maybe." She didn't exactly sound panicked, but she was crying.

"Don't cry, Mom." I tried to assure her, "I'll talk to him if you want."

"You muffin head," Mom laughed, "I'm not crying over him. I'm crying because I miss you so much."

"Well, okay then." I grinned, "Serves you right. I've been going crazy the last two days myself."

"What on earth are we going to do?" She giggled. "There is no way I'm going to make it until the end to the month."

"You can come over here each morning after Dad goes to work." I suggested hopefully.

"That sounds nice, but not at all wise." She didn't sound like it would be unwise at all. "Besides, your apartment walls are paper thin and I'm not going to do anything with that...that rat looking on."

I laughed, "Sam's wouldn't bother us, but you're right about the walls. I could come over there."

"That wouldn't be a good idea. Your father pops home all the time unannounced, so I wouldn't feel comfortable at all. Maybe we can get a motel room?"

"Maybe we can run away together, Mom." It was the first time I broached the subject and I held my breath.

"Yeah, right!" She laughed. "I can just see us trying to make a go of it. Between the two of us we'd have about a buck and a half and neither of us has work experience outside of my waitressing job."

"But you said you had some money put aside, Mom." I was getting excited. "I have a little over a thousand left of my student loan."

"Okay, bright boy, let's say we ran away together; where'd we go?" Mom sounded like she was trying to be serious.

"I don't know. I haven't spent much time thinking about it, but the important thing is we could be together." I said quietly.

A sob came across the line. "That sounds wonderful, Peter. Would you really run away with me?"

"In a heartbeat. We'd have to take your car, though, because mine is toast." I said, "I have to take the bus to school today and for the foreseeable future until I figure something else out."

"I'm sorry, honey." She commiserated with me. "I'd help you if I could. I wish you were holding me right now."

"Me too, Mom." I replied quietly. "I can't stop thinking about you."

"Me either." She cried, "What would you be doing right now if you were here?"

"I could be bending you over the dining room table and fucking you nice and slowly."

"Mmmm..." She choked, "That sounds lovely. Or I could be giving you a nice blowjob."

"Or I could be sucking on your nipples."

She was getting excited, "Or you could fuck my ass like you said you would and never did."

"Hey, I tried." I laughed. "You about came unglued when I stuck my finger up there and wouldn't hear about putting my penis in it."

Mom laughed, "I was so afraid. If it meant I could see you, I'd let you do it now, though. You know something, honey; you know what I miss most?"

"Mmmm..." I waited.

"I miss the way you look at me." She breathed, "It makes me feel pretty...sexy...the way you look at me whether I'm naked or not. You make me feel like I'm a sexy, desirable woman and it feels nice."

I laughed long and loudly, "Don't tell me you never noticed how men look at you when you're in a store or walking down the street. Don't tell me you haven't seen how men act like chowder heads whenever you're around. I'm hardly the Lone Ranger, Mom. Every male in the five borough area looks at you with lust in their hearts."

"Well, maybe, but I don't care how other men look at me." She giggled. "I only care how you look at me."

"It makes my heart hurt to look at you." I smiled at the thought of looking at her. "You're the most incredibly beautiful woman I've ever seen and I count myself lucky to be a part of your life."

"That makes me feel better, darling." She whispered, "It'll carry me through today. Can I call you tomorrow morning after...he goes to work?"

"Absolutely." I blurted. "I was just going to ask you if you would."

"Count on it. I love you, Peter." She was crying again.

"I love you, too, Anna Patrick." I responded.

She paused for a second and then laughed. "Don't call me by my name. It sounds so weird coming from you."

"Alright, Mom." I laughed. "Whatever my lady wants."

"Your lady wants you." I heard the phone click as she hung up the line.

-

Mom began calling every weekday morning after Dad left for work and we made love together over the phone and it lessened the missing her. Somewhat. I tried to stay busy at work and school and that helped, also. The weekends were difficult unless Dad went out to a bar or ran an errand and Mom took advantage of the opportunity to call.

What I was doing was crazy in that it was prolonging the inevitable. Mom was right, we couldn't run away together, and once she was pregnant my part in the deal would be over and my life was going to take a decided downturn. We were in love, but love won't feed the bulldog. My prospects, even after I finished school, while not exactly bleak, were not going to afford a life of luxury.

One morning I had my car towed in to a garage to see what needed to be done to get it running again. It wasn't pretty when the mechanic ticked off the estimate; a new head and gasket, new rings, and lifters. That was just to get it running. He told me I could use a new starter as the solenoid -- whatever that was -- was bad. All told it would cost me more than the car was worth to get it fixed and that was without labor.

He gave me \$20.00 to take it for scrap and I used that to buy breakfast and some bakery for my friends on the roof.

And then Mom called to tell me that things were falling apart.

On Monday, December 18, 1972 my phone rang at the appointed time. Mom was crying uncontrollably.

I tried soothing her but there is only so much I could do from a distance so I just let her cry.

When she collected herself enough to make herself understood, the first thing she said was, "He...He...t...told me that he won't allow a baby. Not if it isn't his."

"Mom..." I felt my heart drop, "It's going to be okay. I promise. What happened to make him change his mind?"

She started crying again with deep, braying sobs that broke my heart. I waited in silence as she cried.

"I don't know. Last night he...he told me that he didn't w...want you in his house anymore." She was hysterical. "He said I couldn't see you again...no more trying to have a baby...he called me a...a whore...a cheap, lying whore. Oh Peter."

"He actually told you that you couldn't see your own son?" I was enraged, "What the fuck?"

