

A Love of a Lifetime

Turniphead

Introduction

All that remains for me now are memories.

Mom passed away three days ago. She fought the good fight, but in the end, the lung cancer was too much. She was only 77. The nurses and the chaplain tried to comfort me as she slipped away but I was inconsolable.

I left the hospital, found an open liquor store and came out with a fifth of Jack Daniels. I hadn't drunk a drop in 30 plus years, thanks to dad, but I cracked it open on the way back to Gramp's place. After living on the isolated little spread for over 20 years, I still thought of it as 'Gramp's place.'

Old habits are hard to break.

I proceeded to get drunk. I wandered around the small farmhouse crying and drinking until I was numb. I passed out.

I drank more when I came to. My pain was greater than any I'd ever known. My heart felt dead. My life felt empty.

The alcohol really didn't help and when the bottle was empty and enough time ticked by I sobered up to an awful aching emptiness that I had known would be waiting for me at some point, but, before it arrived, I always felt I had many more years to make preparations for a life without mom.

All the best laid plans of mice and men...

I eventually collected myself, cleaned myself up, and tried looking forward, but the past was there around every corner. The missing her hurt far more than I could have ever imagined. The photos were the hardest. A picture of mom, smiling softly out towards an unseen sunset hung on our bedroom wall. A large portrait of the two of us, mom seated with me standing beside and slightly behind her was on the mantle. My hand rested on her shoulder, her hand covered mine.

Our photo albums were filled with snippets of our relationship; mom washing the dishes, the sunlight streaming in from the kitchen window front lighting her, me in my swimsuit standing knee deep in the pond dripping wet and laughing at something long forgotten, the two of us kissing or hugging or just doing the little things that people in love do.

My favorite picture was taken in the bathroom. Mom had just stepped from the bathtub, her hair wet and pushed back. She was laughing and modestly held a large terry cloth towel in front of her mostly hiding her body from the camera's prying eye, but the mirror behind her showed the reflection of her naked backside. She was lovely.

I do vividly remember setting the camera aside after taking the picture and gathering mom in my arms and making love to her on the floor of the bathroom.

The photos each told a tiny bit of our saga, and collectively, they fleshed out a love story that began 30 some years before.

I reached into a cardboard box full of loose pictures and withdrew a few. I smiled at the Polaroid that was on top. It was a picture of mom and her 1970 Buick Riviera. Mom posed nonchalantly against the passenger side front fender, her smile was radiant, her arms reaching for the unseen photographer. She was reaching for me. She was always reaching for me.

It was the car, though, that made me smile. It was in that very car that we came together for the first time. It was on the back seat of the olive green behemoth that we found each other. It was there on the vinyl seat that I lost my virginity and found the kind of love I'd always dreamed of. Mom and I became joined at the heart in that car.

Small tears gathered in the corner of my eyes and spilled over when I closed them and slumped against the back of the couch and turned my thoughts back to that summer and how mom and I came to be.

And I relived it all again.

Chapter 1

In May, 1974, I was just finishing up my sophomore year at Kirkwood Community College in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. I was living at home with mom and dad -- well, mostly with mom as dad was rarely there and when he was there he was usually hammered -- just outside of Smithson, Iowa and I was grateful for it.

Smithson was -- and still is -- a laid back sort of one horse town just a hop, skip and jump east from Cedar Rapids on highway 151 and what jobs there were not going to make anyone wealthy -- minimum wage and part time. I had little money and very little prospects. I made my way with student loans, work study, and a few federal grants. Mom wanted to help and had the money to do so, but my pride wouldn't let her. While she has a nice nest egg, it was to take care of her through her autumn years as it was clear that not only was dad probably not going to be around, but wouldn't be much help if he was.

By '74, dad had pretty much ruined the farm he had inherited from his father. Over the years, in between month-long binges with booze, he hatched grandiose schemes that always failed in spectacular fashion. I don't know how many mortgages he took out to finance the various plans that never saw fruition, but I heard him and mom fighting about them more than once.

I was no farmer, but even I knew his Emu farm was destined for failure. He knew nothing about the birds and couldn't stay off the bottle long enough to learn. All I recall about that venture was four of the large birds running amok down the main street in town, terrifying little old ladies and children.

It was the same with the chinchilla ranch he felt would make him rich. Dad just didn't have the intestinal fortitude to see anything through to the finish. How he managed to stay married to mom for 22 plus years was a mystery to me.

The banks were constantly nipping at his heels and only mom's efforts kept the place from being foreclosed on. I personally thought she should have let them have the place, but then, she never deigned to consult with me about her finances.

Mom was an RN working the swing shift at the local clinic five evenings a week and she brought home a fairly decent paycheck, unlike dad, who hadn't held any sort of job for more than a month since I was around 14 or 15. It was mom who was able to pay the mortgage. It was mom who kept the roof over our head. It was always mom.

And when her father passed away in '71 and left everything to her, mom suddenly had money. Grandpa Port had left her a small printing business and his small country home on the outskirts of Rochester, Minnesota, and mom was the beneficiary of his life insurance policy. When all was said and done and the business was sold, mom had a tidy little sum just shy of \$350,000. With the help of a financial advisor, she invested shrewdly and was pretty much set for the rest of her

life -- and she was adamant that dad wasn't going to touch a penny of it.

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I was absolutely unashamed to say I lusted after mom pretty much through most of my teen years. She had been my best fantasy since I discovered that girls weren't icky cootie factories and what my penis was designed for. She filled my nights with glorious visions of soft, warm flesh and my days with the happiness that comes from loving somebody completely. Of course, I absolutely knew nothing would ever come of my fantasies, but I couldn't make myself stop them, either. Nor did I want to.

Mom was pretty. She wasn't Grace Kellyesque by any stretch of the imagination, but mom was a very lovely woman nonetheless. Combined with a natural beauty and simple grace, mom was easily the prettiest woman in Linn County, at least in my opinion. In '74 she was 45 years old but easily looked ten years younger. She wasn't thin and willowy but she

certainly wasn't overweight, either. She was solid and healthy with a nice figure and a pretty face. And, more importantly, I loved her.

I certainly wasn't alone in my appreciation of mom's physical assets. Over the years, more than one of my friends had confessed to lusting after her to my face. What could I do? I lusted after her, too.

Many years later, in the late 80s, an actress named Bonnie Hunt started appearing in movies and on television. Mom and I often laughed that Bonnie and she were twin sisters of different mothers. There were differences besides their ages, of course, but mostly minor ones. The only major differences that I was able to discern was Bonnie was a blonde and mom's hair was a dark brown, and mom's eyes were a deep chocolate brown, while the actress had greenish hazel eyes. But they both shared the same warm smile that never seemed to be forced and spread across their whole faces and lit up their eyes and every room they ever walked into.

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In early June of that year, almost by accident, confident that I was never going to 'be' with mom, I found a 'girlfriend.' Actually, Kayleen and I had been friends through most of high school, but we never really clicked on a romantic level until that summer. Technically, in retrospect, I suppose we didn't really click romantically that summer, either, but we were both young and bored with too much time on our hands. Kayleen was working part-time for the summer at the Taste-Freez when I dropped by for a cone. We wound up talking into the night about nothing in particular. And then she asked me out.

I couldn't refuse, and it's not like my social calendar was chuck full anyway. Besides, I liked her. She wasn't drop-dead gorgeous, but she was cute enough in a prosaic sort of way and it didn't bother me that she was tending towards becoming chubby. I wasn't planning on marrying her, but I thought we could have some fun together.

We began going out almost every night when she wasn't working and some when she was, and she really was fun. There certainly was no love involved. I do know I wasn't in love and I never heard the words from her mouth, either. We were, I supposed, an early, rough version of 'friends with benefits,' although the 'benefits' lacked quite a bit.

We'd go to the drive-in up in Hiawatha and, if the movie wasn't any good -- which was nearly always the case -- we'd spend a few hours necking. Kayleen never let me go to far. A few times I touched a heavily guarded breast, and more than once she let me squeeze her bottom in my hands as we made out.

If her bosom was guarded, the treasure between her legs was in a vault beneath Fort Knox. I never even got close, having had my hand slapped more than once when I tried to slip it beneath her skirt or her dress. She wasn't a prude, exactly, but she wasn't about to give it away for free. She made it clear it was going to cost me more than I was willing to pay to let the dime between her knees drop to the floor.

So, for hours on end we 'practiced' in my old Ford sedan or her father's Dodge pick-up truck.

Our 'dates' often left me frustrated and hornier than a four-balled tom cat, but they were still more fun than sitting home alone with a book or the radio or two fuzzy broadcast television stations, especially if dear old dad was there. Besides, I genuinely liked being with Kayleen.

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And then, a week or so later, my car shat its tranny all over the driveway. My rusted, beat up 1959 Ford Galaxie ground to a shuddering halt as I was backing down the drive and it didn't take a mechanic to know that it wasn't going anywhere for awhile. Parts I didn't recognize and knew I couldn't afford littered the pavement or hung in strange configurations from the underside of the car.

I punched the fender and then yowled with pain, dancing around and holding my right hand under my armpit. I never had been accused of being too terribly bright.

Just then, mom came out of the house in her nurse's uniform. She grinned broadly and asked, "Do you need me to look at your hand?"

I blushed foolishly, knowing she saw me try to knock out the car. "Naw, I'm alright. My stupid car just died, though, and I have a date with Kayleen tonight."

"I'm sorry, Mark," There wasn't a trace of insincerity in her voice. Then she brightened. "I tell you what, honey. You're welcome to use my car tonight. Just drop me off at the clinic and pick me up at 11. I don't need it while I'm working."

I thought about it for a second and then nodded, "Thanks, mom. You're a lifesaver. I'll make sure I gas it up for you."

It was settled. I jumped into the passenger seat as mom slipped behind the wheel and drove into town. I thanked her again when she handed me the keys outside a nondescript stucco building that served as the only medical facility within 30 miles. I kissed her cheek and climbed in the car and watched her walk away.

I laughed when she looked back over her shoulder and called out, "Don't be doing anything in my car that I would frown on, young man."

"You don't know Kayleen, mom. You probably get more action in your back seat than I ever got in mine."

She wrinkled her nose and shook her head wistfully, "Doubtful, honey. That is very, very doubtful."

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I drove around for a few hours before driving over to Kayleen's place. She was waiting on the front porch as dolled up as she was able to get, wearing a light blue sweater over a white dress. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail and a white ribbon held it in place.

I couldn't help smiling as she skipped down the walkway and reached for the door handle. I still felt nothing more than fondness for her, but she was cute and she could make me laugh. I leaned towards her and kissed her cheek as she slid across the seat to the middle and looked up at me, blushing happily.

"Your mom's car?" Kayleen asked inanely. Everybody in town knew it whose car it was.

"Uh-huh. Mine pretty much just gave up the ghost today."

"I'm sorry, Mark." She said as I pointed the car down the road and eased onto the gas. "Can you fix it?"

I shook my head. "I don't think I can. I don't know much about transmissions. Maybe Seth can fix it but I don't have the cash to pay him. He's cheap and gives me a break 'cause we're friends, but he still charges more than I can afford."

She hugged my arm and commiserated. "If I had the dough I'd lend it to you, but I'm strapped, too."

Shrugging, I laughed, "What the hell, the piece of crap car lasted me 4 years and I only paid \$200 for it. To tell the truth, I got a lot more out of it than I ever thought I would. On the plus side, take a look at the back seat in this thing. We can practically lie down side by side if we wanted to."

Her head swiveled around to survey the cavernous space afforded by the back seat of the huge car. "It is more spacious than your back seat, isn't it?"

"It'll give me all the room I need to maneuver you out of your clothes." I laughed again.

Kayleen slapped me playfully on the shoulder and snorted, "I don't think you'll be maneuvering me out of anything back there, mister!"

"I'm just teasing, Kay. I like you but you know I've never pressured you to do anything you're not comfortable with."

She hugged my arm again and rested her head against me, "I know. Maybe that's part of the reason I do like you. You are respectful and aren't insistent on...other things..."

Turning my head, I kissed the top of hers. "I never want you or me to do anything that either of us might come to regret."

"Mmmm..."

I drove to Skinny's Burger Barn, about the only place in town I could afford on my limited budget. After eating, we drove 10 miles out to The Millpond and, among a smattering of other ardent couples, we watched the moon rise over the water and the stars turn on. We listened to Wolfman Jack out of Chicago and just snuggled together on the front seat, pausing occasionally to kiss or nuzzle each other.

Like always, I was getting a bit heated up and I could tell Kayleen's libido was kicking in by the dots of color on her cheeks and the look in her eyes. Normally, when a woman grips my semi-erect penis through my jeans, I can sometimes -- not always -- tell what she has on her mind.

She pushed up from where we were slumped in the middle of the front seat and gazed down at me through the light provided by the moon and the dashboard lights. "Let's get in the back seat."

I was 20 and still a virgin for a reason. "Uh...do you really think...?"

"Come on, chicken." She giggled as she kicked off her white patent leather pumps and slithered over the seat and waited for me.

Physically, I was willing and ready, but mentally and emotionally, I wasn't so sure. But I kicked off my own sneakers and joined her, disregarding the voice that cautioned otherwise.

An hour and a half later, we were both worked up to a feverish state, with nowhere to turn to douse the fires. Kay was more amorous than I'd ever seen her, kissing me harder, with more passion than she ever had. Her hands stroked my back beneath my shirt, and occasionally reached down to grip my butt, pulling me against her, but she never opened her knees. And she seemed panicky when I casually suggested I open my pants to give myself some relief.

It was becoming clear that Kayleen really didn't want what she played at.

She apologized despite my assurances that it wasn't needed. "Kay, I've always believed that just because you can do something doesn't mean you should."

20 minutes later she kissed my cheek as she opened the door in front of her house. "I'm really grateful you're a gentleman, Mark."

I nodded and watched her stagger up the walkway to her house where her mom and dad sat swaying slowly on a squeaking porch swing. I waved as I drove away.

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It was later than I thought it was. I only had roughly 15 minutes to kill before picking up mom. I parked in the IGA parking lot kitty-corner from the Smithson Medical Clinic and got out to burn a Winston. I noticed my own legs wobbled a bit when I tried to walk. Mostly, though, I noticed that,

although my erection had subsided, my testicles ached terribly when I stood up.

Blue balls, I assumed. The various remedies we boys had bandied around the playground in junior high school escaped me. The only solution I could think of was to find somewhere private to jerk off, but it would have to wait. I was pretty sure I could survive until I got mom home and I could retreat to the bathroom.

The night was unusually warm for early June. Only the slightest of breezes stirred the new budding leaves on the maple on the corner. The full moon hung high in the night sky. While all was certainly not all right with the world, in Smithson, Iowa, they couldn't have been better.

I finished my cigarette and crushed the butt beneath my heel. Across the street I saw mom walk from the clinic and look around for me. I started to wave when Dr. Orvin pushed open the door and called out to her.

"Please, Mary, just think about it."

She nodded and said something I couldn't hear as she scanned the street for her car. He seemed relieved and disappeared back inside the building.

"Over here, mom." I called out just loud enough for her to hear.

She turned to me and a frown she had been wearing changed to a smile. She quickly skipped across the intersection and took the keys from my extended hand. She unpinned her hat from her pulled back hair and tossed it along with her handbag on the middle of the front seat.

"Feel like taking a drive?" She asked as she eased behind the wheel.

I walked around and got into the passenger seat.

A bit disappointed that my longed for relief was going to have to wait, I bit the bullet and nodded, "Sure, why not? What do you have in mind?"

"I need to cool off a bit. The clinic's stupid AC didn't work again and I'm sweating like a pig. I need a quick swim. I don't want to go home because your old man is there and drunk off his ass." Mom pulled out onto the main drag in town heading east.

I knew before we got there mom was headed toward The Millpond. I decided against telling her there were others at the popular make out spot. She'd find out soon enough, I supposed.

"So, did you have fun tonight?" She grinned at me in the darkness. "You didn't mess up my back seat, did you?"

I laughed. She had no idea how close I had come to messing up her vinyl. "I told you, you don't know Kayleen. I tried everything I could think of but she's got herself so well protected nothing got through her defenses. All we did is a little heavy petting and kissing, I swear."

"Is there something wrong with her, hon?" Mom asked half serious, half playing. "She certainly is old enough. Didn't she graduate with you?"

I nodded and snorted, "No, mom, there is nothing wrong with her. I just don't want to take something from someone who isn't in love with me and Kayleen and I are definitely not in love. As bizarre as it might sound, neither of us...uh...want just casual...um...sex."

"That's smart." Mom giggled from the other side of the car. "Maybe I've not been giving you enough credit."

A few silent minutes later, mom wheeled her green bomber down the two rut lane that led to the small pond about a half

mile from the highway. I breathed a sigh that the parking area was deserted. She pulled the car up near the waters edge close to the remains of the old mill and doused the head lights. The full moon shone down, illuminating a glass calm surface.

"Are you going to join me?" She opened the driver's side door and looked back at me.

Against my better judgment, I shook my head. "Naw, I'm good, mom. I'll hold down the fort here."

"Come on, Mark. I'm not going to skinny dip, if that's what you're afraid of."

"I'll pass, but you go ahead." I was only afraid of developing another raging hard on, whether mom skinny dipped or swam in a deep sea diver's outfit complete with brass helmet.

If Kayleen was able to get my little buddy aroused that night, I knew that just the sight of mom, scantily clad or otherwise

would have him up in arms and ready for battle. The thought of sporting an erection in mom's presence would be at best mortifying; at worst I would have died of shame.

Mom gave up on me. "Unzip me, please."

She turned her back to me and waited as I reached up and clasped her zipper with my thumb and forefinger and slowly pulled it down. Even in the dark, her tawny skin seemed to glow as her nurse's uniform parted, exposing a small expanse of her upper back and the wide strap of her brassiere.

"Thank you." She stood up just outside the car, in the gap created by the open car door and wriggled out of the starched white dress. I couldn't tear my eyes away. Mom stripped down to just her bra and panties. I had been right because as she did so my erection returned. I could see from the light that spilled from the dome light enough to fortify my fantasies for years.

Mom's granny panties were high-waisted and sensible, clinging to her heart shaped butt and clearly delineating each

full cheek. Her bra provided her full coverage and was lacy and almost conical causing the one breast I could partially see to defy gravity.

My eyes roved from her butt to her chest and back, noting how smooth the skin of her back was, how her waist narrowed before flaring out to her hips, how her legs were perfectly proportioned to the rest of her body.

I had seen mom in less, of course. Over the years I'd even seen her nude on occasion; opening a bathroom door without knocking, walking into her bedroom without being aware she was present, the times she lay out sunning herself, unaware she wasn't alone. Somehow, though, this was different.

Mom was only a few short feet away from my staring eyes and she wasn't trying to hide herself. She made Kayleen look like so much pig slop. She neatly folded the dress and bent to look at me.

"Last chance, honey." She had to see my eyes flitting from breast to breast wildly. "You sure you won't join me?"

