

# A New Man of the House

MT44

*A few of you may recognize this story from several years ago. It's been updated and rewritten since then.*

# Chapter 1 - A Discussion over Dinner

Monday. December 7th. 5:47 PM.

Al couldn't hide his disgust as he sat at the kitchen table. Was he officially one of those guys? Was he now married to a woman who'd completely given up? His worst nightmare had become reality.

"Why wouldn't you ask for my opinion first?"

Kelly checked her chicken and rice soup on the stove before glancing back at her husband. "I wasn't aware that I needed your permission."

"Kelly, I'm your husband," he told her, shaking his head. "I should have a say in this. You need to let it grow back."

The forty-two-year-old mother of one didn't see the problem with her new haircut. She'd considered doing something like it for a while, and finally decided to go for it at the salon earlier. Her previously long blonde hair was exhausting to maintain. She worked forty hours a week, ran a household, and took care of everything that her husband always put off, and now she had a short pixie cut which would take minutes to wash and style, versus the hassle of dealing with her formerly long locks.

Al thought that a thirteen-year-old boy stood in the kitchen when he arrived home from work ten minutes ago. His wife's hair didn't even cover her ears! The left side sat high on her head before swooping down across her forehead and ending just above her right eyebrow. It looked awful! Her blue eyes didn't even pop anymore, and the idea of looking at her during sex caused his stomach to churn. He loved pulling on her long hair, but now he wouldn't have anything to grab onto!

"It's my hair and it's my decision," she stated. "Don't like it? Well, tough shit. Hopefully you'll get used to it."

He couldn't tear his eyes away from her horrific haircut. He wanted to go down to her salon and slap the stylist who'd massacred her gorgeous blonde hair, but his real problem involved her lack of consulting him on the subject.

"I should have just as much of a say about this as you do. I'm the one who has to look at it all-day! Not you! What you did was incredibly selfish."

"Selfish?" she snickered. "You should be the last one to accuse anyone of being selfish."

His eyebrows perked up after hearing her comment. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

"Hey, Dad."

Al turned to see his eighteen-year-old son, Mike, walk into the kitchen with his basketball bag over his shoulder.

"Hey, Mike," he greeted him back.

The teen plopped his bag down on the table before glancing over at his mother. "Hey, Mom, whatcha making--whoa!"

Kelly smiled at her son gingerly, curious to hear his opinion about her new haircut.

"When did this happen?" Mike asked, pointing at her head.

"A few hours ago," she answered.

A big smile suddenly grew on his face. "It looks great!"

"Really!?" she asked excitedly.

He took a seat at the table next to his father. The six-foot-tall, brown-haired, brown-eyed high school senior wore a pair of basketball shorts and a gray hoodie despite it being fifteen degrees outside with light snow showers. It drove his mother crazy how he refused to wear a coat or even pants on his way home from basketball practice, but he was stuck in his ways.

"Absolutely," he nodded. "Listen, I love long hair, but this is like my second favorite hairstyle. What's it called?"

"A pixie cut," she told him with a big smile.

"I love it," he reiterated. "It looks awesome on you."

Kelly turned her attention to her husband. The fact that he looked like he'd just smelled a skunk made her situation even sweeter. "Well, would you look at that? Mike loves it."

Al's eyes peered sharply at his son, disgusted. "Are you kidding me?"

"Excuse me?" Mike asked.

"You love it?" Al inquired again. "Are you serious? It looks awful!"

"Jesus, Mom is standing right there!"

"I don't care," Al huffed. "I can't stand it. It doesn't look feminine at all. I feel like I'm married to a guy!"

Mike's focus shifted back to his mother. "Don't listen to him. I really love it."

She smiled again before checking the pot of soup on the stove.

"Will you stop kissing her ass?" Al groaned. "You know, you've always been a mama's boy."

"I'm not a mama's boy!" he protested. "I'm just being honest. Mom looks great. Are you seriously telling me that you don't like her hair?"

"I'm sickened by it."

"You don't have to be an asshole," he told Al.

"I'm not being an asshole," Al said, shaking his head. "You know, she does shit like this because everyone constantly tells her how great she is all the time. Mom needs some honesty, and it honestly looks awful. I loved her hair! It was the best part about her, and now that's gone and I didn't even have a say in the matter! It isn't right."

Mike couldn't be more stunned by his father's behavior. "Dad, it's her hair. She should be able to do whatever she wants with it."

"Bullshit," the forty-five-year-old father protested. "My opinion should matter just as much as hers."

The two men glanced up to see Kelly place a bowl of soup in front of each of them. "I don't think I should have to ask for permission to get a haircut."

"That's not a haircut," Al sighed. "That's a fuckin' holocaust."

Mike rolled his eyes and watched his mother make her way to the table with a bowl of soup in hand for herself. "Could you be more dramatic, Dad? A holocaust?"

"It is," he stated firmly as his wife took a seat directly across the table. "I don't even have an appetite."

The high school senior caught his mother's attention before she raised her first spoonful of dinner to her lips. "Well, I think you look beautiful."

Her spoon tilted, causing her soup to pour back into the bowl. "What?"

"I think you look beautiful," he repeated casually before helping himself to some of his meal.

"That's the last thing she needs to hear," Al groaned. "She'll stop wearing makeup next."

"Okay, fine, you don't like her haircut," he said to his dad. "That's your opinion, but let's be honest with each other here. You're still batting way out of your league."

Al looked up from his soup. "Excuse me?"

"You're batting way out of your league," he repeated.

Al didn't follow. "What does that mean?"

"I seriously have to explain this? Okay, fine. Dad, Mom's like a ten. She's a knockout, and I don't know what happened back in the day to result in you getting her, but you should count your lucky stars that you somehow did."

Kelly had yet to enjoy any of her dinner. She still glowed from being called beautiful just moments ago, and her hands felt weak as she placed her spoon down on the wooden surface of the kitchen table. It was constant criticism from Al. Everything she did was either wrong or stupid. Living with him had become a drain on her, but Mike always made things better. Not like this, though. She couldn't remember the last time that someone complimented her looks, and she found herself wanting to bask in her current heaven.

Al didn't share his son's opinion. "I should be counting my lucky stars? Are you kidding me? Your mother should be the one thanking God for ending up with me."

Mike raised his eyebrows.

"She should be!" Al declared loudly. "Look around! She has this great life because of me! Not to mention that she's married to a stud."

Kelly snickered.

His focus shifted to his wife. "You should see some of the guys I work with. They're a bunch of fuckin' slobs. Do I look like I did when I was twenty-five? No, but I think you're pretty fuckin' lucky, Kelly!"

She observed her husband's thinning hair before moving down to his big beer belly. She definitely didn't share Al's opinion of himself when he looked in the mirror. She saw a balding, negative, overweight guy who didn't help out around the house at all. In fact, Mike took care of the manly duties like lawn maintenance and minor home repairs.

Al was more than happy to grab a few beers after work, head into the family room, and plop his butt down on the sofa in front of the TV for the next four hours. And don't even get her started on their sex life. As selfish as he was in everyday life, his narcissism was tenfold when it came to the bedroom. She couldn't even remember when she last received oral sex!

"Yeah, I'm a real lucky girl..." she muttered sarcastically.

"Damn right you are," Al agreed, not picking up on her joke whatsoever. "I'm the catch in this relationship."

Mike was flabbergasted as he looked up from his bowl. "You're joking, right?"

"No, I'm not joking," Al reiterated instantly. "Your mother is married to a successful, funny, good-looking stud."

Kelly and Mike exchanged baffled glances.

"Dad, Mom looks better than ninety-nine percent of the girls at my school."

Al burst into laughter. "Okay, now I know that you're messing with me!"

"I'm not messing with you," Mike protested calmly. "I'm telling you the truth."

"Son, you can't fight age," Al said. "Eighteen is eighteen. No guy is taking a forty-two-year-old over some eighteen-year-old hottie."

"According to who? You?"

Al shot his son a confused look. "You can't think straight because you're surrounded by eighteen-year-old cuties all-day, so when you see an older woman, she looks good to you

because it's something different. You wouldn't actually pick an older woman over one of your classmates, though."

"I absolutely would," Mike said.

"This kid needs a drug test," Al laughed.

Mike dropped his spoon into his soup bowl and asked, "Can I be honest for a minute?"

"You weren't already being honest?" he questioned.

"No, I was, but I mean really honest," the three-sport athlete replied.

"You know how it works in this house," Al told him. "You're free to say whatever you want. You don't have to censor yourself."

Mike needed to double-check with his mother first. "And you're okay with that?"

She remained somewhat loopy thanks to his comment about her being beautiful earlier, but she'd finally come back down to earth. "Sure."

"I mean, it's about you," he said. "I don't want to make you uncomfortable or anything."

"You can say whatever you want, baby," she said with a smile.

Mike looked his father dead in the eyes. "You're married to the most perfect woman on the planet."

Al rolled his eyes while Kelly lost her breath. The parents were only six feet apart--sitting at opposing ends of the kitchen table--but their reactions couldn't have been more different.

"First off, let's talk about her personality," Mike started. "Mom isn't like any other woman I've ever met. She's kind, caring, and she always puts others first--even strangers! It's unbelievable to me. You should see the way girls my age act. They're narcissistic and self-obsessed, but Mom is the complete opposite. I've never met someone who always thinks about everyone else the way she does."

Kelly's jaw was on the floor.

"And she's super fun to be around. She's easy to talk to, she can take a joke--unlike most women--and she loves to bust balls. I mean, what girl is like that? Most guys aren't even that way!"

Al didn't look impressed.

"And it's the nurturing side of her that really stands out," Mike continued. "What about when either of us are sick? It's like we have our own personal nurse in the house! She cooks us anything we ask for, she waits on all of our requests, and she

just wants us to get better. But that sums up the kind of person she is. She's always trying to improve the lives of others. She's a saint!"

Mike flashed his mother a quick smile before turning back to his father.

Kelly was stunned.

"Now, Dad, that would be enough as-is to make you one of the luckiest guys to ever live. I mean, pretty much every dude would think that they hit the lottery if they had a girl with those traits, but if all of that isn't enough, then we get to her looks."

Her eyes had been locked on her son throughout the entirety of his speech, and now her heart began to race. That was the single greatest minute of her life, and now he planned to discuss her looks? She was his mother! He couldn't do that! But the woman in her wanted him to continue.

"I mean, she's attractive," Al chimed in.

"Attractive?" Mike laughed. "Really? That's how you would label her? Dad, she's a knockout."

"A knockout? Jesus, relax with the exaggerations."

"You don't think Mom's a knockout?" Mike asked.

Al shook his head.

"Well, what's a knockout to you then?"

"A supermodel is a knockout," Al told him. "Like, a Victoria's Secret model or something, and son, your mother is no Victoria's Secret model."

"Those chicks are gross."

Al couldn't believe what he'd just heard. "What did you say?"

"Those chicks are gross," Mike repeated. "Who the hell wants a Victoria's Secret model? They're like six-feet-tall and weigh ninety pounds. It's disgusting."

"Are you crazy!?" shouted Al. "Those girls are stunning!"

Mike peered over at his mother who appeared awfully awestruck at the moment. "Stand up."

...

"Mom!"

Kelly snapped to attention. "What?"

"Stand up," Mike said once more.

She rose from her seat gingerly and stood in front of the table dressed in a pair of black yoga pants and a long sleeve gray shirt.

"Are we looking at the same thing here?" he asked his father.

"I see a forty-two-year-old woman with a rather unattractive haircut."

Mike shook his head, his eyes never leaving his mother. "I see a knockout."

"God, I fuckin' hate that haircut..." Al muttered under his breath.

Mike pretended to ignore his dad's comment. "Okay, so, let's start at the top. Now, I was a fan of her long hair like you were, and I know that we don't see eye to eye when it comes to her new style, but most guys would say that Mom has really sexy

hair. I mean, who doesn't love a blonde, right? But, Dad, it's her eyes. Her blue eyes sparkle. And she could easily pass for thirty. You do realize that you're married to a blonde-haired, blue-eyed stunner, don't you? That's pretty much every guy's dream."

Kelly's right hand gripped the chair in an attempt to keep herself upright. She wasn't sure how much more praise she could take.

Once again, Al didn't appear to agree.

"Total honesty, right?" Mike asked.

"Total honesty," Al nodded.

His eyes descended his mother's curvy body. "I mean, come on, Dad..."

He stared at his son, waiting for him to continue.

"Mom has amazing...um...amazing--"

"Tits," Al jumped in with a laugh.

The sound of Mike laughing along with his father swiftly filled the kitchen. "Well, I guess there's no reason to be shy. Yeah, Mom has great boobs."

Kelly's cheeks turned bright red.

"I can't argue that," Al agreed.

"Okay, now we're at probably the second most impressive part of her," Mike continued. "Her stomach and hips. Do you realize what the average forty-two-year-old mom looks like? Newsflash, it doesn't look like that! How often are you in the gym, Mom?"

"I try to go at least three days a week," she answered meekly.

"She busts her ass in the gym three days a week, eats healthy, and she does it all so she looks great for you," Mike pointed out. "How in the world can't you appreciate that?"

"Hey, I'm not too bad to look at myself," Al countered.

He eyed his pudgy, out of shape father, and quickly found himself confused once again by his irrational and undeserved confidence.

"Most guys would see this and drool, but do you want to know what the craziest part is?" Mike said, pointing at his mother. "Turn around, Mom."

Kelly followed her son's order so that her back now faced the table.

"I mean, Jesus Christ," the young man moaned. "She's unreal."

"Huh?" Al asked, not on the same page. "What are you talking about?"

"Are we not looking at the same thing?" Mike inquired.

Al raised his eyebrows as he eyed his wife. "Um, I see what appears to be a twelve-year-old blond boy."

"Will you stop?" Mike laughed. "Dad, look at that ass."

Kelly gasped.

"It's big," Al commented.

"Fuckin' right it is," Mike grunted through clenched teeth.

Kelly glanced behind her to find Mike with his focus solely locked on her backside. Was this seriously happening? Did

her son really break down her body piece by piece in an attempt to make his father see what he saw? She could've taken a million guesses at their topic of discussion over dinner tonight, and she never would've imagined anything like this.

"So, I see a dykey haircut and a big ass."

Mike shook his head in disagreement. "Dad, that's a perfect ass."

"Gimme second," Al said, pulling out his phone. "I'll show you what a perfect ass really looks like."

She didn't need to look behind her again to know that her son's eyes remained glued on her butt, because she sensed it. She felt his energy and she had no desire to allow it to leave. She wanted nothing more than to soak up every drop of attention coming from the eighteen-year-old stud at the table.

"Here," he told his son before handing him his phone. "Now, these girls have perfect bodies."

A few moments of silence passed before Mike spoke up. "You're crazy."

Al laughed while looking at him once again. "Excuse me?"

"I said that you're crazy," Mike repeated. "I don't see one girl who looks better than Mom in any of these pictures."

"Will you give me a break!?! Seriously, stop kissing her ass! She gets more than enough attention. She doesn't need you fawning over her."

"I'm not fawning over her!" Mike strongly rejected his dad's accusation. "I see girls like this at school everyday. There's nothing special about a chick with her rib cage sticking out."

Al opened his mouth, but was quickly cut-off by his son.  
"Mom, look at this."

Kelly turned around and moved next to Mike's seat, accepting Al's phone after Mike gave it to her.

"Dad thinks these girls look better than you," Mike said.

Her eyes hit the screen as she scrolled through the pictures with her finger. All of the photos featured gorgeous women dressed in an array of lingerie and swimsuits, posing on exotic beaches and in seductive bedrooms. Their bodies were tight, their stomachs toned, and their skin couldn't appear more flawless. She found herself growing insecure.

"Um, sweetheart, these women are professional models," she noted.

"And?" Mike asked, not understanding her problem.

"Baby, these women are stunning," she pointed out bluntly.

Al finally agreed with his wife for the first time today.

"Exactly! Even your mother sees it!"

Mike gazed up into his mom's vivid blue eyes. "Mom, don't sell yourself short. You look just as good as any of those girls."

She looked down at the phone once more. A perky blonde who appeared to be in her early-twenties engulfed the screen, dressed in stunning white lingerie as she posed on a bed covered in smooth white sheets. Even Kelly wouldn't rule out having a little fun with college-aged knockout if Al allowed it. The model was that beautiful.

"I don't look like these girls."

"Yes, you do," Mike instantly rebutted his mother's comment. He grew visibly frustrated as he took his father's phone back

and handed it to him. "Dad, pull up a picture of a girl in yoga pants that you find sexy."

Al fiddled around on his smartphone for a few moments before handing the device back to his son.

Mike's brow furrowed after looking for himself. "Really? This?"

"Absolutely," Dad told him. "That might be the hottest picture ever."

