

A Mother's Nurture

panzerfeck

It wasn't just Jason who needed weaning from his mother's breast milk, according to his increasingly ill-tempered father. The literal accusation was that Sara needed to stop using Jason as an excuse, to stop nursing and coddling the little mommy's boy. He wasn't a baby anymore!

She had nursed him from infancy all the way to the age of six. It wasn't simply that she couldn't or wasn't willing to stop. Jason was such a calm and affectionate little sweetheart. Whereas most other families' kids ran riot tanked up on sugar, beating on each other and growing ever rebellious against their parents, Jason was an angel.

Sara didn't want that to change and she didn't want to stop breastfeeding, for the warmth, the bonding and the happiness that it brought. God knew that happiness wasn't in surplus elsewhere in the household.

Tim, Sara's husband, hadn't been the same since Jason was born. He hadn't been the same since they got married. She didn't know about the affair with the secretary from work,

or how badly it had ended, but she knew he had lost interest pretty early on.

Tim had gone so far as to threaten Kimberly to keep her mouth shut, only AFTER he fired her. He would have destroyed her life had she come clean about their office adventures after hours, purely in spite of her ruining what he had. But his conviction was fuelled only by the fear and anxiety.

After that he never dared to play around again, but his marriage soured ever after, at least his half of it!

Tim paid little to no attention as to what happened under his own roof, being that he spent nearly two thirds of his life in a business suit. He first discovered that Sara was still nursing Jason beyond the recommended age on the off-chance that he decided to spend one sick day in his own bed.

That was it! He put his foot down out of sheer disgust! What an utter disgrace! What the hell was wrong with that woman? Was she thick in the head?

He rode her back from then on, making her stop what she should have stopped over four years ago; attacking her with his subtle but vicious accusations, claiming that she had a problem and that she was going to leave the boy queer or psychotic later in life.

And so Sara lived for years with the burden on her shoulder that she was like a sex abuser with an addiction, like an alcoholic. The fact that she suffered cold turkey day and night in no longer taking Jason to her breasts left her empty and sleepless for a long time.

And for what? What was the big pay-off to her years' long compromise? Jason was clearly hurt by being forced away from me in that respect. And the distance was tangible. And then Tim wouldn't touch her at all. It was like their marriage had become a full-time job in itself.

Thirteen long years passed and Jason was now a strong young man. Life had defined him, with a little help from his mother. He had defied the bullies, those of the school yard and those of authority both, and in the end they were nothing but loudmouths who couldn't put their money where their mouths were.

The bullies in school who, just like his dad, called him a mommy's boy and a queer (but never a dumb ass, they could never seriously make that claim), weren't all dumb as shit. Many of them were daddy's little princesses and egotistical jerks who only ever picked on those who didn't fight back.

After school most of them failed to show anything for their grades. Most of the princesses were pregnant by the age of eighteen. Some got into drugs and others got into worse crime. Jason got into the right circles and landed himself some on the job training.

Dad - the other authoritarian bully - didn't want him to become no stinking grease monkey mechanic despite the money to be made and the assurance of steady work. There

was no way he was putting the kid through college if he didn't want to follow him into the corporation, so he was instantly muted the day Jason came home with the news that he'd scored an apprenticeship with the well-known J.T. Walker garage.

Dad, who hadn't aged so well, was probably as bitter about that as he was about his marriage, spending most of his time at home in a drunk blackout, made a point of forgetting his son in a hurry after that.

Sara, however, couldn't have been any more proud, especially how he defied Tim even further by parking his car out on the driveway to accommodate his first "foreigner" job for some much needed cash.

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Jason was working on a neighbour's car in the privacy of their own garage on a Saturday night. Dad had drunk half a bottle of whiskey in front of the game shows, then complained of a headache before going to bed for a lie down. With the television then switched off, the house was

filled with nothing but the heavy grunting snores of the pig-headed old man, which caused the walls to vibrate. It wasn't even ten o'clock by then!

Fresh from her shower, now that she could do as she pleased without treading on eggshells, Sara - now wrapped up somewhat conservatively in her favourite plush white cotton housecoat - dried her hair in the bathroom mirror, brushing the knots out of her long feather-light brunette curls.

Time had been much more kind to her. In the stealthiest fashion, being a housewife and doing more to keep her home and family happy than Tim ever did at work, that had kept her trim and her son had kept her sweet, being that he was where she got her affection and love from.

Oh of course at the age of forty-four she was showing a few more greys and the fullness of youth was gone. Her face was mapped out with hidden lines and there was a well-lived in tiredness to her as a result of having settled for Tim's ways over what could have been. But if you could know what

Jason saw in Sara, there was a beauty beyond typical that only a real man deserved. His father was not that man.

Sara finished in the bathroom, cleaning up after herself before heading to the kitchen to make a cup of tea for Jason. He would be parched, she worried. Ever since he started working at the garage and practicing on small jobs in the garage at home, he would lose himself in there all night long.

Shuffling into the garage in her slipper-clad feet, Sara settled their cups on the work top near Jason's tool sets and stood watching as her fine young man bent over with his head under the bonnet, whirring away with his socket wrenches.