I only nodded dumbly. I was sure. Even as I sat there mute, I was trying hard to casually cover the condition of my penis with my arms.

Mom shrugged her shoulders and wrinkled her nose at me, "Party pooper."

And then I watched her walk to the shore of the small pond, take a few steps in and knife shallowly into the water. She surfaced about ten feet out and swam another ten or fifteen feet before rolling onto her back and doing a slow backstroke back towards shore. I couldn't tear my eyes from her breasts as they rode high and proud above the water shining in the moonlight.

For ten minutes or so, mom swam and splashed and played in the cool water and I was mesmerized. I knew then that I'd never see another woman more beautiful or sexier. Mom was

breathhtaking and it made my heart hurt to watch her frolic in the moonlit pond.

I also knew then, that as much as I didn't really want Kayleen, if mom had asked me, I'd have made love to her on the spot.

Then she was done torturing me, at least for the moment. My eyes bugged out as she emerged from the water and tentatively walked towards the car. I know my original intent was to light her pathway when I reached over and pulled out the headlamp knob, but what resulted was an image that was permanently etched in my mush.

Mom froze momentarily, her eyes wide, her arms out as if balancing. The cool water had turned her beige panties almost translucent and I could clearly see the large dark thatch that covered her pubic mound. Her nipples, hardened by the chill of the water, were plainly limned by the lacy fabric of her bra, which also clung to her full breasts. Beads of water coursed down her soft, supple skin.

I half-expected her reaction to be an angry one, but instead I laughed when she began posing in the light as if she were a runway model. She struck a few semi-seductive poses, laughing self-consciously, before covering her groin with one hand and her chest with her other arm and stepping out of the impromptu spotlight.

"You're such a brat." She laughed when she reached the car. "I don't suppose you have a towel in here, honey?"

I shook my head, still dumbstruck. "Uh-uh. There is a blanket in the trunk, though." I couldn't stop staring. Her breasts hung from her chest when she leaned into the car to look at me, dangling heavily beneath her, her dark nipples still clearly visible through the fabric. I felt my dick surge.

Opening the glove compartment, I pushed the button that opened the trunk and waited as mom retrieved an old tattered blanket and used it to dry herself off. I cursed myself for refusing her invitation to swim with her. I cursed my little

buddy who was cursing me in return. I was confused and aroused and afraid.

Mom tossed the damp blanket back into the boot a few minutes later and slammed it closed. She reached in the car and found her dress and pulled it over her. I watched sadly as her skirt obscured her delectable butt from my eyes.

"That felt nice." She breathed as she got behind the wheel. She pushed in the knob and the headlights doused. "You're so bad, Mark, turning on the lights like that."

"No!" I ejaculated, a little panicky, "I only turned them on so you could see where you were going."

My defense sounded weak.

"Sure you did." Mom laughed, not at all upset. "It felt kind of wicked when they came on, though; like I was an erotic dancer or something. Did you like the show?"

"Mom..." I moaned expressively.

"It's okay if you didn't," Mom patted my arm, "I did. I guess it's fortunate I wasn't skinny dipping, huh?"

My erection heaved at the thought and I grunted. "Ughn..."

"What's wrong with you?" Mom looked at me in the moonlight that flooded the car. "You never seemed to mind seeing me in my skivvies before." Her eyes narrowed then and she quickly added, "Ohhhhh...you've been left high and dry tonight by Kayleen and you're still feeling the effects, huh?"

I grunted again.

"I want to stay out here a while longer, honey. I don't want to go home until he passes out." Mom smiled softly, "Why don't you just go over in the bushes over there and take care of business? It won't bother me, I promise."

I looked over at her and shivered as she nodded. Mom knew me so well and I could see she wasn't toying with me. I opened the door and stumbled out of the car, nearly tripping over a rotting log that was partially hidden by weeds. I forced my legs to move. Left foot, right foot, left foot, right foot. The air smelled clean and warm. A dark clump of cedar bushes grew larger as I neared them. A cricket chirped nearby.

Not daring to look back at the car, I paused at the edge of the bushes. I knew mom was watching me as I fumbled with my Levis and pushed them along with my boxers off my hips. I immediately felt relief as my aching cock sprang out at attention. Without thought, I reached down and gripped it in my trembling hand and mechanically began stroking it.

It didn't take long and Kayleen had nothing to do with it. Visions of mom posing in the headlights floated through my mind as I abused myself. The sight of the ill-concealed patch of hair that covered her groin was foremost in my mind's eye.

I cried out involuntarily when I came. It surprised me. Not only the suddenness of my orgasm, but the sheer intensity. It felt as though a very large bomb had detonated inside me. Every nerve stood at attention and sang joyously as my sap boiled up from my balls and erupted from the end of my dick.

I shuddered and shook and cried as jet after jet of thick, white semen spewed from me and painted the branches of an innocent shrub. I no longer heard the crickets and the night birds were stunned into silence by my bellowing. The only sound save my rasping heaving was the gurgling of the stream that had once turned the mill wheel.

I almost fell to my knees. I quite frequently engaged in auto-erotic stimulation, often several times a day, but for some reason, possibly because mom was watching me, that particular installment was more enjoyable than any I could recall.

Gradually, my climax slowed and I squeezed the length of my appendage like a tube of toothpaste, grimacing deliciously as

the last of my come oozed from me and dripped to the fern fronds around my feet.

Pulling up my drawers and jeans, I managed to get my pants fastened and paused, breathing deep before turning back to the car. Mom smiled at me radiantly as I neared. Her wet hair was roughly pushed back and I noted her nurse's outfit was slightly darker where it covered her chest. I grinned when I realized it was because her bra was still wet.

"Now don't you feel all better?" Mom giggled as I settled into the seat next to her.

I didn't need to respond. Mom always knew. I pulled the door closed and the dome light winked out leaving us in the pale moonlight. I sank back into the seat. It was weird. I had just jerked off with mom not only figuring very prominently in my thoughts, but with her being seated only ten yards away and watching.

Evidently she recognized my adulthood and it felt nice.

As we had so often done throughout our lives together, mom reached out her hand and I clasped it in mine. We watched the stars through the windshield and just embraced the night. A falling star streaked towards the southeast. The crickets were singing again.

The radio played softly in the background as we sat holding hands. I wondered where the night was headed and then mom made sure I knew everything was all right.

"Cute butt." She giggled.

Chapter 2

The following day, Friday, was eventful.

Dad was indeed passed out when mom and I arrived home an hour later. I turned him onto his stomach to make sure he wouldn't choke on his own vomit. An empty fifth of Popov

vodka was on the table, and a second half-full bottle lay between his legs where he had fallen. I couldn't help thinking "How can he not be dead after so much booze?"

Mom urged me to leave him where he lay. "I don't want him in my bed, Mark. He stinks and he snores something awful when he's looped. He'll be just fine right where he is."

At the door to my bedroom, mom gripped my arm and turned me towards her. "Thank you, honey. I had fun tonight. Nobody has to know about my...uh...posing for you, do they?"

I grinned and shook my head, "No, I don't reckon they do. But there is no way I'm gonna get the image of you out of my head, mom."

She gathered me in her arms and kissed my cheek softly, her warm supple lips leaving another indelible impression on my psyche. "Thank you, my darling. Sleep well."

She turned to her door across the hall from mine and left me alone with a pounding heart and the sensation of her warm, soft body pressed against me in a full-bodied hug that added even more fuel to my reveries.

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The following morning I walked in slow motion into the kitchen. The clock on the wall was ticking in reverse, the second hand moving from 26 to 25 to 24...

Sadie, mom's cat mewed at my appearance and rubbed up against my hand. Sadie had been dead for almost five years but I rubbed her head anyway.

Dad was seated at the table, clean shaven and as collected as I ever remembered. He sported a charcoal grey three piece suit that was cleaned and as neat as the day it came from the tailor. The red striped tie he wore was pressed and nicely contrasted his starched white shirt. His hair was neatly styled. I could smell his Aqua Velva. He was reading the New York Times.

Mom was dressed in the same sun dress she had worn the day she dropped me off at kindergarten when I was five. Reds and yellows and subtle greens that swirled in a psychedelic pattern that wasn't overdone. She looked as young as she had been that day, firm and perky and as fresh as the morning dew.

She smiled at me when I stepped up to where she was making breakfast and turned to meet me. She kissed me 'good morning' and set aside her spatula before dropping to her knees and reaching for the elastic of my boxers.

Dad continued reading the paper as mom took my rapidly rising cock in her hands and sloppily kissed my knob. She opened her mouth and engulfed my appendage, taking almost my entire dick into her mouth in one smooth movement.

Her tongue felt like liquid fire on my flesh, swirling and licking at me. Her throat muscles contracted on my swelling

helmet and the eight fingers on her left hand massaged my balls.

"Doesn't she good give good head, son?" Dad asked, slurping his coffee.

Mom began bobbing her head back and forth, sucking at my erection. I could feel her other hand clutching at my asscheeks. Sadie rubbed against my leg.

"Shoo." I tried to kick the cat away, but she pushed up on her hind legs and used my right thigh for a scratching post. Blood flowed freely down my leg, but I felt no pain. I pushed my forefingers up to the second knuckle in mom's ears and began rocking her head back and forth, using her oral cavity for my own guilty pleasure.

The light in her eyes blazed up at me and said she wholeheartedly approved.

Dad rose from the table and clapped me on the back and as he picked up his Gucci briefcase and departed, said, "Good job, son. Now tell her that you love her before you come in her mouth."

"Te amo mamá!" I screamed. I had no idea what I yelled, but it sounded right.

My semen sort of oozed from me -- again, in slow motion. Gallons of come poured from my penis and mom tried and failed to swallow it all. It gushed from her mouth and nose, dripping off her chin like warm vanilla frosting. She gasped and gulped and tried to scoop it into her mouth with her left hand.

Every fiber of my being was screaming with happy release. Lights exploded in my head. I pulled handfuls of her hair from her head as I ejaculated. The spatula and the frying pan were dancing on the stove top to 'That's Amore.' I cried and moaned and rocked back on my heels as mom choked and sputtered on my semen.

-

I woke to the warm sensation of my sap gushing out of my penis and filling my underwear. I quivered and shook as my nocturnal emission ran its course and left me frazzled and winded.

I rolled out of bed after my wet dream faded and stripped off my soiled boxers. My dream was awesome and erotic and thoroughly enjoyable, but I hadn't come gallons. When I looked, there wasn't much more than a tablespoon or two worth of jizz in my shorts.

I cleansed myself with a tee shirt and climbed back into bed. I tried to recapture the dream, but mom escaped me. I dreamed instead about Pat Nixon kicking Dick in the testicles over and over. While not as enjoyable as dreaming about mom blowing me, it was nice, nonetheless.

-

A slow moving front pushed through during the night and Friday morning dawned grey and raining and kind of chilly for June. It actually felt nice in comparison to the heat of the previous week.

Dad was gone. He had indeed vomited all over the kitchen floor and from the smell of it, he had urinated, also. I skipped down the stairs to the basement and started a load of laundry before tracking down the mop and bucket.

Holding my nose and trying not to vomit myself, I mopped up the puke and vodka and pee before mom got up.

My appetite was gone by the time the job was done, but I fixed breakfast for mom; fluffy pancakes, crispy bacon and hash browns to go along with a tall glass of milk and a small glass of orange juice. I put everything on a tray and carried it up to her room.

"It's open." She called sleepily out when I rapped my knuckles on her door.

She was still abed and looked as though she just woke up. Mom pushed up towards her headboard and sat up slightly as I brought her the breakfast.

"Good morning, mom." I set the tray on the bed and waited as she yawned, stretched, and blearily rubbed her eyes.

"The perfect social equalizer." She grinned at me, "Eye boogers. Even Nixon gets 'em."

I laughed and placed the serving tray on her legs. I couldn't help noticing her chest behind her jade green silk pajamas. The fabric was stretched tight across her full breasts and it didn't take any sort of brilliance on my part to see she was sans bra.

Mom dug into her breakfast and ate ravenously. I sat on the edge of the bed and watched her eat, chit chatting idly about nothing in particular.

A quarter hour later, mom pushed the tray aside, drained the last of the OJ and patted her stomach. "Ahhh, that was good, honey, thank you."

"You're welcome, mom." I managed to pull my eyes from her chest. "I've got coffee brewing downstairs. Do you want me to bring you a cup?"

She shook her head. "No, I need to get up anyway. I'll take it in the kitchen."

Mom swiveled and slid her legs from beneath the comforter and sat up. She belched indelicately and laughed. "Excuse me."

I grinned at her and stood up and retrieved the dishes from the other side of the bed. As I did, mom goosed me and giggled at my immediate reaction.

"Oh, stop looking at me like that." She snickered playfully.
"Like you never pinched a pretty girl's butt before."

I laughed and blushed, "Yeah, but I'm not a pretty girl and you're my mom. Behave yourself."

"Hmmm..." She looked up into my eyes and reached up to brush my cheek with two fingers. An odd light was in her eyes.
"I guess you're right, honey, but you sure are a pretty man."

Blushing furiously, I turned to retreat and yelled "Mom!" when she pinched my butt again.

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Later, after washing the breakfast dishes, I went out to take inventory of what I'd need to fix the Galaxie. It turned out to be hopeless. Somebody with more coin and more knowledge of cars might be able to fix it, but it was beyond my capabilities.

Mom stepped out of the house with her cup of coffee. She had pulled her robe over her pajamas.

"If you need it I can give you some money to fix it, Mark."

"No." I slammed the hood down and joined her on the front porch. "There is no point in throwing good money after bad. I'll just have to see if I can sell it for parts or see what Otis will give me for it. I'm sure I can find something in the Gazette."

"Until you do find something, you're welcome to use my car whenever you like." She slid her arm around my waist. "Just so long as you make sure I get to work Monday through Friday and I get picked up afterwards."

"Thanks, mom." I was truly grateful.

"You're welcome, honey." Mom polished off her coffee and squeezed me around the middle with one arm. "I gotta go start the laundry."

"It's already done. It's drying right now." I cherished the happy light that sprang to her eyes. I couldn't think of a better reason for doing anything.

-

Like the day before, I dropped mom off at the clinic at 3 pm and whiled away the afternoon waiting for the evening. It had

been raining softly all day. Kayleen had to work until eight, so I sat outside the Tastee-Freez sipping on a coke, idly eating catsup drowned fries and browsing the classified section of the Cedar Rapids Gazette.

There were a few cars in my price range which was only a few bucks north of \$0, but they all either needed work or were being sold for parts.

Kayleen rarely came out to talk to me and on more than one occasion through the window I saw her talking on the phone. Just after eight, she walked slowly out to the car and approached the driver's side door. I could tell she wasn't happy about something.

I depressed the button on the door panel and the window whirred down almost silently.

"Mark, I have to tell you something." I could see she was biting the inside of her cheek.

"What is it, Kay?" Either I was about to get dumped or her dog just got hit by a car. It turned out to be the former.

Apparently, Josh Miller, one of Kayleen's old boyfriends and not a bad egg himself, had just gotten back into town from Minnesota State and had asked her out and Kayleen accepted. What was telling was that I felt nothing. No pain. No hurt feelings. Nothing. We had lasted just shy of three weeks.

I reached out my hand and took her fingers in mine. I gently squeezed and smiled up at her. "It's alright, Kay. I think you and I both know we were never going to be more than very close friends anyway."

She nodded and looked relieved. "I do care for you a great deal, Mark. I just don't feel...that."

I winked at her and let her hand fall to her side. "I know, Kayleen, me, too. I hope Josh makes you feel...that." I gestured

at the mist that still fell and added, "Can I give you a lift home?"

She shook her head, and bent down to softly kiss my cheek and whispered, "Goodbye, Mark."

As Kayleen walked away towards her house, I smiled inwardly and reflected on the difference between Kayleen's kiss on my cheek and mom's goodnight kiss the night before.

As sick as it seemed, mom did make me feel...that.

-

I had been reduced to a broke, carless, dateless schmuck in less than 36 hours, but I was still, for the most part, happy. I debated seeing if Annie, another old friend from school, was busy but then grimaced at the thought of having to deal with her sanctimonious old prick of an old man for even five minutes. Besides, like me, I suspected Annie was into girls.

Brenda Miller crossed my mind, but I recalled seeing her enter the clinic when I dropped off mom. Brenda was cool, and we were friends -- she had graduated the year after I did -- and she was a looker. She was working as a CNA for the summer and was taking nursing courses in Cedar Rapids. I made a mental note to see if I could catch her to see if she was available when I picked up mom. Whatever else she was, Brenda sure looked good in her scrubs.

I got a burger from Skinny's and drove east on 151. On a long straight stretch I let the horses out and blew the carbon from the 455 under mom's hood. I wimped out at 110 when the front end started to shimmy a little and lifted my foot from the gas. The pavement was wet and I didn't want to wrap mom's car around a tree.

I filled up the car in Anamosa with my last ten and was left with 37 cents in my jeans. I either had to rob a bank or find a job, and I had no desire to spend my nights dancing with a thick-necked guy named Cletus.

Driving back towards Smithson, I reviewed my options. I could try Jersey's Salvage. I had worked for Otis Summers part-time during high school and he might have work, but suspected if he did, it wouldn't be steady as Otis Jersey was one of dad's regular drinking buddies. The Sun Spot, a flea bag motel was out also as I had no leanings towards establishing a career as a cleaning lady. The IGA was not an option, either, mostly because I couldn't stand the prick that owned it.

The only other businesses in town were small family operations that either had no outside employees, or employed long-time staff who had to die before jobs opened up.

I rolled into town at around 10:30 and parked the car on the street next to the clinic. I didn't want mom to get wet walking to the IGA lot.

At promptly 11, Brenda walked out of the building holding hands with Ernie Wilkerson. She looked happy as they walked down the sidewalk arm in arm. Scrap that idea.

A few minutes later, mom came through the clinic door, Dr. Orvin close behind her. He grabbed her arm and turned her towards him. His face was screwed up in anger and he looked like he was close to snapping. Mom didn't look too afraid, but I opened the car door and got out anyway.

I walked up onto the sidewalk and stood there only a few feet from where they were arguing. At 6'01" and a little over 200 pounds, I must have been a little intimidating to Dr. Orvin when he looked up and saw me standing there. He was actually a little shorter than mom's 5 ½ feet and couldn't have weighed more than a buck seventy five. He sputtered and fumed. His face was red, but he let mom's arm go.

I waited until mom was seated in the passenger seat and watched the somewhat effeminate doctor slink back inside the clinic. I never said a word.

Mom didn't seem too upset by whatever it was they had been bickering about. She only smiled her thanks and reached out to touch my arm.

"Want to go to The Millpond again?" She asked, digging a cigarette from her purse and lighting it with a Zippo.

"It's raining, mom." I took her cig from her fingers and took a long drag before handing it back to her.

"No shit, Sherlock." She laughed, lighting a second Winston and handing it to me. "But I don't want to go home. Is there anywhere else we can go to just sit and BS and smoke a few?"

Fog had crept in as the night air cooled and the drizzle continued. I thought of the bluff just outside of town and nodded, "I know a place we can go not too far from here."