The high school senior's eyes moved to the image again. The featured brunette on the screen was most likely eighteen or nineteen, and posed with her back to the bathroom mirror. She held her phone over her shoulder to allow herself to capture the reflection of her butt. It was nice, but it wasn't anything great. She had a toned and perky backside, but he wouldn't look twice if she walked past him on the street.

He pointed at his mother's seat. "Go back over there like before."

Kelly strutted to her chair and turned so that her back faced the men at the table.

He looked at the picture once more before glancing back at his mother. "Okay, put most of your weight on your left leg and bend your right knee slightly."

She followed his instructions.

"Now, sink down on your left side a bit to kind of strike a pose."

She did her best to give him what he wanted.

"Perfect!" he declared. "Don't move an inch."

Mike held the phone out slightly and moved it just to the right side of his mom. Al inched over in his seat to allow himself an angle to get both backsides in his view. His wife was about six or so feet in front of his phone, but they appeared to be side-by-side from the way his son held it.

"Left," Al commented. "Every single day of the week."

Mike could only shake his head in disbelief. "On the left side I see a cute girl with a perky butt. On the right side I see a stunning woman with a world-class backside. I think we're gonna have to agree to disagree at this point."

Dad leaned back in his chair and let out a light laugh. "How about this? The next time you get yourself a cute little girlfriend, you bring her over and we can swap."

Her head jolted around as a result of Al's crude comment. Joking or not, that seemed like a step too far, but she was curious how Mike would react to Al's statement. He would have to find it inappropriate, right?

What she saw caused her to lose her breath.

Mike soaked in her amazing ass before his eyes methodically crawled the length of her flawless body. Eventually, he made his way to her stunning blue eyes where he shot her a grin. "Yeah, maybe we'll do that."

Kelly gulped.

"I could use something new anyway," Al muttered.

Mike's devilish grin turned to a loving smile. "Okay, Mom, you can sit back down."

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Yeah, and sorry if that made you uncomfortable," Mike said.

"No, it's fine, baby," she said, still smitten. "I can stand for a while longer if you need me to."

"No, eat your soup," Mike told her. "It's going to get cold."

Kelly sat back down in her seat and with the biggest smile of her life.

"So, how was practice?" Al asked, swiftly changing the subject.

"Alright, I guess," Mike told him. "Coach wants to install the flex offense since we don't have a game until next week. He's always bitching about how bad we are offensively, so I assume this is his solution."

Al was disgusted from what he'd just heard. "The flex? Really? You guys aren't in middle school."

"Yeah, I don't know what he's thinking."

"Here's what I would do," Al explained. "I would have you and Kyle take turns coming off screens. Then I would have Corey come up from the block and run a pick-and-roll with whoever gets the ball. You and Kyle are both great passers, so you'd have Corey flashing to the basket, the option to shoot it or drive, and both Dave and Steve on the outside who are knock-down shooters. You guys would be unstoppable."

"I would love that, but Coach is a control freak and needs everything to run like a system," Mike said. "It drives me nuts. We don't have any freedom to..."

Mike and Al's conversation faded to the background as her attention moved entirely to her son. Something happened a few years ago with Mike, but she wasn't exactly proud of herself regarding that vert change. Somehow, she stopped looking at him as a boy, and suddenly started to see him as a man.

Could the shift be credited to all of his muscles thanks to his football team's workout program? Or how about the facial scruff he'd started sporting last summer along with his deep, masculine voice? Or perhaps it was the fact that he acted more like her husband than Al did at times? Whatever the case, her love of him had approached territory that no mother should ever venture to, but the past ten minutes changed everything. Mike fawned over her! Not only that, but he argued with his own father about how sexy she was! Where was she supposed to go from here?

# Chapter 2 - A New Tradition

The Following Day. Tuesday. December 8th. 3:15 PM.

Kelly arrived home from work at a quarter after three in the afternoon. She was a receptionist at a chiropractic office and didn't mind her job, to be honest. It wasn't great, but it wasn't bad either. The best part was definitely her seven-to-three schedule. She felt like a teacher at times. How many other jobs let out at three o'clock? Not many that she knew of. Well, that may have been the second best perk, because nothing could possibly beat being able to see her son after he got home from school.

She walked into the family room to find Mike sprawled along the sofa with sports highlights playing on the TV.

"Hey, baby."

His head perked up at the sound of his mother's voice. "Hey, Mom. I didn't hear you come in."

She plopped her purse down on the recliner and strolled across the room to join him. She picked up his feet before taking a seat on the end of the sofa, and plopped them down on her lap. Her soft hands found his bare soles, and began to massage them softly.

"How was school?" she asked.

He let out a deep exhale. Few things hit the spot like having his sore feet rubbed. He'd found it somewhat strange the first time that Mom sat down on the couch and touched him this way, but he quickly grew to love it. Mother or not, who didn't love a little attention being paid to their feet?

"Same old, same old," he told her. "What about you? Anything exciting happen today?"

"At my thrilling job?" she asked sarcastically. "Nope, just a bunch of people with misaligned spines. Actually, do you remember the old guy I told you about who always flirts with me?"

"Chet, right?" he asked with a snicker. He still couldn't get over the picture of some grandpa flirting with his mother, but he couldn't blame the guy either.

"Yep, he has a weekly appointment, and guess what happened when he came in today?"

He waited as his feet continued to receive the royal treatment.

"He told me that I have the best hair he's ever seen!" she announced proudly.

Mike was all smiles. "I told you! Don't listen to Dad. He's clueless."

"I've never had a guy flirt harder with me," she giggled. "It looks like I have someone ready to take me out if I ever want to date a seventy-three-year-old grandpa."

"I could've lived without hearing that..."

She flashed him a smile and asked, "Do you guys have a late practice tonight?"

"Nope, four-thirty today," he said. "I have to shovel the driveway before I go, so I actually have to get moving."

Her hands clamped down around his feet. "Maybe I don't want to let you go."

He wiggled away from her hold playfully and finally managed to slip away before standing up. "Hey, did you hear about what's coming tomorrow?"

"Snowmageddon?" she asked with a chuckle. "That's all they've been talking about on the radio. Like, nonstop."

"I heard something about four feet of snow," Mike told her. "In one day?"

"It won't be that bad. Baby, they always do this. They get everyone all riled up, and then we get three inches."

"It better be three inches, because I'm going to break my back if I have to shovel four feet of snow," he said while zipping up his hoodie.

"I'll help."

"Are you out of your mind?" he asked, not interested in even entertaining the idea of accepting her help. "Do you think I'm going to stand there and watch you shovel the driveway? That's not happening."

"No, baby--"

"Not happening," he cut her off. "Let's just pray for three inches."

She watched him make his way in the direction of the front door. "How about some boots? Or a jacket?"

"I'm good, Mom!" he shouted back.

"Or some gloves and a hat!?" she begged.

"I said that I'm good!" he yelled before closing the front door.

She shook her head and took a deep breath. Sometimes, that kid was just as stubborn as his father.

Thirty Minutes Later.

The front door opened and Mike made his way through the house and into the kitchen to collect his basketball bag. He found his mother sitting at the table, staring down at her Kindle with a mug in front of her. She looked up with a smile and slid it across the table.

He returned her smile and raised the cup of hot chocolate to his lips to take a big sip. Nothing hit the spot on a bitterly cold day quite like hot cocoa --especially after he'd spent the past half-hour outside. He quickly finished his glass and placed it in the dishwasher before picking up his bag.

"See you in a bit, Mom."

Something had been on Kelly's mind for the past twenty minutes. "Wait a second!"

He froze and turned back to her, watching her motion him closer with her hand.

"I want to start a new tradition in this house," she said.

He shot her a curious look.

She stood up out of her seat, lifted herself onto her tippy-toes, and planted a soft kiss on her six-foot-tall son's cheek. She was met by quite the surprised reaction after she pulled back.

"Um..." he hesitated.

"That's our new thing," she told him as she sat back down. "We're going to start giving each other a little peck on the cheek whenever one of us comes or goes."

"Don't you think I'm a little too old for that?"

"Nonsense. You're never too old for a kiss, and I want it that way from now on, okay?"

"Okay," he nodded. "See ya tonight, Mom."

"Have a good practice, baby," she said as he turned and headed down the hallway. "Drive carefully!"

# Chapter 3 - Snowmageddon

The Following Day. Wednesday. December 9th. 4:07 PM.

Well, it looked like the weather guys got it right once in a while. Snowmageddon was certainly here.

Things were normal in the morning, but warnings for blizzard-like conditions started around noon. In fact, the school district in their Upstate New York town did something unfathomable: they closed school on speculation.

It turned out that they'd made the right call. Kelly's usual fifteen minute drive home took over an hour thanks to traffic moving at a snail's pace and cars sliding off the road left and right. It was a relief to simply get home safely on a day like today.

She arrived home to find seventy-five percent of their driveway cleared. A few inches of fresh snow already covered the recently shoveled section, but it was easy to see how much progress had been made. It also reinforced just how much she loved her son. It was times like these when she wondered if her little angel really was perfect.

She always parked on the left side of their two-car garage, while Al parked on the right. It could've been a coincidence, but deep down in her heart, she knew that it was intentional. Her side of the driveway had been cleared before Mike worried about getting to his father's side. It was like he always thought about her first.

She parked her car in the garage before yelling out to him. "Do you want help!?"

"No!" he shouted back.

The wind swirled, making communication significantly difficult on this five-degree afternoon. And if the plunging

windchill wasn't bad enough, then the sight of him not even wearing a jacket caused her to groan. Why was he so hardheaded?

"Are you sure!?" she checked again.

"Yeah, go inside!" he told her, waving her away with his gloved hand. He turned and resumed his mission.

Thirty Minutes Later.

Kelly rushed to the stove when she heard the front door open, still dressed in her work attire which consisted of black dress pants and a bright yellow blouse. Hot chocolate had been in a stainless steel skillet over the stove on a low simmer for the past fifteen minutes. She turned the heat back up and retrieved a mug out of the cupboard.

"I started two fuckin' hours ago!"

She turned around with a smile. "I offered to help you finish."

Mike dropped his winter hat and gloves onto the kitchen table. It'd only taken twenty minutes of shoveling before he headed back inside the house to find a hat and gloves. A coat? Hell no. But he swallowed his pride and grabbed a little extra protection for his hands and head. It was just way too cold and windy not to.

"There's no way you're shoveling," he said. "But what about a snowblower? We can't look into one?"

"I've been nagging your father about that for years," she told him, giving the milk a stir. "I think he assumes you don't need one because he comes home every day to a completely shoveled driveway. It's like how he refuses to buy a riding lawnmower. Because he's not the one who cuts the grass. You are!"

He shook his head and took a seat. "And did you see the news? This isn't going to stop until the morning. Mom, they said it's going to be nonstop! Nonstop! What the hell!?"

She poured his drink into a big green mug and carried it over to the table. She placed it in front of him and hurried to the fridge, soon returning with a bottle of whipped cream.

"Are you trying to make me fat?"

She giggled before spraying a towering amount of the sugary treat on top of his drink. "You deserve it."

He looked down at his beverage which was completely covered by a three-inch high layer of white, creamy topping. "How do I even approach this?"

She pulled two spoons out of her pocket and slid one over to him with a big grin. They both started taking spoonfuls of the cream until he was finally able to drink his reward.

Mike downed half of his hot chocolate before speaking up. "I want to apologize for what happened during dinner on Monday, by the way."

"What?"

"The way that Dad and I talked about you," he clarified. "It wasn't right. Especially with you sitting right there."

"No, baby--"

"And then I had you stand up while we discussed your body," he interrupted. "That was totally uncalled for. I sure as shit wouldn't want someone doing that to me, and I really put you on the spot. I'm sorry."

She waited for him to finish so that she could get a word in. "Sweetheart, it was fine. Really. I didn't have a problem with it."

"No, it wasn't right. I apologize."

"If you need me to accept your apology, then I'll accept it," she told him. "You really have nothing to be sorry about, though. The things you said about me were--"

"Completely out of line," he finished her sentence.

"I was going to say sweet."

"Sweet?" Mike asked, surprised. "The way we talked about your body was sweet? Mom, Dad said some pretty rude things."

"I wasn't listening to your father. I was listening to you, and the things you said about me were very sweet. I loved it."

"I should've said something to Dad," he went on. "It's been eating me up over the past few days how I just sat there and laughed at some of the stuff he said. I should've thrown my soup in his face after a few of his comments."

Kelly's eyebrows perked up, caught off guard by his aggressive attitude. "Sweetheart, relax."

He immediately shook his head. "No, it isn't right! You shouldn't have to deal with nonsense like that--especially inside your own house! I'm not standing for it anymore. I'm saying something the next time Dad steps out of line."

"What?"

"I'm saying something the next time Dad steps out of line," he repeated firmly. "You should be treated like a queen. The last thing you should have to deal with is some asshole saying that you look like a teenage boy. He's going to get corrected real quick if I hear that again."

Her heart pounded in her chest. She couldn't stand Al's constant criticism and nasty comments, but she never imagined this being the end result of it. Her son would confront his own father over the way he treated her? No good would come from two stubborn men clashing with each other over her honor, and the last thing she wanted was for her son and husband to fight.

But the manner in which Mike stuck up for her made her body tingle. She couldn't deny that he loved her more than anyone else in his life. He adored her so much that he was willing to fight his own father!

"I don't want you two to argue," she said. "I'm a grown woman. I can handle myself."

Mike looked off to the side, seemingly conflicted by his own inner thoughts. He suddenly pulled out his phone.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Setting my alarm so it goes off every two hours. The last thing I want is to let the snow pile up for ten hours again. I'm going to keep it manageable."

She couldn't help but smile. "You know, sometimes you feel more like my husband than your father does."

His eyes squinted as he looked across the table at his mother, confused. "What?"

"You really do," she said with a soft smile. "Sometimes, Dad feels more like my son and you feel like my husband. It's funny. I never have to ask you to do anything. You just do it. I really shouldn't complain, though."

"No, go ahead."

"No, it's not right," she said, gazing down at the table. "I have a great life and whining just makes me seem spoiled. I have it so good. I have no right bitching about stuff."

"Mom, it's good to get things off your chest. Just let it out. Hey, I feel better after what I just told you about Dad. It'd been eating me up for the past two days, but now I feel a lot more relaxed. It's good to get things out of your system."

She took a deep breath and looked up. "Okay, do you remember when you went to Steve's parents' beach house for a week back in August?"

Mike nodded.

"Well, it rained for two straight days after you left. I mean, it poured. Like, nonstop. And then it was two straight days of sunshine and the grass grew like crazy. It was a Saturday afternoon and I just got home from the office. We updated our system and it was a mess. A serious mess! It took like five hours before we finally managed to figure it out!"

He continued to listen to her story.

"They wanted to get the updates in while we were closed, and it ended up taking a majority of our Saturday which really stunk," she went on. "Anyway, you weren't coming back until Monday, and by now, the grass was really long. I came home to find your father lying on the couch watching TV."

He gave his mother his full attention as he allowed her to vent.

"I made a comment asking him if he planned to cut the lawn. Now, listen, you know me. I'm not some princess. I'm not above doing manual labor. I've helped you drag branches out to the road, and we repainted the deck by ourselves two summers ago."

"I know, you're not one of those girls," he nodded in agreement.

"And call me old-fashioned or whatever, but I still feel like certain work should be done by men, while other work belongs to women," she voiced her thoughts. "I don't have a problem with men helping women and women helping men, but I wouldn't want to live with a guy who did the housework while I did the yardwork. It wouldn't seem right to me."

He wasn't sure where she was headed.

"Your father hasn't done any of the stuff that he should do around here in years, all because you take care of it! It's strange to me, you know? That he's like that. Why wouldn't a man want to take care of his house? Do you want to know what he told me when I asked if he planned to cut the grass?"

"What did he say?" Mike asked.

"That he was tired," she answered. "He hadn't done anything all-day but he was tired! And then he told me that I should do it. He always does that! He's so condescending toward me because he makes more money. It's ridiculous! We don't live

paycheck-to-paycheck. We could absolutely get by on only my salary, but he treats my job like it's a hobby or something. I work to contribute! Not to pass the time!"

He continued to let her vent. Something told him that her frustration was years in the making.

"You know when you offer to do something but you really don't want to? Like, you throw an offer out there to be nice, and then it completely backfires and the person actually takes you up on your offer?"

Mike smiled. He knew all about that.

"Well, I told him I would cut the grass, and he said okay!"

His smile swiftly faded. "Wait, he actually let you cut the grass?"

"It was like ninety degrees in early August, and there I am, pushing the lawnmower around outside, all the while my

husband drinks beer and lounges around on the couch inside," she huffed, balling her hand into a fist. "I'm not some princess. I can do stuff. If Dad was hurt, or sick, or anything like that, then I would absolutely cut the grass without even needing to be asked. He wasn't, though! He just let me do his work!"

The young man wasn't happy. "Why didn't you say something to me when I came home? I would've straightened all of this out back then."