The garage hadn't seen so much life in all their years here. With the lights on, the radio playing and the smell of grease and metal, it was as it should always have been. Jason was breathing new life into it now.

'Can that wait until tomorrow, now?' she asked, causing him to jump out of his skin so comically and scold her for

sneaking up on him. She apologised and laughed. 'You should rest now, honey,' she insisted. 'I brought you some tea, but all I really wanted was a kiss and a cuddle!'

Jason, with his unabashed pearly white smile and kind brown eyes raised up his oily black hands like some clawed swamp thing out of an old B-movie horror. Sara squealed and ran, yelling, 'don't you dare, Jason, not on these clothes,' as Jason gave chase around the car.

Soon she had nowhere to go in the garage's restrictive space, but after he cornered her and made her beg, he relented and surrendered his dirty hands to the air and let Sara have what she wanted.

Putting her hands on his chest so to keep a distance between her fresh cleanliness and his manly, sweaty grime, she pecked him on the lips once, then twice, and then a third time, which stuck between them for a moment.

'The old crank must be asleep again,' Jason guessed.

'Of course,' she nodded, 'would you have it any other way?'

'I wish you'd told me sooner so I could have showered. Then you wouldn't have to worry about getting dirty with me,' Jason said with a mischievous wink.

'I only wanted to tell you how proud I am of you, making something for yourself like this. He thinks it's just some fruitless phase.' She brushed his dap fringe from his forehead and reflected on all his years, marvelling at the fine specimen Jason had grown into over the years, despite his father denying him so much - not to forget the nurture of Sara's which otherwise might have known no limits. She still thought of that.

'I don't even care what he thinks anymore,' Jason said. 'It's not about him. He should just be jealous that I get more kisses and cuddles than he does.'

Sara smiled at that with an otherwise forbidden expression, slapping Jason lightly on one of his solid chest muscles. 'You used to get a lot more than that when he wasn't at home' she recalled before returning to the worktop to sip her tea.

'What?' Jason didn't seem as mindful as she. His eyes narrowed, ticking over. His memory came up blank.

'You don't remember?' she asked. 'I breastfed you for such a long time, Jason. Oh I wished sometimes that I never had to stop. But that probably sounds weird.'

He laughed, blushed then too, and raised one hand to his eyes to hide his embarrassment. 'Mom, as much as I love a hot pair of boobs in my face-

'You think my boobs are hot, huh?' she broke in shamelessly, crossing one bare leg over the other and looking down on herself.

'Did you really nurse me for so long? I don't remember. Oh my god, actually I do,' he said. 'Oh my god,' struck by such a profound and strange thing, 'I do remember. But why?'

Sara shrugged. It was no big deal to her. Not like it was to Tim. 'I liked it. It made me feel closer to you and you were such a little sweetheart when you were in my arms...'

'Aw!'

'Looking up at me with your sleepy eyes...'

'Aw...'

'Sucking gently on my nipples...'

'Jesus, mom...'

'We started again later too, if you remember.' But Jason, whether he remembered or not, was at a total loss of words by that point. 'I don't think there was any milk drank by that point but, well... we both needed the closeness. It was a shitty time for all. Leave it at that!'

So they did, just as she suggested. But there was no denying, to Sara, that her confession had left her buzzing deep inside with an undiscovered excitement. She felt naughty, almost sinful, telling him this; even though it had been meant in all good humour. Hadn't it?

'Kisses and cuddles are just as good, mom,' Jason assured with a courtesy wink and excused himself to the shower.

4

On the Sunday afternoon, Tim was lounging in front of the television again and Jason was back in the garage, cleaning up the place. Bill from five doors down had returned for his pride and joy, more than happy with Jason's work. He showed his gratitude with the hundred in cash plus an extra fifty, which went straight into Jason's pocket.

Now that the garage was empty again he didn't know what to do with himself. He didn't want to go back into the house, not with the old fart casting his judgement on the soaps. It wouldn't be long before he was polishing off the whiskey and turning to smite someone non-fictional instead.

He was lowering the garage door, casting the empty concrete space into darkness when suddenly the light came on. Sara stood smiling at him proudly once more, dressed practically in a flowing peach-coloured summer dress and snug grey leggings. Instantly he went to her and dug his hand into his pocket where he took out his earnings and offered her two thirds.

'No, you put that away. You deserve it,' she assured. 'Just give your mother a kiss and a cuddle or I won't make it through the day without breaking all the plates over his head.'

She didn't have to ask twice. Jason leaned in and took his mother into his strong arms by the waist, propping her on the edge of the worktop so that despite her small stature they could meet face to face. She wrapped her arms around his neck and him into her where they breathed each other in closely and became lost in their embrace.

And then when he pulled back to meet her eye to eye, her lips planted firmly against his before she pulled away too

and beckoned him to plant a kiss on her lips next. Back and forth they were behaving like a pair of chimpanzees, laughing at each other.

'You love your mom, don't you,' she sighed with contentment.

'Yes I do,' he said.

They barely heard the footsteps coming before the house door to the garage flipped wide open and his dad flipped out like a Jack-in the-Box!