"He's insanely jealous of you, Peter." Mom sobbed. "I can see it every time your name comes up. His eyes go flat and his jaw starts clenching."

"It was his idea, Mom." I ranted, "I only did what he asked me to do. Well, mostly, but nothing would have happened if he hadn't asked me."

"That doesn't matter, honey." She blubbered, "What matters to him is he thinks you're taking what is his. What he doesn't know is that you've taken my heart and I'm no longer his. What he also doesn't know is that this was the last straw. I'm packing a bag and going to my mom and dad's. I can't stay here. Not under these conditions."

"Are you afraid of him, Mom?" I asked. "Do you think he'd hurt you?"

"Peter, he hit me this morning. He slapped me hard when I told him that it had been his idea. The look in his eyes was flat. Empty." She cried. "I...I think he's so far gone he won't listen to reason. Oh, Peter."

"Go today. Don't wait. Grab what you think you'll need and go. I'll see you soon."

"Promise?" She wept quietly.

"I promise." I replied sincerely.

"You know, just hearing your voice makes me feel better." She said, "It is going to be alright, isn't it?"

"Yes it is." I assured her but deep down inside I wasn't sure if I believed it.

As we prepared to hang up I told her I loved her and told her to call me when she got to Grampa and Grammy's and she assured me she would.

-

That afternoon I took a bus to a car lot to see what I could buy with next to nothing. The salesman pushed me hard in the direction of a VW Microbus but it was priced a little higher than my self-imposed ceiling. I settled on a 1964 Rambler with automatic transmission -- I couldn't drive a manual -- that looked rough but ran decently and only had 65,000 miles on it. Plus, the heater worked, the rubber was good, and the interior was in fair condition.

I drove it off the lot a whole lot poorer than when I walked in, but I no longer had to rely on public transportation.

Mom called late that afternoon while I was preparing my 'dinner' of pork and beans and saltine crackers.

My mood immediately brightened when I heard her voice. "Hi. Mom."

"Hi, honey." I could hear a smile in her words. "I did it."

"Good for you." I took the pot off my hot plate. "I'm glad. I know that sounds bad, but I am."

"I know what you mean, darling. You don't have to explain. I'm glad, too."

"How are Grandpa and Grammy taking it?" I asked.

"Okay, I think." She said, "Your grandpa is disappointed in me, I think, but I've been talking to my mom about it for a long time so she understands."

"Have you heard from Dad?" I asked as I leaned against the wall and ate a spoonful of beans.

"No, not yet, but I'm sure I will be soon." She didn't sound happy at the prospect. "I didn't leave a note or anything so he might not even realize I left yet."

"Do you feel safe there, Mom?" I put the pot back on the heat and turned it up. "I mean, Grandpa Doru is a big man, but he's 77. What's he going to do, hit Dad with his walker?"

"I'll be fine, darling," She giggled at the image, "Your Uncle Tavi is staying here for a few days. At your grandma's request."

"That's good, then." I nodded. "Rikki Tikki is almost as big as Dad. I miss you, Mom."

Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Oh my darling, I miss you so much I can't think without you intruding. I dream about you when I close my eyes. Trust me; I've never loved like this before. Just knowing you love me too is all I need to get through this...mess."

"And you will get through it, Mom." I assured her, "If you don't mind, I'd like to come see you tomorrow afternoon after class."

"I'd like that, honey. I'd like that very much. Your grandpa has been asking about you, also."

"Around 2:30, then?" I stirred my beans.

"Don't be late or I'll be forced to discipline you again." She giggled happily.

"Don't make idle threats." I laughed. "I love you with all my heart."

"I love you, too." She whispered as she hung up the phone.

Chapter 20

Not many minutes later the phone rang again. It was Dad.

"Where is your mother?" He didn't sound happy.

"It's good to hear from you, too, Pop." I answered sarcastically.

He went from unhappy to livid, "Listen you little fuck, I've had about enough out of you. Where's your mother?"

"I don't know where she is, Pop." I lied easily, "You've had about enough out of me? You've got to be shitting me. I...we only did what you asked us to do and now you can't handle it. You hit a woman? What a fucking asshole."

"Don't ever show your face around here again." He sounded full of hate. "You're dead to me, understand? I saw what you...and she did, you worthless piece of shit."

I hung up the phone decidedly more uncomfortable than when I picked it up.

What had he meant? He saw what we did. What did that mean? Had he spied on us? I wasn't exactly afraid of him. Not for me, at least, but I was afraid for Mom. I could handle my own in a fight. And even if Dad was considerably bigger than me and a whole lot stronger I wasn't concerned. He'd have to catch me to hurt me.

I called my grandparent's house but the phone just rang. Their place was about five miles south of Mom and Dad's and I was about to take a drive when Uncle Tavi picked up the phone.

After the pleasantries I told him Dad was looking for Mom. Her younger brother assured me he'd be on the lookout for him and he could handle anything that came up. I agreed with him that maybe Dad would cool down and deal with things rationally. 'And maybe he won't.' I thought when I dropped the receiver on the cradle.

It turned out that Dad didn't cool down, but he got a chance to cool his heels in the county jail. Apparently, after our conversation he went to his favorite watering hole and started drinking hard. Sometime later, somebody said something that offended him and he tore the bar apart in a fury, putting a patron and the bartender who tried to stop him in the hospital at the same time. It took three cops to wrestle him to the ground and take him into custody.

The Desk Sergeant told his wife who told her sister who was Tavi's girlfriend's best friend, who of course couldn't wait to tell Tavi. As expected, Tavi told Mom who was laughing hysterically when she called me.