"He'll never change," she informed her son. "And do you want to know what's driven me completely nuts over the past few years? He keeps talking about how good-looking and in shape he is!"

He burst into laughter.

"He does!" Kelly smiled, laughing along with Mike. "It's crazy! He stood in front of me the other night while I was in bed and flexed."

"Flexed?"

"Yeah, flexed," the mother of one groaned, rolling her eyes. "And then he told me that he might start hitting the gym again because he wants to get his abs back. His abs! He has a giant beer belly!"

This was nothing new to Mike. His father had a long history of overconfidence. He still recalled the first time that he beat him playing one-on-one basketball in the driveway when he was in fifth grade, only for Dad to complain that his back was hurting after his defeat. He never lost to his father again, but that didn't stop Dad from coming up with excuses each and every time. He just couldn't accept the fact that his ten-year-old son had surpassed him athletically.

Kelly's face changed in an instant. "Oh my God, I never realized this until just now!"

"Huh?"

"I just realized this," she smiled. "Dad is living vicariously through you!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Okay, so your father has never lacked confidence," she said. "He always thought that he was the man--even back when we first started dating--but he's become unbearable over the past few years. And it just clicked for me. That's when you started turning into the guy you currently are!"

"I'm not following."

"Think about it. You started lifting weights and put on a lot of muscle, and then your father began talking about how great he looked all the time. And what did he do once you started helping out around the house and took over the manly duties? He started going on and on about how much he does around

here. And what about when you started dating? That's a perfect example! Suddenly, he would talk about how much he loves younger women, and how he could date college-aged girls if he wanted to. Because you were dating them!"

"You might be right," he laughed, shaking his head in amazement.

"I'm totally right!" exclaimed Kelly. "Your father is living through you!"

"Okay, but that doesn't change the fact that he made you cut the grass," he said. "That's completely unacceptable. I'm definitely saying something when he gets home. I can't wait any longer."

"He isn't coming home tonight."

His eyebrows perked up at the sound of her unexpected revelation. "Why? Because of the weather?"

"Yeah, the highway is closed," she explained. "Most of the side streets are a disaster too. It takes him about forty-five minutes to get home on a good day, so it's not worth it today. He told me that most of his office is staying there tonight."

His annoyed mood hastily vanished. Suddenly, he was all smiles. "You know what, Mom? We're going to have a 'you day.'"

"A what day?"

"A 'you day,'" he repeated. "Dad isn't around so you don't have to worry about anyone nagging on you or being a dick. I don't want you to do any cooking, cleaning, or anything. You're off today. I'll take care of dinner."

"You'll take care of dinner?" she asked, blown away. She'd certainly never heard anything like that before.

"Absolutely," he nodded. "Anything sound good?"

"Well--"

"You're having a cheat day, by the way," he interjected.

"No, I can't do that," she shook her head. "I had pizza when you guys got it on Saturday. I totally pigged out too! I can't have another one four days later!"

"It's a 'you day,'" he reminded her. "You have to pig out. It's part of the rules."

"Well, I mean...maybe?" she said under her breath, struggling to turn down an unhealthy--but always tasty--cheat day dinner. "You know what I have been craving lately? Waffles. But not the ones you put in the toaster. I'm talking about the ones you make with the waffle iron."

"I can do that."

"Do you want help?" she asked. "They're a pain to make."

"Mom, what part of a 'you day' don't you understand? You're not doing anything. Now, go do your best impression of Dad and bum around on the couch until dinner's ready. Got it?"

She jumped out of her seat, gave her son a kiss on the cheek, and headed into the family room for some TV time. Hey, maybe she could get used to not having Al around?

# Chapter 4 – A New Man of the House

Later That Same Day. 6:40 PM.

Kelly and Mike both looked like they'd been through a war. Syrup-soaked dinner plates sat in front of each of them as they attempted to catch their breath. A big stack of waffles had occupied the center of the kitchen table forty minutes ago, but that plate was completely empty now.

"How many waffles did you make?" she asked.

The high-schooler took a deep breath. He felt about five pounds heavier than usual. "Ten."

"We ate ten waffles!?" she shouted, stunned.

"Yeah, I had six," he nodded before letting out a loud burp.

"I ate four waffles!?" she continued to panic. "Those things were like the size of my head!"

"I know," he laughed. "Hey, it's called a cheat day for a reason."

Kelly pulled out her phone in a frenzy as she searched for the nutritional information of homemade waffles. A few moments of silence passed before she found her answer.

"Four hundred calories each!!!"

Mike dragged his finger across the sticky plate in front of him before finding his lips. "And it was worth every single one of them."

"Baby, I just ate sixteen hundred calories! And that's without all the butter and syrup too! God, I'm such a fatass!"

"That's ridiculous," he protested immediately. "Stop with that shit."

"I am, though!" she argued. "I probably ate two thousand calories. For dinner!"

"So, you'll eat healthy the rest of the week," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "And I'm sure that you'll be back in the gym whenever it reopens."

She didn't agree for a second. "If I can fit my big ass through the door! This was such a terrible idea! I shouldn't have--"

"Stop."

She paused as a result of being interrupted. "Excuse me?"

"Stop," he repeated. "Stop criticizing yourself and saying bad things about your body. I'm tired of hearing it. This is because of Dad, isn't it? You've heard his nonsense for so long that you actually believe it. What did I say on Monday?"

She looked at him curiously. "Um...about me?"

"Yeah, about you."

Her suddenly shy eyes moved to the wooden table. "That I look good."

"That you look phenomenal," he corrected her. "I'm not going to allow Dad to say anything bad about you anymore, and I refuse to sit here and listen to you talk down about yourself. It's ridiculous. You're gorgeous. Understand?"

She couldn't hide her smile despite her eyes never leaving the table below. She was glowing.

"Hey! I asked you a question!" he spoke up.

She glanced up and nodded slowly.

"I want to hear you say it," he demanded.

"I'm not going to say that."

"We aren't going anywhere until I hear you admit how good-looking you are," he said.

She was still sitting at the table with her son, right? Strangely, he felt more like her boyfriend at the moment. "Are you kidding me?"

"No, I'm not kidding you. Mom, it's a 'you day.' I want to hear you get a little cocky. Feel a little full of yourself. Start bragging."

She looked off at the oven before deciding to entertain his ridiculous request. "Well, I have always liked my eyes."

"Your eyes are stunning. They sparkle."

She shot him a smile before continuing. "And I guess I always thought that I was kind of pretty."

"You're gorgeous," he corrected her.

"I don't know if I would use that word, but I always thought that I was pretty."

He waited for her to continue.

"I don't know what else you want me to say," she said, modest as ever.

He motioned his hand, encouraging her to proceed. "Talk about yourself."

"What should I talk about?" she asked. "My fat ass?"

Mike let out a deep exhale. "Dad really did a number on you."

"No, baby, he--"

"You know what?" he interrupted his mother again. "Dad isn't here so I'm just going to come out and say it. You deserve way better."

"What?"

"You deserve way better than Dad," he explained his words. "Let's pretend that I'm your husband for the next five minutes."

Her eyebrows perked up.

"It's just a hypothetical," he said with a smile. "The first thing I would do is go into your closet and throw out like half your wardrobe. I would replace most of that stuff with super tight fitting clothes. All of your pants would take you like ten minutes to get into, and then you'd have to pull out the Jaws of Life to get them off."

Her previously embarrassed look morphed into one of shock. A redness showed in her cheeks as a heat swept throughout her body. She couldn't believe it, but she was flustered.

"I'm serious," he went on. "You should feel good about yourself. You should never feel self-conscious or nervous about your appearance--especially not in your own house! Mom, you have an unbelievable body and you should take pride in showing it off."

She didn't know what to say.

"And I've never found any of the girls I've dated to be interesting. They just aren't. That isn't the case with you at all. I love talking to you about sports, movies, politics, or whatever. We have amazing conversations. You're funny, smart, and super interesting."

Her lips parted as she attempted to say something, but no words found their way out. She was completely speechless.

"Dad is such a fuckin' idiot. He has an unbelievably sexy, super fun, caring, perfect wife at home, and it's like he does everything he can to avoid you. And the way he talks down to you disgusts me. I'm serious about what I said earlier. I'm not going to stand for it anymore. We're going to have some major problems if I ever hear him disrespect you again."

"Um--"

"Just the idea of coming home to a girl like you is crazy," he cut off her indecision. "I mean, I guess I do, but I don't come home to you as a wife. I come home to you as a mom. Don't get me wrong, that's still awesome, but the notion of coming home to a woman like you who I could do whatever I want with is insane. I would be on edge all-day."

"Wha-what...do you-you think it would be like?" she inquired with a nervous stammer.

A big smile formed on Mike's lustful face. "It would be heaven. Mom, you're every guy's dream girl, and I can guarantee that you're every husband's dream wife. Well, except Dad who doesn't appreciate what he has for some reason. I would kill to date a girl like you."

"Baby, that's so sweet."

He sent a loving smile in his mother's direction. "Well, it's the truth. I just want you to feel good about yourself, so here's

what's going to happen from now on. I'm going to start acting more like your husband."

Her smitten demeanor turned to one of hesitation. "Excuse me?"

"You told me earlier that you think of me more like your husband than your son at times, right?" he asked. "Because of all I do around here."

She nodded, still confused.

"Well, I'm going to pick up the slack since Dad isn't doing his job. It's a husband's responsibility to make his wife feel special. Mom, you should feel good about yourself. Here's a perfect example. Remember on Monday when we had that big discussion about your hair?"

She nodded again.

"Which I still love, by the way," he added. "Now, if all that garbage hadn't come out of Dad's mouth at the table, then I just would've told you that I liked your new hairstyle. I only would've said that it looked nice because that's what I'm supposed to do as a son. Don't get me wrong, I honestly like it, but I would've stopped at a certain line. But not anymore."

"Not anymore? What does that mean?"

"I'm going to start doing Dad's job," he said with a slight grin. "Or the job he isn't doing. I'm going to tell you what you really need to hear."

She waited.

"I'm going to tell you how hot you look."

She couldn't possibly be more taken aback. "Um...uh...do you think that's appropriate?"

"I don't care," he declared confidently. "I'm going to start thinking of you less as my mom, and more like my girlfriend."

Her jaw dropped.

"I'm going to tell you how sexy you are if I see you in a great outfit, how pretty you are when you look cuter than usual, and I plan to give you all the compliments that Dad doesn't. I'm going to start speaking my mind around here. Remember last week when you wore that super sexy black skirt to work that showed off your legs? I mean, Jesus, that outfit was ridiculous. Guys probably make appointments just to see what you're wearing. I had a few things in mind when we were eating breakfast that morning too. Like--"

The alarm on his phone buzzed abruptly, causing him to lose his train of thought.

"Ah shit. Well, I guess I'm in for another round of shoveling."

"Skip it," she said as she gazed across the table lovingly. She'd found her new heaven, and she never wanted to leave. "Just forget about it."

"No, I can't," he opposed. "The snow will pile up again if I do. It'll be a nightmare."

"Let's just keep talking."

He slipped his phone into his pocket and stood up. "I can't. Listen, leave the dishes and I'll clean up when I'm done."

"Are you crazy? I'll take care of it."

"Did you forget that it's a 'you day?'" he asked. "You're supposed to take it easy."

"I can handle the dishes. It's the least I can do," she said. "And please put on a coat!"

"I'm fine like this," he told her before heading for the front door in his hoodie. "And don't make me any more hot chocolate! I'll puke if I have anything else tonight! I'm so full!"

She smiled to herself as the door slammed shut. Was it wrong for her to want their conversation to continue? Was it inappropriate that she yearned to discover her son's true thoughts regarding her favorite work skirt? Did it make her a bad mom to be excited by all of this?

Mike was right. Al didn't act like her husband. He behaved like a little boy, and her son was the real man of the house. He was the one who busted his ass to make her life easier. Al wouldn't be caught dead shoveling the driveway, yet here was Mike, going outside every two hours in order to keep up with the monstrous snowstorm. Maybe her affection had been directed at the wrong guy for all these years?

## **Chapter 5 - It Just Keeps Snowing!**

Later That Same Night. 9:45 PM.

Kelly found herself sprawled along the sofa alone. Her Kindle rested in her lap, and the TV played on mute in the background as she read her favorite author's newest novel. Tonight wasn't much different from any other night.

She'd changed into a pair of black yoga pants and a purple tank top earlier while her son shoveled outside. Mike had decided to hang out in the family room for a while after he came back inside, but he eventually headed upstairs to his bedroom. Sure, she would've loved for him to stay downstairs with her for hours, but she wasn't delusional. He was a teenager. Of course, he'd rather play video games or mess around on his computer instead of talk to her. But she needed to thank him again. She had to remind him of just how much she appreciated everything that he did for her.

She ventured upstairs and knocked on his closed door three times.

"Hang on a minute!" he shouted.

She immediately smiled. She wasn't a detective, but it didn't take Colombo to figure out what was going on behind the closed door. He'd obviously been enjoying a little private time before her sudden arrival.

A few light rumbling noises gave way to his voice. "Okay, you can come in!"

She opened the door and promptly grinned. Mike lied in bed with his back resting against the bed headboard, his blankets pulled up to his chest, and his closed computer sitting on the sheets. And his earbuds were still in the computer jack! It would almost be funny if it wasn't so obvious!

"Whatcha up to?" Kelly asked playfully as she made her way inside his room.

"Just watching TV."

Her eyes shifted to his television where a basketball game played silently. "On mute?"

"Um...yeah," he answered, his voice full of hesitation. "I just...uh...turned it on."

She smiled as she looked back at her son. "What were you really up to?"

"Watching TV," he repeated. "Like I told you."

She walked over to his bed and opened his laptop. "I need to check something for work and my computer is acting up. Can I use yours for a minute?"

"What?" he asked, gulping deeply.

"Can I use your computer for a minute?" she repeated before handing it to him. "Unlock it for me please."

He took a deep breath and typed in his password. The screen said "incorrect." He tried again, only to receive the same result.

"My computer has been a little weird lately," he said. "It's been doing this thing where it tells me that my password is wrong, but if I restart it, then it allows me to type in the password when it starts back up. I don't know what's wrong with it. So, just let me restart it--"

"Stop!" Kelly raised her voice. His finger immediately froze, hovering over the power button. "That's the worst excuse ever."

"Huh? What excuse?"

"Are you serious?" she laughed. "Do I look like I was born yesterday? Sweetheart, it's fine if you were watching porn."

"I wasn't watching porn!" he protested passionately.

She couldn't help but grin as she hopped up onto his bed. Her back joined the headboard as her outstretched legs were now only a few feet from his. "Baby, everyone watches porn. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

"I wasn't watching porn!" he continued to defend himself.

She placed his laptop between their legs so that it sat directly in the middle of them. "Unlock it."

He let out a long exhale, obviously dreading what she asked of him. "Are you seriously going to make me do this?"

"Unlock it," she demanded once more.

He typed in his password and pressed the enter key painfully. The computer unlocked.

The media player was up on the screen--just as she'd expected--and a rather graphic image remained paused in HD quality. An extremely sexy brunette in her mid-to-late twenties lied on her back in a bed. She was tight, toned, and tanned--with a hint of abs showing--and she possessed the best set of breast implants that Kelly had ever seen. On the outskirts of the screen was a very skinny man with an enormous cock. The head of his thick shaft was hidden inside the gorgeous brunette's completely shaven pussy.

She turned her head to find Mike looking in the opposite direction of her, visibly uncomfortable.

"Baby, what did I just say?" she questioned. "Everyone watches porn. Heck, I watch it too!"

He glanced at his mother, surprised. "What?"

"I watch porn too," she told him again with a slight smile. "I'm human, aren't I?"

"You-you...um...wa-wa-watch porn?" he asked with an unmistakable stutter.

"Well, I prefer to read it," she told him. "The Kindle that you bought me for my birthday a few years ago was the best gift ever. I ended up getting into erotica and it's amazing, but I still watch porn from time to time as well. I usually save it for when I'm looking for something quick."

Mike was dumbfounded.

"What? Is that surprising?" she inquired.

"Is it surprising that my mom watches and reads porn?" he chuckled. "Um, yeah, that's quite the understatement."

"Us women can have high sex drives too, you know? And let's just say Dad isn't the stud that he loves to claim he is. I've been turned down more times than you can imagine."

His eyes moved back to the frozen porn scene on his laptop.  
"He's crazy."

She did her best to hide her smitten smile. "So, can I check out what you were watching?"

He couldn't believe what went through his head. How wrong was all of this? How inappropriate were his words on Monday night, what he'd said to Mom at the kitchen table earlier, and now his decision to share the same bed as his own mother while a porn scene remained open on his computer? He knew the answer to his questions, but he honestly didn't care at the moment.

He grinned at his mother.

Kelly unplugged the headphones from the laptop before moving her finger to the screen and pressing play. The video resumed.

The sounds of girlish moans quickly filled the room as the porn stud pumped his rather large manhood into his co-star's flawless pussy.