"Lead on, dollboy." Mom put her stocking feet up on the dash and scrunched down in her seat.

"Boy?" I grinned.

"Okay, dollman."

-

"Kayleen and I aren't going out anymore." I told her as I pulled off the highway and drove up the old dirt road that led to a small bluff overlooking the highway. I backed the car under a small copse of Birch trees and turned the key in the ignition.

"I'm sorry, honey." Mom sympathized. "Are you alright?"

For a long minute I listened to the ticking of the cooling engine. I nodded and smiled, "Don't be sorry, mom. I'm not. I told you yesterday that we weren't in love. Far from it."

"That's okay, then." Mom pulled the bobby pins from her hair and let it fall around her shoulders. "You guys still friends?"

"Uh-huh." I mumbled mesmerized by the way her hair shimmered even in that dim light. "What was that to-do you had with the Doc back there?"

Mom scowled and shook her head. "It's nothing."

"He looked like he was going to hit you, mom." I reached out my right arm and began kneading the back of her neck.

She shivered delightfully and rolled her head forward. "Please, I could knock him on his ass if I had to."

"As long as I'm around, you won't have to, mom." I intoned dryly. "Do you want me to knock him on his ass?"

Mom giggled and shook her head. "Are you my friend, honey?"

"Of course! You've been my best friend for my whole life, how could I be anything less for you?" I continued massaging her neck.

"It's funny, Mark. As strange as it seems, you're my best friend, too. Is it safe to assume that anything I tell you goes no further than you?"

I leaned forward and crushed out my half-finished cigarette in the ash tray. "I promise." I answered simply.

Mom canted her head sideways and peered at me through the smoky darkness. She seemed satisfied. "Dr. Orvin and I had a brief affair a few months ago. I ended it and he is insisting I give him another chance."

"Mom!" I blurted, probably louder than I intended.

I could see color creep onto her cheeks. "I was so unbelievably lonely and Darrin was there and flattering and -- I see now -- somewhat manipulating. I thought he was nice and he was there when your dad wasn't -- not that your dad's been there for many years. I know it isn't an excuse, but we were only together a handful of times and ...he did nothing for me...uh...sexually." Mom reached up and took my hand that had stopped kneading her neck. "Are you disappointed in me, Mark?"

Staring out the windshield, I followed a bead of water meander downward, gathering others and getting larger. It had just about stopped raining. I was trying to digest what she confessed. Mostly what I couldn't fathom was how she could be attracted to a short, balding, middle-aged dough bag like the good doctor.

"I'm not disappointed in you. Certainly not for finding comfort with another man, given the lot you have with dad." I grinned broadly at her, "But I am kind of disappointed in

your choice of a lover. Why him? He looks like a balding Barney Rubble."

Mom squeezed my fingers and giggled. "Oh come on, he isn't that bad looking."

"Please, mom, he makes Otis look like freakin' Cary Grant."

She gave in to my assessment. "Okay, fine. Maybe it was just that he treated me nice."

"You deserve to be treated nice." I laced my fingers with hers and gently shook her arm. "You deserve so much better. I never understood why you haven't kicked dad to the curb a long time ago."

Mom sighed deeply and closed her eyes. "I don't know. I think there is a part of me that hopes he'll change, even though I know it probably isn't going to happen. You probably don't remember, honey, but your dad wasn't always...the way he is

now. There was a time he was dashing and devilishly handsome and he worshipped me more than he worships vodka now."

"But, mom..." I felt my anger towards dad begin to percolate.

"Honey, listen." Mom interrupted me, "Your father is a drunken, faithless and weak man, but somewhere down deep, the man I fell in love with is still there. I can't make him change. All I can try to do is make him want to change himself. I'm still hopeful." She laughed happily and added, "Besides, I can't hate him; he gave me you."

I wrinkled my nose at her and shrugged my shoulders. "I just get so pissed when I see how he treats you, mom. He uses you and abuses you. He's a goddamned leach."

"It's okay, Mark." Mom patted the back of my hand, "That's just who I am, Mary Jackson; modern day Florence Nightingale, pathetic martyr and marshmallow."

Extricating my hand from hers, I slid my arm around her shoulder and pulled her towards me. I kissed her temple and whispered, "I think that's why I love you, mom. You're always giving and giving."

She turned her face and looked up into my eyes. Ever so slowly, her face closed the distance between us and she pressed her lips to mine. When she drew away, we were both flushed. Mom touched my cheek with her fingertips and breathed, "I love you, too."

As at once, as if someone threw a switch, mom became animated and slid back into the passenger seat. She clenched her legs together and whimpered sheepishly, "I gotta pee."

"Think of a waterfall...a running faucet...taking a shower...a garden hose." I snickered.

She laughed and slapped my arm. "Brat!" Her laughter sounded like silvery bells.

"Do you want to drive back to town?" I asked, lighting another butt. "Or can you hold it 'til we get home?"

"I don't want to leave. I like being out here with you." Mom bent forward and pulled on her shoes. "What are the odds there is TP in this car?"

"Slim to nil." I quipped, "But I think there are some napkins from Skinny's in the glove box."

She popped the glove compartment and shouted triumphantly as she withdrew a half inch stack of paper product. "These will do nicely."

Mom stepped out of the car and admonished me, "Don't be peeking at me."

I laughed evilly and watched her traipse through the weeds until she was just a vague figure shrouded by fog and dark. Her white uniform seemed to hang suspended in mid air. I watched her hike her dress up over her hips. She looked back at the car and yelled back at me, "Stop looking at me."

Her underwear was the same type as the ones she wore the night previous. Beige, high topped and sensible.

Mom shrugged as if to say, 'Look if you want to, I don't care.' She stripped her panties down her legs and for just the briefest instant I saw her bottom almost gleaming through the mist. I could see why Dr. Orvin would be reluctant to give her up. Mom's ass, while maybe not as perfect as it may had been when she was in college, was still nicely shaped and looked firm.

She squatted in the high timothy and I was only able her shoulders and the back of her head. A minute or so later, she popped back up but had drawn her underwear up as she did

and pulled her dress down almost simultaneously. I could see her giggling as she made her way back to the Buick.

She pulled the door closed and smirked at me as she settled into her seat. "Brat."

I said the only thing I could think of. "Cute butt."

Chapter 3

Mom and I sat and smoked and talked long into the night. The rain started and stopped and started again. The fog became even denser so we couldn't even see the passing headlights on the highway below. It felt a little like I imagined it would feel to be cast away with mom on a deserted island somewhere; alone and isolated.

Mom didn't work weekends and I wasn't working so we were in no hurry. Neither of us really wanted the night to end or to go home to an oftentimes belligerent drunk.

"Rub my feet." Mom swiveled in her seat and leaned back against the door, laying her feet on my lap.

I didn't exactly have a foot fetish, but I loved massaging mom's feet, mostly, I think because it felt intimate. For someone who worked on them eight hours a day, her feet were amazingly delicate and smooth. I peeled off her anklets. No corns or bunions for Mary Jackson.

I handed her my half-finished cigarette and gently began working the bottoms of her feet. She puffed on the cigarette and closed her eyes and moaned softly. Pushing and squeezing, I dug my digits into her tissues the way I knew she liked. The only thing that was giving me pause was that the side and heel of mom's left foot was in contact with my crotch, despite my best efforts to prevent it.

"Mmmm..." Mom breathed softly, "That feels nice, honey."

The radio was playing softly in the background, the car was warm and smoke-filled and I was becoming aroused, especially when I noticed I could look up mom's dress with little effort on my part. For an indeterminate amount of time I rubbed her feet and stared out of the corner of my eye at the shadowy paleness of her panties and my penis got hard.

She had to have felt it, but if she did she said nothing.

I reluctantly pushed her feet towards her and couldn't help grinning as her rising knees bared her nether regions.

"What are you grinning at, brat?" She giggled, pushing her dress down between her knees obscuring my brief view. "I wouldn't be all smug over there, horn dog."

"I don't know what you mean."

She laughed long and loud. "Sure you don't. Pretend all you want you perve, I know you were getting all excited over your own mom's feet."

I could feel the blood flooding my neck and face. "Mom..." I pleaded. "I wasn't getting 'all excited' over your stupid feet. It was just that you were touching me with one of them and I couldn't help it."

"You're just a big ol' horn dog." She tittered, pushing up and curling her legs beneath her. "Just like every other guy I know."

I felt a cold bead of sweat trickle down my back. I was acutely aware that my erection wasn't about to just voluntarily go back into sleep mode. And then mom rescued me.

"It's okay, Mark." She said gently, reaching out to touch my shoulder. "I know why it happened. It was just physical stimulus and hormones. Please don't be embarrassed."

I looked into her eyes and could find only a shining love for me. The corners of her mouth curled up but I could see she wasn't mocking me.

"It is embarrassing, mom." I frowned. "I feel like a dumbass."

"Why?" She sounded like she was genuinely confused why her only child would be upset over becoming aroused in her presence. "You didn't have any problems with it last night. You didn't even have any problem taking care of business with me only a short distance away. What is different tonight?"

I squirmed a little and a harsh laugh burst from my throat. "Yesterday happened in large part because I had spent a couple hours making out with Kayleen and was already ready to burst when you started parading around in your skivvies. In case you haven't noticed, mom, Kayleen isn't in the back seat so I don't have an excuse."

Mom wrinkled her brow and giggled. "Don't be silly, honey. You're only 20. A stiff breeze will likely get you all hot and bothered. I'm not upset by it, believe me. In fact," She winked and added impishly, "If I had anything to do with it I'm flattered."

A choking, snorting groan squeezed from deep inside me. "Mom!"

"What?" She giggled. Mom always seemed to be giggling. "If I still can get a young buck like you all wound up, why wouldn't I be flattered? I don't give a rat's ass if you're my son. With all the pretty young college girls you must meet in school, why wouldn't I be proud if anything I do can get a hunky young guy excited? I'm not exactly a spring chicken, you know."

"What the heck are you talking about, mom?" I tried wriggling around on the seat to shift my erection which was bound up painfully in my shorts. "You're smoking hot. You look so good every 'hunky' young guy I know has commented about you in risqué terms since I was in the sixth grade. You've been

getting all the young bucks in the three county area 'all wound up' for most of my teen years. And apparently some of the old farts, too."

Mom slid her hand along my shoulder and I felt her soft, warm fingers caress the back of my neck. My penis hardened even more, if that were possible.

She tittered happily, "Really? Like who?"

"Seth. Kevin. Josh Miller. Josh Orenson. Ernie. Mike. Norm. And evidently, Dr. Orvin, to name a few. Somebody passed around a poll when I was a junior in high school. You were voted the hottest woman in town in a landslide."

"You never told me." Her fingers gently worked at my neck.

"Oh sure," I was being hypnotized by her fingers. "Like I could have. Besides," I grinned at her evilly, "I voted for you, too."

Mom's laughter sounded sweet in my ears. "You are so bad." She dug her watch from her bag and looked at it using the dashboard lights to see. "Wow. It's 3:15 in the morning. We've been up here for almost 4 hours."

"Time flies when you're having fun." I winked at her. "I don't know about you, but I sure enjoyed being here with you tonight."

"Me too," She agreed and gestured at my crotch. "Do you want to go take care of...uh...that before we go?"

"It's raining, mom." I wrinkled my nose. "I don't think it'll be very enjoyable."

The thought that a cold rain could cause my arousal to fade crossed my mind.

"Well, just do it right here." Mom suggested.

I turned my head sharply and looked into her deep brown eyes. Although I could see mirth dancing in them, I knew she was perfectly serious.

"Mom..."

"Oh please!" Mom snorted, lighting another Winston. "I see at least a dozen penises a week at work. Mostly they're all the same; soft, small and wrinkled. They've long since lost their magical appeal to me. A penis does nothing for me anymore unless there is foreplay...kissing... snuggling..."

"But the penises you see aren't mine." I laughed manically.

"You seem to forget, young man, that I washed your penis when you were a baby."

"Yeah, 20 some odd years ago!" I couldn't believe that not only was mom asking me to take out my erection and masturbate in front of her, but also that I was actually considering doing it.

"I saw it not so long ago, remember," Mom giggled, blowing a mouthful of smoke in my face, "Last winter when we were up at the cabin and I surprised you coming out of the shower."

"You really want me to do it...right here?" I wanted to, but if she was testing me, I didn't want to fail. "I'll make a mess all over your car."

"It isn't like it's spray paint, silly. We can clean it up. Now will you please unzip your fly and pull out your penis and do what comes naturally so we can get out of here. It's getting late." Mom squeezed the back of my neck hard and nodded at me.

I decided at that moment that she had asked for it. Whatever happened was on her hands. Besides, I couldn't think of anything hotter than bringing myself off with the hottest

woman in town watching. I leaned back against the seat, pushed up with my butt and popped the snap of my fly. I slowly unzipped my pants and reached into my boxers and gripped my aching erection.

Pushing my pants and shorts down my legs, I wiggled my hips until my midsection was freed of clothing and I sat there with my stiff organ gripped in my hand and mom kneeling on the seat next to me, her eyes fixed on my equipment.

"Oh my..." I heard her breathe sharply.

My dick wasn't the biggest in Iowa, I was sure. Probably not even the largest in the county. But showering after gym class in high school confirmed that I was bigger than anyone else I attended school with. I was proud of my very nicely sized penis and I wasn't about to pretend otherwise.

My friends Norm and Kevin and I had measured our erections when we were seniors. They had both been six inches long and a little more than an inch across. Mine was a

smidge longer than eight inches in length and at least twice as wide. They both started a short-lived and fortunately unsuccessful campaign to change my nickname from 'MJ' to 'Meat.'

My cock was laced with thick, looping veins and crowned with a knob that seemed almost disproportionately small in comparison to my blood engorged shaft. About the size of a golf ball, my helmet was smooth and so sensitive to the touch I could usually bring myself off by just rubbing my thumb over it a few times.

Slowly I began fisting myself. Light as the rain that fell outside the car, my fingers danced over my heated flesh. Up and down my hand stroked my swollen cock as my muse knelt by my side watching. From the corner of my eye I could see her completely captivated by the sheer eroticism of watching her son masturbating. She was characteristically biting her lower lip and her nostrils were flared. Her half-burned cigarette was forgotten between her fingers.

My own panting didn't drown out a keening whine that squeezed from her throat.

For mom's benefit I delayed my climax as best I was able. I squeezed the base of my dick, with my little finger and thumb and used my other three fingers to swing it from side to side and back and forth. Mom's head was moving slightly side to side and back and forth as she watched me.

She may have seen many penises as a medical professional, but I could see that in her present state, she was anything but clinical. She was a woman who hadn't been loved in too long a time. I may have been her son, but my cock was hard and thick and oozing pre-come and she was a woman.

And then I erupted. I could feel my testicles tightening up in that old familiar sensation and I cried out as my load boiled up and shot out of the end of my organ in long, thick ropes that splattered onto the windshield, the canopy and my shirt. The dashboard took a wad. I caught a jet under my chin. The light show that burst in my head was astonishing and my

entire body jerked over and over as my semen poured out of me. I don't think I loved anything more, excepting mom, than coming.

"Oooooohhhhhh sweet Jeesussss..." I whimpered as my climax rolled on and on.

Finally, with a whimper, my orgasm faded. I collapsed onto the seat and slumped forward over the wheel, gasping and wheezing. My heart still hammered in my chest cavity. I was sweating and shaking.

Mom was still fixated on my appendage that was still tightly gripped in my fingers. Her eyes were mere slits and the color on her high cheekbones suggested that the experience of watching me jerk off hadn't been at all unemotional and detached. Her left hand was pushed into her uniform's skirt at her groin and she was writhing slowly on her legs.

I lifted off the seat and pulled up my drawers, tucking my softening dick into my boxers. I zipped myself up and settled

back onto the faux leather. I was surprised that I wasn't at all self-conscious.

"Could you hand me a wad of those napkins?" I gestured to the glove box.

It didn't register. She looked dazed. Her eyes were glassy and hooded. She was flushed and her hands were shaking.

"Mom?" I poked her leg.

"Huh?" She muttered thickly. "What...uh...oh..."

"Could you hand me some of the napkins in the glove so I can clean this up?"

She snapped back to the present and hurriedly reached into the small compartment of the passenger side and handed me a handful of four inch square double-folded napkins that

were emblazoned pretentiously in red, 'Skinny's -- The Best Burger in Iowa.'

It seemed that mom didn't trust herself to talk because she was silent as I mopped up wads of my thick, white come from wherever I could find them. I rolled down the window and tossed the sodden mess into the bushes. Apparently I missed some because as I rolled up the window, mom reached out and wiped up a small amount of my semen from the steering wheel with her hooked finger. I couldn't help smiling as mom rubbed my slippery seed between her thumb and forefinger for a few seconds before wiping it on the underside of the seat.

"Oh my goodness, Mark." She looked up into my eyes, her eyes wide, her mouth pursed. "I don't think I've ever seen anything quite so...hot."

I laughed gently. "I thought you said seeing penises had lost their 'magical appeal' for you?" I nudged her shoulder and winked knowingly. "They don't do anything for you anymore, huh?"

She slumped down into the far side of the front seat. "Well, I can honestly say I've n...never seen anything quite like...like...that."

Mom was shivering and seemed to be drawing into herself.

I reached forward and turned the heater to 'high' and switched the selector to blow the warm air onto the windshield. As fogged up as they were, I wasn't driving anywhere until they cleared.

-

I waited a few minutes and eased the gear shift into 'D2' and took my foot off the brake. I let the engine idle us down the rutted road to the highway below. I could hear the long grass that grew in the middle of the rough road whisker on the undercarriage. Mom was strangely silent.

While it was still raining, the fog had lifted to a low stratus layer. I pulled mom's bomber onto the two lane blacktop and pointed it towards Smithson. Despite masturbating in front of mom, I wasn't at all uncomfortable. I felt giddy. I had dreamed of doing just that so many times it just felt right, albeit, when I came in my fantasies I often ejaculated on mom's tits or in her mouth.

And despite mom's assertion that seeing penises did nothing for her, I knew with certainty that her seeing my penis in its erect state did a whole lot for her. She was still huddled against the passenger door, her hands clasped between her drawn up legs. Whatever else she claimed mom, had been shocked to the core by watching me masturbate.

Smithson was mostly dark when we slowly drove through town. The one traffic light flashed yellow in all four directions. I waved at Josh Orenson, an old classmate and new deputy sheriff who was parked in his squad car next to the Tastee-Freez. He waved back.

The house was dark when I rolled the Buick up next to the porch. Either dear old dad had passed out while it was still light or he wasn't home.

He wasn't home.

Mom still wasn't talking when we entered the house. I wondered if she was upset. I was beginning to be upset myself at her seeming detachment. At the very least she could talk to me. I followed her into the living room and watched her putter around, straightening rugs and pictures and knick-knacks and trying to pretend I wasn't there.