At least we'd have a little time.

-

At precisely 2:30 the following afternoon I rolled my new wheels up to the front of Grandpa and Grammy Antonescu's and got out and walked around to the kitchen entrance.

Mom's mom and dad greeted me warmly and complained that I didn't visit often enough.

"That's because nine times out of ten when I do drive over you're off gallivanting somewhere or another." I joked as I accepted Grammy's kiss.

"That's Grammy for you." Grandpa Doru grinned, "She says we gotta see it all now because we don't have much more time."

"Pshaw." I snorted. "You two will outlive us all."

"I feel like I've already outlived Methuselah." He laughed. "Sit down, Petey. Tell us how school is going? Do you have a steady girl?"

I sat down on the divan and looked around. The room hadn't changed since 1940 if the pictures on the wall were to be believed. Mom walked down the stairs and I couldn't help smiling happily at the sight of her. I didn't see where Dad's slap had done much damage.

"Yes, I have a steady girl." I nodded at Grandpa Doru, "I'm dating the most beautiful girl in the world. I'm in love with her."

"She's a lucky girl." Grammy said, clapping her hands.

"Yes she is." Mom smiled softly. She was wearing her old familiar yellow dress and her hair was down.

"Tell us about her, Petey." My grandfather said.

"She's a little older than me, but she's everything I want in a woman. Everything I've been looking for. She makes my heart sing. I think she is to me like Grammy is to you, Grandpa." I blushed a little and added, "She's cut from the same mold."

"Then you're a lucky man because they don't make them like Grammy anymore." He slapped my knee.

I looked at Mom and nodded. "I'm the luckiest man alive."

-

It was warm and embracing being in their home. The warmth was real, the food was amazing, and Mom was there. I couldn't keep my eyes from her and had difficulty keeping my hands under control. I had to get her alone but was at a loss at how to do so until Mom asked everyone if we wanted to go see a movie, her treat, and maybe a burger afterward. Grammy and Grandpa declined as it was too late for them -- it was after

6, after all -- and her brother said he was going to his girlfriend's house for a bit so it was just Mom and me.

How convenient.

She oohed and ahed over my new car even though it was just a step above my old POS. I felt proud when we pulled away from her parent's house and turned the corner and she slid to the center of the bench seat and pulled my arm over her shoulder.

"If I'm going to be your lady, you better treat me like a princess." She giggled as she hunted for a station on the AM radio.

Out of sight of prying eyes, I pulled the car to the side of the road and put it into park. She looked at me with a question in her eyes that died when I kissed her fiercely. She moaned and forgot the radio as her arms wrapped around my neck and she responded.

"I've wanted to do that all night since the moment I saw you." She breathed when we pulled our mouths apart.

"Me, too." I looked into her eyes and delicately brushed her lips over and over again with mine.

"I really want to see 'Cabaret.'" She said quietly, her eyes flitting between my mouth and my eyes.

"I do, too." I kissed the corner of her mouth.

"I don't want to go to your apartment." She kissed me back.

"I don't either." I sucked her lower lip between mine. "What about the house? Dad's not there."

She thought for a moment and shook her head. "No. I'm sure the whole neighborhood already knows he's in jail and I'm just as sure Angela would come over to comfort me if she saw lights."

Nodding with her and trying hard to ignore my little buddy, I shifted the car into 'Drive' and pulled it out onto the street and drove slowly toward the Bijou Theater. She didn't object when I drove past it. I turned down 13th Street and drove toward a flashing neon sign in the shape of a crown and pulled into the parking lot of the King's Kourt Motel.

I parked near the office but in shadows. Mom was silent as she dug through her handbag and handed me two twenties and smiled at me.

The clerk barely batted an eye when I registered as John Smith and asked for a queen-sized bed or bigger. He also made no comment when I paid the \$19.00 with cash. He handed me a key on a crown-shaped ring that was the size of a volleyball and pointed me to the far end of the low lying building.

"Ice and soda machines in the common area, coin operated washer and dryer behind the office, checkout at 11." He spouted by rote and returned to his book.

I didn't feel at all nervous when I got back in the car and drove slowly around the building to park in front of room 17.

At one point in the past, perhaps back when La Guardia was mayor, the King's Kourt might have been a nice place to stay. In 1972, however, it had slid into a decline that matched the neighborhood. But it was still head and shoulders above my apartment.

I opened the door and turned on the lights as Mom slipped into the room. She immediately closed the drapes over the window and then surveyed her surroundings. I'll credit her for keeping a stiff upper lip and not complaining.

The carpet was a mottled gray complete with stains and tears in various places. The TV that was bolted to the wall with huge anchor bolts looked to be a 50s model. At least the twin bed was up on a frame.

The walls had been painted a garish orange that made my teeth hurt and the bedding was Robin's Egg Blue. When Mom rolled down the bedspread and examined the sheets they looked clean and crisp.

She laughed softly and sat down on the edge of the bed and bounced a few times. "Well, it's better than your place."

"The bathroom at the Qwik Stop is better than my place." I responded dryly. "All I care is that it's clean. I doubt we'll be throwing a party here tonight."

"I need to tell you something." She held up her hand and tried to be serious. "I'm pregnant."

I froze. I felt my heart stop beating and I know my eyes popped open. "You're...you're...pregnant?"

She smiled happily and clapped her hands in excitement. "Uh-huh. Well, I'm not 100 percent certain. I haven't been to the doctor yet to confirm it, but I'll bet anything I have that one of your little swimmers found the mark."

"Mom..." I was floating in the enormity of her announcement. "Are you sure?"