"Oh God! Oh God! Fuck Yes!"

His eyes quickly moved to his mother. How would she react to this girl moaning and cursing as a result of being impaled by something the size of his forearm? He had no idea what type of porn she was into. Did she read those goofy BDSM books where some virgin falls for her billionaire boss who just so happens to possess a dark side? Or was she into gentler stuff? And what kind of scenes did she watch? Lesbian porn, maybe? It probably wasn't anything too hardcore. She was a woman, after all. What if this was too much for her? It turned out that he didn't need to worry about that, because he received his answer without even having to ask.

Kelly bit down on her fingernail after slipping it inside her mouth. She couldn't help but react that way. Whether she read or watched smut, her fingers always found their way between her lips, but it was the actions of her right hand that truly caught her off guard.

Her hand moved along her neck before sliding down her breast and brushing her nipple gently. She'd passed on wearing a bra in the name of comfort earlier, and her rapidly-hardening nipples were now clearly visible through the thin cotton fabric of her purple tank top.

The porn star's moans turned to high-pitched squeals as her male partner began to thrust harder.

"I want that cum, baby! Gimme that cum!"

Her hand drifted down along her inner-thighs as her finger stayed in her mouth. She'd quickly forgotten where she was. She just couldn't get over how sexy the video was.

This porn girl was flawless. Her moans and whimpers sounded so real, and Kelly almost gasped when the busty brunette began begging for cum. How naughty was that? Sometimes, she wanted to do that. The fantasy of picking up a young stud at the gym and heading back to his apartment for a few hours of fun was something that she loved to get off to. She obviously wouldn't ever do it, but that's why it's called a fantasy. And right now, she wanted nothing more than to trade places with the girl on the screen.

Mike's body remained hidden under the covers as he carefully readjusted his erection and tucked it into the waistband of his athletic shorts. Where was Mom's hand going? What started as touching her inner-thighs gently, had suddenly turned into strong rubbing. It was like she kicked it into high gear the second she heard one of his favorite porn stars beg for cum!

He knew exactly what was coming next as well. They were mere seconds from the big finish, and his attention was locked solely on the last blonde he ever would've imagined being in his bed. He couldn't look away from his mother.

The male stud pulled out and gave his large cock a few strokes while it hovered over the brunette's shaved pussy. A large, thick shot of white cum propelled from the head of his dick and slammed into her face, leaving a streak of fluids along her breasts and flat stomach. She stuck out her tongue and the second shot promptly landed on it, while the next few spurts of semen added to the mess already collected on the rest of her tight body.

But Mike didn't need to see any of the action to know what was happening. He'd cum countless number of times to this exact cumshot. He'd decided to pass on rewatching one of his favorite porn scenes. How could he when his eyes were transfixed just a few feet to the right? His jaw may as well have been on the floor, because he'd never seen anything like this.

His mother's right hand rubbed her pussy through the outside of her yoga pants. He could barely comprehend that the sight of a porn slut covered in cum would be what sent Mom over the edge. The stud shook his cock multiple times, resulting in small specks of his seed to land on his co-star's tanned skin.

"That's so hot."

His eyes bulged. Did that really just come out of Mom's mouth? He wanted in on this! He needed to hear her be bad!

"What's hot?" he asked quietly.

The stud moved to the side of his co-star and raised his cock to her mouth. She swiftly accepted the still dripping head between her lips, cleaning him off as the camera pulled back to a wide shot. Her flawless stomach and perfect breasts were covered in cum, and a faint trail of fluids dripped from her cheek as she bobbed on his dick.

"Everything..." Kelly answered with a moan.

The video faded to black.

His mother's finger had yet to leave her mouth while she continued to rub herself through her pants. Should he say something? It'd probably be best to just be quiet, right? The last thing he wanted was to disturb whatever fantasy she was lost in. She was in his bed! His mom! He still couldn't get over it!

"Do you have any other videos?" she asked, her breaths labored.

He debated with himself for a moment before deciding to go for it. "I do. Do you want to watch some?"

"Mm-hmm," she moaned once again.

He attempted to control his excitement as he pushed his sheets down to his waist, exposing his white tank top. His fingers rushed to close his media player before pulling up his porn collection.

She stopped touching herself and leaned toward the screen to take a closer look. "This is ridiculous."

His stomach dropped. He was busted! Mom had obviously snapped back to reality, and it didn't take much to make her realize what a mistake she'd made! He was screwed! And what if she told Dad? He'd really be fucked then! God, he knew that this was a bad idea!"

"Look at this," she huffed.

He couldn't even open his mouth. He cared about his mother more than anyone in the world, and he'd decided to allow her to play with herself in front of him. What kind of son was he? Hell, what kind of person was he?

"Baby, your backpack is a mess, you have papers falling out of every folder and binder, and nothing is organized at all, but look at the screen!" she exclaimed. "Look at this folder! Everything is labeled perfectly!"

Mike breathed for the first time in ten seconds as unprecedented amounts of relief flooded his body. And then he started to laugh. Mom definitely wasn't wrong.

"It looks like someone has a thing for big butts," she smirked as her eyes journeyed the vast array of meticulously labeled porn videos. "But I think we already knew that."

He shot her a smile before scrolling down to allow her to read more of the titles.

"Do you have any favorites?" she asked.

"I mean, the one we just watched is definitely a favorite of mine."

She couldn't agree more. "That was really hot. That girl is so sexy."

"Really?" he asked, surprised.

Her eyebrows immediately perked up. "You don't think she's hot?"

"No, she's definitely hot. I just didn't expect to hear something like that from you."

"Sweetheart, all girls are into other girls," she said. "I found a lot of those women that you showed me on Dad's phone the other day to be really sexy too. And the girl we just watched is stunning. Her boobs are incredible."

"They're fake, Mom."

"I know, but they still look amazing," she gave her honest opinion. "And the rest of her body is incredible too. I would kill to look like her."

Suddenly, Mike wasn't in his bedroom anymore. Now, he was on the bed in the scene they'd just watched together. He was the porn stud, and his mother was positioned next to the smoking hot brunette who he'd jerked-off to God knows how many times. He pushed inside Mom's snug pussy as he watched her lean over and make out with his favorite porn star. The two began to kiss passionately as he pumped harder.

"Baby?"

He took three deep strokes inside Mom before he ordered the two girls down to their knees. They instinctively pushed their faces together, sticking their tongues out eagerly to accept his seed. Rope after rope fired onto the pretty faces of his dream girls as he listened to them giggle and beg for more. His mother wiggled closer to clean off his manhood with her

mouth before moving back to her own porn crush and kissing her. His fluids were swapped by two women who he never imagined having a shot with, and his cock was still hard as a rock. The look in their eyes said it all. They were both ready for round two.

"Baby!"

He snapped back to reality.

"Are you okay?" she laughed while observing her son. "You kind of zoned out for a minute."

He blinked rapidly in an attempt to clear his head. "Yeah, I'm good."

"So, do you have any favorites?" she asked again.

"Well, I have two videos I really like. The first is an older girl. She's probably in her forties. She's really, really, really hot,

though. I mean, are you more into older women? Listen, you don't look old, but you would be a MILF if you were in porn. I don't know how women are. Do you girls like watching someone who kind of looks like you? I mean, I don't want--"

Her laughter put an end to his nervous rambling. "And what's the other video, sweetheart?"

"She's a younger girl," he answered. "They're both blondes and on the thicker side. Do you have a preference?"

She screamed on the inside! His favorite porn stars had her body type! It was the biggest compliment ever!

"Or we could try something else?" he proposed. "I have more scenes with the girl we just watched."

"You pick one," she said. "And kick those sheets off. Get comfortable. I don't want to be the only one enjoying myself."

He used his foot to push his bed sheets away before finding his absolute favorite porn scene. The girl wasn't a great performer, to be honest. In fact, she was pretty lame when it came to her lack of effort in her scenes. It was her look that drove him crazy, though. She was just so fuckin' hot.

He double-clicked on the video and watched it engulf the screen.

Cheesy porn music flowed from the computer speakers as Kelly's eyes hit the monitor. The camera started at a pair of black high heels before beginning to work its way higher. Her son certainly hadn't lied. This girl wasn't fat, but she also wasn't skinny either. She definitely didn't look like the women that her husband claimed to love, and her legs weren't as fit as the girl they'd just watched. The camera continued to rise as they passed her black bikini bottoms and hit her midsection, revealing a voluptuous figure with some meat on her bones.

Her eyes widened and she temporarily lost her breath after the cameraman moved to the porn girl's chest. Kelly had always been proud of her bust, but she didn't have anything on this starlet. And she could immediately tell that she was all natural--even with her black bikini top on. Actually, she may have found herself growing slightly jealous. Maybe an extra trip to the gym every week could get her closer to this girl's level? And perhaps--

"Oh...my...God..."

Mike closed his eyes and said a quick prayer in his head. He desperately hoped that his plan wouldn't backfire. Mom had just gasped, and he had no idea what she would do next.

The camera captured the sexy blonde's face before pulling back to observe her dancing seductively in front of a white backdrop. Kelly's eyes couldn't leave the screen. This girl had her in trance. The scene cut and she now held a bottle of oil in her hand, only for her to drizzle the lubricant onto her

hourglass figure. But it wasn't her body that had a stranglehold on her attention. It was something else.

This girl had the exact same pixie haircut as her.

"You like this girl?" she asked with her eyes locked on the blonde who danced in front of her.

"I think she's the sexiest girl to ever do porn," he answered honestly. "At least when it comes to her looks."

This was it. They were officially at a crossroads and she needed to make a decision. As strange as it may have sounded, watching porn in bed with her son while she touched herself didn't feel overtly sexual. It was just fun. She had a rather dull, uneventful sex life with her husband, and this was something unique and outside the box. At least she could say that while they'd watched the brunette from earlier. Everything changed when the blonde--who shared a striking resemblance to herself--decided to make an appearance. Mike had sent a very

clear message. He wasn't joking about what he'd told her over the past few days. He was deadly serious.

"Can we skip ahead?"

He glanced curiously at his mother. "What?"

"Can we skip ahead in the scene?" she clarified her request. "If that's okay with you."

"Totally. Um...is there anything you want to see?"

"Doggy," she answered instantly.

He tried not to scream. His hand bolted to his computer and skipped ahead until he found the two porn stars going at it doggy style. The busty blonde had been oiled up from head to toe by this point--naked with the exception of a pair of black high heels--and had moved to the white mattress in the room. She was positioned on her hands and knees while her

co-star did what every other red-blooded male on the planet would do in a similar situation: he fucked her like his life depended on it.

His eyes shifted away from his computer and followed his mother's right hand. It slid down her breasts, along her covered tummy, and disappeared under her black yoga pants. He was becoming lightheaded.

Kelly wasted no time slipping her fingers under her panties to find her clit. Is this what her son wanted to do to her? To oil her up in a pair of high heels and drive into her like a porn stud? Her focus quickly moved to her son's bicep before finding the screen once again. Mike was in even better shape than the guy in the scene! Was it wrong to want her muscly, hunky, sexy son to have his way with her? It was just a fantasy at the end of the day, but it seemed so real at the moment, and that most likely had something to do with the stud in bed with her while her index and middle finger circled her clit.

He couldn't take it anymore. He lifted his waistband and allowed his cock to pitch a tent in his athletic shorts. His hand quickly wrapped around his hidden manhood and stroked slowly.

Mother and son--separated by mere feet in bed--masturbating to the same porn scene. Neither would've dreamed a scenario as such ever possible just forty-eight hours ago, but circumstances had quickly changed, and so did Kelly's thoughts about her baby as her eyes shifted from the screen to his lap.

"Oh my God."

His focus didn't move from his computer screen. Did Mom react that way because the male actor had just grabbed a handful of his co-star's short hair and snapped her head back, or was it a result of looking in his direction? He had to know. It would kill him if he refused to discover the answer for himself.

He turned his head to find Mom with her mouth agape as her hand feverishly fluttered under her yoga pants. She stared directly at his bulge.

He found the base of his cock with his hand, and paused before inching slowly to the head with his fingers wrapped around the polyester fabric of his gym shorts.

Mike heard his mother whimper.

She bit down on her finger once again while her right hand did its damndest to send her over the edge. Screw the porn scene. Was there even a computer in the room anymore? The towering erection under her son's shorts wasn't anything like his father's manhood. Could she credit his big biceps or his lean frame for emphasizing his cock? Or maybe her mind simply played tricks on her? Or maybe, just maybe, it really was that big? Perhaps it was perfect just like every single other part of him?

And with that, Kelly's mind began to drift.

There was nothing like doggy style. Nothing compared to the feeling of being at the complete mercy of a man. But Al and his low sex drive, fat stomach, and awful stamina wasn't the guy who controlled her. Instead, it was Mike.

She was bent over the edge of a bed: naked, oiled up, and sporting a pair of slutty black high heels. A strong, dominant hand squeezed her petite arm and grabbed her attention. It belonged to an eighteen-year-old stud who rubbed his throbbing cock against the lips of her moist pussy. To a guy who fantasized about her and raved over her looks and personality. To a man who could give the hard, rough, loving pounding she so desperately craved.

She yearned to be dominated by a man who respected her. She needed to be desired by a guy who lusted after her. It didn't take much for her world to change as she felt her son's large manhood pierce her tight pussy.

Every rough pump sent a chill down her spine. She felt parts of her insides touched for the very first time--parts that Al couldn't dream of hitting. Fingers ran through her short blonde hair as she braced herself. He was going to do it. He would do what she wanted because he was perfect. He knew every single thing that she needed without even having to be told.

He snapped her neck back by her hair.

She found herself gazing up into her son's masculine eyes as he ravished her. Sweat dripped from his wavy brown hair and landed on her face. She wanted to taste him. She needed to eat every part of him up. Al was just a guy in her past life. She'd moved on. She'd found someone better who loved and cherished her, and she couldn't wait to feel his appreciation each and every day.

"OH FUCK!!" she cried.

Mike's hand had been locked around his cock--frozen--for the past twenty seconds. Mom's soft, seductive moans had turned to loud gasps and borderline screams, and now her body shook as she orgasmed just two feet away from him! Her eyes were closed and her body quivered, and he had no idea what went through her mind as she enjoyed her euphoria. Was it the porn scene? Was it Dad? Was it him? The one thing he knew for sure was that he couldn't continue to play with himself while she was in such a state. It didn't seem right.

Her shrieks turned to light whimpers as she descended from her high gradually. "Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God."

Should he say something? Should he do something? He never had a girl masturbate in front of him, let alone someone who he was related to. What was his next move?

Her fingers wiggled out of her yoga pants after she finally recovered. Both of her hands found their way to her chest as she gazed at his handsome face. Her eyes methodically

moved down his muscular frame until they hit his sizable bulge.

"Baby, do you need help with--"

Abruptly, they both turned and looked at his nightstand. The alarm on Mike's phone blared, causing Kelly to cut her question short. She reached out and turned it off before looking back at him.

He didn't know what to do. Things had gone significantly further than expected, and he really needed a moment to think. "I have to shovel the driveway."

"Leave it," she told him with a wicked grin.

"I can't," he shook his head, clearly flustered. "I can't let it back up."

"Just leave it," she said, pointing at his laptop. "Let's watch some more."

He hopped off the bed and turned his back to his mother, tucking his rock hard erection into his waistband. "I have to take care of the driveway."

She huffed before finally nodding her head. Part of her wanted him to stay in bed and experience the same pleasure that she'd just enjoyed, but a bigger part of her respected how he handled his business. He was the only real man in her life for a reason.

"Okay, but find your boots in your closet. I know they're in there."

He shuffled to the other end of the room and opened his closet door before re-emerging with a pair of black boots.

"I see your jacket too!" she spoke up. "The navy blue one!"

He pulled his coat off a hanger and put it on. "Happy?"

"Very," she smiled. "Make sure you get some gloves and a hat out of the downstairs closet too!"

"I know where they are..." he groaned.

She tracked him as he moved in the direction of his bedroom door. "Thanks, baby!"

He raised his hand in the air to acknowledge her appreciation. Soon, he vanished into the hallway and trudged down the steps to take care of his work.

She wasn't sure what she'd just thanked him for. Was it for shoveling the driveway again, or for giving her the best orgasm in the past five years? Why couldn't it be for both?

Her eager fingers scrolled through the rest of his porn collection to search for another appealing scene. She was in the mood for round two.

# Chapter 6 - Appreciation

One Hour Later.

Mike jogged up the stairs and hurried into his bedroom, closing the door behind him. It'd only taken him an hour to clear the driveway despite it snowing harder than ever. He'd never felt his adrenaline pump in such a manner before. It was as if someone injected speed directly into his bloodstream as his orange shovel slid along the frozen blacktop effortlessly. He was a machine.

He needed to watch the same porn scene which sent his mother over the edge. He had to allow the amazing blonde from the X-rated video to bring him to the edge before his imagination took over. Sure, it was just pretend, but tonight he would fuck his mother.