The manner in which the balding old head-case appeared suggested that he suspected something, like he was trying to catch either of them in the act of hiding something from him. And the glassy stare in his cold grey eyes, set deep in his hawkish, deep-lined and soured face, as he stood there dead still with his eyes trained on Jason.

Jason felt his heart speed up only in that moment, because he knew by Tim's look that the old man was either going to challenge him or insult him somehow.

'Tim, what?' Sara asked, exasperated by his standoffish appearance.

Never mind that the garage was now empty, clean and spotless. 'Oh is the neighbour's car gone? Do I finally have my own property back now?'

'Yes,' Jason said slowly and without blinking. He was a picture of calm but inside he was brimming and his mother could feel it.

'Then you can clean up after yourself and get that piece of junk car of yours off my driveway,' Tim demanded...

'Can't you?!'

Then finally, Jason blinked. With that, Tim turned around and walked away with his shoulders hunched, leaving the door wide open behind him.

5

It was past midnight. Sara was lying at the edge of the bed and staring up at the ceiling where the streetlights streaked across the room like spectral sunburst. The snoring beside her was deafening. Nobody could be this tired, to make such noise that could keep a whole street awake and yet never to be woken by it themselves.

In all their twenty years of marriage Tim had been stubborn to some degree. Once Jason was born, he upped the ante. She didn't know of his past affair but she wouldn't have been surprised had she found out, but now she worried that she was married to a Neanderthal in a necktie.

If he weren't so stubborn, or standoffish, or ignorant of her existence, maybe - she pained - there could have been a way back from the lives they lived now. If it wasn't for Jason,

she'd have been so utterly miserable. But then maybe she'd be elsewhere instead.

His heavy lump of a useless body took up most of the bed, one knee pressing her further and further over the edge. In his sleep he mumbled, 'we're gonna drown unless you go, you fat bitch...'

That was all she could stand there and then. Easing herself off the edge of the mattress and into her slippers, Sara didn't even bother to look for her housecoat in the dark. She was wearing a blue satin nightgown, which was good enough for her to go wandering in. Jason hadn't come out of that garage all evening.

He was still there, and she didn't blame him, because he was so tense at one point that he could have taken his dad's head off with one punch, and she might not have stopped him.

She found him sat behind the wheel of his grey Oldsmobile Cutlass, which J.T. was generous enough to let him have if he could get her working in his own time. Of course, the

parts weren't free. That was part of the challenge, which he
aced.

'Can I come in?' she asked through the window. He nodded
and she got in the passenger seat beside him, resting her
head with a weary, frustrated groan. 'I'm sleeping on the
couch. I'm done.'

'Why don't you use my bed,' Jason suggested, paying little
attention. 'I don't think I'll be sleeping tonight.'

'Because of the way he was this afternoon?'

'Because of the way he's always been. And not just to me.
I'm going to end up killing him if he gets any worse. Unless
I leave, which is what he wants, isn't it?'

Sara couldn't deny that dreadful little truth. She never
wanted Jason to leave, ever, but she knew that he would one
day. That was just a fact of life. Everybody flew the nest
sooner or later. Otherwise they were spoilt and might never
be truly happy.

'I remember when I left home,' she recalled dreamily in her fatigued state. Jason turned to watch intently as he listened to her soothing tone. When he did, unable to look her in the eyes just yet, he found his attention centred on his mother's barely restrained bust; her nipples poking through the blue satin in the chill of the night.

'Thinking about it, my father was a lot like Tim is now. And I flew the nest pretty early to be with him because I thought that it was the best for everyone. He was there at just the right time. Things at home were unbearable. And now it's like I ran away from him only to end up running straight into his crosshairs.'

'What are you saying?' Jason asked.

'Well... I guess I'm saying not to run off too soon and end up suffering all the same. But if I can be honest, I just don't want you to leave me with that...'

'Troll!' Jason finished.

'Ogre,' Sara countered and offered a dry chuckle, then, 'why can't things just be like they used to be?'

'I don't get what you mean,' Jason stressed, his knuckles tightening around the steering wheel.

'When it used to feel like it was just you and me,' she explained with such longing. 'When I could hold you and help you forget the world around you and just feel good on a sort of intuitive, or instinctual way?!'

'I wish it was just you and me,' Jason admitted. Then he finally looked at her, so dark and intense in his jittery burnt out state and concluded, 'always!'

Their mutual longing was so strong. When Sara met his gaze and realised that he understood her, it was like a live connection now crackled and buzzed between them with electrical impulse. He looked away, pondering further what would come tomorrow and the next day after that.

Sara thought long and hard herself then, but not of the same things as he. The garage doors were shut tight, the night was so silent far away from that troll cave where her husband slept, and next to her was the one man in the world she loved more than anything.

When she hooked her thumbs beneath the shoulder straps of her nightie and let them fall loose, it wasn't a declaration of self-destruction or of wanting to be unfaithful. Tim had spent the past nineteen years destroying her faith in that respect.

And when she stealthily shimmied the smooth satin down over her still generous breasts, with their darkened nipples and aerola, letting it fall down to her waist and feeling the liberating chill of abandon, it was with a mother's instinct that she reclined her seat, leant back and said his name.