When she pulled out the Kirby I had enough. I stormed up to my room. Mom could pretend what happened hadn't but I couldn't. I slammed my bedroom door and flopped down onto my twin bed, not bothering to remove my clothes. I hadn't held a gun to her head and forced her to watch me jerk off. It had been her freaking idea!

Yes, I was angry. Perhaps the most exciting, most erotic, and most special night of my life had ended with a crash. I felt like crying. I reached up and plugged a Marvin Gaye cartridge into my 8 track and pushed the power button. 'You're All I Need to Get By' began playing and I felt myself relaxing.

I'd talk to mom in the morning and make everything right.

The song hadn't even ended when I heard her knock on my door.

For an instant I debated pretending I hadn't heard her knock. Instead, I pushed up from my bed and, bracing myself, I opened the door.

Mom had been crying. "I'm so sorry, honey." She sobbed.

I didn't hesitate and wrapped my arms around her shoulders and pulled her close. "There is nothing to apologize for." I whispered against her ear.

Her whole body shook and shuddered as I held her. "I d...don't know why I acted s...so childish. You d...didn't do anything wrong. I was p...pushing you to d...do...um...it. I l...love you so m...much, honey. P...Please don't h...hate m...me."

I laughed softly and cupped her chin with my hand and tilted her face up to mine. "I could never hate you, mom. Never!" I pressed my mouth to hers and felt the bottoms of my feet tingle as our lips clung together, sluing and sliding.

I pulled my lips from hers with a loud smack and looked into her eyes and ordered firmly. "All I ask if you ever wonder how I feel or if you ever feel confused about things, just talk to me. I promise I'll be honest with you."

She looked up into my eyes like an innocent doe and nodded. "Me, too. I promise I'll n...never act like this again."

I kissed her again and thrilled when she briefly sucked my lower lip between hers.

When we parted, mom turned towards her bedroom and jumped when I goosed her. She giggled and swatted at me weakly.

"I do love you, honey."

"I know, mom, I love you, too."

When I peeled off my clothes and crawled between my sheets, I did so happy. Not as happy as if mom had invited me into her bed, but happy nonetheless.

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In the night, mom and I came together in a Salvador Daliesque dream that was surreal and strange, but hotter than hell.

The laws of gravity seemed to have been repealed. I floated through the closed front door of the house to a dazzlingly and brilliant day. All the colors that made up my world were somehow more intense. The grass was so green it almost seemed to pulsate color. The blue of the sky was so deep it hurt my eyes. Even the breeze seemed to have a mauve tint to it.

I willed myself to float along with the slight zephyr, rolling onto my side and propping my head up on my cocked arm. I waved at a small group of friends who apparently were headed out for a day of fishing. They all were dressed like Tom Sawyer with overalls, bare feet, and straw hats perched on their pates. All four had cane poles and coffee cans filled with worms and all chewed on stalks of weeds as they ambled down the street.

I floated past the clinic and sneered at Dr. Orvin who shook his fist up at me and sounded a lot like a Mel Blanc cartoon. I knew where the breeze was taking me long before I got there and I knew that she would be waiting for me.

Gaining elevation, I rose up over the bluff and smiled when I saw mom's clothing dissolve like so much cotton candy in a rainstorm, and then felt my own garments liquefying.

I was hard and ready. I could see the dew between mom's legs as I drew closer.

"Why have you kept me waiting so long?" She smiled warmly.

In mid air, we came together. My erection, easily as long as my forearm and as thick as my wrist, eased into her silky vagina that was virginal. I felt the slightest of snapping sensations as I broke her hymen and mom giggled.

We rolled over and over as we slowly drew our hips back and, just as slowly, brought them back together. Over and over we spun in the air, oblivious to everything else. Mom's pussy felt like a warm silken hand was grasping at me. Her perfect

breasts looked as they were made of porcelain. If there were flaws on her being, I couldn't see them.

Mom pushed on my shoulders and 'rose up' so that our conjoined bodies were perpendicular. We continued slowly making love while hovering six feet above the ground. A robin lit on mom's shoulder and sang the lyrics to the 'Song of the South' and I half expected Br'er Rabbit to step from the bushes.

A car backfired somewhere in the night and I was sorely disappointed when I awoke to a darkened bedroom with an aching erection tenting my boxers and an ache in my heart. I staggered from bed and traipsed across the hall to the bathroom. I don't think I would have hid my arousal had mom stepped from her bedroom, but she didn't.

I jerked off in the toilet, cleaned up the mess from the wall behind the tank and washed my hands and returned to my bed. I lay awake for a long time wondering if a vagina really did feel like a warm silky hand.

In the end, I decided it probably didn't, but my warped psyche had drawn from the only experience I had to draw from.

Chapter 4

Rain eventually ends and late the next morning when I rolled out of bed, the sun shone brightly in the southern sky through puffy cumulous clouds. It was still chilly for June, but the would-be cold snap wasn't much. The thermometer on the garage read 64F by noon. Dad was a no show as he most often was, and mom was sleeping in.

I donned a pair of relatively clean jeans and a polo shirt, tracked down my wallet and mom's keys. I had an appointment with a doctor.

Mom's Riviera idled up to a neat little Victorian house on Aspen Street a little after 1 pm. A little boy who looked to be about four or five was playing in the front yard. A black Lab

puppy knocked him down again and again to gales of laughter.

I exited the car and leaned against it for a few minutes wondering at the wisdom of what I was about to do.

The gate squeaked when I opened it and the puppy rushed over to try licking me to death.

When I knocked on the door, a woman answered. She wasn't unattractive at all. She was a petite little blond with expressive eyes and a nice little figure. She looked to be in her mid thirties.

"May I help you?" She wiped her hands on a kitchen towel.

"Uh...is Doctor Orvin available?" I asked, trying to seem innocuous.

"One moment." The cute little blond stepped back inside and I heard her yell, "Darrin!"

I wrestled playfully with the puppy while I waited. I had always liked dogs.

When Dr. Orvin saw me standing on his front porch he froze, the screen door half open. I could see his wife's silhouette just inside the door.

"What do you want?" He looked as though he wanted to be anywhere but there at that particular moment.

I rose to my full height and reached out and pulled the door fully open. "I just wanted to have a word or two with you."

I suspect the good doctor would have preferred stuffing a red hot poker up his ass than to have a word with me, but he pulled the storm door closed behind him and sidled onto the porch.

"What is it?" He demanded pompously.

I stared into his eyes unflinchingly and calmly said, "If you ever again talk to my mother about anything unrelated to work, if you ever so much as touch her in an unprofessional manner, if you even think about making her work difficult, I'm going to kill you."

Dr. Orvin's face blanched pasty white. I could see him trying to ascertain the joke. The pudgy little man actually tried to argue.

"What...who...I don't know what...oooohhh..."

I smiled softly and stepped up close to him. I reached out and tapped his chest with my forefinger. "Don't for a second think I'm joking. If you bother my mother again, you're dead. I'll break your neck like I'd snap a wounded rabbit's."

I stepped off his porch, rubbed the puppy behind the ears and threw him a tennis ball into the back yard. The little boy and puppy both chased the ball and I looked back at Dr. Orvin and in a conversational tone, said, "Believe me, I'm the last motherfucker you want to fuck with and if you fuck with my mom again, you're fucking with me."

The good doctor looked like he was going to pee his pants.

I was sure mom wouldn't have approved of my approach in dealing with her problem, but I was confident she wouldn't have much problem from him again.

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Of course I was full of crap, but the doctor didn't know that. I was a well known pacifist among my friends and had never hit anyone in anger in my life and wasn't about to start then. I occasionally wanted to knock dad out, but always contained myself. There was usually always a better way to handle anger than with violence.

No, I was a better actor than leg breaker.

As I eased away from the curb, I touched the tips of two fingers to my eyebrow and nodded in Dr. Orvin's direction. The way he looked I almost felt sorry for him.

I stopped at the IGA and picked up a jug of milk and the paper and then drove home. Mom was up and about when I walked through the front door. She was seated at the table with a plate of reheated pork and beans.

"Beans, beans, the musical fruit..." She winked up at me and smirked. "Wait until about four or five."

"You are so crude, mom." I laughed. "Dad around?"

"Unless he is passed out in the basement or shed, no."

I touched her shoulder as I walked past to get a drink of water.
"Last night was...uh...different."

Her eyes positively danced as she chewed a mouthful of food. She nodded, swallowed, and gushed, "Oh my God! I don't think I've enjoyed myself more in a car. Ever! Watching you do...that was soooo hot."

"Mom, having you watch me was what was hot." Her attitude that morning was certainly better than the night before. "It would have been mind-blowing to do it with anybody else watching, but it was so unbelievably exciting, so...surreal doing it with you looking on."

"I could hardly fall asleep last night thinking about it, honey." She pushed aside her plate and turned sideways in her chair. "It was so intimate and...sexy and I don't care how sick it sounds."

"If you're sick, so am I." I didn't really think either one of us was sick.

"We're both a couple of perverts." She giggled. "You really liked me watching you masturbate?"

"Uh-huh." I could feel my groin stirring as I remembered the event. "I don't know why, but I did."

"Maybe we can go parking again sometime?" The look in her eye suggested she wouldn't have minded parking that very moment.

She was gorgeous. Her hair was tied back in a simple ponytail. She wore an oversized red and white checked flannel shirt with her sleeves rolled up over her elbows, a pair of tie-tied bell-bottomed jeans with a rip in the knee, and a pair of sandals. The color on her cheeks had risen as we reminisced about the previous evening. Her lips held just a hint of ice pink lipstick. The loose fabric of her shirt molded to her breasts nicely without being obscene. She looked like she was ready for Woodstock or cruising garage sales, but she was so beautiful it hurt to look at her.

"I'd like that very much."

She was practically wriggling in the chair and asked hopefully, "Tonight?"

My heart and penis surged. I don't know what had gotten into mom, what had made her so willing to dip a toe in the world I'd been inhabiting since I was old enough to know she wasn't just 'mom' and that she was indeed a beautiful, sexy woman. She was lonely, I knew, and neglected, but she hadn't ever even hinted at any sort of 'unmotherly' inclinations as I was growing up.

Sure, there were frequent silly little jokes and innuendo, but what mother and son hadn't engaged in innocent banter? A pinched butt here or there, a low whistle at something she was wearing, her telling me how handsome I was before the prom, hugs and kisses for no particular reason. Weren't those sorts of things commonplace in every household in the country that contained a teenaged boy and mother?

She asked again, "Can we go out tonight?"

I nodded my head and smiled inwardly when her eyes flitted to my groin where my equipment was beginning to bulge out the front of my Levis. "I think that can be arranged, mom."

She squealed and clapped her hands like she was 13 and seeing Elvis for the first time on Ed Sullivan. "Oh my God! Oh my God! I can't wait."

"Same bat time, same bat place?" I asked.

Her head bobbed up and down vigorously. "Maybe we can pack a picnic basket and stay up there all night and watch the sun rise. It was so much fun just talking with you and smoking and all. I felt like I was back in high school."

"I had fun, too." I set the water glass on the counter and asked, "Speaking of smoking, can I bum one?"

She shook her head. "Completely out, sorry."

I wasn't all that disappointed. I usually only smoked when I was out with the guys or camping or fishing or bored. Mom smoked more than I did, but even she went through less than a pack a day.

"It's a date then," I nodded, "Right now I'm going to see if I can track down Otis to see if he has work for me. Hopefully he isn't off on a bender."

Mom stopped me by grabbing my arm as I was passing by where she sat. She swiveled the chair she sat in and gripped me at the hips. "Let me kiss you 'good morning' properly."

She rose to her feet and slid her arms around me, pulling me close. One of her hands slipped up beneath my shirt and tenderly stroked my back. She pressed herself against me and I watched her mouth close on mine, glistening and soft; her lips parted. I closed my eyes and felt faint as her lips pressed against mine and she kissed me thoroughly and with passion.

Clinging and sucking, our lips slued together and, although there was no tongue, I had never enjoyed a kiss more. Her body felt amazingly soft and pliant pressed against me from head to groin. She had to feel my semi-erect penis pressing into her own crotch.

I have no idea how long her 'good morning' kiss lasted -- it may have been a minute or three days -- but I was reeling when I felt her gradually begin to draw away from me.

"Good morning, darling." She whispered. I could felt her breath on my chin, moist and warm.

As if she suddenly felt self-conscious, mom dropped her hands and stepped back, leaving me quivering and afire.

I smiled weakly at her and mumbled hoarsely, "It is a good morning, isn't it."

When I left the house a few minutes later I was looking for Otis, but prior to tracking him down, I had to find a private place to relieve the pressure saying 'good morning' to mom had created.

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Otis did have work for me. Surprisingly, he was sober and relatively clean and groomed. His normally stubbly jowls were clean shaven and his graying hair was combed back in a neat, if somewhat thin, pompadour.

He told me he could use me at least four days a week with a promise of more on occasion. Otis' regular jack about, Casey, hadn't shown up for three straight days and Otis was through with him. "Sumbitch owes me three weeks advance."

Otis Jersey surprised me again. "\$6 an hour if'n I can pay ya under the table. If ya insist on payin' taxes I gotta pay ya \$4."

"Under the table is fine, Mr. Jersey." I was elated. I was going to be making more than three times the federal minimum wage. The entire time I worked for him while I was in school, he had paid me \$1.60 per hour.

"Ya think ya can run the fork?" He asked, hooking a thumb over his shoulder at a dilapidated contraption that vaguely resembled a forklift.

"I can run it if it starts." I didn't have a clue about using the forklift, but figured it couldn't be that difficult. If mutton-headed Casey could run it, I was sure I could.

"Show up here eight Monday mornin' ready to work. We got a lot to git to."

I shook his big, fleshy, work-hardened hand vigorously and nodded, "I won't let you down, Mr. Jersey."

"Ya ain't a punk kid no more, boy. If'n ya call me Mr. Jersey one more time yer gonna need either a proctologist or a podiatrist to get my foot outta yer ass. Mr. Jersey was my pa." Otis was grinning as he clapped me on the shoulder.

I felt good when I left the salvage yard. Maybe things were looking up. I had a job and I had a hot date later that evening.

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I showered and donned a clean pullover shirt and a pair of faded jeans and spent the afternoon reading a novel.

The shadows were lengthening and the ambient light was failing when Mom walked through the living room where I was reading Irving Wallace's 'The Word' and generally feeling good about things.

"I'm going to go get ready for our date, honey. Give me an hour." She had tied the bottom of her flannel shirt above her

navel and she looked good enough to eat. The thought of munching on her pussy caused the book on my lap to shift significantly.

"I think you should wear your little black dress, mom." I suggested.

"Oh you do, do you?" She grinned wickedly.

"Uh-huh." I matched her evil grin. "And don't wear panty hose or a bra."

"You are soooo bad!" She giggled. "And how about crotch-less panties?"

"If you want," I rolled my eyes up and tried to picture it, "But a pair of plain white cotton briefs will do nicely, thank you. Although I think you look hot in your granny panties, too, so it's up to you."

"You are a rogue, aren't you?" I could tell Mom could barely keep from laughing hysterically. "Do you really think you're going to have opportunity to see whatever panties I choose to wear?"

"Uh-huh." I said matter-of-factly. "In fact, I'm counting on it."

She started up the stairs to her room and laughed back at me, "If that's your goal, you better treat me like a princess tonight."

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I about chewed my bottom lip off when mom sashayed down the stairs roughly 45 minutes later, a few minutes before eight. The black silk dress she wore clung to her curves and accentuated her many attributes. The dress was short sleeved and had a plunging neckline. It cinched at her waist and the smooth flowing skirt stopped just above her knees. My eyes widened at the sight of her pirouetting for me at the foot of the staircase. Her skirt swirled up around freshly shaved legs. She wasn't wearing hose.

She swayed -- for my benefit I'm sure -- to the kitchen and retrieved a basket from the countertop where she had prepared it and walked back into the dining room. The swinging doors to the kitchen hadn't stopped moving when dad staggered in through the front door.

He was sauced. His eyes were bleary and unfocused, but he was able to focus on mom long enough to say, "Wha the fucshk! Where you think yer goin' dressed like tha?"

"Mark and I are going out, Earl." Mom looked nervous. "Why don't you just go upstairs and go to sleep?"

"Don't tell me wha to do!" He shouted. "You ain't goin' no wheres."

Dad reached for mom and, for the first time in my life I hit another human being. I dotted his left eye with my closed right fist and he went down like a pole-axed steer. He sort of

writhed and contorted and rolled over on his stomach then lay still, breathing heavily. I surmised he was out for the night.

My hand hurt like the devil but I didn't even notice the pain right away, my adrenaline was running too high.

Mom stepped over him unceremoniously and gestured for me to follow. Dad was going to be alright, at least for that night, and mom and I had a date to get to.

She handed me the keys to her car as we walked to where it dominated the driveway and I gallantly opened the passenger door for my date. Not so gallantly, as she stooped to enter, I reached down and lifted her skirt. She was wearing plain white cotton briefs.

"You are such a brat!" She beamed happily at me as I slid behind the wheel. I could tell she wasn't upset at all.

"Just checking to see if you followed my instructions." I wrinkled my nose at her as I slowly backed her car out of the drive.

"Do you want to check if I'm wearing a bra, too?" She laughed.

"Naw," I winked at her in the gathering dark, "I can already see you're not."

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Mom had me stop at the convenience store to pick up a six pack of Tab, a six pack of PBR and 3 packs of Winston 100s. Without her knowledge, I also bought a three pack of condoms. I didn't know if mom was still fertile or not, but if she was, I didn't want to take any chances.

I didn't actually believe she would let me fuck her, but if the opportunity arose, I wanted to be prepared. And the way she

had been acting over the past 48 plus hours, I thought the possibility had legs.

Fortunately, the bluff was deserted. The small outcropping of limestone had room for one vehicle and little else.

Safely ensconced under the birches, I set the emergency brake and doused the headlights. A taped-delayed Wolfman was doing his thing on the radio and the stars above glittered like holes punched in black velvet.

The night was a bit chilly, but not terrible. I set the temperature selector at 50% and the fan dial on low. Mom lit two cigarettes and handed me one, her fingers sensuously caressing mine as I took it from her. It was just a touch but it said so much.

Mom kicked off her black two inch heels and put her feet up on the dash. "I wish I had met you before your dad."

I couldn't help laughing. "That is just...retarded. How could you meet me before dad?"

She screwed up her face and responded, giggling, "Duh, jerkboy! I know, but I can't help wishing it, regardless. I love you so much I guess I just wish he was more like you. Sensitive and caring and all."

"I'm half him and half you." I exhaled a cloud of smoke and shifted the wheel to its highest setting.

"Well, if I could do it over again," Mom intoned "I'd search the world over until I found you. They say everyone has a double."

"Do you love dad?" I asked.

"Yes and no. Mostly no." She answered, blowing small smoke rings. "I love what he was and I hate what he's become. For

some reason, it made me feel...good when you knocked him out tonight. You're my knight in shining armor."

"Me too," I turned sideways in the driver's seat. The wheel dug sharply into my hip and left leg. "Although I dunno about being a knight in shining armor and right now my hand is paying the price."