"I've had bouts of morning sickness the last couple of days, but more importantly, I'm late. And I'm never late. You can set your watch by my menstrual cycle. Trust me, I'm pregnant."

"Oh my God!" I yelled. "I don't know what to say."

Mom nodded and stood up and walked to me to slide her arms around my waist. "Just say you're happy and the rest will work itself out."

"I'm happy." I hugged her tight, "I'm freaking ecstatic, Mom. I'm overjoyed."

"That's all I care about." She reached up to kiss my chin. "Look at this, darling. It's just you and me here in an empty motel room. Oh whatever shall we do to entertain ourselves?"

"Can we...I mean...is it safe?" I stammered. I never had a kid before, what did I know?

"Yes we can and yes it is." She pulled my mouth to hers.

I kissed her then and felt my heart swelling at the way she responded. It had been weeks since we'd seen each other and our hunger had grown into an unstoppable force. Our tongues sparred vigorously, our lips clinging and sucking. Our hands clutched at each other as we gave and took from each other.

She fumbled with my belt and fly as we kissed and I sensed her frustration and tried to help her. I finally kicked off my pants and boxers and made short work of my flannel shirt. Mom laughed when I just reached down and pulled her dress up over her body and pulled it off over her head.

"You are a naughty girl." I grinned when I saw she wasn't wearing panties.

She shucked her bra and tossed it aside and agreed with me. "I am bad. I took them off and stuffed them in my bag while you were talking to Mom and Dad."

And then she was back in my arms and I felt sinful and powerful and so completely aroused I couldn't think. We stumbled to the bed and fell sideways across it even as my erection sought and found her vagina and sank into her.

"Ohhhh yesssss..." She hissed, her head rolling back over the far edge of the bed, her hands clutching at my shoulders.

She was so hot and wet my penis eased into her with practiced ease and I came to rest completely buried inside her. Mom wrapped her legs around my hips and anchored me in place and I was content to just be with her.

She giggled as she struggled to raise her head up to look at me but managed it. "Darling, just tell me that y...you're mine...that you won't ever stop loving me and I can handle anything else."

My emotions were overwhelming me and I felt my eyes watering. "I'll be with you as long as you'll have me, sweetheart. I'll never stop loving you. You are all that is right in my world, Mom."

"That's okay then." She kissed me and her head fell back over the edge of the bed. "As much as I don't want to lose this feeling, do you think we can turn the other direction? My blood is rushing to my head and I'm getting dizzy."

I laughed and reluctantly pushed up onto my knees and grimaced as my slippery penis pulled from her sucking pussy. I pulled up on her wrists and helped her shift on the mattress until she was able to lie back on the pillows. For what seemed a long time I just knelt between her legs and looked down at her, taking in her beauty.

She reached for me and I crawled over the mother of my child and pushed my hips down and smiled as my erection slipped back where it belonged.

"Your penis feels wonderful inside me." She wrapped her arms around my back and nuzzled my neck.

"Yes it d...does." I breathed. "I love you so much, Mom."

"Me, too." She extended her tongue and licked my lips sensuously. "I hate being without you. I don't feel right when you're not with me."

"Same here." I stuck out my own tongue to lightly play with hers. "I feel like something is missing in me when we're apart. Like you've taken a piece of my heart and the rest is lonesome for it when you're away from me."

She sucked my tongue in her mouth and sucked on it briefly before releasing it. "That's how I feel, darling. And if you think we're done just because I'm pregnant you're quite insane. I won't go back to the way I was; I won't! I've finally found the strength to leave your f...father and with you I've found my future."

I covered her mouth and kissed her with everything I had. I tried to show her with my lips and tongue what she meant to me and, when we pulled apart, from the way she was looking up at me with widened eyes and panting raggedly, I think I was largely successful.

Mom bit her lower lip when I rocked back on my knees and my cock pulled halfway out of her vagina. I smoothly pushed it back in as gently as I could and then found a long, slow tempo that again showed her, repeatedly, what she meant to me.

My heart sang a love song as we coupled so beautifully it took my breath away. I made love to her and rejoiced in it. Fortunately the motel was mostly empty because the headboard was soon banging against the wall as we moved together.

Her cunt sucked at me deliciously as we fucked; wet slurping sucking sounds that filled my head and pushed me over the edge. It had been weeks since I'd been with her and I was so far gone I couldn't stop it.

I felt that old familiar tickle in my testicles and pushed my cock as deeply as I could into her and cried out as my semen boiled over and erupted from the end of my penis. I felt my jerking organ seize over and over as streams of my thick come filled her belly. The sensation of warm electricity wracking my mind and body was amazing and I saw and heard thunderous explosions in my head. It felt like I'd been kicked in the head by a mule and my orgasm rolled on and on.

When I returned to the motel room I found Mom holding me at the waist and humming her own love song. I instinctively knew she hadn't come, but she made it clear that it was alright when I lifted my head to look in her eyes.

"Hi." She whispered happily.

"Hi, yourself." I muttered.

"That was wonderful, my love." She smiled.

"I'm sorry, Mom." I felt ashamed.

"Oh my heavens," She raised her hands to cup the sides of my face. "Don't ever be sorry for something like that. So I didn't come? So what? It was wonderful feeling your penis spurting in me like that. You come so much, darling, and it felt heavenly."

"Promise you're not upset?" I kissed her forehead.

"I promise." She whispered earnestly. "I haven't had an orgasm during vaginal intercourse my whole life until you. Do you really think I'd complain about a one off?"

I kissed her eyes. "Give me a few minutes to...recuperate and I'll give it another try."