6

He was greeted with a kind smile and a reaching hand when he turned to see his mother lying in waiting, having bared the breasts that nursed him as a child. His heart stammered

and then leapt into action. The rest of him was slow to catch up. Time, it seemed, had slowed to a grind.

'It's okay, Jason,' she assured, 'come to mom and forget everything. Nothing else matters!'

'Mom, I'm not the same anymore,' Jason said. It was only the slightest hint of a warning, without a hint of rejection. 'Where does this go?'

'Nowhere,' she assured. 'It stays between you and me.'

He moved to her, accepting her offering of nurture. Jason climbed over, uncertainly at first, so that he was kneeling between her feet. As if it wasn't cramped enough in there. He had to be careful not to crush her or to find himself in a position so not to strain himself with nowhere to rest. Nothing worked for them.

Eventually, Sara suggested that Jason recline his own seat, so returning to it with some clumsiness, he did and laid back, whereupon she climbed over into his lap.

Immediately she noticed the solid bulge growing in the crotch of his jeans. She neither flinched nor said a word.

Gently she leaned into him, snaking her arm around the back of his head and pulled him to her breast. With one final gaze, a search for approval, which she gave, Jason opened his mouth to accept her and clamped down gently over a nipple and began to suckle at her.

Sara's world melted away instantly. She forgot quickly where they were, let alone the tight confines of the car. Only Jason remained, sucking sweetly at her breast. Nothing came just yet. She wasn't even sure it would, but between her thighs she began to feel more than just her son's arousal.

Jason licked smoothly, swirling his tongue to lubricate the nipple, and with that she let out a gasp of delight and held him closer, whispering words of encouragement. 'That's it, just like that. Just relax and enjoy it...'

Jason's right hand relaxed on her backside, his left at the back of her thighs. Carefully he lifted her up higher so that

he could bring her right up over his willing mouth where he wetly took more of her in. Only now he was breathing heavily and kissing her, teasing her nipple with his tongue.

Sara was experiencing such bliss that she didn't notice the transition from nursing to lovemaking, but soon enough he was attacking both breasts with a languid passion that had them both breathless and giddy. On that first night, however, she wouldn't acknowledge either that the sensation deep within her lower abdomen was sexual and not in any way motherly.

When she looked at the time, both breasts slick with saliva and blushing heavily, she was shocked to find that an hour had passed by. She leaned back, still very aware of his erection but choosing to ignore it, and asked if he felt better. Jason nodded slowly, disguising his excitement the best he could with a sombre expression.

'It's still okay if you want to keep doing this,' she then assured. 'In here, when your father's asleep.'

Monday night rolled around finally. For Jason it had been a surreal day, considering his grasp of the situation and his feelings for his mother, which he tried hard to reign in.

'Do anything over the weekend?' J.T. has asked. What could he say to that? "Oh you know, fixed a neighbour's car, nearly killed the old man... sucked on mom's titties!"?

When he finally came home after five, Tim was still on the road back, but mom was preparing the dinner in the kitchen. Showering as quickly as he could, to get the rest of the black grime off his hands, he went into the kitchen and greeted her with the same kisses and cuddles that they had always enjoyed.

The closeness was charged with greater chemistry this time. Without even realising it they both melted into each other's eyes and suddenly sensing it, Sara fell back against his gripping hands, in turn causing her pelvis to press against his. Again, he was hard. And again she said nothing.

'You're looking at me now just like you used to look at me when you were a boy,' she gushed. 'Such a heartbreaker - I hope you don't do that with every girl you meet.'

'You know I only have eyes for you, mom,' he replied casually. And he was going to talk about the night before, because he felt that he needed to ask questions. He had been left elated, excited even, but definitely confused in regards to other things.

Before he could, the door to the front of the house slammed shut and the telltale sign of dad's arrival sounded with his briefcase being dumped at the shoe rack by the porch. When he marched through the kitchen, right by them, such was the silence that it spoke louder than the bitterness most likely to exit his foul mouth.

He went straight to the drink, eyeing mother and son studiously and with a hint of suspicion, as if to ask what the hell they were looking at. And every time he saw them they were hugging like a pair of fucking hippies!

Jason was relieved to crawl into bed that night and to be met with the freshness of clean sheets. He got used to feeling dirty all day every day, his hands now growing callous due to their regular encounters with rust, dirt and oil. To feel clean and crisp was now a luxury by comparison, which he revelled in at every opportunity.

He went to bed early to watch a horror movie but didn't even get halfway in before he fell asleep, leaving the light and television on until past midnight. And again in the next room over his mother failed to find sleep, lying next to the drunken troll, so she slid out of bed and left the room again.

Jason stirred at the creak of the opening door, then again as his mother switched off the television. He finally opened his eyes to find her perched on the edge of the bed in her other housecoat, this one black. She was caressing his cheek and thumbing his brow softly.

'I'm sorry, I couldn't resist,' she apologised. 'You left the light and the TV on.'

'Sorry mom,' he said on the cusp of a great yawn and stretched. 'Was Shrek hogging the bed again?'