Mom glanced at me as I winced at the pain caused by the steering wheel. "Why don't we hop in the back seat? We'll both be a whole lot more comfortable and I can take a look at your hand. It is the least I can do for my hero."

Chapter 5

She didn't need to twist my arm. I kicked off my shoes and slithered over the back of the seat and settled onto the back seat and extended my left hand to mom and held her hand as she clambered into the back.

Mom took my right hand and examined it in the dim light. She deftly manipulated my fingers and knuckles. The first two fingers were red and swollen, but mom pronounced them unbroken.

She lifted my hand to her mouth and kissed it softly. "I think they'll be sore for a few days, but no real damage done."

"Thanks, mom." I withdrew my hand from hers and slipped my arm over her shoulder, pulling her into me. "It was worth it. As much as I dislike violence, I've wanted to...to do that to him for just about forever. Besides, there wasn't time for a discussion."

She snuggled against me, resting her head against my shoulder. "You made me feel safe tonight, honey. You made me feel like nobody can hurt me when you're around."

"I promise you, nobody can if I have anything to do about it." I kissed the top of her head and breathed in deeply the scent of her strawberry Suave shampoo and a perfume I thought

could have been her Chanel #5, but might have been almost anything else. What the heck did I know about perfumes?

She turned her face up and kissed my cheek. Feather soft and delicate, her lips caressed my skin sending shivers up and down my spine. I was acutely aware of her soft breast pressing into my side and I could feel my dick hardening.

Mom and I sat and snuggled in silence for awhile. We smoked a few and talked idly about nothing and everything and all the while we were falling in love, although I didn't recognize it at the time. Of course, I loved her, but this was something new. This was an awakening of the spirit, an embrace of two souls finding each other.

She made me feel good and right.

"So you and Kayleen never...did it?" Mom looked up at me with big doe eyes.

"Mom, I haven't done...it...with anyone." I screwed up my face at her.

"You're a...a virgin?" She sounded a bit shocked. "You're twenty years old..."

"Don't make such a big deal about it." I countered, "I told you before I didn't want to do it just...because I could. I want it to mean something. When it happens I want to be making love not just fucking. Until then, I have Rosy Palm and her five lovely daughters."

"You're a weird kid." She laughed softly. "But maybe that isn't a bad thing."

The interior of the windows were fogged over and the interior of the Riviera was filled with cigarette smoke. The radio played softly in the speakers on the back window ledge. Three Dog Night, Smokey Robinson, Simon and Garfunkel, Rod Stewart and others provided a sound track for our new found...whatever it was.

When The Carpenters 'Close to You' began playing, mom and I simultaneously turned our faces and gazed at each other through the darkness. There were no words. Our mouths came together delicately, our lips clinging and open, and for the first time, our tongues met. If I tried to explain what it felt like to feel mom's tongue in my mouth that first time, I'd fail miserably. Warm, yes. Wet, yes, of course. But beyond that, it was unlike anything I'd ever experienced.

Kayleen and I had frenched, often for hours at a time, but the first time mom's tongue slithered into my mouth, I knew that kissing mom was what I had been practicing for. My heart felt like it was being squeezed by a giant fist. One kiss, three seconds, and every system in my body was overloading. When she gently coaxed my tongue into a sparring match I felt my whole body tingle and my penis immediately jumped to full attention.

My arm tightened around her, pulling her closer as our tongues danced and writhed together, getting to know each

other. My head was spinning. My world was being tilted off its axis and the bottoms of my feet tingled. And still we kissed.

I was kissing my mom but it didn't feel strange. In reality, I was just kissing a beautiful woman who I had lusted after since I was old enough to lust.

Finally, more in self-preservation than anything else, we slowly peeled our lips apart and sat there looking at each other, panting heavily and both clearly aroused. Mom's nostrils were flared delicately and the color on her cheeks was high. Her eyes were hooded and lust filled. I could only imagine what I looked like to her.

Even in the poor light, I could see her right nipple was erect beneath the fabric of her dress. My dick was so hard it hurt. It was bent and contorted beneath the denim of my jeans, straining to be freed.

Mom seemed to sense my discomfort and giggled hoarsely. "Is my baby all wound up?"

"No shit, mom." I wheezed, "I've never been kissed like that. Ever! Kissing Kayleen was like kissing a carp by comparison."

"I want to watch you masturbate again, darling." Mom beamed up at me. "Please take it out for me. Please."

How could I refuse a lady? I mentally shrugged and nodded, "You're not going to get all weird on me again if I do, are you?"

"I promise, Mark." She was literally wriggling in anticipation on the seat next to me.

I was a righty and lifted my arm from around mom's shoulder. I quickly unfastened my jeans and unzipped my fly. Pushing up with my legs, I slipped my pants and boxers off my hips, feeling an immediate relief as my cock sprang out and stood quivering for inspection. And mom was inspecting it. She leaned forward slightly and stared at it fixedly as it twitched and shivered in the close, smoky air in her car.

I reached down and tried to wrap my fingers around it at the base but encountered an immediate problem. My forefinger and middle finger had swollen significantly at the second and third knuckles making it impossible for them to close around my appendage. My other two digits could clasp my penis, somewhat, but they weren't going to be enough. I tried with my left hand, but it was awkward and somewhat disjointed.

It turns out, I wasn't ambidextrous. As many times as I had pulled my dick over the years, I had never done it with my left hand.

I suppose given enough time I could have done the job with my off hand, but mom came to my rescue and made me never want to engage in auto-erotic stimulation ever again.

"Let me, darling." She whispered.

I wasn't at all sure I understood her at first, but when I felt her right hand reach across and push through my pubic hair and lightly grip me near the base of my dick, I groaned hard and let my left hand fall onto the seat next to me and let her have her way.

Oh my dear God! I had never felt anything so incredible in my life. Mom's hand was so soft and warm on my erection it was blowing my mind. It felt like heaven on earth as she tentatively began stroking me lightly but surely. Her fingers were deliciously delicate and I wasn't going to last. All the baseball statistics and multiplication tables in the world weren't going to prevent the inevitable.

Without much warning, my balls contracted and my semen coursed through my urethra and sprayed into the air above mom and me. I yelled loudly and jerked over and over as my orgasm consumed me. Every nerve in my body was shouting in unison. Explosions of light and sound burst in my head and belly as I quivered and shook on the tan vinyl of mom's car.

Slowly, my orgasm faded until, with a final whimper, the last of my come oozed from the end of my cock and flowed down to cover mom's fingers. I looked at her and noted she was as dazed as I was. She still held my penis in her hands, lightly squeezing and tugging at me.

"Oh. My. God." She panted, as if unable to grasp what she had just done.

I reached up and clasped her hair in my hand and tipped her face up to mine and covered her mouth with mine. I didn't wait for an invitation and plunged my tongue deep into her mouth. Mom immediately coiled her tongue with mine and for a wonderful eternity we sucked on the others tongues, licking and sucking, alternating thrusting our tongues in the others mouth. She never relinquished her grip on my somewhat softening penis.

When we parted, panting, mom did slowly release me. She looked stunned. Not embarrassed at all, just surprised.

Over the years, mom and I often talked about that night. She often said she didn't expect we'd ever go as far as we did that night, but, as it turned out, the night wasn't even close to being over.

Mom collected herself enough to lean forward and reach down to get a kitchen towel from the basket that was on the floor next to her.

"That was awesome, mom." I whispered harshly as she began daubing up my excretions. She managed to track down all of the thick, white puddles of my semen and then deliberately cleaned her fingers.

She opened the door and tossed the towel into the weeds. "That was more than awesome, honey." She intoned flatly, "That was so fucking hot. It's so big...so fat."

I kissed her again, then, thoroughly and deliberately. I didn't know where we were headed at that point; all I knew was that I was going to take as much from her as she was willing to give and I wasn't going to look back. My entire adolescence had been centered on mom, and now that she was giving me the green light, I was going to go for broke.

Fuck propriety and fuck dad.

Time had no meaning there in the dark. All that mattered was the vibrant and lively woman in my arms and the awful and wonderful ache in my heart. My dreams, at least in a small way, were becoming reality.

We kissed and we snuggled and nuzzled at each other for what seemed an eternity. Mom didn't even flinch when I palmed her left breast with my hand as I sucked at her neck. A soft moan escaped her throat but she didn't push my hand away. I softly squeezed it with my fingers, exploring it, memorizing it.

Even if I was just fondling her through her dress, I was completely enthralled. Her breast was heavy and pliable, and warm against my hand. Roughly the size of a large orange or a small grapefruit, it fit my curled hand as if it were made for me.

Mom pushed my face away from her and smiled and winked up at me as she mouthed "Brat." and then kissed me fiercely as I continued manipulating her tit.

My penis had recovered nicely, although it was still semi-soft. I jerked when I felt her blindly hunt for it and then begin squeezing it.

Mom pulled her mouth from mine and cried out plaintively, "Ohhhhh Mark. Ohhhhh honey..."

"C...Can I see your...your tits, mom?" I begged.

"You've s...seen them b...before." Her eyes were glazed and her lips were trembling.

"N...Not this...um...close...or in this c...context. Christ, m...mom your hand feels so good on m...my d...dick."

Mary Jackson, star of so many of my fantasies, pushed the boundaries she and I were exploring and dropped my thickening and lengthening dick and rose up on the seat next to me. She steadied herself with a hand on my shoulders and straddled my legs, placing a knee on either side. The flowing fabric of her dress covered my midsection.

I couldn't move as she settled her weight onto me. She wasn't sitting on my crotch, exactly, but she was close. She gazed down at me and smiled, reaching behind her to unzip her dress.

"Mom..." I whimpered.

As if in slow motion, mom crossed her arms in front of her and pinched the edges of her sleeves between her thumbs and forefingers and slowly pulled downward. I watched as the tops of two perfect globes came into view. I couldn't breath. I couldn't think. I bit the inside of my cheek when her hard little nipples appeared. My penis was no longer semi-soft.

When mom's tits were completely exposed to me, she just sat there on my legs smiling down at me and let me look to my hearts content.

They were perfect. Perfectly round, proud and up thrust with very little sag, mom's breasts belied her 45 years. Her nipples were brownish pink and slightly thicker and longer than pencil erasers and were surrounded by quarter-sized areolas that were similarly colored and pebbly with her excitement.

The twin beauties rose and fell on her chest in time with her breathing. My eyes flitted from breast to breast. They were exquisite. Mom only groaned when I forced my trembling hands to lift and reach out to cup them at the sides and

bottoms. Cogent thought had ceased. All I could do was feel and react. The ultra-soft warmth of her tit-flesh against my fingers. The sheer erotic charge of actually holding mom's breasts in my hands -- how utterly mind-bending.

Mom held my arms at the wrists. Her eyes closed and her head rolled back as I touched her. For the longest time I just pressed her soft flesh with my fingers, gently kneading her. I would have been content to just hold her breasts for the rest of my life. My erection had returned and was as steely as ever, and then mom dialed things up a notch.

She looked down at me and pulled my hands from her chest. I complained in disappointment but she smiled and winked. "I think you'll like this."

Mom pressed her left hand against the outside of her breast and leaned forward, guiding her nipple towards me. My mouth dropped open involuntarily as I watched her perfect little nub draw close. When my mouth closed over her nipple, we both convulsed violently.

"Oooooohhhhhh Yesssss..." She hissed as I began suckling at her breast.

I was operating strictly on instinct. The hard, rubbery texture of mom's nipple was so unlike what I had ever fantasized about. I hungrily licked and sucked at it, lashing it with my tongue and teasing it with my teeth. I didn't really know what exactly to do, so I did what I thought best and mom didn't complain.

Her arms were wrapped around my head as I nursed at her, her face resting against the top of my head and I could hear her panting, gasping little cries. Then mom shifted to her left and her tit popped for my mouth and was quickly replaced with its twin. I resumed sucking. I was losing my mind with the intensity of the lust that was consuming me. I wanted to eat her whole, to devour her completely.

As I nursed at mom's bosom, my hands slid up her legs underneath her dress. She didn't stop me or offer any sort of

protest so I pressed forward. I slobbered and chewed and frantically sucked at her tits as if they were life sustaining and I was starving. I could feel mom's fingers clasp and unclasp in my hair as she whimpered over me.

I inched my hands up her butter soft thighs, my thumbs inside, stroking her warm skin with my fingertips. When I made contact with the waist band of her panties, mom jerked, but still didn't stop me. I swiveled my hands inward and went crazy when I felt my thumbs brush over the front gusset of her cotton panties.

"Oooooohhhhhh..." She sobbed loudly, her whole body shuddering uncontrollably.

I could feel the wet heat that radiated from her center. I could feel her heavy bush beneath the thin cotton. I could feel her spreading her legs further, allowing me greater access. She squeezed my head tighter when I gripped her at the hip with my left hand and turned my right hand over and slipped it

between her legs. I paused suckling at the nipple in my mouth as I eased my hand forward and cupped her vagina.

"M...Mark...Mark...M...Mark..." She cried softly as she began subtly bucking her groin against my hand.

She was welcoming my touch. I had occasionally seen pussy in person, and even once touched a real one for a few seconds before my date put a stop to it, and of course I had seen more than my share of Playboy and Penthouse magazines, so the pussy in my hand wasn't a complete mystery, but this was my mother.

I could feel her labia were swollen and the front of her panties was soaked. She was mewling like a kitten as I made my hand begin rubbing her gently and methodically. I never stopped mouthing her tits, alternating from nipple to nipple, occasionally burying my face in her cleavage.

Mom's sobbing, rasping exclamations burst from her throat in random and unpredictable shrieks and with each shriek she

squeezed my neck hard. I wasn't thinking at all. The heel of my palm pressed against the upper portion of her groin, my fingers probed and lightly manipulated her labia through her panties.

She protested vocally when I removed my hand from her crotch and slipped my hand opposite of the hand that held her at the hips. She didn't whine when I reached around her and gripped her ass cheeks in both hands and pulled her roughly against my rigid cock and began grinding her groin against me.

She took over thrusting herself against my aching penis as I continued sucking at her tits. She yelled nonsense as I squeezed her ass and mouthed her chest. I was in heaven and more excited than I had ever been in my life. I could feel the heat from mom's pussy against my dick as she wildly ground herself back and forth along my length. I was getting close.

I reluctantly abandoned mouthing her breasts so I could watch her coming when she screamed and fell over the precipice.

Mom locked her arms around my head and ceased moving for an instant. She threw her head back and I felt every tendon in her body snap taut. She shuddered and shook. Her nails dug deep into my neck. Over and over she convulsed in my arms.

"Oooooohhhhhh..." She keened shrilly,
"Oooooohhhhhh...ffffffuck! Oooooohhhhhh...ffffffuck!
Marrrrrrrk!"

I just held her tight as she rode the waves of her orgasm. I watched her face; her eyes were squeezed shut, her mouth a frozen oval of surprise. She quivered and trembled and cried as ever so slowly her orgasm receded like a neap tide. And then she collapsed onto me. We held each other close as she panted and sobbed softly.

Mom pushed up and looked down at me, her lips still trembling. She dipped her face and covered my mouth with hers and thanked me with her lips and tongue. Her kiss was fierce and insistent, her tongue darting and probing and I relished being ravaged.

I felt like a man for the first time in my life.

Chapter 6

Mom delicately peeled her lips from mine and slid back on my legs. I grimaced at having to release her butt, but was content to let them rest on her smooth legs beneath the flowing fabric of her dress.

"Oh my God!" She breathed heavily, "I haven't come like that in so long. It felt so nice, baby. You made me feel soooo good. Thank you soooo much!"

"You're welcome." I said simply.

Mom reached down and gathered her skirt in her hands, bunching it up around her waist and exposing my blood engorged dick. I was still fixated on her boobs as she stared down at my cock. "Oh my..." She whispered, reaching down with both hands to gently clasp my thickness.

I was half-expecting her to jack me off again, but she surprised me.

Mom slid off my legs and sank down onto the floor, a knee in each foot well, her lower legs crossed behind her. She peeled my jeans and boxers down my legs then gripped my knees and slowly pushed them apart.

Mom looked up at me and grinned evilly. "It's been a long, long time since I've done this, but I'm pretty sure I still remember how."

She reached up and clasped my cock at the base, her fingers pushing through my pubic hair. I felt faint at her touch. My head was reeling as I watched her rise up and lean forward as she pulled my erection towards her. She seemed to consider my helmet for a long moment and then snaked her tongue out and licked it.

"Mommmm..." I whimpered.

When she kissed my knob like she was taking a long, sweet lick from an ice cream cone, my legs kicked out involuntarily. "Oh Christ!" I shouted. The sensation of her tongue on my glans was incredible. I could sometimes make myself come just by rubbing my knob with my thumb; I had absolutely no control when mom kissed it.

She tilted her head to the side and rained kisses down one side of my dick and up the other. "It's so perfect." She breathed between kisses.

Pulled me towards her and paused long enough to look up at me, "I want you to come in my mouth."

With that, she wrapped her lips around my helmet and pushed downward, allowing my cock to slide into her mouth. She created a vacuum and proceeded to bob her head slowly up and down, taking four or five inches of my meat into her oral cavity. Her tongue rotated around my thickness, licking and exploring, occasionally probing at the slit at the tip of my dick.

I had been close to climax long before she took me into my mouth and the sight of mom sucking me off was too much. Despite having come only an hour or so before, I lost it. I tapped the side of her head but she never paused.

"I'm c...coming, mommmm," I yelled, jerking hard as my load boiled up from my testicles and erupted into her mouth. "Oh shit!"

From her expression, I'd guess my first jet coated the back of her throat and coursed into her stomach. She pulled me almost completely out of her mouth, tightened her lips around my knob and jerked at my base with her left hand.

Her cheeks puffed slightly as my semen pumped into her ravenous mouth. She swallowed as fast as she could and was largely successful in taking my entire load without spilling a drop.

Every nerve ending in my body was firing at once. Delicious sensations of erotic bliss flooded my appendages. As much as I enjoyed my orgasm, I enjoyed more the sight of mom with my dick in her mouth. I could hear my cries echoing in my head. It was my first blowjob and I knew I'd never forget it.

Even after my jism tapered off and my body stopped convulsing on the back seat of her car, mom continued suckling at my penis, licking and sucking at me softly and thoroughly.

When she pulled my softening penis from her mouth and delicately laid it against my still-quivering left leg, she licked her lips as if satisfied with a job well done, she looked up at me and smiled, "I almost had forgotten how much I love giving head."

"Oh my God, mom," I whispered, "That was so fucking hot. I dreamed about you doing that to m...me so often I thought I knew what it'd be like. I didn't have a fucking hint how it would really feel."

Mom almost seemed to ooze up onto my legs. She was giggling impishly, her glorious breasts still bare. Her eyes were more alive than I'd ever seen them. We came together and kissed softly and delicately, our lips clinging deliciously. I wondered briefly if the slightly salty taste was the taste of my own come.

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We held each other for what seemed forever, kissing and snuggling. The car windows were completely fogged. The radio still played. I glanced up over the seat and saw that the gas gauge needle was still a hair above a half tank. The clock on the radio readout said 12:14.