Part of him was relieved that his alarm had gone off when it had. Had Mom planned to offer to help before they were interrupted, and even more importantly, what exactly did that entail? Everything most likely worked out for the best, though. Masturbating in front of his own mother certainly wouldn't qualify as normal, but perhaps a little part of him actually wanted that? Sure, it was the perverted side of him, but how awesome would it be?

It didn't matter anymore, though. He'd left that craziness behind him when he decided to shovel instead of partake in exploring more pornography with Mom.

He ditched his shirt and reached for his laptop after he hopped into bed. He opened the screen and unlocked his computer before pulling up the same scene that he'd watched only an hour ago with Mom. His earbuds slipped into the headphone jack as he readied himself in anticipation. God, was he ready to explode.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

His eyes immediately shot to his door. "Yeah?"

His mother peeked inside after opening his door, revealing the sight of her in a black silk bathrobe--the usual for when she got up at night. He gave her a smile and waited, eager for her to leave so he could get down to business.

"Done already?"

"Yeah, it slowed down a bit," he lied, not wanting to admit the real reason for his superhuman accomplishment. How could he explain that he cleared the driveway twice as fast because he'd watched her cum in his bed sixty minutes ago?

She nodded and disappeared from his room.

"Can you shut the door!?" he yelled. The sounds of footsteps hurrying down the stairs was the only answer.

He was exhausted. All he wanted to do was masturbate, go to sleep, and get a good night's rest before having to deal with more snow in the morning. And he'd tweaked his back about ten minutes ago as well. Maybe he'd overdone it?

He rolled onto his side slowly in an attempt to get out of bed when he suddenly froze. Footsteps rushed up the stairs.

He scooted up and rested his back against the bed headboard as he waited for his mother to pass on her way to her own bedroom. She would at least be able to shut his door for him, but before he could ask for that simple favor, a smiling blonde burst into his room with a little something extra in hand.

"Are you serious?" Mike asked, stunned.

"I think you deserve it," she smiled. "As long as you want it."

"Oh, I want it," he said. He watched his mother stroll over to the side of his bed, and hand him one of Dad's twenty-four

ounce cans of beer. "Now, this is something I could get used to."

"Well, I think that the man of the house is entitled to a beer after a hard day's work," she said.

Man of the house? He really was the man of the house, wasn't he? He liked having that title. He loved knowing that Mom relied on him to get things done. A simple thank you from her sent electricity through his body whenever she showed her appreciation. All he wanted was to see a smile on her pretty face.

"I could get used to this husband thing," he said sarcastically after cracking open his beer and flashing her a grin.

"Well, being the man of the house comes with a few more perks as well."

He took another sip before his eyes drifted toward the sound of her voice. His can of alcohol instantly dropped into his lap. He scrambled to collect his drink which leaked onto his athletic shorts, before glancing up in a state of complete disbelief. He couldn't possibly be seeing this.

His mother's hand had found the belt on her bathrobe and given it a gentle tug. The smooth, silky material parted and she wiggled out of her gown. It'd hit the floor and his beer can promptly fell to his body. He'd never been so flustered by anything in his life.

Mom stood at the side of his bed in a lace plunge teddy.

The black lingerie was a gorgeous one-piece with scalloped trim carving the edges of the outfit. The fancy design even included the material which dipped deep into her captivating cleavage. The inner halves of her big, creamy breasts were on full display as the nylon material finally merged just above her belly button. The sleeveless garment was partially see-through, with darker patches of flowery designs hiding her

most intimate areas. Every inch of her flawless legs and toned thighs were exposed to the bedroom air. Mere inches of snug fabric were all that protected her pussy from his enamored eyes.

She turned slowly, revealing two thin straps which intersected across her back and ran over her fit shoulders, keeping her outfit up. But as amazing as she looked, it wasn't until his eyes moved further south that he experienced the greatest moment of his life.

The black nylon narrowed and turned into a thong.

He'd fantasized about his mother's ass for years. How couldn't he? It was perfect, after all. Truthfully, few things made his day like watching her strut into a room in a pair of tight yoga pants, but recollections of her clothed body swiftly drifted from his memory. Real experiences replaced his stored photos. He didn't have to imagine what her butt looked like anymore. Now, he saw it for himself.

Big, round, and oh-so perfect: her thong backside belonged on a poster in the bedroom of every man's room on the planet. Where did her perkiness come from? It had to be a result of her consistent gym-going habits, right? Thousands of squats and lunges had done wonders on her lower body, and he was lucky enough to marvel in all of its glory.

Her hips were sexy and shapely, her legs fit and strong, and her flat stomach aided her impressive bust as she turned to face him again. This was what his amazing mother looked like under her clothes? Like a goddess? What was Dad thinking? He should worship the ground that she walked on! She was so kind, generous, and smart, and now she had an amazing figure and deviant sexual side that he never would've dreamed of. It was enough to make him realize just how in love he was with his angelic mother.

"I don't know what to say," he remarked, at a total loss for words.

Kelly wasn't some naive little girl. She had a few partners before Al, so she could tell the difference when men were being truthful or not. Her husband's disgust wasn't something that went unnoticed. This very teddy had originally been a surprise for their anniversary a few years ago. Their sex life had been on a downward trend for quite a while, and she'd hoped that it would help to pick things back up.

Unfortunately, her provocative lingerie didn't have its desired effect. Al was fairly indifferent to what she wore for him, they had mediocre sex, and things continued to worsen after that night. She could still remember the look on her husband's face when he first saw her in her outfit. As disinterested as Al had been two years ago, the excitement which radiated from Mike couldn't have been more different. He may as well have been drooling.

It'd been years since she felt a pair of eyes gaze at her this way. It wasn't just a sense of admiration either. There was raw, primal lust being sent in her direction. It was different from Monday in the kitchen as well. Things had drastically changed in a matter of days.

Mike felt like a teenager to her on Monday. Yes, he was a man, and he acted like a man, but he was still her little boy. Plenty had changed in the past forty-eight hours, however. The last thing that the hunk who stared at her resembled was a boy. Mike was a stud. Wide shoulders, chiseled biceps, and rock-hard abs made him quite the catch. Not to mention his handsome face and sexy hair! How many cheerleaders dreamed about dating her son? How many teachers experienced depraved thoughts when he walked into their classrooms? And now that stud's eyes were locked on her in ways that no one--including her husband--ever had.

But it was more than simple shallow attractiveness. Was Mike sexy? Absolutely. Not only was he extremely handsome, but part of her loved the idea of giving back to him for everything he'd done around the house over the years. It only felt right in a way.

Their connection ran deeper than lust, however. The way they talked, laughed, and smiled at each other was unlike anything else in her life. Her son brought a level of comfort

to her life that no one else could provide. She could be completely out of her element and surrounded by strangers, but the second Mike walked into the room, she would immediately be at ease. His presence created a certain relaxing vibe. It was intoxicating to be around. It also happened to be the exact opposite of how Al made her feel.

She knew that she should feel shy about her wardrobe choice. She wasn't exactly the most confident woman in the world, and her love of yoga pants came from a place of comfort, not sex appeal. The hunk gazing at her had sent her self-esteem through the roof, though. She'd never felt sexier than she did at this very moment.

"I thought that maybe I could help you out a little bit," she purred.

His pounding heart was on the verge of bursting through his chest. "Um...yeah, totally. That would be...uh...awe-awe-awesome."

She couldn't get enough of him. His strong, masculine aura made her giddy, and the way that he simultaneously stammered like a ten-year-old boy caused her to laugh. Everything he did drove her crazy.

She spun again, allowing him to silently worship her physique which she worked so hard to maintain. She was lost in a world of lust. In a world of passion and desire. In a world where she was admired and respected. In a world where Al didn't exist.

"You're so beautiful, Mom."

Four simple words changed everything. It was more than enough to snap her back to reality.

She wasn't a goddess, she was a receptionist; she wasn't all alone with a passionate admirer, she was in a high school kid's bedroom; and she wasn't a college-aged seductress, she was a forty-two-year-old mother. And, oh yeah, the guy sitting in front of her wasn't her husband, but rather her son.

Panic immediately set in for her. She needed to leave. She had to escape and attempt to understand what caused her to do something so outlandish and irresponsible in the first place.

She scrambled to retrieve her bathrobe from the floor as she hurried to cover her trembling body. She didn't want to look at Mike. She was too embarrassed to even glance in his direction. She turned to the door and took the first step toward escaping her current nightmare.

"Wait!"

Her right foot hit the hardwood floor before her left foot extended and cut her remaining journey in half. Two more strides were all that separated her from safety. She would vanish into the hallway and be able to regroup in a matter of moments.

"Mom!"

Two more feet divided her from freedom. The open door screamed for her to run through it. Flashing lights pointed at her escape as her foot sailed over those mere twenty-four inches of wood flooring. She was finally there!

"MOM!!!"

And then she froze.

Why didn't she move? Why was she seemingly stuck under her son's bedroom doorframe? It really didn't matter if she took a right or a left, because any direction liberated her. But instead of running to safety, she turned and faced his bed.

"Are you okay?" he asked worryingly.

Was she okay? No, she wasn't okay. In fact, she was the furthest thing from okay. Her lips parted in an attempt to explain what a mistake she'd made. She had to express her

remorse for revealing herself in such a sexual manner. She needed to say sorry for not only putting herself in a terrible situation, but for dragging her perfect angel into it as well. She had a million things on her mind, except she couldn't get any of them out. All because someone spoke up first.

"Did I do something wrong?" Mike questioned.

Her eyes shifted down to the hardwood floor. Had he done something wrong? Of course not. Her little angel was perfect, after all. He'd innocently confined himself to his bedroom when she decided to turn his night into something out of a preposterous erotic novel. And what about earlier? All her poor son wanted to do was masturbate, and she'd barged into his room before eventually orgasming on his bed! What was wrong with her? Had she fallen and hit her head? She wasn't acting like herself at all!

"You didn't do anything wrong."

"Because you kind of freaked out," he told her cautiously. "If I made you uncomfortable or--"

"It's not you," she interrupted, still staring at the floor. "I just made a really big mistake."

How could he convey his true feelings? The last thing he would label the situation as was a mistake. The past two minutes of his life had been permanently tattooed on his brain. He would never forget this moment. Every flawless inch of her body, every flutter of her cute blonde hair when she spun, and every spark he felt deep inside his being as a result of it all: tonight would stick with him until the day he died.

It suddenly clicked for him. "Is it because I called you mom?"

"No," she said, still refusing to make eye contact with him.

"Because you freaked out right after I said mom," he pointed out. "I can call you something else if you want. Like, Kelly."

"No, sweetheart--"

"Not Kelly then!" he said urgently. "How about this? Pick a name you want to be called and I'll refer to you as that."

She finally looked at him. Being called "mom" wasn't the reason that she unraveled before his eyes. Well, it may have set the wheels in motion. It'd reminded her that she was indeed his mother. One simple word wasn't what caused her stomach to churn, however. It was the entire situation.

"I-I-I can't believe I did this!" she declared with a regretful stammer.

How far away was Mom? Ten feet? It felt like a mile as he watched a look of dread sweep across her face. Nothing in the world resembled the feeling of watching his mother grow

upset. She should never be stressed or agitated. He needed to change her mood. He had to make her feel good about herself again, instead of wallowing in a pit of self-misery brought on by nothing but her own guilty conscience.

"Mom, relax"

Her body started to shake.

"Mom, relax!"

She took a deep breath in an effort to calm herself. Her heart rate slowed, but she remained on the brink of a panic attack.

"Why did you come here?" Mike asked.

"To...um...to-to-to help you out," she told him, her nerves yet to subside.

He struggled to hide excitement at the sound of her words. "To help me out? To give me something other than porn to look at, right?"

Her eyes swiftly hit the floor once again. Her feeling of immense embarrassment was even worse than she thought.

The large tent pitched in Mike's athletic shorts showed that he was more than ready to go. He didn't have to think too hard to decipher Mom's plan. She'd orgasmed earlier thanks to his porn collection and his presence in bed with her, and now she'd come to return the favor. That's why she was dressed in amazing lingerie, right? So he could masturbate to a real woman instead of a girl on a computer screen. So, why did she seem so hesitant?

"Am I wrong?" he asked.

Her feet shifted on the floor like a nervous toddler who couldn't decide between a lollipop or a pretzel. "Um..."

"Did you come in here for a different reason?" he continued his barrage of inquiries.

She looked at the eager jock lying in bed once more. Nothing about him resembled his father. Not only was his body so much different, but the excitement in his eyes was as well. He was hard from just looking at her! When was the last time that happened with Al?

Her husband always felt like he had other girls on his mind whenever they were intimate, and the porn they would occasionally play while going at it usually captured his attention. Sometimes, she felt like a sex toy to him. Like a warm, wet hole without any emotions or feelings. But that wasn't the case with Mike. He made her feel special. He made her feel wanted and desired. His facial expression as his eyes continued to gaze at her from afar wasn't forced. He really was enamored with her, wasn't he?

"I was going to see if you wanted a...a...oh my God, I can't believe I'm going to say this! I came in here to see if you wanted a--" Kelly took a deep breath and looked back down at the floor. She'd come this far. One word wouldn't kill her. "If you wanted a...blowjob."

Ping.

Her head immediately perked up to see his ice cold beer can now placed on the nightstand. The ringing sound was a result of her son setting his beverage down on the wood roughly, and as her attention drifted toward the bed, she soon realized why he was in such a hurry.

Mike slipped out of his shorts and tossed them to the floor. He smiled at his mother excitedly--in just his boxers--with a throbbing cock hidden beneath the red cotton fabric.

"I totally want a blowjob!" he announced with an ear-to-ear smile.

"No, baby--"

"So, how do you want to do this?" he jumped in frantically. "We could do it on the bed, or I could go grab a chair if that's easier, or we could go downstairs on the couch, or--"

She held her hand out which caused him to cut his fantasy short. "Honey, we can't do anything. I just told you that."

"But you just offered me a blowjob."

"No, I didn't offer you that," she clarified. "I said that I was going to offer that. Before I realized what an enormous mistake it would've been. Listen, sweetheart, I don't know what got into me. Watching porn with you, and touching myself, and now wearing lingerie. I'm not acting like myself."

"I love this version of you," he proclaimed with a look of lust.

She shook her head, letting out a light chuckle. "It's not appropriate for you to see me like this."

Mike was in a conundrum. On one hand, his mother--who was the sexiest woman on the planet in his eyes--had been behaving like a horny high school girl over the past few hours. He'd watched her cum next to him in bed earlier! And he knew that the most amazing lingerie in the world was waiting for him underneath her silk bathrobe.

How often did chances like this come along? When would be the next time that Mom would flirt with him? Probably never. The stars had aligned. Dad wasn't home, he'd spent all day shoveling and taking care of the house, and now Mom wanted to thank him.

But she was still his mother. Sure, she was sexy, smart, and pretty much perfect, but she was still Mom. He refused to pressure her into doing something that she was uncomfortable with. The last thing he wanted was to push the envelope, only for her to experience a meltdown tomorrow

when she reflected on what happened in his bedroom. It was a fine line. She had to be completely on board with the idea of doing something sexual with him, but he couldn't push her into doing it. She wasn't one of his eighteen-year-old classmates. She was his mom. He couldn't risk the possibility of losing her.

He decided to give it a shot. "Sit on my bed for a second."

Her eyes widened. Moving closer to him didn't seem like the best idea at the moment.

"Just sit on the end of it," Mike told her. "So we can talk this out."

She approached his bed timidly and took a seat on the end like he'd instructed. His towering erection appeared even larger from her new point of view. She didn't know what her angel was hiding under his boxer shorts, but it definitely didn't look anything like what his father had to work with.

"First off, I would never pressure you into doing anything," Mike started. "You know that. You mean the world to me. My own pleasure is such a distant second to making you happy."

She shot him a smile before looking down at the bedspread.

"Now, with that being said, I don't want you to hold back," he went on. "Mom, if this is something you want to do, then I'm all for it. I can't even put into words how much I'd love it. But if you're one hundred percent against this, then you should go back to your room right now. The last thing I want to do is negatively change our relationship."

"But this would change our relationship," she reminded him.

"For the better!" he countered. "Listen, I love you on an incomprehensible level. I really do. I've meant every single word I've said over the past few days. I think Dad is batting way out of his league. You're an amazing person, wife, and

mother, and everything about you drives me absolutely crazy. I can't get enough of your laugh, your smile, and your amazing personality; but, Mom, this side I just saw of you blew my mind. I always knew that you were gorgeous, but I didn't know just how sexy you really were until I got a good look at you. The lingerie you're wearing puts every model I've ever seen to shame."

She was far too stunned to even open her mouth.

"I'm being serious!" he said as a result of her silence. "You're one of the most beautiful women alive, and if Dad is too fucking stupid to tell you that, then I'm going to. Honestly, I want you as more than just a mom."