"That sounds lovely." She smiled and giggled. "That's why I love you. Unlike your father, you truly care about my...needs. If it was him that just...got off, he'd just roll off me and fall asleep."

Chapter 21

I did roll off her, but I didn't come anywhere close to falling asleep. We lay there together in love, talking low and touching, always touching. It was as if we were storing up each other in our hearts for the possibility that it might be some time before we could be together again. Recent history showed that it could happen again. Not if I had anything to do about it, but it was possible.

We made love again, and Mom did come and I had scratches on my back to prove it when we left the motel shortly after 10. We left the door unlocked and the key on the bedside table. The sheet that once looked so pristine was no longer so.

-

I drove slowly back to Grandpa and Grammy Antonescu's with Mom seated next to me. Her yellow dress was slightly wrinkled but she thought it wouldn't raise any eyebrows.

The old people were abed and the house was quiet. Arty, Grammy's cat jumped up on my lap where I sat at the kitchen table while Mom made us hot cocoa. It felt like everything was right in the world, even though it wasn't.

We had almost finished the cocoa when Tavi tiptoed in with his Sorels in hand. Mom got up to pour him a mug despite the shake of his head. He polished it off with gusto and then looked at me.

"You might want to stay here tonight, Petey." He licked the rim of his cup. "Lisa got a call while I was there. Andy made bail."

Mom looked frightened but it passed when I reached out to pat her hand. "I think I will, Uncle Rikki Tikki. I'll camp out on the couch and just go to class from here."

Mom got up to get a blanket and pillow for me. She was always waiting on her men.

Tavi and I talked idly until Mom returned and then pushed away from the table to head upstairs. He paused and looked back at me and then Mom. "I'm going to take Lisa to see 'Cabaret' this weekend. How was it?"

Mom froze in place and looked like she was mentally scrambling. "It was good. Different than I..."

I jumped in and saved her, "It's really good and Liza Minelli amazing. It's worthwhile with a good cast and good story line but not exactly the kind of picture you want to see with your girlfriend, if you know what I mean. If you do take your girl I pretty much guarantee you're going to have to work to get lucky."

Grinning I slapped his arm and followed Mom into the living room.

She looked at me and pantomimed wiping her brow. "Nice save." She mouthed.

"I read a review at work." I whispered as I kissed her cheek and said good night.

-

I was in class when Dad showed up the next day and had the confrontation with Mom and her brother. She told me later that she had never seen him so out of control. She refused his order to go back home with him, but declined to inform him she was divorcing him.

Uncle Tavi was more than up to knocking Dad on his ass when he tried to strong arm Mom. She told me later in our motel room that Dad reminded her of a little boy looking up at her from Grammy's dormant flower bed.

"Can we not talk...ughn...about him while we're fucking?" I choked as I held her at the hips and stroked my cock into her from behind.

"It's just that he's b...been usurped...oh fuck...by his son...in every way." She moaned as she looked at me over her shoulder.

"I'm glad...t...to hear that, M...Mom, but I really don't want to think about him n...now." I reached up with my left hand to hold her at the shoulder and pulled her back against me. "All my energy is t...taken up thinking about you."

"And that's the...oh...way it should b...be..." Mom panted. "Keep doing...what you're d...doing and I'll never t...talk about him again. Oh sweet Jesus that feels g...good..."

-

We did talk about him afterward. He was something that was going to have to be dealt with one way or the other.

"I think he spied on us, Mom." I mouthed her ear.

"Huh...uh...what?" She moaned as she raked her perfectly manicured nails across my chest.

"Dad. I think he must have come back from Pittsburgh, or maybe never went to Pittsburgh at all, I don't know. But he made a comment about 'seeing' what we did. The only thing that makes sense is that he snuck back to the house and spied on us."

She paused sucking on my nipple and looked up at me. "You know, he made a snide comment to me the night he got back. Something about me not following directions. I thought he was referencing the dinner I messed up, but who knows."

"Let's say he did sneak back and spied on us. Maybe he sees us doing...things out of the boundaries he laid out. You know; in the dark, under the covers, fully dressed, et cetera, et cetera. Maybe he sees us doing the 69, or watches us doing it with you on top and obviously enjoying ourselves, what does that mean? Does he get so incensed that loses his mind? That doesn't even make sense. He wanted us to make a baby, what difference does it make how we did it?"

Mom frowned and hitched up so she was sitting, her arm across my chest. "If that's what he did then he saw you taking what belonged to him. He saw us stepping over the line and enjoying our 'arrangement' and that wasn't supposed to happen. As long as I did what he wanted me to do it would have been fine; when I...we branched out and did things we weren't supposed to, we violated his...trust. And I use that word loosely."

"Do we need to be concerned about him...uh...telling on us?" I couldn't take my eyes from her perfectly rounded tits and the way they sat up proud and perky on her chest. "I mean, will he blab to Grandpa and Grammy or Uncle Tavi or Aunt Marina? Will he rat us out to the police? I'm not sure but I suspect it's against the law to have sex with your own mother."

She giggled but shook her head. "It is highly illegal for you and me to be having sex, but I don't think he'll say boo to anyone. He'd have to admit that he lost me to his son and his pride won't let him. I think."

"I hope you're right, Mom." I reached for her and pulled her on top of me, "Do you think you're up for doing the reverse cowgirl again?"

She was and she did.

-

Christmas came and went. Mom stayed at her parents and I drove back and forth between my shithole and work and their place. As much as I would have liked to stay at Grandpa and Grammy's on a more permanent basis, it wasn't practical with Mom's brother staying there. Besides, I had school and work to deal with.