Mom pulled her dress up over her tits and slid off my legs. She slumped down onto her side on the seat and smiled up at me, gesturing for me to join her. I hiked up my pants and underwear and joined her, stretching out on the seat next to her, my knees bent. She patted the seat and as I lay my head down on her arm and slid my own under her head, we lay there together, kissing softly and quietly. My free hand settled lightly on her side and I felt hers slip around me to hold me close.

-

We -- at least I -- fell asleep. The roller coaster of emotions we rode that evening had drained me and I was exhausted.

I don't know how long I slept. It may have been 10 minutes or an hour. In my dreams, though, I could feel mom's hands stroking my back like she had when I was a boy and had a cold or had skinned my knee.

"Did you sleep well, lover?" Mom kissed my eyes and my nose and my lips lightly when my eyes fluttered open.

"Mom." I mumbled incoherently. And then I remembered events of the past few hours.

I couldn't help becoming animated. I leaned forward and kissed her mouth, slipping my tongue between her lips. I awakened completely when her tongue lightly sparred with mine.

Whatever else she was, mom was an awesome kisser. She didn't kiss like anybody else I'd ever been with. She used her whole mouth and wasn't shy about using her tongue. Kayleen had kissed nice, but by comparison, she needed a whole lot of practice.

"I love you, honey." Mom bussed my cheek when we paused to catch our breath.

"I know, mom." I smiled easily, "I love you too."

"I don't think you understand, Mark." She kissed my chin, "I think I'm 'in' love with you. As weird as it sounds, I think I've always been in love with you. When things went south with your dad, it was you who kept me going. It was you who made my life worth living. It was you that gave me a reason to keep going. After you graduated high school, I started looking at you differently...as a man. I know it doesn't make much sense, but I wanted you in every way a woman can want a man."

As she confessed, my penis began lengthening and stiffening.

"Mom." I started but she cut me off.

"Mark, I won't be disappointed if you don't want me...that way. I know what I feel isn't normal, but I can't help it. When you kissed me last night and were willing to let me watch you...um...masturbate, I thought that maybe..."

I brought the forefinger of my left hand to her lips. "Mom, shut up." I ordered kindly.

She looked into my eyes and I was sure, even in the darkness, she could see the love shining from mine. There was nothing to hide. "Mom, I've been in love with you for as long as I can remember. I've always worshiped you as a mother and a woman. I think you're the most beautiful and sexy and sensual woman I've ever had the pleasure of seeing or knowing. Every fantasy I've ever had has you in the center of it. And, believe me; I've fantasized about everything with you." I paused to catch my breath and added, "Everything."

She leaned her face forward and kissed me again.

I was fully aroused as her tongue danced with mine. Her saliva was sweet and warm. Her hands touched me, stroked me, set me on fire. My cock was fully erect and pushed out of my unzipped jeans.

Mom pulled her mouth from mine and smiled, "I have a gift for you, honey."

"A gift?" I was mystified.

"Uh-huh." She gazed at me, her eyes wide and coy.

"What is it?" She only quivered when I pulled down the front of her dress exposing her right breast.

"Sit up." She directed and waited until I sat up on the edge of the seat. "Close your eyes."

I did as she instructed, closing my eyes.

I sensed mom fumbling around next to me on the seat for a few seconds and then I felt her reach up and put something over my head.

"Open your eyes, honey." She giggled hysterically.

A white blur covered my right eye but my left was clear. I reached up and grasped a warm fabric in my hand and pulled mom's panties off my head. It didn't take genius to realize what it meant. Mom had shed her panties for a reason. She laughed weakly when I brought the wet gusset to my nose and breathed deep. It smelled like tuna.

"Oh Jesus, mom!" I moaned articulately, sticking out my tongue and lapping at the damp front panel. It tasted...different than I expected.

"I thought you'd like it."

I tossed her panties aside. I looked down at her and as she rose up, I covered her mouth with mine and rolled sideways, pushing her back down and pinning her against the back of the car seat. Her arms wrapped around my shoulders, clutching at me, I felt a leg hooking both of mine as we clinched.

When I reached down and slipped my hand beneath her dress and trailed my fingertips along her thigh, mom shivered and parted her legs for me. The skin of her thigh was silky smooth under my fingertips. Mom shuddered as I drew closer to her treasure. She pushed up on my upper body and splayed her legs in anticipation.

I felt her coarse pubic hair and mom gasped and arched her entire body. When my forefinger slid along her slippery labia she squealed like a stuck pig. When I pressed my finger into her drooling channel mom went wild.

She clasped my hair at the back of my head in her clenched fist and pulled my head up. "Make love to me, darling. Please p...put it in me. M...Make me feel like a woman again."

Pushing up onto my knees, I shed my jeans and underwear and waited as mom kicked her right leg around me and bunched her dress up around her waist. In the darkness she stared at my rigid penis while my eyes were glued to the darkness at the juncture of her legs.

My heart had stopped. I couldn't breath. It was really going to happen and this wasn't doing it just because I could. It was everything I had ever wanted and hoped for a dreamed about. And then mom reached for me.

I'd like to say that I was a masterful lover for her. That I entered her pussy and played her body like it was a Stradivarius and I was a master violinist. I'd like to say that I made her come multiple times before I emptied myself into her and that she was left an orgasmic puddle of mush.

I'd like to say those things but I'd be lying if I did.

Mom's arms slipped around my waist as I clumsily lowered myself down onto her. I knew what went where and what I was supposed to do, but theory and reality were never further apart than they were in the back seat of mom's Buick. I stared into her eyes and blindly pushed my hips forward and the end of my cock slid between her butt and the vinyl seat. I drew back and tried again and my erection slid up along her wetness, missing the mark again.

I may have tried and missed all night if Mom hadn't pushed her hand between us and gripped me and guided me to her canal. She nodded up at me kindly and with her hand that was still around my hips, pulled me into her. I could feel my eyes

roll back in my head as mom's pussy parted and my helmet entered her portal.

I pushed down and forward and whimpered as another three inches slid into her.

"That's it, M...Mark, honey. You feel so g...good." Mom panted, her own eyes mere slits. She was biting her lower lip as I penetrated her.

I drew back slightly and pushed forward again, and cried out as another few inches eased into her warm, wet, silky vagina. With one last thrust with my hips, I was completely inside her.

We froze that way for a long moment. I could feel her vaginal walls claspng at me and releasing. I had never felt anything so exquisite in my life. I had entered heaven on earth and I couldn't think.

I was frenetic and uncoordinated. Mom tried to kiss me but I inadvertently bit her tongue. I knew what I was supposed to do, but my arms and legs didn't want to cooperate.

And then I came.

Without so much as a single stroke, I lost control and my semen boiled up from my balls and poured deep into mom's belly. I shuddered and shook as I ejaculated prematurely. My penis jerked and my entire body convulsed as a veritable river of my come flowed into her. It seemed I'd never stop coming.

Mom squealed and wriggled beneath me as lights and sound and fury exploded through my body. I clenched mom at the shoulders and bit the side of her neck. Coming in mom made masturbation seem like a child's game. I felt the purest pleasure radiating from my penis to every nerve ending in my being.

And then my orgasm began to recede, leaving me a damp, confused, and quivering lump of flesh on top of mom. I

couldn't believe what my mind was telling me. I just fucked mom! Well, not exactly, but I had ejaculated inside her!

She just held me, kissing the side of my neck and whispered over and over, "It's okay, honey. It's okay."

I was shivering uncontrollably. My breath was ragged and shallow. I was finally able to think, even if my thoughts weren't clear. I had come without even once moving inside her pussy. I felt horrible for mom and ashamed for myself.

"I'm so sorry, mom." I managed to choke.

She laughed. "Don't be. Honey, look at me."

I couldn't.

She reached up and cupped my chin with her fingers and pushed my head up. She turned my face to hers and forced me to look in her eyes.

"It was your first time, honey." Mom kissed my nose. "And despite what you may think, I loved it."

"Mom..." I started to feel a little better.

"I loved feeling you coming inside me like that. It felt nice and...warm. Delicious." Mom smiled warmly up at me, "And I'm pretty sure your penis isn't permanently broken. You'll get better with practice, I promise."

"I love you so much." I grinned down at her sheepishly.

"If it is as half as much as I love you I'm a lucky woman."

My penis had shrunk considerably inside her, but still we lay together joined at the groin. Neither of us wanted to move. I was where I had so often dreamed of being, and apparently mom liked me inside her as well. I kissed her then, softly and

tenderly, my tongue coiling and writhing with hers, my lips urgently clinging to hers.

I had ejaculated three times already that evening times in the space of the last five and a half hours. But my little buddy inexplicably woke up again. Apparently he enjoyed being in mom as much as I did.

And then I realize that I hadn't worn a condom and felt a niggling bit of panic at the thought.

"Mom," I whispered against her ear.

"Mmmm..." She breathed. I loved the way she gently dragged over the skin of my back with her fingernails.

"I...um...wasn't protected.

She giggled softly and kissed my neck. "I know. But, trust me it's alright. There is nothing to worry about, darling."

A sense of relief filled me. As we lay together, talking quietly, still one, my penis continued to thicken and lengthen.

"Oooohhh..." Mom breathed, "That feels really nice...you're so thick and...long. You're stretching me in ways I've never been stretched."

And I continued to grow.

Mom kissed me hard and fast and then panted up at me, "Fuck me, Mark."

I grimaced and pushed up with my hips and my penis slid about half way out of her pussy. I paused for a brief second then slid my cock back home. Mom's mouth popped open and she grunted. I found a long, slow tempo with my hips and began working my stiff organ in and out her soupy canal.

I had never experienced anything so pleasurable. Not only was her pussy hot and wet for me, but the look on her face told me I was good for her as well, which was much more important. We rocked and rolled together. Mom and I were trying to consume each other. With each downward thrust of my hips, mom was lifting hers to meet me. Our damp flesh slapped together loudly and I loved the sound of her pussy slurping and sucking at me.

"Oh...Mark...oh...Mark..." She panted in time with our coupling. Her eyes were glazed over and her hands pulled at me frantically, trying to pull me into her even deeper.

I was whimpering and sobbing with happiness. Mom's pussy was like hot, oily silk surrounding me. I could feel her clasping at me, her muscles squeezing me tight.

And then mom came. Her entire body arched off the seat and she emitted a shrill moan that went on and on. Her head rolled back and I could only see the whites of her eyes. Her nails dug into my back and I felt her vaginal walls contracting

on my erection. The tendons in her neck were so tight they looked ready to snap. A deep shudder rolled through her and she collapsed back on the seat.

I didn't stop working my cock in and out of her as she quivered and convulsed beneath me. I was so close I couldn't stop.

It was so beautiful watching mom come, knowing I was instrumental in bring her to orgasm. I felt powerful. I felt like a man. And then my climax reduced me to sniveling like a baby.

My testicles tightened and I pushed myself as deeply as I could into mom as my sap percolated up and erupted into her womb. "Oooooohhhhhh mommmmmmmmm..." I bellowed, "Oooooohhhhhh mmmmy G...God..."

My cock jerked and twitched inside her pussy as it spewed my semen into her belly. Over and over I convulsed over her,

trembling mightily with each stream of come that poured into her.

And then my orgasm faded like a wispy dream leaving me huddled over her seizing and panting. I opened my eyes to find mom smiling warmly up at me, pure happiness dancing in her eyes. I couldn't think of a better reason for doing anything.

"See, lover," She kissed my chin, "I told you it wasn't broke and you'd get better."

"Oh, mom..." I could scarcely breathe. "It felt so amazing...incredible..."

"Honey, it was more than amazing." She softly kissed my trembling lips. "I've never had better loving. Ever! You made me come so hard I thought I was losing my mind."

I covered her mouth with mine and found her tongue with mine and kissed her fiercely with all the passion I possessed. We clung together mindlessly, clutching each other in the afterglow. I was where I had always longed to be and I wasn't going to ever go back. I wasn't sure then what mom felt, but I was never going to let her go.

We broke our kiss and lay there, our mouths only a fraction of an inch apart, our panting breath mingling, and stared into each others eyes.

Our flesh was damp with sweat. Mom's bangs were plastered to her forehead. The car stank of raw sex and cigarette smoke. Roy Orbison played on the radio. And my penis shrunk.

Mom giggled when she felt our combined fluids leak from around me and trickle down her butt crack. "It tickles."

As much as I would have liked to stay where I was forever, I reluctantly pushed up on my arms and made a face as my limp little buddy slithered from her vagina. Mom had tossed

out the towel she had brought from home so I stripped off one of my tube socks and handed it to her. She considered it dubiously for a few seconds then shrugged and crammed it between her legs and unclenched her muscles.

I just sat there on my knees and watched her. I considered that I'd never see anything quite so lovely as the woman who lay before me. Her dress was bunched up around her midsection and she was dabbing up seminal fluid from her groin with an old sweat sock, her hair was an unkempt mess, and her makeup was smeared around her eyes, but she was more beautiful at that moment than I can ever remember.

She was happy and she was in love.

Chapter 7

The cool night air felt nice on my skin. We had collected ourselves, somewhat. I was leaned back against the door and mom was leaned back against me, between my splayed legs. My arms encircled her and as the night crept by we snuggled

and cooed like two love birds. We had cracked the windows a few inches to air out the car and the cross breeze raised goose flesh on my arms.

Mom's dress was back on, although it was a wrinkled mess and I flatly refused to give her back her panties.

"They're mine!" I laughed at her consternation. "You gifted them to me and I'm keeping them."

"You're such a brat!" She tried to pretend being angry but I could see mirth in her eyes.

I had pulled up my pants but was sans socks. I gave the second one to mom and she used it to clean up our mess on the seat. It had joined its brother in the weeds along with the hand towel.

The clock read 4:35 in the morning. We had a little more than an hour before sunrise, but already the eastern horizon was showing a hint of color.

I kissed her ear and smiled when she shivered. "We don't need to worry about...um...pregnancy?"

Mom nodded her head. "Uh-uh. I've been spayed. Sometime ago, maybe ten years or so, your dad sobered up for a few months. Even though I just knew it wouldn't last, in a moment of weakness...or loneliness...or horniness...whatever, I had unprotected sex with him and for a few weeks, I was sure I was preggers. While I wasn't, it scared me, especially when he crawled back into his bottle shortly afterwards. Anyway, to make a long story short, I went to Cedar Rapids and had my tubes tied."

I hugged her close. "I guess I won't need the condoms I bought, huh?"

"You actually bought condoms?" She giggled. "You're such a bad boy! You were planning on fucking your own mother."

"Not planning. I just hoped this would happen and I just wanted to be prepared is all." My lips caressed the side of her neck.

"I'm just teasing, lover. I knew it was going to happen when you agreed to take me out again this afternoon." I could hear the smile in her voice. "I wanted to make love with you last night when I watched you masturbate up here, but I was afraid I'd scare you off if I moved too fast. And then I got scared myself and confused and, well you saw what a wreck I was last night."

"Mom," I snorted, "I've wanted you since I was old enough to know what sex was. You've always been my fantasy."

"Mmmm..." She hugged my arms and snuggled closer, "You are my new fantasy, honey."

The sky in the east had blossomed to yellows and oranges and reds that painted a few wispy clouds and created a breathtaking view from our perch on the bluff. We ate the sandwiches mom had made and split a Tab. The beer and brownies we saved for later.

We emerged from the car and stood with our arms around each other and watched the golden disc peek above the distant horizon. Mom and I were lovers, but the sun still rose and would set again that evening. The birds would sing. Dad would drink. Life would go on much as it had always done, except for two people who had found each other on a small sandstone outcropping.

Their world would never again be the same.

-

It was after six when we made our way home. Mom sat next to me and pulled my right arm over her shoulder. It felt a bit odd, but nice as well. The Sunday morning sidewalks were deserted. A flock of starlings wheeled and swooped back and forth in the morning air. A paperboy crisscrossed the street on his Schwinn, tossing the Sunday paper onto porches as we passed. He paid us no attention.

At home, the front door was wide open. Dad was nowhere to be seen. Mom locked the door, pulled all the blinds and led me up the stairs to her room.

"Sleep with me, Mark." She looked up at me with her big doe eyes. "Keep me safe."

I nodded, "Gladly." Like I was doing her some big favor.

When she closed the door behind us and walked to her closet I wasn't sure what she intended. Then she reached up behind her, unzipped her dress and let it fall off her shoulders and

pushed it off her hips. She tossed it into her hamper and walked naked to the bed.

She smiled at me and peeled back the comforter. "Don't worry, darling. Even if your dad does come home today, which isn't likely, everything will be alright."

If she wasn't concerned about dad finding us together, I sure wasn't going to sweat it. I quickly stripped off my clothes and literally jumped into her bed beside her. She pulled the sheet and comforter up over us and we snuggled together. Mom lay with her head on my chest and idly caressed my abs. I could feel her soft breasts against my side and her warm breath on my skin.

It felt right and good. "I love you, mom." I whispered.

She looked up at me and kissed me softly, "I love you, too, Mark."

Although we were naked, nothing was going to rouse my little buddy from his slumber. He was down for the count, and so, apparently, was I.

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I don't recall ever sleeping as soundly as I did that morning with mom in my arms and a song in my heart.

By the angle of the sunlight that streamed in the window, I could tell it was well after noon when I surfaced from the darkness. Mom still slept the sleep of the innocent and snuggled against me, snoring softly.

For a long time I just lay there content to just hold her and remember the previous night. Mom and I were lovers. I had lost my virginity and to the one person I worshipped above all others. I had sucked on her breasts. She had given me my first blowjob. Almost all of my fantasies had come true in one magical evening.

My penis woke up and began stirring as I reminisced. On cue, mom began waking up, too.

"Did you sleep well?" I asked as she raised her head and looked around at me.

"Mmmm..." She murmured sleepily, "Like a princess."

"Me, too," I reached up and caressed the side of her face, "Well, not like a princess, but you know what I mean. It felt so nice to just hold you like this."

She nodded, "I feel so safe and protected in your arms, honey. I haven't felt this way in such a long time."

She pushed up and kissed me then, softly and sweetly, the tip of her tongue just brushing my lips. I could feel her nipples brushing my chest, and I could feel myself growing more

aroused. She moaned into my mouth when I reached up and cupped her left breast.

Pulling her mouth from mine, mom smiled weakly down at me and said, "Why don't we go shower first, darling. After last night we both smell like ashtrays and I just don't feel...fresh."

I tweaked her nipple and grinned at her reaction, but nodded. "I could use a shower, myself."

She rolled over me and slipped out of bed and farted loudly. "Wow that felt good."

"Mom!" I laughed, following her out of bed. "You are so disgusting!"

"Oh right," She giggled, "Like I haven't heard you ripping them off over the years."

"Sure," I snickered, "But not around a girl."

"Oh, I'm just a girl, now, huh? Not mom?" She winked up at me, farted again, somewhat quieter, and gestured for me to follow her. "Trust me; I'm not like any girl you've ever dated."