'Not so much,' she admitted. 'I was just thinking that if I woke you, would you want to go sneak into the garage with me for a moment...'

9

Sara was the last in, following Jason who had gone topless other than for the sweatpants he slept in. She closed the door behind them both, quietly, and then asked him to lift her up onto the worktop again like he had the Sunday. Again, Jason took her by the waist and picked her up with ease, gently setting her down so that they were face to face, her thighs parted to allow him closer to her.

'Give your mom a kiss,' Sara commanded and held out her arms to wrap around his neck. Jason leaned in to meet her lips and they did the same as they always did, back and forth like affectionate little chimps.

'I love you so much and I wouldn't change you for the world,' she assured.

'Me too, mom,' Jason said and kissed her again.

'And I can never have enough of you, your kisses and your cuddles,' she added, pulling him closer and nibbling his lower lip. 'Do you want to nurse from mom again?'

'Yes please,' Jason reacted, feeling himself grow against her instantly. When she opened up her housecoat to reveal that she was wearing nothing underneath, he nearly lost his footing.

Sara leaned back, holding her weight on one hand as she held her son by his neck and directed him to her nakedness. This time he didn't look to her for certainty. And he didn't try to milk her either. The moment his lips and tongue were latched onto the first nipple, he had his hands wrapped around her hips and he was aiming to pleasure her.

Hissing and panting, hissing and panting, Sara dared herself to release a moan from between her gritted teeth but regretted it the moment it recalled loud across the garage. 'That's my boy,' she cooed, ruffling his hair and mashing her face right into her fulsome breasts. 'You can suck on them harder, go on, you won't hurt me!'

Time dissolved once again. The garage, cool and dry in the late night air, lay host to the sounds of their heavy breathing and Jason's loud kissing and suckling. He was handling her breasts with both hands, gently squeezing them and teasing her hard nipples with wet lips, circling her areola slickly with the tip of his tongue then lapping at her.

And all the while she could feel the pressure rising up from the butterflies playing in her tummy. It was not fair just how wet she was, all the while being loved so passionately by her own flesh and blood.

'Okay, that's enough for now,' she urged, fighting back the new urges arising while she still could. 'Come up here,' she reiterated after he ignored her to carry on, and pulled his face up to hers.

Their lips were barely an inch apart when she searched his eyes to see if he understood the importance for their secrecy, and maybe if he saw in her eyes what she refused to say in words.

'I got carried away, didn't I?' he asked.

'No, not you,' she said sheepishly. 'Just kiss your mom and don't worry about it.' So he did, wondering what dad would do if he came in to find them both mostly naked and kissing the way they were.

10

Sara maintained that so long as her son wanted to, they could continue to sneak into the garage every night where he could "feed" from her breast. She knew that the line between nurturing and sexual was thin and easily blurred.

After that second night, where she further instigated the encounter between them, she felt that she had forced the

situation onto Jason. That wasn't good. It needed to be him coming to her, so she told him that next day.

'If you want to, come to me when your father goes to sleep and ask me and I will be there for you. And,' she didn't know what made her say the next part, 'we don't even have to do that. We could just kiss and cuddle and talk and be closer to each other in other ways.'

Jason didn't know what those other ways were for sure, but he took a few days to think about it and put it to one side while he wrestled with the reality of what they were doing and what it might have meant.

Were they falling for each other? They were already as in love as a mother and son could be. They didn't ever have the lives of so-called ordinary people. Dad made sure of that. They counted on each other dearly to get through the ordeal of their own personal reality.

And like hell was he ever going to leave his mother just so that Tim - who treated his own wife and his flesh and blood like the hallucinations of a rock-bottom drunk - could

completely let go of his own standards and leave her life a living hell.

No, the reality was that they were expanding, because no family could survive on such a narrow foundation, not in the least one that was being bogged down by such hateful misery. They felt anything but misery when they were together.

Their expansion brought with it excitement, danger, arousal... living!

11

ONE WEEK LATER...

Tim dragged himself through the front door, the darkened evening behind him, and threw his suitcase onto the floor. The carpet there was mangled and balding where he had dropped his case every weekday evening since they last changed it. And yet he regarded it as his wife's problem, meeting it with the same old disdain as everything else,

before flipping off his shoes and ragging the tie from around his neck!

Work was getting worse. His performance, specifically, was getting worse, and with that came humility, which he was not known for. And so he was doing more overtime - actual work overtime - not because he was fucking another secretary, but to cover up his own mistakes.

When he marched, sore-footed, into the kitchen, he could barely mask his outrage for the fact that his wife and son were sitting before used plates, without even stopping to acknowledging his presence. It was as if time had moved on without him.

'Already eaten have you?' he remarked. 'Is mine ready?'

Jason craned his head to measure the rattiness in his dad's expression against that which was in his voice, then looked away to stifle a sigh. Sara sat back, raised her eyebrows into a question - excuse me for breathing? - and pointed across the way.

'It's in the oven. Probably ruined since you didn't call to tell me you were staying late.'

Feel the burn you horrid bastard, Jason thought to himself. Meanwhile Tim ignored his mother, fixed himself a drink and sat down at the head of the table. 'How's work then, son,' he strained.