The old folks and Uncle Tavi and his girlfriend, Lisa, went to midnight mass on Christmas Eve. Mom and I demurred and told them we'd attend services the next day. The grandfather clock in the corner announced the midnight hour as Mom and I spread a blanket beneath the tree in her parent's living room. The rest of the lights in the house were out and we glowed red and blue and green as we unwrapped each other amidst the presents that surrounded the tree. Arty watched us in curiosity from atop Grammy's piano.

We made love to Burl Ives and The Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Bing Crosby, and then made love again to Handel's 'Messiah.' It was the finest gift on the finest Christmas I'd ever had. I had everything I wanted and to ask for more would have been gluttony of the worst sort.

We were dressed and collected long before the troupe made it back from church where Mom's older sister, Marina and her husband Tony, had joined them. We all drank eggnog and sang carols and it felt homey and warm.

After the impromptu party I lay down on the couch to sleep -- either Uncle Tavi or Grandpa Doru had spiked the eggnog -- and drowsed off as the house breathed and contracted with a north wind that howled outside.

-

If Mom and Dad used to get up early, Mom's parents made them look like layabouts because Grammy was making breakfast in the kitchen by 5 and Grandpa Doru was down in the basement banging on the coal furnace.

I pulled the blanket over my shoulders and went into the kitchen to say good morning and scare up a cup of chicory coffee.

"So how do you feel about your mother having another child?" Grammy asked me as she set a plate of homemade biscuits in front of me.

"I don't know." I spread orange marmalade over a biscuit and tried to proceed cautiously. I wasn't aware that Mom had told anyone else. "I haven't had a chance to digest it. It'll be sort of weird to have a brother or sister so much younger than me, though."

"It's a fine mess she's got herself into. Getting herself in a family way just before she jumps ship." Grammy pattered around the sink. She was fishing for information.

"She'll be alright, Grammy." I munched on my breakfast. "I'll make sure of that, even if Dad won't."

"You're a good boy, Peter Doru." She nodded feebly at me. "I was against her marrying him from the start but you...and your sister, God rest her soul...are proof that good can come from bad."

That became my goal; making sure that Mom and our baby was alright and making good come from bad.

-

Despite her protestations to the contrary, I dragged Mom down to Times Square on New Year's Eve to watch the ball drop and as we counted down from ten I kissed her to ring in the new. We were completely oblivious to anyone who might notice a younger man with an older woman celebrating like young lovers. We went to The King's Kourt and spent the first few hours of 1973 in what we had begun referring to as 'our' motel room.

January slid by and then February with little change. Lisa, Uncle Tavi's girlfriend referred Mom to a family law attorney and the petition for divorce was filed the day after Valentine's Day, which Mom and I spent a good portion of in 'our' motel room.

She was starting to show, especially when she was naked and, although she insisted I didn't have to, I was extremely careful when we fucked. Mom was stunningly beautiful before becoming pregnant; afterward she was even more so. She seemed to burn with a radiance that came from inside her and her skin took on a healthy glow. If anything, the baby weight she was gaining made her more attractive to me, not less.

I continued working and my grades had improved significantly. I still swam in the pool and still spent time with my friends on the roof, all while spending as much time as I could with Mom at Grandpa and Grammy's place.

I saw Dad at the grocery store, once, and ducked behind a display of breakfast cereal before he saw me, but otherwise he was a non-entity. When he was served the divorce papers he became unglued and called Mom and went ballistic over the phone. Grandpa told me that she listened to his diatribe for a few minutes and then calmly hung up the line.

I saw his truck occasionally, but always from a distance and since the POS was gone he had no idea what I was driving.

The first hearing was scheduled for April 4th, and Mom was nervous about being in the same room with him. I tried to assure her that there would be guards at the courthouse but she said she didn't feel safe.

Chapter 22

April 3, 1973 dawned bright but a little chilly. Sam was looking a little grizzled and I wondered how old he was. It was my 22nd birthday, I was in love, and I was going to be a father.

I rummaged through my clothes for something festive and failed. Festive didn't work in my wardrobe. I put on a pair of less dirty jeans and a polo shirt that didn't smell too badly and pulled on my sneakers. I was reaching for my door handle when a light knock echoed in my apartment.

My friends on the roof occasionally knocked, but they weren't shy about it. The knuckles that knocked at my door sounded decidedly feminine.

"Happy Birthday, darling!" Mom smiled happily when I pulled the door open.

"Mom!" I grumbled as I ushered her in and shut the door. "I told you I didn't want to make a big deal about it. Birthdays are just another day."

"Pshaw." She snorted and set down the bags she was holding and removed her coat before hugging me close. "That was before you were my lover. Birthdays are a big deal to me, so you just hush. Let me celebrate you."

We kissed, slowly and gently at first, and then with fire. Her tongue was darting and insistent in my mouth as she held on to the sides of my head.

"Besides, my love," She smirked impishly as she walked to my mattress, "It's been three days since you've serviced me and I'm a bit miffed about it."

My clothes joined hers on the floor and we laid down facing each other on top of my covers. She was better than four months along and it showed. Her belly was rounded -- not obscenely so, yet -- but her swell made normal intercourse difficult, especially in the missionary position. She moaned softly as I kissed her and reached down to finger the dripping petals that I'd neglected for too many days.

My little buddy was stiff and hard and ready for anything and I loved the feeling of Mom's fingers curling around him and pulling at him gently.