"No shit, Sherlock." I laughed loudly.

It was so unreal watching her walk to the bathroom naked and completely at ease. I just admired her. Her classic hourglass shape with her narrow waist and gently flaring hips. Her butt was maybe just a touch big, but still held a splendid shape and looked toned and supple. Mom's legs were nicely toned as well.

I loved looking at her classic lines, the gentle slope of her back, the soft curves of her shoulders, and my swelling penis followed her into the master bath like a puppy dog hungry for a bone.

She started the shower and then sat down on the commode and peed. I was somewhat shocked at her lack of modesty, but, in a weird way, it felt nice, also.

Mom patted her groin with a wad of TP and flushed the toilet before turning to me. I held up my hand and she stopped and just let me look at her. She was perfect. Her stomach was maybe a bit softer than when I was a boy, but not by much. Her breasts hardly sagged at all and certainly would pass the pencil test. Her pubic hair, while somewhat tangled and matted from the night before, was thick and dark.

Mom, similarly, was admiring me as I absorbed her tantalizing beauty.

"Wow, honey." She smiled and stepped up to me, running her hands up over my chest, "You are such a specimen and soooo good looking."

The sensation of her soft, warm nakedness pressed against mine was amazing. She pulled my head down and kissed me

and as our tongues slid together, I was acutely aware of her coarse pubic hair against my leg and my penis stiffening even more.

The bathroom was filling with billowing clouds of steam when she slipped from my arms and took my hand and led me into the stall.

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There are quite a number of activities of daily living I truly enjoyed; masturbating -- or, more specifically -- coming, reading a good book, receiving a back rub, taking a nice hot shower were among a few, but that first shower with mom was unbelievably erotic and changed my view forever regarding personal hygiene.

We traded turns under the shower head and then mom directed me to tilt my head back and poured a liberal amount of her shampoo in my hair and proceeded to work up lather with her deft fingers. I could smell strawberries, but decided

it wasn't a bad smell and I could handle it. She removed the shower from the hook and thoroughly rinsed my hair clean. I told her I didn't need conditioner.

Then she took the bar soap in hand and began washing me down. My cock was fully erect and the sensation of her soapy hands sliding over my body prodding and scrubbing wasn't going to help it go flaccid. When she washed my ass and rubbed her fingers up and down my crack I heard the smile that rode her voice.

"We gotta make sure you're really clean all over." She breathed.

And then she reached around my hips and found my rigid organ. I could feel her tits pressed against my back and her groin pressed against my buttocks.

"Mom..." I sobbed as she began washing me, her hands sliding up and down my erection. Then she washed my testicles and

I knew if she kept on I was going to lose it. There was no way to stop it.

Mercifully, she apparently felt I was clean enough. She relinquished my ball sac and turned me in the stall and rinsed me off thoroughly. And then it was my turn.

I washed and conditioned her hair with the suave products, spending an inordinate amount of time in the washing. It was hypnotizing watching the suds course down her back, following the gentle curvature of her spine before spilling over her ass.

After rinsing her hair, I washed her much more painstakingly than she washed me. I washed her back and legs and then turned my attention to her delectable ass. I was kneeling behind her watching my hands knead her soft flesh, squeezing and manipulating it. Mom was grunting and leaned forward slightly, bracing her arms against the stall wall and pushed her tush back at me.

The fingers of my right hand, although the first two were still quite swollen and sore, slipped between her butt cheeks and soaped up her crack, pausing to finger her little rosebud. Mom was no longer grunting. As I touched her anus and pressed a fingertip against it firmly, she shrieked loudly and reached around and pulled my hand away from her bottom.

"You are soooo bad!" She whimpered.

Evidently, anal was out of the question if her reaction to my finger was any indication.

I pushed up onto shaky legs and reached out and clasped her waist in my hands and pulled her against me and began to wash her front. My rock hard penis was wedged in the crack of her ass and mom seemed to enjoy it, wriggling her butt back against me firmly. I had my hands full of her tits when disaster almost struck.

"Mary?" Dad's voice called from the bathroom doorway.

We both froze. Mom gasped loudly and wheezed, "Oh shit!"

"Mary?" He repeated, "I need a few bucksh. Can I get an advanshe on my allowance?"

What an unbelievably pathetic loser.

Mom was silent for a few moments and then choked, "You can take \$20 from my p...urse, Earl. Don't take any more than that."

Apparently that satisfied him. It was enough to buy all the Smirnoff he wanted, a couple packs of smokes and still have enough for a bottle the next day. I rose up cautiously on my tiptoes and looked over the stall door. The bathroom door was closed and dear old dad was nowhere in sight.

"Oh my God!" Mom blurted, "That was so close."

"But you have to admit it was exciting." My heart was hammering in my chest cavity and it had nothing to do with the sexy, wet, and very naked woman I held in my arms. My adrenaline was coursing through me unchecked.

"I'll say," Mom leaned back against me, "My heart felt like it stopped for a second there. I can't believe he didn't see anything unusual in here."

She looked up at me and I tried to assure her, "Well, the door is all fogged up and we were pretty close together so it probably looked like you were alone in here, if he even looked."

"He hasn't shown interest in looking at me...that way in years." Mom pulled my mouth to hers and kissed me tenderly. "I don't think his...uh...equipment works anymore."

"Even with you to look at!" I exclaimed, truly shocked. "What the hell is wrong with him?"

"He is too far into the bottle is what's wrong with him." Mom kissed me again and sighed as I reclaimed her fleshy boobs. "Getting high is his s...sole aim."

"There is nothing on earth that could possibly make me want to give up you, mom." I resumed washing her breasts, squeezing and pulling them with my soapy fingers.

I slid my left hand down her belly, scrubbing her flesh, pausing to finger mom's navel. She cried out when my hand pushed through her pubic hair and two fingers parted her swollen labia. She seized hard and almost buckled over when I pressed my forefinger into her portal and plunged it into her as deeply as I could and explored her hot, wet, and quivering center.

"We gotta make sure you're really clean all over." I mouthed in her ear as I found her clitoris with my thumb and began rubbing it vigorously..

"Oh fuck..." She sobbed. "Oh Christ..."

Her whole body was thrumming in my arms. Mom was shuddering and crying as my digits explored her womanhood. For whatever reason, mom stopped washing me prior to my orgasm. I wasn't such a gentleman.

With my forefinger and thumb I brought her to a shattering climax. She bent over and screamed loudly -- I hoped dad wasn't still in the house -- she convulsed hard in my arms as I struggled to keep her upright. I was mildly shocked at how hard her vagina clamped down over and over on my finger that was inserted inside her.

"Oooooohhhhhh..." Mom keened shrilly, "Oooooohhhhhh M...Mark...oooooooohhhh my love..."

Her arms scrabbled frantically at the wall as her orgasm ran its course. I held her at the groin and chest, preventing her from falling to the tile floor. My engorged dick was still wedged in the crack of her ass, but I was so enthralled by mom's joy I forgot my own.

She seemed to collapse in my arms when her orgasm waned. She was dead weight. She was heaving and whimpering and sobbing plaintively.

"Oooooohhhhhh God!" She wheezed heavily after her orgasm receded. Mom didn't move for a long minute. She was wobbly when she pushed herself upright. I sucked at her neck as she gathered herself, her hands clutching at my arms.

"That felt so fucking g...good!" She panted heavily, gasping and shuddering. "Oh what you d...do to me..."

I cupped her chin and kissed her, my tongue slithering into her mouth. Mom was almost frantic as she sucked on my tongue. When our mouths parted, mom spun around in my arms and wrapped her arms around my neck and tried to swallow me.

I couldn't function as her slippery body seemed to surround me in soft, wet flesh. I felt my aching cock pressing into her soft belly. Her tongue was trying to give me a tonsillectomy. Her hands roved over my back and ass, pulling at me. A deep moaning lamentation squeezed from her throat as we tried to become one.

"D...Darling," She panted when we peeled our mouths apart, "Take m...me to bed. P...Please...I need you so b...badly..."

-

She held onto me when we stepped out of the shower. Her entire body was shaking as I deliberately dried her off with

one of her big, fluffy white and tan towels. She leaned against the vanity as I quickly dried myself.

She squealed happily when I swept her in my arms and almost dropped her. I recovered nicely and traipsed out to her bed. I estimated she was 130 to 135 pounds as I set her in the middle of the bed and knelt by her side. She was incredible. I know I was imagining things, but she seemed to have a warm yellow halo surrounding her and her body seemed to take on the qualities of a fine work of art. Her classic lines and curves softened. Her arms and legs moved in slow motion, writhing sensuously on the sheets. Her face was more radiant than I had ever seen it; her eyes were filled with a happy love as she smiled up at me.

I was sure dad was no longer in the house, but even if he was, I wasn't about to stop. I dropped onto all fours and crawled up between her splayed legs and gently lowered myself onto her. I kissed her and as our tongues lazily played, I pushed my hips forward and, unlike my first attempt, was elated when my erection found her entrance. We both moaned softly as my helmet spread her labial lips and eased into her.

I could feel her clasping at my thickness as I ever so slowly slid into her. I pulled my mouth from hers and rose up on my elbows and just watched her face. If mine mirrored hers, I knew I was watching pure rapture as we came together and became one. Mom was so wet and slick for me my cock sank into her like she was made just for me.

With a gentle push, I was buried to the hilt in her welcoming pussy.

"I love you so much, m...mom." I whispered huskily, brushing her lips with mine.

"Oh my darling," She cried happily, "I love you, t...too. I have never l...loved anyone m...more. I've always loved y...you and I've always known I w...would find you s...someday."

"Your pussy feels so g...good." I breathed, hardly able to speak. "I c...can't put into words how g...good it f...feels..."

"My p...p...pussy was m...made for you, m...my love." She pulled my head down and lightly kissed my chin, my nose and my eyes. "My body was made for y...you. Only for y...you..."

I kissed her lips again and then slowly pushed back using my feet and knees, withdrawing my hard penis more than half-way out of her vagina. I paused for a brief second and then, just as slowly, pushed it back where it belonged.

Mom shuddered and threw her head back and clutched at my shoulders as I found a long, slow cadence with my hips. It was only my third fuck -- well, second, if I was honest about things -- but I wasn't just fucking mom, I was making love with her.

She was hot and unbelievably wet and surprisingly tight. It felt like I was sliding my dick in and out of a vat of scalding oil.

Mom found my rhythm and began pushing her hips up to meet my gentle thrusts. Her fingers dug into my damp flesh. With each wet slap of our bodies, mom hissed, "Mark..."

I had already been wired tight from our showering together. I wasn't going to last long, no matter what I did, but once again, mom saved me.

Mom was always saving me.

As my testicles tightened with that old familiar sensation, mom began to quake beneath me in prelude to her own orgasm. I pushed my cock into her as firmly as I could manage and as my syrup spewed into her womb, mom came simultaneously.

"Oh ffffffffuck!" She grunted loudly as her climax poured over her.

it for me. If she never again wanted to be with me again I knew I'd go through the rest of my life a eunuch

There is no way I could ever find someone else who was everything mom was to me. She was beautiful, sexy, sensual, and wanted me, and I had wanted her since I was old enough to know what it meant to want a woman.

Our mutual orgasm ebbed away like a night mist. I collapsed onto her and her breath sighed out of her like gently squeezed billows. For many minutes we didn't move content to just...be.

I had never felt anything like being with mom. Ever. I thought I knew what sex could be like, but I didn't have a clue. Our first sessions in her car was sort of hurried and frenetic and, while they were pleasurable, giving myself to mom with more control and less panic in her marital bed made our previous couplings seem pedantic.

Mom loved me. Mom wanted me as a man. Mom was mine.

She sucked at my neck as the last of my semen oozed from my dick into her vagina.

"Oh my darling," She breathed in my ear. "That was wonderful...blissful. I love feeling you come in me."

"Mom," I sobbed heavily, "That was more than wonderful. It was unbelievable...it was incredible. It was more than I ever dreamed it could be."

I mouthed her neck and cherished the feeling of lying on top of her; of being one with her.

I still tingled with post-coital delight when gravity caused my flaccid, sex-slickened penis to slide from her vagina.

"Get me a towel, honey," Mom clenched her groin muscles and grimaced, "Or we're going to have a mess."

In seconds I was back from the bathroom with our damp towel. It was so cool watching mom stuff it between her legs and let herself relax.

"Oooohhhhhh..." She closed her eyes and looked like she was enjoying herself as our come drained from her body.

I lay on my side next to her and watched her melt into the sheets. Her head lolled in slow circles on her neck. She patted her vagina and tossed aside the towel and sort of stretched and contracted at the same time.

"I feel soooo nice." She whispered quietly, her eyes still closed.
"You're what I've needed for so long."

"Why'd you wait so long?" I ran my fingertips along her arm and watched the soft downy hairs on her forearm stand at attention.

"Mmmm..." She opened one eye and peered up at me, "I dunno. I mean, maybe somewhere, in the back of my mind I always admired you, especially after you entered high school. I loved you, of course, in a strictly motherly way, but maybe there was more...I don't know."

"If you were waiting on me, mom, you were backing up." I kissed her shoulder. "I've wanted you since I was thirteen or fourteen, I think. The first time I masturbated I don't think I was thinking of you," I confessed, "But nearly every time since, it was always you."

"I'm so sorry, honey. If I'd only known." Mom turned on her side to face me and then laughed. "No, I guess it wouldn't have made much difference even if I had known. I'm a sick perve who lusts for her own son, but I'm not so sick that I would have done anything with you when you were underage.' She grinned evilly and added, "I don't think."

Chapter 8

I was sore as hell the next afternoon after putting in better than eight hours with Otis. Whatever else one could say about Otis, he wasn't shy about applying a little elbow grease.

Oddly, he was still clean shaven and, relatively speaking, groomed. He was almost 70, and the entire time I'd known him he had reminded me of Pigpen of Peanuts fame. Disheveled and greasy, I was sure he owned two pair of overalls and most of the time he could be found with one shoulder strap undone and wearing a part of the previous night's dinner or breakfast from three days prior. Otis hadn't been much concerned about appearances as long as I'd known him.

The work was made much harder than it had to be, thanks to the Rube Goldberg contraption that doubled as a forklift. Baling wire and bubblegum seemed to hold the thing together and the pneumatics failed more than they worked. I cursed the machine after the third time I had to pound a sledgehammer against the left fork to free it.

Largely, my work was comprised of moving one heap of scrap from one location to another. If a rare customer came looking for a car part -- most often -- or a used acetylene regulator, or such, I was required to use Otis' inventory system that was even more discombobulated than the forklift.

More often than not I'd be climbing mountains of junk and scanning with my eyes in hopes of finding the proverbial needle in the haystack.

By the time 4 pm inched into port, I was exhausted and longed for the days I fetched Otis and Casey coffee or sodas and suffered through on minimum wage. Every muscle in my body ached and I knew the following few days would be worse.

I wasn't out of shape by any means, but lifting a barbell isn't the same as wrestling a tailgate from a '65 Chevy pickup, and all the running in the world couldn't prepare me for climbing up and down the Jersey Mountains. And wrestling -- no other

word suffices -- the forklift seemed as draining as running a marathon.

By the time I made it home, all I could do was shower and collapse on the couch. I slept until nearly 10. Mom was still at work. I heard dear old dad in the kitchen cooking something and cursing at the utensils or appliances. I stopped to pour seed in mom's parakeet's dish and talked to him for a few minutes and then I poked my head in the swinging doors and saw dad burning a pot of day old chili. A half empty fifth of Smirnoff was on the kitchen table.

"Hey there, Shport!" He mumbled when he saw me. I hated when he called me 'Sport.' "Whatsh up?"

He sported a shiner under his left eye the size of my fist that looked horrible. Yellows and greens and purples mottled with a sick grey. His face looked ashen and bloated.

"What happened to your eye?" I asked, opening the fridge.

"Dunno." I could see him looking into the ether trying to remember. He took a pull from the glass of vodka and OJ, which I was sure was mostly vodka. "I think I must've run into a door or shomething. Want shome chili?"

Although the idea of paying mom back with some flatulence of my own crossed my mind, I shook my head. "I'll just make a sandwich."

The old man polished off a half of glass and poured himself another. "Hear yer workin' with Otish agin? Sumbitsch done got hisself all high and mighty. Don't drink no more. Don't goes out to The Shack no more. Fucker thinks he's better'n me n' Booger."

Hearing him rant was like hearing fingernails on a chalkboard but I thought I could get something from him. "What's happened to Otis?"

"Hish brother convinced him to try fuckin' AA. Sumbitsch."
Dad downed half of his new drink.

"What is wrong with that?" I asked, building a ham and cheese sandwich with mayo and spicy mustard. "Why do you care if he straightens himself out?"

"'Cause...'cause it's bullshit!" My paternal parent bellowed, throwing the ladle against the wall behind the sink. Chili splattered everywhere. "Fucker'll be back at The Shack before the fort July, mark my words."

I fought the urge to throttle him and gouge his eyes out with the ladle he had tossed. Only a small man would begrudge another trying to pull himself up by the bootstraps. I had no opinions about Alcoholics Anonymous one way or another. I had perused the Big Book years before when mom tried to push dad to go, and it seemed, at the very least, to be a positive program designed to help alcoholics get and stay sober. What was wrong with that? I wasn't all that sure about all the God aspects of the 12-step program, and I wasn't all that convinced

of alcoholism being a sickness, but if AA could help someone quit the bottle, I could cheerfully give it a big thumbs up.

Dad forgot the chili. He stumbled out of the kitchen with his bottle muttering about "Dadgum Otis."

I turned off the burner and removed the congealed gruel from the stove and set it in the sink. I sat at the table and ate my sandwich and considered whether or not I hated dad. I decided that I really didn't, but I was so disgusted with him I wanted to kick him in the balls. For too many years he had ruined holidays and vacations and family events. It was great opening Christmas presents when I was twelve with dad passed out under the tree, his puke painting more than one of my gifts. For my fifteenth birthday he had wrapped up an empty bottle of Gordon's Gin for me.

Ah, good times.

If it had been left to dad alone, we would have had to take up residence under an overpass on 151.

For many years mom and dad eked by on mom's salary, only occasionally augmented by anything dad managed to bring in.

It had always been mom that saved us. When her father, Grandpa Port, passed away in '71 when I was beginning my senior year in high school and left her a chunk of change and all his property, things changed for the better. I no longer wore clothes from the Goodwill store in Cedar Rapids. I never again had to eat Kraft Macaroni and Cheese -- and 35 plus years later, I still hadn't. I'd sooner eat a pile of horse shit covered in bird shit sprinkled with toasted rat shit.

I rinsed the bread crumbs from my plate and the milk film from my glass and set them both in the sink. My biceps, legs, and lower back ached but the aching wasn't a bad thing. The soreness made me realize I was alive. Or at least that I wasn't dead.

The analog clock on the back of the stove read close to 10:30 when I left the kitchen to see if there was anything worth watching on TV. Dear old dad was slumped at the dining room table, his head down. His glass was empty, but as I walked by, dad raised the Smirnoff bottle and took a long pull.