'Work's going very well,' Jason offered.

'Jason treated us tonight. We had a pork roast with all of the trimmings and a bottle of chilled wine,' Sara explained proudly. When she went to get up, Jason insisted that she stay seated and went to fetch the dog's dinner instead.

With a damp towel he set the hot plate down in front of his father and remarked, 'here, don't burn yourself,' which left Tim both angry and speechless; right before he went to turn the plate around in his needless inspection, and then burned himself.

'Fuck's sake, it's hot!' he shouted, shaking his fingers madly before lifting a trembling whiskey glass to his lips. Tim had a problem. Tim had that problem for a long time. But now it was clearly evident that Tim was no longer in control of that problem. That problem, Tim's drinking, was controlling him now.

It was midnight before he finally drank himself unconscious. Jason was at least forgiving enough to hoist him up and drag him into his parents' bedroom where he would starfish the night away and no doubt awaken ready to ruin his job another day.

He found mom in the garage when he came back down, and didn't know what to expect from her, or if she was expecting anything of him.

'What I've been doing with you here,' she said cautiously, 'I've not just been doing it for you, have I?' she asked. 'I've been doing it for myself. I'm probably a very bad mother. I probably shouldn't be doing this at all.'

'You don't have to do anything,' Jason assured carefully at a distance.

'But I want to,' she said. 'Don't you?'

'Yes.' He stifled a laugh, partly in disbelief. She knew damn well he was into it probably more than she was. Even if they did have to sneak around, so long as it gave him his mother, and brought her closer, then he was happy to say the least.

'What's so funny?' she asked.

'Nothing,' he said and laughed again, this time hopelessly. 'Mom, I love you, and whatever you need, I'm here for you. But shall we clean up that living room before we say anything else?'

'I can do that tomorrow morning,' she insisted. 'Is there something else you'd rather do; with me, right now?'

And there it was again, that look in her eyes like an on switch had been flipped and the current was surging. It made his heart flutter and immediately his mouth watered in anticipation. He swallowed and asked what she had in mind.

'If you could do anything right now,' Sara pushed back. 'With your mom, and nobody else would know. I'm feeling bold. Tell me!'

A thousand images flashed before Jason's mind all at once, most of them more graphic than words could describe in the heat of the moment. There was what his mind wanted, what his heart wanted, and then what he wanted for his mom more than anything. And his mom, more than anything, needed to feel loved.

'I love all the kissing we've been doing,' he said.

'But we've already done plenty kisses and we always will,' she countered.

'But I'd really love to make out with you.'

'Wow...'

'Yeah...'

'So,' she thought hard, 'not like a mother/son kiss, but a lovers' kiss? You'd want to do that with your mother?'

'Only because my mother is you,' Jason replied. Sara's smile was gone, replaced by something darker and wanton, but for the gleam in her eyes. She too swallowed hard and then brushed her fingertips over her lips, not once breaking eye contact with the young man in front of her.

'Well what are you waiting for?' she begged.

'And in my bed,' Jason added.

'Really,' Sara responded in a sultry manner.

'I'm not letting you sleep on the couch tonight, mom,' he said.

'On one condition, then,' she concluded. And she didn't have to think long on what that condition would be.

12

Jason did as he was told. It wasn't so much a condition as it was a stipulation and one that left his mind reeling with wonder, because it begged the question whether the trust between them was at its strongest or whether it had flown out through the window.

His bedroom was dark now, all but for the small bedside lamp, and he lay comfortably in his king size bed, beneath the sheets, with his eyes closed as instructed. Sara's feet barely made a sound as she padded barefoot across the floor towards him, and then the mattress depressed and she was in the bed right next to him, bare skin on skin.

The moment he felt her warm, smooth flesh touch up against his, Jason began to rise to the occasion and as he opened his eyes, there she was gazing into his eyes with wondrous adoration and nervous excitement.

'Okay lover-boy,' she whispered and joined him in an embrace of soft bodies and entwining limbs, and their mouths opened to couple like never before. Instantly their tongues lapped over one another, swirled and danced and wet lips pursed and smacked deliciously. Then she pulled away breathlessly and giggled quietly before returning for more.

'My god this feels amazing,' Sara panted in between long, exquisite smooches. She could have instantly given herself to him there and then if he weren't her own. But however things had escalated to this point between them, it felt right; it felt so beautifully necessary and her own son made her feel like the most loved woman on earth.

They made out, or were they making love now - caressing and kissing, pulling one another into each other - for what seemed the whole night. It felt heavenly to feel him

touching her breasts the way he did, with strong masterful hands, and to caress her bottom as her thigh brushed across his hip. Once or twice he put his hand lightly over her hot hairy pussy. She had to come to her senses and fight the urge to let him slip in, to remove his hand and to place it back on her butt or her boobs.

Only an hour passed before she decided something needed to be done about the impossible hardness that had gone from rubbing hotly at her lower belly to sliding occasionally up against a place he had never been since the day of his birth. Otherwise he might keep reaching down to play with her sex.

She asked if she could touch it. He told her that she could, so long as he could touch her. That wasn't part of the condition, she told him, but she wanted to relieve the frustration she was causing him.