I peeled her digits from my member and slowly turned her onto her other side and slid up close to her. I felt her body jolt when my penis wedge up against her bottom and her fleshy cheeks parted against it. She moaned again when I reached around her to cradle her tit and then leaned my head forward to kiss the back of her neck.

I pulled my hips back and reached down and inserted my fingers between her knees and pulled her left leg up to almost vertical as I guided my cock to her portal.

"Yesssss..." She hissed as I eased into her vagina, deeper and deeper, until I was completely inside her. We held it like that for a long time, just joined at the groin and breathing softly.

The walls in my apartment were so thin and I could sometimes hear conversations being held in other units two floors above mine. More importantly, Mom knew the walls had ears so she insisted that we make no sound as she gave herself to me.

As vigilantly as I could I began sliding my erection in and out of her. I wasn't going to last long regardless of my pride -- it had been three days and, since Mom and I had become lovers, I adamantly refused to service myself. I tried to hasten her orgasm by reaching around her waist and fingering her clitoris, which would have done the job had Sam not chosen an inopportune moment to investigate the commotion.

Mom shrieked at the sight of him sitting on his rotund haunches on the countertop and observing us behaving like animals.

I tried to reassure her. "It's alright, Mom. Sam and I have an...arrangement. He doesn't poop in my food and I don't set out d-Con or rat traps."

That went over like a fart on an elevator. She absurdly made me pull out and then scrambled to put her clothes back on.

"Don't leave me like this, Mom." I pleaded to deaf ears, gesturing to my little buddy who was still up for battle and slick with her bodily fluids.

She laughed as she donned her panties and then her maternity bra. "I love you more than anything in this world, Peter Doru Patrick, but I will be hanged before I do...it in front of a disease carrying rodent. Get your clothes on; you're taking me to the motel."

Sam seemed offended and shuffled off behind the refrigerator. "He's not disease carrying."

"Whatever, honey." She stepped into her slacks and tucked in her satin blouse and hunted around for her black leather belt. "I'm getting you out of here one way or another and you've got a job to finish so get your happy butt moving."

I got dressed again and as I pulled on my shirt she was extracting a small German Chocolate cake from one of the bags by the door. She searched back in the bag and then triumphantly held up two large candles in the shape of twos.

"I was going to have this here but...that...that rat is not invited so we're going to have the cake at your grandparent's house later this afternoon." She grinned at me as I struggled to get my penis tucked into my pants. "Fifteen minutes and we'll have it back out again, darling. Believe me; I need it a whole lot more than you do."

At that moment my door burst in with a bang, Mom screamed, and I forgot about everything except protecting her. Dad stood there in the rubble and he didn't look happy. Evidently he had been passing by and saw Mom's Opel parked outside and decided it was a good day for a visit.

"Got us a score to settle, buddy boy. Where is she?" He strode into the apartment looking for Mom and then seemed to forget why he was there for a second. "Where is she you cock-knocker..." His eyes settled on Mom and he reared up and smiled viciously.

Mom made a serious mistake and thought she could reason with him. She stepped in between us, a place she had been that started the ball rolling in the first place and it didn't go well.

"Andrew, just stop this insanity!" She yelled up at him. "Leave now or I'm calling the police."

I reached for her as he lashed out with a closed fist and cold cocked her. She slumped sideways and hit her head on the side of the counter and she looked like she was out cold. I hoped she was out cold.

Dad laughed harshly at the sight of his wife sprawled out. And then he turned his eyes to me and I smelled the whiskey on his breath. It wasn't even nine AM and he was sloppy drunk.

"You son of a bitch." He snarled and came for me.

He grunted and fell to his knees when I brought my knee up into his testicles. His eyes rolled back in his head as he reached down to cup his groin and fell sideways onto my mattress. I knew what I needed to do, but I didn't do it. I should have taken the opportunity to end it all by hitting him as hard as I could with the baseball bat.

But I didn't.

Instead, I went to Mom who was stirring weakly.

She groaned as I tried to get her up onto wobbly legs. She was going to have a sizeable knot on the side of her jaw. She looked around as if trying to remember what happened when she saw Dad curled up in a fetal position.

"You goddamn asshole!" She spat venomously in his direction. "You're going to pay for this. If it's the last thing I do I'm going to see you pay."

Dad was crying and extended an arm to Mom as if begging and then she made another mistake. "By the way, asshole, your plan worked. Your son succeeded where you failed. If you can't tell, rahat, I'm pregnant."

Dad's confused sorrow turned to fury and he lashed out and almost caught her leg. "Not for long you worthless bitch."

I instinctively kicked his hand aside and pushed Mom toward the door. "Run, Mom. Go, don't worry about me."

I was worried enough about me but there was no way in hell I was going to let Dad anywhere near her and the baby she was carrying. I stood in

the doorway and watched Dad with one eye and Mom's retreating back with the other.

He staggered to his feet and straightened up and I was sure I was dead. The look on his face was flat and devoid of anything except blinding anger. He shook his head like a bull and ran at me surprisingly quick for someone so big. I stepped sideways at the last second and he slammed into the wall opposite where my door used to be.

The crash echoed up and down the hallway and my next door neighbor stuck her head out of her door as I ran past.

"Call the police." I pleaded with her and looked behind me to make sure Dad was following me and not Mom.

I let him nearly catch up to me and pushed into the stairwell and started climbing. I was moving as fast as I could and Dad was moving faster and grabbing for my feet. He caught me at the doorway to the roof and his meaty paw grabbed the back of my shirt and icy terror washed over me.

I kicked and screamed and flailed as he pushed on the bar and the door swung open and I fell to the tar and he fell on top of me. Shooting pain wracked my body as his knee ground into my back and his fist crashed down on the side of my head.