What a turd.

I pulled out the power knob on the huge Zenith console television with its monstrous 19" screen and sprawled out on the overstuffed couch. I used the clicker to flip from NBC to CBS and back. The rabbit ears could only pull in the two channels and NBC was fuzzy. I watched a rerun of 'The Waltons' on KGAN out of Cedar Rapids. I thought of mom as I watched the show.

Dad began to snore at the table behind me and then fell out of the chair with a moan and a loud clatter. I rose up to look over the back of the couch. He was face down at least, so I let him lie.

The credits were rolling when mom arrived home. She sneered at dad and walked around the couch where I had pushed myself up into a seated position.

"How was work?" She smiled down at me, removing the bobby pins from her pulled back hair.

"Hard." I returned her smile, "But I'm not complaining, although I'm sore as hell."

"How long has he been out?" Mom nodded at dad who sounded a lot like a chainsaw.

"Half-hour or so."

"I've been thinking about you all day," She whispered. Her eyes had been reduced to mere slits. "Do you think you can take care of me right here or do you want to go to my bed?"

The color was rising fast in her cheeks. Her nostrils were slightly flared. I nodded as she reached beneath her heavily starched skirt and rolled her panties and hose off her hips and down her legs. My dick had begun rising the moment she walked through the door and was fully erect before I ever heard her voice. Mom was all I cared about and thanked God that dear old dad left her high and dry for so long. I was pretty sure that she and I weren't happening if he hadn't.

"You're not worried about...him?" I unbuttoned my jeans and unzipped my fly, lifting my butt to slide them down my legs.

"Earl!" She screamed loudly causing me to jump in surprise and Petey to flutter around in his cage. Dad never even so much as stirred.

Mom bunched her skirt up and clambered onto the couch on her knees, straddling my legs. "He wouldn't wake up if an airplane crashed into the house, but if you're worried we can go up to my room."

I shook my head. "No...I think it'll be kind of...hot with him over there."

She grinned at me evilly and reached down and took my cock in her left hand and hunched forward, raising herself over me. She blindly guided me to her vagina and then slowly eased down onto me.

"Oh God!" We both whimpered as she mounted me and her wet pussy engulfed my rigid penis.

She used her weight to impale herself. With a gentle bounce of her hips, all eight inches were buried inside her.

"You f...feel so good, my darling." She hissed and leaned forward, catching my lower lip between hers and drew back before letting it snap back. "I spent all day thinking about you. I got so hot I had to use the ladies room to finger myself off. Twice."

I slipped my hands around her waist to pull her towards me and lifted my mouth to hers and kissed her fiercely. I plunged my tongue deep into her mouth and as hers writhed with mine, I savored the warm sweet taste of her saliva, even if I could taste her cigarettes, too.

She ripped her mouth from mine and pushed me against the back of the couch and slowly began riding up and down my shaft. It was excruciatingly delicious feeling her silken walls swallow me over and over. I was grateful mom had taken charge as work had sapped my strength and caused my muscles to cry out plaintively with every movement.

Even though she wasn't naked, she was gorgeous in her two piece nurse's outfit as she rode me. Her chest filled out her top nicely without being too much; her white skirt was stiffly starched. The blue and white name tag above her left breast read: MARY JACKSON, RN, DON. She wore a Caduceus pin on her lapel.

Mom's eyes were closed and she was biting her lower lip as she pushed up with her legs and then let her fall back down on me with a squishing sound. I wasn't able to see our conjoined groins beneath her skirt, but I didn't need to. I could feel. I could feel her slickness and her wet warmth. I could feel her squeezing my penis deliberately every time she sank onto me. I could feel her love encircling me.

A low, droning whine seeped from her throat and from behind clenched teeth. I was close, and if the erratic way mom was beginning to move on me was any indication, she was too.

The Naugahyde couch was making a dangerous creaking noise as mom rocked and rolled over me. I glanced once, over my shoulder at dad who still was passed out and wondered, very briefly, how he'd take the fact that his wife was into his chip off the ol' block. I turned my attention to the adorable woman who was selfishly using me for her own selfish needs.

"You are so f...fucking hot," I whistled. "Your pussy feels so fucking g...good."

"I think I'm b...becoming addicted to you, baby." She sobbed softly, "I can't stop thinking about f...fucking you. All d...day long. You m...make me...ughn...feel like a woman again...like a desirable w...woman...your c...cock...oooohhh..."

"You make me feel like a man...m...mom." I gripped her waist and tried to assist her riding me.

Mom went wild as her climax overcame her. She frantically bounced up and down a few more times and collapsed onto me. Her eyes snapped open but all I could see was white. Her jaw dropped in surprise and her luscious lips formed a small oval.

"Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhh ffffffffuck!" She cried as her entire body shuddered and shook. She wrapped her arms around my neck and practically strangled me as she gave into the throes of her orgasm.

Her vaginal walls contracted around me over and over again, squeezing and flexing involuntarily on me, and then I was coming.

My testicles tingled for a second or so, tightening up before releasing my sap. I could only whimper as my semen boiled up and spewed out of the end of my dick. I jerked and jolted beneath her over and over as my load sprayed into her belly. A cacophony of noise and light filled my head as I emptied myself into her.

After a few long moments, mom and I were left clutching each other, shivering and winded. We kissed deeply and passionately, often simultaneously trying to swallow the other.

My penis shrank and our mingled come leaked from mom and oozed down my balls. We were going to have a mess on the couch but it was too late to do much about it.

When my limp appendage slipped from her pussy, mom shakily pushed up off the couch and weakly straightened her skirt. She gathered her hose and panties from the coffee table and smiled down at me.

"Thank you, my love." She said quietly. Her eyes still glowed and her face was still flushed. "I'm pretty sure I'll never get enough of you."

"I love you." I smiled simply. "And I know I'll never get enough of you."

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The remainder of that week followed the same script. I worked my ass off for Otis and then pretty much slept until mom came home. Dad was usually sauced off his nut, or more often, absent altogether. Mom and I would make love as soon as she got home, we'd shower, most of the time together, and make love again before falling asleep in her bed.

Once she gave herself over to our incestuous relationship, mom was insatiable, it seemed. She was inventive and creative and hotter than a two dollar pistol. She let her inhibitions go in bed and more often than not reduced me to a trembling hot mess hungry for more.

We infrequently used the same position twice in a row. I liked when mom rode me cowgirl, but she liked it when we fucked doggy style. The sight of her kneeling before me on all fours was a powerful inducement to do it that way as often as possible. But we both adored the standard missionary position. I loved being able to kiss her and look in her eyes when we made love. I could see her feelings shining through her eyes and that, more than anything else, was the sexiest thing I could imagine. Mom confessed something very similar.

I learned how to eat pussy that week, and although I was an apprentice, she expressed confidence I'd eventually get it. When we tried the 69 for the first time, I almost lost my mind with pure, unadulterated pleasure. The sensation of mom's

soft warm body lying on top of me as she sucked my cock would have been enough, but licking and probing my tongue deep into her pussy at the same time blew my mind.

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Very early Saturday morning, after an especially vigorous session of 'Mary Jackson; Cowgirl' mom told me she was going to tell dad she was filing for divorce.

The clock on her bed stand read 1:21 am. It was raining outside. Mom and I were sharing a Winston.

"It's time." She simply answered at the look on my face. "Up until now there's been no real motivation for doing so. I kept hoping he'd change and he kept never changing. And now I have you."

"Do you want me there when you tell him?" I asked, flicking the ashes into the ashtray between us on the bed.

She thought for a few moments and then slowly shook her head. "No. Maybe in the next room, just in case, but it's something I need to do myself. I'll offer him a decent settlement contingent on his not contesting the divorce. I'm pretty sure he'll go for it."

She ran her nails through my light dusting of chest hair and smiled, "Want to move to Minnesota with me?"

The thought of leaving Smithson wasn't a bad thing. I had a few friends in town, but they were largely busy building their own lives. "Sure, why not?"

"Want to spend the rest of my life with me?" She smirked impishly.

"Sure, why not?" I grinned.

"I'm not teasing. I know we can't get married, but I'd love nothing more than to spend the rest of my life with you. And we can hold our own little private ceremony that will be as strong as any sanctioned by a church. I am in love with you, Mark, and I am willing to commit to you for the rest of my life."

A tiny tear leaked from my eye and I reached out to gather her in my arms and held her close. I whispered in her ear, "I would be honored to 'marry' you, mom. You already know I am head over heels in love with you and I am willing to commit to you as well, but if we do marry are you going to change your last name to mine?"

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The next afternoon, mom confronted dad. Oddly, dad wasn't in his cups. He reeked and was unkempt, but he was sober.

"I'm filing for divorce, Earl." Mom stated flatly. There wasn't much room for argument.

I listened to their conversation from the kitchen, just inside the batwing doors in case things went wrong.

"Mary!" Dad shouted, unaware I was lurking nearby.

"It's been a long time coming, Earl. I don't love you anymore and you certainly don't love me."

"That's not true." Dad didn't sound persuasive.

"Yes it is." Mom countered calmly, rationally. "I won't put words in your mouth, but I can't do this anymore. You don't love me and I don't love you and ne'er the twain shall meet."

Dad was uncharacteristically silent, but then, he was also uncharacteristically sober.

"If you don't contest the divorce I'll give you \$50,000 and a quit claim deed on this property. You can sell it or do with it as you see fit. It has always been yours anyway, Earl. I see no reason you can't continue to live here."

Dad's grey matter was whirling. "And if I contest?"

"I'll make sure you get nothing. You've been a liability almost our entire marriage. It is only through my efforts that we've managed to save this place. You've lost your driver's license more times than I can count; you've been arrested for DWI, public intoxication, public exposure -- dad had been caught peeing all over the steps of the municipal building -- and petty larceny." That last was a few years ago when dad tried to lift a frozen Tombstone pizza from the IGA. "I loved you once, Earl, but it's over and it is time for me to move on."

I couldn't see him, but dad almost sounded ashamed when he responded. "Can I talk to a lawyer, first, before givin' you an answer?"

"Of course, if you want," Mom said, "But you can't afford one and I'm not going to foot the bill. My offer is fair and final. If you try to bilk more out of me, the deal is off the table."

"Would it change anything if I told you I'm changin'? Otis and I are going to AA and I ain't drinkin' no more. I ain't had a drink since yesterday."

I could hear mom bite off a laugh. "I'm glad for you. If you told me that six months ago, it might have, Earl, but it's too late and there is too much water under the bridge. I'm in love with someone else and I'm not looking back."

"Who is he?" That was the only point dad actually sounded angry. His brain may have been pickled, but he was aware enough to know his soon to be ex-wife wasn't just leaving him because he failed her, she was leaving because she had found someone better than him and his pride was pricked.

"It doesn't matter." Mom was still sure and in control, "Do we have a deal, or not?"

"It's that fuckin' new doctor ain't it?" Dad sounded livid. New doctor? The clinic's only doctor, Dr. Orvin, had moved to Smithson almost three years before. "I done seed you with him at the clinic. He's always touchin' you and lookin' at you and sniffin' around you like you was a mutt in heat."

Mom tried hard to calm him down. "It isn't anybody at the clinic, believe me. Dr. Orvin has a wife and a little boy. He isn't interested in me." She lied. "Do we have a deal or not?"

Dad hemmed and hawed and stomped around the dining area for a few minutes sputtering and cursing, but when I peeked out of the kitchen I could see him mulling mom's offer. \$50,000 in hand was a darn sight better than the \$50 per week allowance she had him on, plus he could keep the house he grew up in.

"Deal."

Just like that, mom and dad finalized their split. There would be court appearances and such, but for the most part, it was over.

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As a condition of the settlement, mom's attorney directed that dear old dad vacate the premises immediately. Otis had a spare room and, as dad's best buddy, he felt compelled to put dad up pending the divorce.

Dad soon helped Otis back off the wagon. Two days later when I showed up for work, I found Otis and dad sprawled out in a mud puddle in the middle of the salvage yard. Both were looped out of their minds, but still breathing. I never went back. The 'sumbitch' owed me a week's pay.

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An old school mate, Josh Orenson, knocked on the door in his official capacity as deputy sheriff the next afternoon.

He was cordial but I could see his eyes trying to ferret out whether I had anything to do with the flattening of four tires on Dr. Orvin's Jaguar.

"He says you had words a week or so ago." Josh said, obviously uncomfortable even suggesting I had anything to do with it.

"Uh-huh." I answered simply, "He was giving mom shit at work so I straightened him out, but I didn't touch his car. I might have kicked his ass, given the opportunity, if he didn't stop harassing mom, but I didn't do anything to his car." I remembered my conversation with the doctor on his porch and the silhouette of his spouse on the other side of the door. "You may want to look in the direction of his wife, Josh. I doubt she's too pleased with him right now."

Deputy Orenson scribbled something in a notebook and seemed satisfied. "Just stay away from him, Mark. He swears

it was you who did it, but I believe you. Say 'Hi!' to your mom for me, huh?"

I assured him I would and watched his cruiser back out of the drive. I was pretty sure who had flattened the good doctor's tires, and would ask him if he came home. Dad never did

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The following night, Dr. Orvin's second vehicle, a 1968 Plymouth Suburban station wagon went up in flames outside the clinic. It was still burning when I arrived to pick up mom, Dr. Orvin pointed at me and blatantly accused me of doing it.

I grinned evilly at him and raised my left hand and slowly extended my middle finger.

He went nearly apoplectic, screaming and yelling to anyone who would listen that I was the one responsible. Sheriff Watkins and his deputies herded him away from the crowd.

I saw dad stumble away from the edge of the mob that was watching the car burn. He was soused off his nut if his gait was any indication.

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Up until the day that dad killed Dr. Orvin, the most excitement Smithson had ever seen, at least in my lifetime, was the day the undertaker went crazy and killed his wife and two babies by pouring gasoline on them and lighting a match. That was in February of '64.

Since then, the majority of the 'emergencies' the sheriff's office had to handle were cats stuck in trees, the occasional dog bite, or drunks peeing on the steps of city hall. Smithson was a pretty laid back kind of place.

Dad killed Dr. Orvin and an innocent CNA three days after the station wagon was set on fire. He was spouting

incoherencies when he entered the medical clinic shortly after nine on Thursday morning. Later blood tests would show that his BAC was almost .24. Dad was raving mad. When Doctor Orvin emerged from an examining room, dad pulled out Otis' .44 and shot him in the forehead. Bone fragments and jellied brain matter painted the bulletin board behind the nurse's station.

Evidently, dad was a better leg breaker than actor.

If the CNA hadn't screamed, she may have survived. As it was, when her shriek reached dad's confused ears, he turned and fired again. The hollow-point slug tore through 19 year old Brenda Miller's chest cavity, turning her heart to so much tapioca.

Dear old dad fired the gun twice more inside the clinic, the ensuing investigation would show, but the shots killed nothing more than a ceiling tile and a sprinkler pipe.

The next individual he killed was outside on the sidewalk. Dad wobbled out of the building and put the muzzle of the gun under his chin and pulled the trigger one last time.

Epilogue

We stayed around to answer the questions of law enforcement and have dear old dad cremated. Only Otis showed up to pay his respects. He had gone back to AA.

That same day I squeezed unobtrusively into the back of the church to say goodbye to Brenda -- I was sure her folks wouldn't appreciate my presence. Brenda had been a year behind me in high school and she had been my date for the junior prom. Brenda was nice and didn't deserve what dad had done to her.

And then mom and I beat feet north to Minnesota. Gramps place, although it had been deserted for some time, was in good shape. A weekend spent sweeping, dusting, and

scrubbing turned it into a snug, warm and livable place. The furnishings were old, but mostly in good condition.

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Mom and I settled in to a life that probably mirrored any other marriage in America. We were completely head over heels in love with each other and our love only seemed to grow stronger as the years went by. We occasionally had disagreements, of course, just like any other couple, but we could normally resolve our differences calmly and rationally.

We had ups and downs, but mostly ups. The good days far and away outweighed the bad.

Mom's relative affluence allowed me the freedom to try my hand at writing and I forged a fairly decent living writing children's books and I was moderately successful. If you had a child -- usually male -- between eight and twelve during the late 70s and early 80s, my books probably cluttered their bedroom floors to one degree or another.

My only foray into adult fiction -- under a different pseudonym -- was relatively unsuccessful, but it was revived in the mid 90s as a movie script and did alright. You may have seen my work on the silver screen, or played it in your VHS player on some dark night, probably close to Halloween.

The actor who played the lead role in that movie went on to become one of Hollywood's biggest and brightest stars of the new millennium, and clips from the movie are often shown on "Before They Were Stars" themed television shows.

My home life with mom was wonderful in every aspect, and our sex life was no less so. Mom and I made love every night and most mornings. We tried anal, once, for my 30th birthday present -- I just wanted to try it at least once. Mom didn't like it and it never happened again.

Loving mom was amazing. She was warm and giving and, even after she edged into the autumn of her life she was

willing to give herself to me and rarely turned me down. The last time we made love was a couple of months before she was diagnosed with lung cancer, just short of six months before she passed away.

Even in her 70s, mom looked angelic to me. Of course, her body wasn't what it had been even ten years previous; her breasts were flaccid, her butt drooped, and her skin was dry and leathery despite the lotions I applied religiously. But it was never about mom's body, as far as I was concerned. It was about her heart and her mind and her spirit. It was about love.

And I loved her.

Mom had always been my greatest fantasy, and when she slipped away from me, I was lost for a time.

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I blinked away my tears and looked around the room blearily. My eyes settled on the portrait of mom and me above the fireplace. She seemed to be smiling down at me and telling me she'd be waiting for me. Mom was always rescuing me.

I reached into the box on the couch and withdrew another handful of photographs. I paused at each vignette of mom; smiling at me behind the camera, looking serene off into the distance, sleeping on the couch, her face angelic and peaceful.

Mom, even at the end, was beautiful, wrinkles and all.

Flipping each photo aside, I paused at the next to last one between my thumb and forefinger. Mom lay on the hood of her Buick Riviera, clad only in a wet bra and sopping panties. Her eyes seemed to be beckoning to me to join her.

I remembered taking the photo. It was only two days after we moved to Minnesota. We had tried to beat the southern Minnesota heat in the pond on Gramps south forty. After I

took mom's picture I set the camera aside and made love to her on the hood of her car.

The last picture in my hand was the one that, more than any other, helped me come to grips with her passing.

The fading Kodachrome image between my thumb and forefinger said everything that needed to be said about mom and me. It was a simple picture of me blowing out birthday candles on a cake. By a candle count it was my 34th birthday. It was such an innocuous moment until I turned the photo upside down and read the simple icing inscription.

"Happy Birthday, My Love." It read in blue frosting.

My tears fell unchecked as the realization struck me that I was luckier than most; in my life I had been truly loved.

And that wasn't a bad thing.

It was more than many people can lay claim to.

Whatever else my life held for me in the future, I knew at that moment that mom had given me a life worth living and I'd cherish her memory until the day I went to be with her again.

I only hoped it wasn't too long.

THE END