'That has to be mutual though, mom,' he insisted.

'That would turn into sex, Jason. Do you really think we should go there?'

He didn't dare say what he felt then because he wanted her to be in control and for her to tell him that she wanted to. 'I should be so lucky,' he said and nuzzled into her.

Sara moved him onto his back and manoeuvred onto her side and into a half-sitting position, eyeing up the tent pole hidden beneath the sheets at his waist level. This was something that didn't happen every day, she thought, or ever.

She leaned over him, getting in close, until her right breast was directly over his face and told him to suck on it and to just enjoy himself. Bit by bit, she used her left foot to drag the sheet down until she was met with the wonderful sight of his standing glory. And her first thought was immediately how deliciously easy it would slide deep into her soaking pussy at that point.

Instead she reached down and wrapped her hand around him, gently easing down the foreskin to reveal all and told him how beautiful he was. And he was a good two inches longer than her entire foot. She might even need a little

something wet to help the gliding motion of her hand all the way up and down, because she was going to tease him for as long as she could and test her boy's endurance.

Not only could Jason last. She had never seen so much come spurt out of such a big cock in her life. The ultimate sinful seed, in the grand erogenous zone of her mind, had been sown. And she slept with him that night like she hadn't in years!

13

It all came to a head the next day. God only knew how Tim managed to come around from his booze induced coma on time, or thankfully how Sara managed to wake up next to her son after barely more than two hours' sleep. They met on the landing, like cowboys at high noon, and Sara was at least dressed to some degree.

The look in Tim's eyes was that of a wounded, shameful animal, like a dog that had received the belt of its owner. But in his world, he was the owner of everything. 'What,' he implored miserably as she stood there wondering what he

might do. She didn't answer him, at least with anything other than a pitiful look.

'Come on, woman,' he snapped. 'What's your game?'

'Just once I'd like to deserve the way you speak to me, you pathetic fucking creature,' she spat.

And Jason awoke to the sound of his father's hand striking his mother's cheek. It happened with such thunderous force that the echoing clap almost masked the sound of her slight body crumpling to the floor.

'What the fuck do you think you're doing?' Jason raged, and he was all teeth and foaming saliva. He was kneeling at his mother's side, protecting her from further violence, otherwise there was no doubt that he would be the one committing it.

Tim, disgusted with the both of them, because god forbid he should ever be disgusted with himself for once, stumbled off to the bathroom with heavy, clumsy feet,

while Jason carefully helped his mother back to her feet and sat her down in his room, telling her to wait until dad was gone from the house.

When he left the room and closed the door, he was heartbroken to have to turn his back on her helpless sobbing. It was time to have serious words with his dad. And if Tim didn't like the ultimatum that was coming to him, he could consider it over a broken jaw.

14

'To put it as straight as I can, J.T., dad attacked mom this morning in one of his drunken rages,' he spoke softly into the phone. 'He's gone now but you understand I have to stay here and make sure he doesn't come back to finish what he started.'

'Kid, don't worry about work. Whatever you need, you got it. I hope your mom's okay,' J.T. replied. Jason swelled with affection, thanking him.

'If you want you can drop a job outside and I'll work from home.'

J.T.'s gutsy laughter nearly deafened him. 'No customer's that special, son,' he heckled and hung up. So Jason spent the day at home, keeping his mom safe and tending to the tender red bruise flaring up over her cheekbone.

By mid-afternoon Sara was insisting that he go back to work. 'I'll be fine,' she said, not seeing how pointless it would be for him to go back to work for two hours. To please her, he went to work on the Cutlass in the garage. He didn't see the time fly by after that.

15

It was approaching six o'clock when Sara came into the garage, from the front of the house. To his confusion, she closed the front garage door over behind herself and then went over to the side door to turn on the lights.

'Hey mom,' he acknowledged sympathetically, and then, 'it was still light outside. You didn't have to do that.'

'Your dad had been arrested,' she said without a hint of emotion. Her stare was anything but distant. In fact it was dead on target and straight to the point. Jason just listened and tried to let it sink in. 'He didn't go to work today, apparently. The police were called to a bar fight across town that they think was him. Then he was apprehended for DUI after smashing into a cop car that he refused to stop for. He is up shit creek and I couldn't care less.'

'I love you mom,' Jason reminded. 'And you don't need him. I'll take care of you.'

'We'll take care of each other, huh, heartbreaker,' she nodded in agreement. Although she didn't smile he could see the life in her eyes, just waiting to spill over. Jason smiled in earnest then and held up his oily black hands. That made his mother remember, and she laughed heartily.

Then, 'dirty me,' she said, refusing to run. 'Put your filthy hands all over me. I'm not pretending for anyone anymore. Fuck what they think.'

Jason was upon her in a flash, lifting her up into his arms and covering her white blouse and jeans in black handprints. For good measure he put one black smudge on her nose and then one under each eye, like war paint. Then he kissed her over and over again, overcome with elation.

That soon changed and so did the nature of their kisses. One moment it was pure love, the next it was needy and emotional. Then once again they were making out and her hand was cupping the growing bulge in his jeans. When she looked into his eyes again she was deadly serious.