Kelly closed her eyes and attempted to process what she'd just heard. This was all her fault, wasn't it? She would be in bed right now if she was a good mother. She never would've masturbated in front of her son, she definitely wouldn't have worn lingerie, and she absolutely wouldn't be sitting on his bed if she was a proper parent. So, why wasn't she on her way

to her bedroom? Deep down, did a perverted part of her feel the same way as her son? Was she so deprived of sexual attention and satisfaction that she'd turned to her own flesh and blood?

Her blue eyes soaked in the stud lying in front of her. They say that tall, dark, and handsome is every woman's weakness, and she certainly wouldn't disagree. Throw in charming, funny, caring, athletic, and intensely masculine, and you had her son. And now she knew that he loved her on an entirely different level than she previously realized.

Would it be wrong to show him how much she loved him? Would appreciating him in her own special way be some kind of sin? Al wasn't coming home tonight, so maybe she could lose herself in a fantasy world for just a few minutes? Wasn't that what she did every time she read erotica? Dirty books allowed her to imagine a life with a different husband--a husband who loved her and treated her in ways Al couldn't even imagine. So, what was wrong with having a real replacement for just one night?

"Your father can never know about this."

Mike's head nearly exploded. "Wait, we're gonna do it?"

She discarded her robe and tossed it to the floor before crawling toward him. All of her hesitation vanished. Her reluctance seemed to melt away. There was no more fighting her true feelings. She wanted this. She needed her affection to be appreciated by someone who loved and cherished her, and while the snow continued to pile up outside as the temperature dipped below zero, she no longer cared if that person was her son.

She knelt between his legs and slipped both of her hands under the waistband of his boxers. One swift tug was all it took to send them down around his knees, but something prevented her from tossing his underwear down to the floor. Something had caused her to freeze like a deer in the headlights. In fact, it was something rather large.

"Wow," she gasped, stunned.

Mike had never been harder. Everything had moved so quickly. One second, Mom had stripped for him, the next she'd attempt to leave his room, and now she'd yanked his boxers down without even asking for permission. Her heaving breasts were on the verge of falling out of her teddy as she knelt between his extended legs. Her short blonde hair appeared even sexier and her youthful skin glowed, but the way that her sparkling blue eyes bulged possessed a stranglehold on his lust like nothing ever had.

Her focus had yet to move from the towering piece of meat just a few feet in front of her. How was Mike related to his father? He didn't look anything like Al! He didn't remotely resemble the handful of guys she was with before getting married. Her son was big and thick. His impressive size was emphasized by his ripped abs which created quite the muscular backdrop. Masculine veins ran the length of his girthy shaft, and two big balls rested on the blankets below. His pubic hair was trimmed and set an inviting atmosphere.

She finally gathered herself and threw his boxers to the floor. Her tongue instinctively wet her lips as she shifted to her stomach, her mouth now just inches from her son's most prized possession. Kelly didn't feel like a forty-two-year-old woman anymore. Suddenly, she was back in high school. She was on her boyfriend's bed with her feet raised in the air behind her playfully, preparing to do perhaps her most important girlfriend duty. She may have looked at Mike as her husband from time to time, but she planned on treating him like her boyfriend tonight.

She needed to get something out of the way before she went into girlfriend mode, though. The way that Mike had talked about his father over the past few days had yet to leave her mind. He seemed equally as disgusted with Al as she was, and she wouldn't pass up the opportunity to stroke his ego. After all, he deserved it.

"Can I tell you a secret?" she asked.

Mike gazed down at her anxiously, still wondering if he was lost in a dream. Mom was dressed in lingerie, sprawled along his bed, and her face was only inches from his cock! If this indeed was a dream, then he had no desire to wake up.

"Sure," he said.

Her eyes started at his balls, ran the length of his thick dick, momentarily stopped at the large head which possessed a slick shine thanks to the precum that leaked from the tip, and moved to his handsome face. She was moments away from sending his confidence through the roof, and she couldn't possibly be more thrilled. She couldn't get enough of making her angel happy.

"You have to promise to keep it between us," she went on, loving the building lust in his eyes as she teased him. "No one can ever know."

"I promise."

"Are you sure?" she asked. She extended her pinky finger-- where it was met by his--as they laughed over their childish guarantee to keep their pact.

Her hand moved down to his heavy balls before the tip of her index finger grazed gently across the base of his fat shaft. She pressed against his meat with slightly more force, causing a whimper to escape from between his lips. Knowing that she made him moan was empowering. Her little angel could experience the pinnacle of pleasure if she wanted him to, and she was more than ready to take him on that journey. There was a little more teasing to be done, however.

The nail of her finger traced along his girthy meat as she moved upward at a leisurely pace. "You're so much bigger than Dad."

He felt a lit match drop down his throat. Everything was hot. In fact, it was burning. Why did Mom's words fill him with so much delight? Was it Freudian? Did finding out that he had a

bigger dick than Dad tap into his caveman DNA? Did a part of him want to claim his mother for his own? He didn't have the answers to his questions, but knowing that he wasn't only bigger--but much bigger than Dad--did something to him he couldn't explain. He'd never felt better about himself.

Her fingernail continued its rise up his manhood before stopping about seventy percent of the way up. She had something to inform her son of.

"This is your father," she said.

Mike gulped.

She casually worked her way to the throbbing head of his meat with a smile. "And look at all this extra room I have to play with."

He attempted to swallow again but his mouth was dry. His cock was being worshiped by his mother! His own mother! If

there was such a thing as heaven, then he was currently experiencing it.

"But that's not even the craziest part," Kelly said, her finger finally finding the tip of his dick and collecting a sample of his precum. "Baby, you're so much thicker."

He watched her finger move to her mouth where it slipped inside. She explored his taste for a few moments before her face lit up with excitement.

"And tastier too!" she added enthusiastically.

He'd officially died and gone to heaven.

She gazed past his cock to find the face of the energetic stud who still had his back against the wooden headboard to his rear. "It's time that I start thanking you properly."

"You do thank me."

"I thank you like a little boy," she corrected him. "I say thanks, give you a hug, and bake you cookies and pies to show my appreciation. Those days are over. It's time I start treating you like a man, because that's exactly what you are. And a man doesn't want desserts, does he? Nope, he wants nice, long, sloppy blowjobs."

And with that, Mike's relationship with his mom completely changed. Their mother/son dynamic had survived flirting, masturbation, and even lingerie, but it couldn't endure a pair of pouty lips planting wet kisses on the side of his stiff erection. She was still Mom, and she would be Mom until the day he died, but she was more than that now. Another loving kiss on his dick reinforced his newfound feelings. He was crazy about her. His days of dreaming and fantasizing were over. He needed everything that she had to offer.

Kelly was lost in another world as she ran out of room to kiss her son's impressive manhood. Instead, she wrapped her lips around the big head of his cock. Her tongue instantly exploded with the favor of his sweet pre-seminal fluid. Her

desire to please him was unlike anything she'd ever felt before, and only her mouth could take him to the apex of sexual bliss. Whatever experience he had with high school girls would be a distant memory by the time she got through with him.

The back of his head pressed against the wood behind him as he closed his eyes. There were no hands, no gagging, and no struggle at all. All he felt was a warm, wet mouth effortlessly glide up and down on the top half of his cock. But there was more than that. Maybe not physically, but emotionally. He could feel her love. Maybe they were caught up in a moment, or perhaps one of them would wake up tomorrow and regret what had taken place, but there was no denying the passion which flowed through the room at this very second.

Her blowjob was abruptly interrupted by two strong hands gripping her head. He wouldn't actually do it, would he? The latest BDSM novel that she read had taken her on a wild ride when it came to what she thought she knew inside the bedroom. Jen, a married mother of one who was stuck in a sexually unsatisfying marriage--not all that different from

her own--found herself smitten by her neighbor who'd recently moved in next door.

The story opened her eyes to so many things she never knew about: collars, leashes, choking, bondage, submission, and how erotic giving into a powerful man could be. Kelly felt herself in the words she read. Every page brought her closer to Jen--a completely fictional character--who somehow shared key parts of her life. The biggest difference was that Jen had a daughter, not a son. She also didn't have to deal with temptation from the guy next door like Jen had to either.

But there was a reason for that. Kelly had her own stud right down the hallway, and his fingers which were intertwined through her blonde hair quickly made her realize that she had a lot more in common with Jen than she ever imagined. The female protagonist in the story discovered an alpha male who lived next door, but unlike Jen, Kelly didn't need to search for her dream man. He was right in front of her.

His strong hands held her head in place as his hips left the mattress and pumped into her mouth. Not only did Mike look nothing like his father, but he didn't act like him either. She wasn't familiar with a man who displayed an aggressive, take-charge attitude. Al had an undeserved cockiness to him; Mike didn't. Her son possessed a merited confidence and passion that she longed for in a man. He'd taken her mouth and claimed it! He didn't ask, beg, or slowly work his way in--he just went for it!

Spit flowed down the sides of his cock as he continued to use his mother's mouth. Sensibility had been replaced by unbridled lust. She was his mom, not his girlfriend, but she didn't feel like it at the moment. It was almost as if he was possessed.

His hips came to a rest as he quickly thought better of what he was doing.

Her mouth slipped off his thick meat as she gazed up at him with a devilish grin. "That was so fuckin' hot."

Could he possibly love her more than he already did?

"You like when I choke on your big cock?" she asked, her tone dripping with lust and devotion. "I wanna hear it, baby. Tell me how much you love it."

"I fuckin' love it," he told her. "Those pretty lips look perfect wrapped around my dick."

"But what about when you make me gag?" she questioned. "Like a good girl."

The childish inflection to her voice caused his cock to throb in ways previously deemed unimaginable. This was his mom? The most amazing woman in the world had a slutty side to her? She didn't just enjoy choking on his dick, but she wanted to talk about it!

"Your mouth belongs to me."

Her insides fluttered. "What?"

"Your mouth belongs to me," he repeated, lost deep in a world of fantasy and dirty talk. "Every part of you belongs to me. Now, give me that fuckin' throat."

She'd left reality a long time ago, but she was officially the star of her own erotic novel now. Her son wasn't some dark, cryptic, fictional character. He was a real human being. He was kind, sweet, and thoughtful, but he had a side to him that she never knew about until tonight.

She was held in place like a rag doll. Her throat was used for her stud's pleasure, and the sloppy gathering of drool and phlegm which had collected on his thighs was evidence of that. Her previously uncharted submissive fantasies were being thoroughly explored. All she wanted was for a powerful man to give her orders, and that was exactly what her son did.

He released her from his hold as he ended his frantic movements. "Suck my balls."

She followed his orders eagerly. She moved down to his nuts before pausing to relish in the masculine scent which gushed from his pores. Was this still really about rewarding her perfect son? Selfishly, she couldn't deny how much fun she was having.

"This is for unloading the dishwasher," she smiled before her puckered lips kissed his left testicle.

"And this is for shoveling the driveway," she told him, her tongue extending to run along his right nut.

She opened her mouth to shower both of his balls with as much love as possible. "And this is for being my favvvvvvvvvvvvvorite person in the world."

Electricity flowed through his body as both his testicles were drenched in adoration. Warm, wet affection glided across every inch of his ball sack, and his hands had a firm hold of his bed comforter in an attempt to hang onto the roller coaster of pleasure.

Mom's feet wiggled playfully in the air as she sprawled along his bed and sucked his balls. Her big, perky ass created quite the scenic backdrop when he gazed past her pretty blonde head. Why couldn't Dad live at his office? He wanted this all the time. Every day should end with his amazing mother in lingerie, sucking his cock in his bedroom. Life was so peaceful and carefree at the moment. Her warm mouth and wet tongue created the ultimate sense of relaxation.

"That feels so good," he remarked, moaning.

Her lips left his sensitive sack as she wrapped her hand around his imposing cock and stroked slowly. "Good, that's the point. For my baby to feel good."

"I want this all the time."

Reality no longer existed for Kelly. Just like him, she was off in a world of fantasy. "Of course, sweetheart. Whenever you want."

His eyes closed as he imagined a life where that was a possibility. "What about when you get home from work tomorrow?"

"If my baby wants a blowjob, then all he has to do is ask," she smiled before lowering her mouth to his balls to pay them more attention.

"And what about at dinner?"

Her tongue moved to his shaft and gave his thick manhood a long lick. "Just give me a little tap on the shoulder and I'll meet you upstairs."

"I don't want to meet you upstairs," he said. "I want my cock sucked at the table in front of Dad."

She perked up after hearing his words. Suddenly, she was back in the real world. "What?"

Mike had yet to join her back in reality. "I want Dad to see you with a real man. Let that asshole play with his little dick while you take care of me."

And with that, she left reality once again, but she didn't wander off into her own fantasy this time. Instead, she joined her son's personal version of paradise. "You want me to suck your big cock in front of Dad? He would be so jealous."

He grabbed her head and pushed her mouth down roughly on his dick as he began pumping his hips upward, fueled aggressively by the idea of putting Dad in his place.

"Fuckin' right he would," he grunted through clenched teeth, exploring her tight throat courtesy of his youthful aggression. "I should show him what a fuckin' idiot he is for not appreciating the perfect woman he has."

Kelly couldn't recall the last time she was so turned on. Someone needed to stand up to Al, and the idea of Mike putting her husband in his place caused tingles to run the length of her body. Not that she could properly convey her thoughts at the moment. Her mouth and throat were a little too occupied to speak.

His hips came to a stop and Mom's neck immediately took over, rapidly bobbing up and down on the length of his towering pole. Her unaided actions proved how much she loved taking care of him.

"Maybe I'll swing by your bedroom some night?" he said. "Pay you guys a visit before you two go to sleep."

Her tempo increased as she attempted to suck his soul out through his cock.

"I'll pull your sexy ass out of bed and bend you over the side of it," he spoke, his tone deep and dripping with masculinity.

She opened her throat as wide as possible as she inched toward the base of his manhood. Any concerns that her gag reflex voiced were promptly disregarded. She needed to swallow every part of her man. It was her duty.

She pushed through the last roadblock and felt her nose press against his pelvic bone. Her head instantly recoiled in order to send oxygen to her deprived lungs.

Mike was dumbfounded.

Both of her hands wrapped around his soaked manhood firmly and stroked as she gazed at him. "So, you were bending me over my bed."

He'd yet to move. He couldn't believe what had just happened.  
She deepthroated him!

"Baby, what happens next?"

He locked eyes with her as they grinned at each other. He couldn't get enough of his dream girl. "I want to ruin you for him."

Her hands froze around his meaty cock. "What?"

"I don't want Dad to be able to feel you," he told her. "I want to stretch your tight little pussy. I'd make him look you in the eyes while I do it too. Have his dumb ass sit there and watch his perfect wife get fucked by someone who he can't compete with."

She gasped before her hands moved again slowly. "Oh my God, baby."

"You wouldn't be walking right after I got done with you," he grunted, his eyes completely entranced on his mother. "I want to see your big ass bouncing while I make you feel things that you didn't know were even possible. Get a little rough with you."

"I don't know if I could handle you," she commented honestly after helping herself to another look at his big dick.

"You were built to get fucked by me," he rebuffed with a deep rumble. "I'd grab a handful of your sexy short hair and move my head next to yours. So we can both look at Dad's stupid face when he finally realizes you belong to me now. That you have a new man."

Her mouth joined her right hand around his cock, but her left hand slipped away. It dashed along the sheets and inside her teddy where it hurried to find her clit. For the second time in so many hours, she played with herself in her son's bed.

"That you're my girl," he added, now watching Mom suck his cock and play with herself at the same time.

He never would've imagined that speaking about Dad in such a way would cause her to touch herself. It wasn't exactly a hard thing for him to do either. He'd simply expressed his true feelings, but how much power came along with what he currently experienced? His words could be this impactful? He could send her into overdrive with his imagination and a little help from his voice? Sure, her fingers aided her along, but she wouldn't touch herself if it wasn't for him.

He suddenly had a different mission. He needed to make her cum.

"You think he would like that?" Mike asked. "Hearing the sounds of me slamming into your amazing ass from behind? Knowing that his perfect wife's insides are being rearranged to fit my big cock? Realizing just how fucking useless he really is?"

Her mouth bobbed on his dick even faster as she rubbed her clit like a woman possessed.

"And after you cum all over my cock like a good girl, I'm going to finish deep inside you," he said without a hint of weakness in his voice. "Then I'm going to order Dad to the edge of the bed and stick his head right next to your ass, so he can have a ringside seat to show. And do you know what he'll see?"

Her mouth left her son's cock as her fingers rubbed herself frantically. "Wha-wha-what will he-he see?"

He stared directly into her warm eyes. "I'll slowly pull out of your tight pussy, and Dad will watch a river of my cum pour out."