Vaguely I heard him muttering without a trace of an Irish brogue, "You shouldn't have done it, buddy boy."

I heard yelling and managed to open an eye to see three of my friends advancing on Dad and me. Dad probably weighed more than any two of them combined and he rose up and carried me with him.

"This motherfucker is taking up flying." He snarled and started dragging me to the front of the building. "Any of you wanna join 'im let's get it on."

Dad fully intended on pitching me off the roof. So much for perfect parents. My head was pounding with pain and I could taste blood. Somewhere in the distance I heard a siren but it could have been responding to any other emergency.

About six feet from the edge I latched onto a vent pipe with my arms and held on for dear life.

Aiden was screaming at Dad who had me by my foot and trying to pull me away from the pipe. Dad seemed a little frustrated that I wasn't cooperating with him and was swearing like a drunken sailor, which he was, and pounding on my leg with a fist that felt like a sledge hammer.

I thought of Mom. I felt Aiden hook his arms around my armpits and heard him screaming at Dad to get away from his friend.

Dad had my ankle in both hands and was wrenching my leg back and forth as he pulled on me as hard as he could.

When my shoe came off my foot Dad stumbled back and almost caught himself on the ledge and then went over almost in slow motion. I heard the heavy wet sounding thump when he hit but I couldn't move for a long time. I just held Aiden and cried. He just hugged me and patted my head like I was an Airedale and I loved him for it. I looked around and the other two friends were looking over the ledge and shaking their heads.

I pulled away from Aiden and crawled to the ledge on my hands and knees and looked over. Dad was lying on his back and a pool of blood was forming beneath his head. An elderly couple stood a short distance away and huddled together as if in shock. I looked in the other direction and saw Mom on the other side of the street looking frantically up at the roof.

I stood up and waved slowly in her direction and I could see her relief as she doubled over and began weeping hysterically. I didn't think she'd be complaining about me not tying my shoes any time soon.

A police cruiser rolled to a stop in front of the building so I sat down on the edge and waited.

Epilogue

Sleep wouldn't come.

Our bedroom seemed to inhale and exhale in time with the howling wind outside. The radio played old standards so quietly I almost couldn't hear it. The woman who slept in the crook of my arm stirred slightly and I felt her arm tighten across my stomach. I shivered at the sensation of her warm breath on my neck and debated waking her and then decided against doing so; she obviously needed the sleep that was eluding me.

I turned my head and lightly kissed her forehead and willed myself to sink back onto the bed and my pillow. I let my breathing go slow and easy and one by one consciously made my limbs relax. I tried to think of my happy places and then gave it up as ridiculous; my only true happy place was nestled in my arms.

I was physically and emotionally exhausted yet I couldn't fall asleep. Counting sheep was as pointless as the controlled breathing had been. A shot of bourbon might have helped but Mom had tossed out all the booze and I didn't want to leave the bed anyway.

The night owl thing was continuing to bite my ass; I was wide awake while everybody else was sleeping.

It was June. School was done until September and I was looking forward to three solid months of idle time.

Mom moved back into the house she had spent most of her adult life, and I gave up my apartment to move back in. 'To help with the baby' is what we told everyone who asked, and only a handful of people even bothered to pose the question.

My things were back in my old bedroom, but I never once slept in my old bed.

Sam volunteered to relocate a few blocks away, although I had to keep him in a cage in the basement. Mom made it clear she thought I had taken leave of my senses when I used a live trap to catch him and toted him home with me, but she drew the line at keeping him where she had to see him. The look on her face told me I shouldn't push the issue.

I still worked at the Qwik Mart and Grandpa Doru put his daughter to 'work' in the back office of the grocery store and together we had income enough to meet our needs, although things are tight now and again.

I still made sure to stop by once in awhile to see my friends on top of the old apartment building. Occasionally one of them finds better living arrangements, but he is usually replaced by another man down on his luck.

Aiden and I became fast friends in our shared experience. Like brothers in arms we had walked through similar fires and came out the other side stronger. I had him over for dinner on occasion and when he met Mom for the first time he said he completely understood. Mom couldn't do enough for the man who had helped save me from being pitched off a roof and doted on him hand and foot.

He refused our offer of help, like I knew he would, but we offered anyway. The last time I saw him he was headed to Florida or maybe Texas, he wasn't sure. "I might be back here someday, buddy, you never know."

I hoped the \$100 I stuck in his jacket pocket as we hugged would help him out. It wasn't much but it was pretty much all I had.

Dad is long buried. His burning jealousy had consumed him and the sudden stop on the sidewalk had only hastened the process of his dying. It wasn't until Mom was going through the credit card statements that we knew for certain that Dad had only spent two days in Pittsburgh. He had flown back to New York, rented a car and taken a room at King's Kourt Motel. Apparently he had spied on Mom and me for the remaining three days and nights.

On a hunch I drove over and slipped a ten to the pimply faced desk clerk who looked through the records. Sure enough, Dad had stayed in Room 17. How bizarre -- everything is connected.

I feel bad for him, especially when I have to admit that I might have acted the same way if someone ever stole Anca Bogdana Patrick from me. She was everything to me and I don't know that I wouldn't go homicidal if I were to lose her to another.

To try and make sure that never happens I try to treat her like the precious flower she is. I worship the ground she walks on and try, everyday, to make her life better in every way I can.

We live and love and laugh together and our world turns the way it should, with highs and lows, good days and not so good days. We're not perfect, but we try perfectly and it's in the trying that we usually find our way.