'If you could do anything right now, what would it be?' she asked.

'I should be so lucky,' he hinted. Her heart leapt.

'I'm your mother. You can't forget that,' she warned.

'I know,' Jason said and lowered his head, but she forced his chin up again.

'If we start having sex, there's no going back,' she told him coolly. 'We'll have to hide that from people and pretend and make excuses. I can't choose that for you. I didn't let you last night because of that. You know that. I was protecting you.'

'I understand,' he said sorely.

'No you don't,' she said. 'I'm asking you to choose, consciously. Do you really want to start having sex with me; your mother?'

'Yes, mom' he gushed helplessly. 'There's nobody I love more.'

'I wanted to last night,' she confessed. 'I've wanted to for the past year, wondering what was going through my mind.'

'I wish I'd known,' Jason said, trembling with adrenaline and desire. And then the look his mother now gave him, full of both promise and resolve, nearly caused him to blow a gasket.

'Now ask me what I want,' she commanded.

Jason swallowed hard, his mouth bone dry. And then he asked her.

'What do you want, mom?'

'I want you to come to bed and have sex with me, son,' she purred. 'Will you, right now?'

His response was the kiss of a lover.

It was only right in Sara's mind to recreate the events of the night before. Only this time they helped each other to undress in the day's dying light and they went into bed together, falling in love to the pillows and crumpled sheets that lay undone since that morning.

None of that mattered now that they lay entwined and hungrily searching each others' hot mouths, tongues licking and lapping. Finally Jason's dream came true. They made out blissfully, and for as sparks flew. And then he moved down to nurse on her breasts again, and she didn't stop him from exploring her sex with his hand that time.

That time she encouraged him to go all the way, to rub her hairy pussy, to tease her throbbing, aching clitoris, and to sample her smooth, slippery warmth; after which he tasted her and approved. A huge part of Jason couldn't grasp the reality while it played out before him. Here he was, committing incestuous foreplay with his own mother in the knowledge that they were consummating a lifetime's love through the act of sex.

Sara ordered her son onto his back where again she laid side by side, stroking the length of his solid erection. This time she couldn't help but lean over to taste him and to take him into her mouth to suck and to wet before returning to make out with him. And they stayed that way a while because it just felt right to bask in one another's love before lust would bring them crashing back again.

Sara considered relenting once more simply to offer Jason one last chance to go back, although she knew that moment was long gone. They both wanted each other. It was going to happen. She straddled Jason's hips and began rubbing the swollen tip of his erect cock up and down the soaking entrance to her vagina.

With hazy eyes, lost in the feeling, Sara whispered, 'I got you, baby, don't worry,' and sunk down over her son's entire rock solid eight inch babymaker, issuing mutual moans as they joined for the second time in their lives and began to make love together. The moment they fitted together that way, it seemed clearly meant to be.

For all their suffering, and for Sara's lost youth and painful adulthood, their lives together - alone - were going to make up for everything they had missed. And to make up for all the intimacy and sex, the sex between she and her son would forever gratify, satisfy and fulfil.

The bitter old man had self-destructed in the end, setting them free. And who would frown on a caring son spending his life with the woman who raised him and protected him from that horror? In the end, though, he had protected her and now she would go on to say that he was in fact her protector. Who could argue even if they wanted to?

'Oh Jason,' she cooed again and again, so proud and in love and coming undone with his cock penetrating her deep and wide. She came hard and laughing for the silliness of it all, exposing this secret vulnerability to him. And as soon as she did, he flipped her over and sought to make her come over and over again.

The day's last light was on the horizon when they lay face to face, Jason wrapped up in his mother's thighs and her hands held with his over her head. They kissed and kissed

as he slid deep and snug and she remarked how beautiful he felt inside her like that.

'Ditto, mom,' he panted and got up to his knees, using hers to hold his weight as he put his remaining stamina into slowly impaling her with his full length. The moans between them grew louder then and Jason bucked faster, his mom's hips rocking forth to meet with his, until he shot forth his own climax.

And again she came, there and then, with him all the way. 'Jesus Christ, that's intense,' she cried as he swelled up and exploded to seed her with his spunk. 'Oh son,' she groaned, clamping tight around him to feel him turn from hot hard flesh to liquid love. And as the last light failed, they were done - coupled!

17

The house was in darkness, not a sound, not a peep; nothing but the sensation of their naked warm flesh pressed together. He kissed her again with a lover's kiss and grew

hard against her outer thigh, and she became wet to take him all over again.

'Somebody's happy,' she said and he let out a chuckle, snaking his arms around her, taking his mother all for self.

'I love you mom,' he said back in deepest truth. 'But I feel sorry for your pussy, because it's going to take a pounding.'

She guided him in from behind while they spooned and she let out a laugh herself, then a satisfied moan. 'Oh you've yet to learn much more about me now, baby,' she forewarned. 'And that beautiful cock will be in deep trouble when you're all worn out and I'm all warmed up...'

'I'm glad,' he said and slid deep towards her cervix where he would fill his mother again and again and neither of them did grow tired of each other. It was a match made in Heaven for the both of them.

THE END