Her eyes rolled back into her head as a wave of heat burst through her insides. She always needed a vibrator to experience something so strong. Even the fun that she had in bed with Mike earlier didn't rival her current euphoria. Was

it his voice? Or maybe it was his masculine cadence? Or what about how taboo it was to mess around with her own son?

Who was she kidding? She knew that the idea of Mike showing Al who was boss was what really turned her on. It was the fantasy of her favorite man in the world claiming her as his own that brought her to the brink of orgasm. It was knowing that her baby loved her just as much as she loved him.

And then she erupted.

Her head jolted forward and her mouth clamped onto the skin on his thigh. She couldn't control herself. Her body spazzed as she temporarily lost the ability to control her limbs. The fingers on her right hand were in a desperate struggle to maintain their grip around Mike's throbbing erection as her teeth bit down harder.

She longed for his fantasy to be reality. For him to stroll into their bedroom one night and show his father the proper way to treat a woman who you love and respect. For Mike to bend

her over her bed and unload on her like the porn stud from the video they'd watched together earlier. And the look on Al's face would be priceless. The realization that the only man who had a chance to steal her from him, had in fact done just that, would keep her satisfied forever.

One last shockwave sent electricity surging both inside and outside her body. Everything from the hairs on the back of her neck, to the skin on her toes, to the depths of her stomach absorbed the powerful energy. The overwhelming sensation caused her teeth to break the tender skin on his thigh as she twitched and shook uncontrollably.

She finally collected herself after what felt like hours of being slouched over her baby's leg. Her limbs still tingled, but she could manage her quivering body as she lifted her head to find his face. Her little angel couldn't possibly look more thrilled.

She moved her eyes down to his thigh and instantly gasped.  
"Oh my God!"

"It's fine," he said.

"Baby, you're bleeding!" she panicked. "Because of me! Oh my God!"

"Mom, it's fine," he attempted to calm her. "Seriously, it's not a big deal."

She looked away, embarrassed and ashamed. "I can't believe I bit you. I need to get a Band-Aid and--"

"You came so hard. Like a good girl."

Her head snapped back to the stud who'd just interrupted her.

"I don't remember telling you to stop, by the way," he added.

She wiped away the blood on his leg before matching his grin with one of her own. "You don't remember telling me to stop doing what?"

"I don't remember telling you to stop sucking my cock."

"I should always be sucking your cock, shouldn't I?" she asked playfully.

"Fuckin' right you should," he said without a hint of sarcasm to his voice.

Her lips moved in the direction of his throbbing erection and placed gentle kisses on his hard meat once more. "I'm so sorry for biting you."

Mom could've done whatever she wanted to him. He couldn't care less. "It's fine."

"Things are going to be different from now on," she told him between soft kisses and wet licks. "You get whatever you want in this house. If you want a certain meal, then you just tell me; if you want a dessert, then I'll make it; and if my baby wants his balls drained, then all he has to do is ask."

Mike closed his eyes and smiled. Could life get any better than this?

"I don't want those cute girls at school doing it for you. You come to me, understood? I'll take care of every single need that you have."

"Those girls can't compete with you anyway," he groaned as a result of her mouth moving closer to the head of his dick.

His words sent her over the edge again. Her slow teasing was replaced by rabid lust as she engulfed him. She had one goal and that involved making her stud explode. She was desperate for him to experience an orgasm stronger than any prior pleasure in his life, because she still had butterflies in her

stomach from her own climax thanks to him. She needed to return the favor.

Mike couldn't hold back any longer. "You're gonna make me cum."

Abruptly, his mother's warm, wet mouth left his dick. Her tight hand vanished as well. He was so cold and lonely as he opened his eyes to find Mom staring at him.

"Um...baby, can I tell you something?" she asked.

He nodded carefully. The last thing he desired was to ruin the moment. He was so close to cumming before everything came to a sudden stop.

"Well, it's kind of a fantasy," she admitted quietly. "Actually, I don't know if a fantasy is the best way to describe it. Like, I've never had any interest in doing it with your father. In fact, he's

wanted to do it before, but I've always said no. Something about it sickens me when I think of him."

His hand clenched the bed comforter and squeezed roughly. Even the most distant thought of Dad bringing discomfort to Mom's life filled him with rage.

"I've read a few books that have it, and I've seen some porn with it too," she went on. "Like I said, I don't want to do it with your father. You're a different story, though. The thought of you doing it to me actually turns me on."

He waited anxiously.

"You have to promise that you won't laugh at me," she demanded. "And that you won't think of me differently either."

"Of course, I won't," he reassured her.

She held out her pinky again. "Promise?"

He met her finger with his own. "Promise."

"What would you think about cumming on my face?"

Mike's eyes immediately lit up.

"Really?" she asked, picking up on his excitement. "It's not weird to you?"

"Weird to me? Holy shit, that's the hottest thing ever! Absolutely!"

She stared down at his big erection before turning her attention to her surroundings. "How do you want to do this? Should I get on my back, or--"

"How about you get off the bed and kneel on the floor?" he cut her off, taking over the situation. "I'll stand in front of you."

She bit her lower lip instinctively. How hot did that sound? Not only the idea of receiving a facial from her son, but kneeling in front of him as well. His big, powerful frame would easily dwarf her, and he would appear as an even bigger stud from her spot down on the floor. It was the exact kind of submissive feeling that she was desperate to have in her life.

She jumped off the bed and dropped to her knees.

"Heads up."

She looked back to see a pillow sail in her direction. She caught it and placed it under her knees. "Thanks, baby."

Mike was all smiles as he rolled out of bed. His thigh may have still stung, but pain was the furthest thing from his mind now.

Every step closer to Mom caused his dick to stiffen even further. Every inch nearer made his balls tighten. He finally came to a stop directly in front of her, his big dick casting a shadow down on his own mother who gazed up at him with a twinkle in her eye. Somehow, every one of his fantasies had come to fruition.

"Make sure you keep your eyes shut. It'll burn if it gets in 'em."

Her brow furrowed after hearing his advice. "How do you know that?"

"Let's just say that this isn't my first time."

"Wait, not Stacy!?" she shouted, stunned. "Really!?"

Stacy was his ex-girl who he'd dated before her family moved away over the summer. She was cute, perky, blonde, and just so happened to love receiving the one thing that Mike couldn't get enough of giving: facials.

"Stacy had a bit of a dirty side to her," he revealed with a snicker.

Kelly couldn't hide her competitiveness. Ex-girlfriend or not, she wanted to be the best that her son ever had. "Did Stacy ever beg for you to cum on her face?"

"Maybe," he said, grinning.

Her lips pressed against his leg gently, slowly worked up his thigh--making sure to stop and give a big kiss to the cut that she'd caused with her teeth--and came to rest mere inches from his balls. She glanced up and smiled at the big dick towering above her.

"Did she ever worship your cock?" she asked.

"Not like you," he answered.

"Did she ever cook for you, clean for you, and love you the way I do?" she continued, her mouth watering from the juicy piece of meat that she teased herself with.

He smiled down at the loving pair of sparkling blue eyes which gazed up at him. "Absolutely not."

"I bet I can name another thing that cute girl never did. She never asked you to fuck her mouth, did she?"

His hands swiftly extended from his sides and grabbed onto her blonde hair. He maneuvered his throbbing cock into her welcoming mouth before pumping into her throat roughly.

Mom was right about one thing: Stacy had never asked him to fuck her mouth. He had a feeling that his mother had years of built up sexual frustration. How couldn't she? Dad was an asshole who was out of shape, undeservedly overconfident, inattentive, and a total dud in bed from what he'd heard.

Was Mom living out a fantasy from the books she read? His own mother was down on her knees, behaving like a girl straight out of his porn collection! Dirty talk, telling him how hot it was when he fucked her mouth, and now asking for a facial? And what about when he talked shit about Dad? She'd played with herself until she orgasmed, and then bit his leg when she lost all control! She was a bundle of sexual energy which needed to be attended to, and he had a few plans of how to take care of her desires.

His left hand remained on her head as he pumped into her mouth, but his right hand slid down to her shoulder. His finger slyly slipped under the one of the straps responsible for holding up her sexy lingerie, and moved it to the side. Mom immediately retreated and yanked it back into place.

"I don't think so," she told him, shooting him a firm glance.

Spit dripped from his glistening cock and fell to the hardwood floor below. They stared at one another silently--each knowing what the other wanted--but refusing to give in.

Mike finally broke the ice. "Why not?"

"Because that's too much."

"Too much?" he laughed. "Mom, you're giving me a blowjob."

"I don't want you seeing me naked," she expressed her concerns.

He stared down at her pretty face, still not believing that he had to verbalize his thoughts. "Will you stop with that?"

"But I don't want you to," she whined. "I don't look like your girlfriends."

"Exactly. You're way hotter."

Kelly rolled her eyes.

He refused to give up so easily. "I'm being serious. Hey, I'm not Dad. You're a perfect ten in my eyes, remember?"

She looked away shyly, failing in an attempt to conceal her smile.

"A quick peek," he said. "We both know that Stacy didn't have anything like what you're working with. Believe me, you have nothing to be embarrassed about."

She turned back to her son who remained rock-hard. "I'm not going to look like some perky eighteen-year-old cutie! And I'm not going to be like one of those porn girls either!"

"I know," he nodded. "I want you raw and natural. I don't want you enhanced, changed, or anything other than your true self. I want every ounce of your real, perfect, unblemished beauty."

Her hands bolted for the straps on her shoulders without another second of hesitation. His words had a certain power over her. The way that he expressed his true feelings made her feel alive. There wasn't an ounce of deceitfulness to anything that came out of his mouth. To the rest of the world, she was a forty-something, past her prime woman who may as well not exist; but to her son, she was everything. She was sexy and desirable, but also smart and caring.

Her reluctance had stemmed from her fear of disappointing him. What if he wasn't impressed with what he saw? Sure, she could outdo younger girls in the oral sex department thanks to her decades of experience, but she couldn't conceal the natural aging to her skin. His look was too captivating to pass up on, however. Her son wanted her so badly, and just like every mother on the planet, she desired nothing more than to make her perfect angel happy.

She slipped the left strap on her teddy down, and the right soon followed. She took a deep breath before lowering the material below her breasts--still covering her tummy with the

black lace. She may be brave, but she wasn't crazy. There was no way that Mike would see her stomach!

Without thought, he wrapped his hand around his cock and began stroking. "Holy shit."

What in the world did Mom have to be embarrassed about? It was no secret that she was a busty gal, and while her lingerie didn't leave much to the imagination, seeing her topless was something else. Big, teardrop breasts with large areolas and small nipples. Did her unbelievable tits possess a slight sag to them? Absolutely. In fact, it was the perfect amount. What guy didn't prefer natural boobs instead of the girls in porn with giant implants which defied gravity anyway? She was the hottest woman alive, completely natural, and all for him.

He slowed the pace of his strokes to prevent himself from cumming.

Kelly pulled her straps back up.

"Wait!"

She sent an unamused glance his way. "You said a quick peek!"

"I gotta see those again," he said. "You're so fuckin' hot."

Her attitude did an immediate one-eighty. Hearing him talk about her in such a fashion drove her crazy. What was wrong with giving him what he wanted? It was what a good mother would do.

She lowered her straps again, pushing her still covered breasts together as she glanced up at him--pouting her lips and fluttering her eyelashes. Teasing him was fun. His hand squeezed his manhood and began to move faster, encouraging her to really dial up the dramatics.

"Look over at the bed," she instructed.

Mike turned his head to observe a messy comforter on an otherwise empty mattress.

"Imagine that Dad is sitting on the end of it," she told him. "That he's watching what's going on."

He looked back to find her staring up at him. "Why?"

She allowed the delicate lace to fall below her breasts once again. "Because you're not just going to show me who I belong to, but you're going to give me a big load too."

She leaned forward and slapped his hand away from his dick. "And that's my job from now on. No more of that in this house. If you want your big cock played with, then you come and find me."

With both of her hands now wrapped around his manhood, her lingerie fell down to her belly button, leaving everything above her waist to be admired by his lustful eyes. His focus

quickly turned to her exposed tummy. Even her stomach was fit! Every inch of her was a masterpiece!

"You're so perfect," he said as his honest feelings came out.

It didn't take long for her to figure out what had happened. She'd gotten so caught up in the moment that she allowed her outfit to fall significantly lower than planned. And what was she met with? Another compliment, of course. Her son was the polar opposite of Al, and now it was time to give him something that her husband could only dream of.

She jerked his thick cock frantically as her eyes never wandered from his handsome face. She watched his head tilt back, signaling how close they were to the finish line. They were almost there. Moments from now, she would have her son all over her face.

"Close your eyes, Mom."

She followed his order just in time to feel the first burst of cum slam into her nose, sending semen exploding in every direction. The next powerful shot caused the sweeping hair over her right eye to fly back, leaving a trail of fluids running the length of her smiling face. She parted her lips eagerly as eruptions number three and four painted her right cheek.

Should she have expected anything different? Obviously her baby came like a stud. Everything about him was big and powerful, and the cum he used to mark her was certainly no exception.

His next thick shot hit the top of her forehead and ran directly down the middle of her face, slid off her nose, and puddled onto her outstretched tongue. She continued to jerk his manhood feverishly as cum fell from her chin and collected on her breasts. Not that she minded wasting some of his seed. It wasn't like he had a limited supply.

Kelly quickly swallowed before opening her mouth once again.

His loud moans were replaced by light panting as she brought the head of his dripping cock to her mouth. She quickly engulfed him, greedy for more of his sweet taste.

"Holy shit..." he gasped.

She pulled back and reluctantly allowed him to escape from her mouth. "Can I open my eyes?"

"Yeah."

She was met by an ear-to-ear smile when she did. "I'm covered, aren't I?"

"You better believe it," he verified with a proud grin.

She jumped to her feet and hustled for the door before a loud whistle caused her to stop. Mike wanted her to walk slowly to allow him to trail a few feet to her rear. While she couldn't wait another minute to see what her baby had done to her,

slowing down to show off her butt wasn't the world's worst delay.

They finally made their way into the upstairs bathroom where her reflection caused her to shriek. "Oh my God!"

He couldn't get over what he saw either. His mother was covered in his cum, and something about that sat very well with him. It was a sight that he could certainly grow accustomed to in his life.

"More than Dad?" he asked.

"So much more than Dad," she answered, her focus solely locked on her cum-covered face in the mirror. "It's everywhere."

"Well, that's what your sexy ass does to me," he said as his hand found her butt-cheek and gave it a firm squeeze. The

sound of his palm slapping her backside promptly echoed throughout the bathroom.

She jumped but didn't turn back after her ass absorbed his rough crack. Instead, her eyes found his face in the mirror. He stared right at her, confident as ever.

"Do you need help getting cleaned up?" he asked, his mouth moving to her ear.

"I'm okay," she answered while continuing to gaze at their reflection, surprised by how roughly he'd slapped her butt. Her little angel really was a man, wasn't he?

"You sure?" he double-checked. "Cold water works best for your hair. I can give you a hand if you want."

"I'm fine, baby."

"Okay. Good night, gorgeous," he whispered into her ear.

Before she could open her mouth to wish him good night, he smacked her on the ass even harder than before. Her eyes trailed him in the mirror as he strolled out of the room and disappeared into the hallway.

She immediately scooped a large wad of cum off her cheek and slipped it inside her mouth. She gulped down his seed before smiling at her reflection. She'd always loved her son as a boy and a person, but she'd come to a previously undiscovered realization over the past twenty minutes.

She was in love with him as a man.

# Chapter 7 - Second-Guessing

The Following Day. Thursday. 6:09 PM.

"What a fucking nightmare."

Kelly was busy preparing dinner at the kitchen counter while Al continued to complain about his awful night at the office from his spot at the table. She didn't have a problem listening to him vent, but he was approaching fifteen minutes of nothing but whining. It'd grown tiresome.

"How the hell are you supposed to sleep in an office chair?" he asked. "Sure, we have a few couches in the office, but guess who took those?"

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"Guess!" he demanded, annoyed by her silence.

She'd zoned out for a few seconds. Slicing tomatoes was somehow more enjoyable than listening to her husband rant. "I don't know. Who?"

"The fuckin' broads. Is that really a surprise either? Heaven forbid the entire world doesn't stop and cater to you women when something goes wrong. You know, I've had it with this equality bullshit. You girls only want equality when it works in your favor. You shouldn't get paid as much as us when you really think about it. Who's the first negotiation for in a hostage situation? Women and children. Who gets off a sinking ship first? Women and children. Who stays at home while men get sent off to war? Women and children. Who gets the sofas while the rest of us have to sleep in office chairs? You guessed it."

"That's lovely," she muttered under her breath sarcastically.

"There should be a tax on being a chick," he continued his tirade. "Call it the cost of living on easy street."

She wanted to put her knife through his skull.

"And then--"

The sound of footsteps put an end to Al's latest objection against chivalry. He turned to see his son walk into the kitchen with his basketball bag over his shoulder.

"Hey, Mike."

"Hey, Dad," he greeted his father uncomfortably. "Mom."

"Hey, baby!" Kelly shouted, eager to show off her outfit to her son. He hadn't returned home after school earlier, so her anticipation had been building for hours. Her decision to wear gray yoga pants and a tight-fitting white v-neck wasn't made by chance. The days of not caring about how she dressed around the house were long gone. Now, she would always look sexy for Mike, but she quickly turned back to the

countertop after Al shot her a curious glance. She didn't want her husband to figure out what had happened last night while he was stuck at work.

"When did you get home?"

"Twenty minutes ago," Al answered his son. "I can't believe they made you guys go to school today. The roads are still shit."

The teen shrugged his shoulders. "You know how the school is. You need any help, Mom?"

"I'm fine, sweetheart!"

Mike nodded before slipping out of the kitchen and disappearing into the family room. Like usual, Al went right back to his number one concern: himself.

"I thought we would at least get out early today. It's ridiculous that we had to stay until five. I've had it with that place!"

She set her knife down on the marble countertop and headed toward the hallway. She needed to get away from her enraging husband. "I'll be right back."

"Don't take too long," he voiced. "I'm starving."

Every little snide comment that came out of his mouth made her blood boil. Women should get the couches. Why? It's called chivalry. God knows how clueless he was when it came to manners, but as infuriating as the man in her kitchen was, the guy lying on the sofa in the family room was the complete opposite.

She approached the sofa and reached for Mike's feet. Instead of joining him and resting his legs on her lap like always, he squirmed away and quickly sat up straight.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

He shook his head silently, his eyes remaining on the TV.

"Can I sit?"

"Sure..." he said hesitantly.

Kelly sat next to her son and watched him immediately wiggle as far away as possible from her. Something definitely wasn't right.

"Baby, what's wrong?"

Her question went unanswered.

"Baby!"

He finally looked her in the eyes for the first time today. "We made a mistake."

"What?"

"Yesterday," he clarified. "We made a mistake. A huge mistake."

She rushed to shake her head in protest of his opinion. "No, we didn't."

"Yes, we did," he argued. "It's my fault too. I mean, you would've left my room if I didn't talk you into staying. I'm sorry and I just want to pretend that nothing happened, okay?"

She couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Last night was the furthest thing from a mistake."

He checked the room to make sure that Dad hadn't wandered in before turning back to his mother. "I need you as a mom."

Forever. Something bad will happen if we have this type of relationship, and then what? All I'm going to have is Dad. Mom, I wouldn't trust Dad with my laundry, but do you know who I trust? Who I trust with my life? You. I can't risk losing you."

"I'll always be your mom."

"You don't know that," he told her. "Most people aren't on great terms with their exes after breakups. What if something happens? What if there's some kind of resentment between us? I can't jeopardize what we have. It's too special."

She'd been over the moon since waking up this morning. Eight hours of leaving voicemails and notifying clients of their rescheduled appointment was enjoyable because of what happened last night. She finally felt loved. Her first real disappointment of the day came when Al arrived home, but listening to her son speak this way was beyond devastating. All of her dreams and fantasies were swiftly crushed. She'd received a big dose of reality.

She searched for something to say, but his attention was back on the TV. It was obvious that he wanted to put an end to their discussion. Instead of fighting him more, she shuffled off to the kitchen, depressed and dejected. There was only one man in her life, and she'd been naive enough to believe that her son had replaced him. Unfortunately, her man was annoying, selfish, and most likely eager to talk more about himself. Her man sat at the kitchen table, probably with a crude comment awaiting her when she resumed making dinner.

Al was her man, and she better get used to it.

Ten Minutes Later.

"I don't know why we live here. We should move somewhere warm."

Ten minutes had passed and Al was still complaining. Even her homemade chicken tacos couldn't shut him up. Yep, this was her life.

"Maybe we should look into Florida?" Al proposed.

"What about hurricanes?" Mike asked across the kitchen table before taking a big bite of his dinner. "They're way worse than snowstorms."

"Okay, California."

"Earthquakes," he countered his father's suggestion again. "And isn't it supposed to break off into the Pacific Ocean or something?"

"Yeah, in the movies," Al laughed. "Shit, I would take an occasional earthquake over five months of freezing my ass off. And--"

Al cut himself off as he reached into his mouth to retrieve something. He held a small black piece of meat between his thumb and index finger as he looked over at his wife.

"What's this?"

Kelly's eyes peered as she observed Al's hand. "It looks like chicken."

"On what planet does this qualify as chicken?" he asked her. "I almost cracked my tooth on it."

"It's crispy," Mike jumped in. "It's better that way."

His attention snapped to his son. "Better that way? You think it's better that way because you've experienced eighteen years of overcooked food. Shit, you'd be dead by now if you didn't like burnt chicken."

Mike took another bite of his taco, wholeheartedly enjoying his meal.

He looked back at his wife. "This is ridiculous."

"Excuse me?" she questioned.

"This shit," he told her, shaking his hand to emphasize what he referred to. "I'm tired of busting my ass at work all-day, only to come home to a burnt dinner. I slept in a fuckin' office last night! I can't even get an enjoyable meal? Kelly, I'm sick--"

"Shut up."

Al's eyes squinted at Kelly. Her mouth hadn't moved and that rather crude comment certainly didn't resemble her voice. That remark couldn't possibly have come from who he thought it did, could it? He slowly turned to his son to find Mike glaring at him.

"What did you just say?" Al asked.

"I told you to shut up," Mike said firmly.

His body began to shake. Now his son dared to disrespect him inside his own house? His behavior was a direct result of his mother! He knew that he was too lenient around here!

"You better watch your mouth before I--"

"No, you better watch your mouth," Mike cut him off. "Things are going to change around here starting right now. I'm done listening to you talk down to Mom. If you don't have anything nice to say, then don't say anything at all. Understood?"

"Who the fuck do you think you're talking to?" Al asked, stunned.

Mike had moved past attempting to be nice. It was time to set Dad straight. "I'm talking to an asshole who doesn't realize how good he has it. This chicken is grilled. Do you know what that means? It means that Mom cleared the back deck on her own because I didn't shovel it, and grilled chicken instead of baking it because she knows we prefer it that way, all so we can enjoy our dinner a little more than if she threw it in the oven. I can't possibly make myself more clear for you. If I ever hear you be nasty or disrespectful to her again, then you're going to have to deal with me."

An unmistakable look of shock swept across Al's face. He couldn't believe he was being spoken to this way. "Is that right? And what are you going to do?"

"I'm gonna put your head through the fuckin' wall," Mike hissed.

Al immediately stood up and Mike wasted no time in jumping out of his seat as the two exchanged glares from across the

table. Kelly hurried to her feet in an attempt to calm her two men.

"Please stop!" she begged. "Just sit! Please!"

"You put him up to this shit, didn't you!?" he shouted at his wife.

Mike didn't allow her a chance to answer. "She didn't put me up to anything. I've bit my lip around here for far too long. I'm done. You're gonna be picking your teeth up off the floor if you're nasty to her again. This is your final warning."

"This is fuckin' ridiculous!" Al shouted, slamming his fist down on the table. "This is my house! I won't be spoken to this way!"

"And you won't be if you treat Mom properly," Mike told him calmly. "There will be consequences if you don't, however."

Al's blood boiled. His son needed to be slapped upside the head, but if he was being honest with himself, then he wasn't sure if he could dish out the punishment that his punk kid needed. Mike had grown quite a bit over the past few years.

"I'm going to the bar!" Al announced, his voice loud and clearly shaken. "I'm going to get some real food, and spend time around people who don't treat me like shit!"

Al stormed out of the kitchen and slammed the front door closed behind him. Mike sat in his seat nonchalantly and scarfed down the two tacos on his plate in front of his stunned mother who remained standing with her mouth agape.

He stood up and moved past her before placing his plate in the dishwasher. "Dinner was great. Thanks, Mom."

"Wait!" she tried to stop him.

He froze just in front of the hallway entrance. He wanted to get away from her presence. He'd stayed true to his word by standing up for his mother, and now it would be best to go to his room, but her soothing voice caused him to halt. He turned to see her approaching him in a hurry.

Before he could process the situation, he was pushed against the wall and his head was pulled down to her level courtesy of two handfuls grasping his t-shirt. Plenty of things had taken place over the past twenty-four hours, but what happened next was uncharted territory. Somehow, it was even more shocking than what took place in his bedroom last night.

Mom kissed him.

He quickly pushed her away in an attempt to break off their embrace, but Kelly wouldn't allow it. She pinned him against the wall once again and lunged for his lips. He needed to understand her appreciation. Her love was so desperate to be accepted by a man who truly deserved it. Al didn't love her--at least not at the level she needed--and deep down, her love

of her husband had faltered as well. A certain someone had come along and stolen her heart eighteen years ago, and her adoration of him grew with each passing day. A guy entered her life who she would never tire of. An angel became the center of her world and her feelings toward him would never waver. Mike was the man she needed in her life.

Her lips met his cheek as he turned his head away. How many years had she felt rejected? For how long had her love gone unreturned? She refused to allow her opportunity to slip away. She had one chance to save her life, and she wouldn't stand by and wait helplessly. No, she would take action.

Once again, she attempted to move her mouth to his lips, but was pushed away forcefully. Mike scrambled upstairs, leaving her all alone in the kitchen. It couldn't end like this. Last night was more than just uncontrollable lust. It wasn't simply two people who were attracted to each other on a physical level. She experienced a deep emotional bond--deeper than anything she'd ever felt in her life--and she knew that Mike felt it too.

She took a step toward the stairs before freezing. What if her son was right? Maybe this was wrong? Perhaps she was acting on her own selfish desires instead of putting her baby first? But what about the incredible compliments he'd paid her last night? What about his remarks involving how much he loved her, how the girls at school couldn't compare to her, and how disgusted he was with his father?

What would happen if she gave up? Things couldn't return to normal. Those magical twenty minutes in his bedroom last night had changed everything. She didn't want Al, to start dating again, or to be with anyone else in her life. She just wanted Mike!

She hustled up the steps and dashed down the upstairs hallway until she reached his door. Her attempt to barge in was put to a stop courtesy of a locked doorknob.

"Please open up!" she called out, knocking on the wooden door. "Please, baby!"

Her pleas were met with silence.

"Baby, please!"

The handle unlocked.

She pushed inside and found her son standing there. His black basketball shorts and sweaty white t-shirt had gone unchanged, but his face appeared more exhausted than ever. The past twenty-four hours had obviously taken more out of him than she'd previously realized.

"Please talk to me!" Kelly implored.

He turned and walked to his bed in silence. He retrieved a notebook from his backpack and took a seat on his mattress, his back resting against the headboard.

"Why won't you talk to me?"

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"Michael!" she begged.

"Because it'll only make things worse," he finally answered, refusing to glance up from his homework.

"No, it won't! What you did downstairs was amazing! The way you stood up for me was unbelievable!"

"I did what I said I would do," he said, refusing to look her in the eye. "It doesn't change anything, though. Last night was still a mistake."

She rushed to take a seat on the end of his bed. It was funny in a weird way. Last night, she was the one who needed to be talked into staying in his room, but now she could only shake her head in disbelief at how things had changed. She had to beg to be allowed in!

"Remember what you told me yesterday? About how you want me as more than a mom?" she reminded him.

Mike took a deep breath.

"What happened to that?" she asked. "How can everything just change?"

He looked up from his homework reluctantly, catching her sparkling blue eyes which begged for his embrace. "I already told you. I didn't think things through last night. It's my fault that we're in this situation."

"It's not your fault! And it's not a situation! Baby, it's what I want!" she told him.

"Mom--"

"And I know it's what you want too!" she interrupted. "What happened last night was real. It was more than just a moment. I spent the first twenty years of my life looking for the right man, and I've spent the past twenty-two regretting the one I picked, but then I realized something. My dream guy has been in my life for the past eighteen years. He's sweet, caring, and strong. He's aggressive, passionate, and smart. He's perfect, and he loves me more than anyone in the world!"

He stared down at the blankets on his bed.

"He's you!" she revealed. "I don't want your father and I don't want to try to find another guy. I wouldn't be able to! All I would think about was you. How amazing you are, how much we click, and how perfect we are for each other. Baby, I believe in soulmates. Everyone has a person out there who's their ideal match, but there are so many people in this world. You don't run into that special person daily. Except, I do. I see you each and every day. I know what I have right in front of me. You're my perfect guy and I won't allow you to get away!"

"And what if something goes wrong?"

She couldn't shake her head fast enough. "It won't. It can't. Our love is too strong."

"But it could."

"Then we'll deal with that if it happens," she said. "There's a risk that comes with love. Sometimes, things can happen and people change. I can promise you this, however. I will always be your mother no matter what. You'll never lose me!"

He took a moment to think. He'd never been so conflicted. On one hand, his dream woman was giving herself to him. On the other hand, she was his mother. The fear of losing her outweighed his sexual lust, but he couldn't tell her that. Her devastation after their conversation in the family room earlier almost killed him, and he wouldn't dream of bringing such discomfort to her life yet again.

He rolled off the bed and headed toward the door. "I need a minute to think."

"Baby!" she called out.

He stopped and looked back. Sunlight poured in through his window and cast an angelic glow around his mother. The clouds on this overcast day had parted just in time to show Mom in her truest form. Her wishful face, immaculate body, and everything inside her beautiful head had his heart.

He was done fighting himself.

He walked back to his bed with a purpose before placing both of his hands on the sides of her face and kissing her.

He no longer cared if she was his mother, that Dad was on his way to a bar to get drunk because of his attitude, and all the potential problems that could arise from them taking such a step together. He was positive about one thing: he wanted her.

The feeling of Mom pushing gently on his chest caused him to end their kiss. Two dazzling blue eyes gazed up at him after he pulled back, a million different words dancing in her pupils. He wanted nothing more than to fulfill each and every one of her dreams.

"I want you inside me," she said.

He turned her body roughly, sending her flying over the end of his bed as her stomach and chest pressed against his blankets. All four of their feet remained on his hardwood floor while he admired the sight in front of him.

"I want all of you," she made her intentions extremely clear, looking back to observe her stud son's aggressive stare. "I want everything your father can't give me. Show me who I belong to."

Seconds later, her yoga pants were yanked down and her panties swiftly followed. There were no words, smiles, or any of the witty banter that they were both so accustomed to. The right side of her face rested against his bed sheets, enabling her to watch her baby step out of his clothes. He was already rock-hard.

The lust which flowed through the air was so palpable that both of them could reach out and touch it. Kelly wouldn't trade places with anyone else in the world. Bent over the edge of a bed while her hunky son drooled over her? It was about as perfect as things could get.

He was just so naturally aggressive. She'd seen it on the football field and basketball court for years, and last night only reaffirmed her feelings. God, how amazing would this be? He was already everything that Al and her ex-boyfriends weren't outside the bedroom, and now he would be even more incredible inside it.

Her big, creamy, perfect ass wiggled at him. Her pussy was a sliver with small, trim lips. She looked so tight--tight and eager to be stretched and readjusted to fit him and only him. He couldn't wait any longer.

He gripped her hip with his left hand as he guided his throbbing erection inside the one place he'd never imagined journeying into. The fat head of his cock was met by the cool sensation of her moist vaginal lips before he entered. She was already wet! She dripped with excitement and they hadn't done anything other than kiss! He needed to give her what she wanted. He couldn't let her down.

He pushed inside, and they both simultaneously gasped.

The unbelievable smothering feeling that he experienced was placed to the side to focus on the task at hand. Sliding inside her pussy was magical. Her warmth and wetness swallowed him. She was a bowl of warm, thick syrup that gripped his manhood. It was home. It was the comfortable hug missing from his life, but tonight wasn't about him. It was about Mom.

She was the one with the asshole husband and the shitty sex life. All his amazing mother ever did was worry about making his life better, and tonight would be all about returning the favor.

Those few moments of anticipation were excruciating for Kelly. In reality, she'd been on edge all-day, but the handful of seconds--from when her panties were sent down around her ankles, to when the head of his pulsating cock rubbed against her entrance--had sent her into overdrive. Her body turned into one big itch, but she didn't have any hands to scratch it with. The only person who could help her was the guy with his grip locked on her curvy hip. She needed to be filled. She needed the void in her life to be satisfied.

The first inch sent an electric shock throughout her body. The next inch resulted in small tingles to spread from her abdomen to all her extremities: from her fingers, to her toes, to her ears. Every part of her body was alive as he pushed in further, sending another tidal wave of pleasure to wash over her being. And then it happened. He moved deeper, and she experienced a fullness which collapsed her mind.

Everything disappeared. Where she was, who she was with, and the current state of her marriage vanished. Her thoughts ceased to exist. The only thing that mattered in the world was that itch, and every one of her son's movements resulted in new parts of her being scratched for the first time.

And just like that, her utopia disappeared.

Mike pulled out.

The emptiness returned. That dreaded desolate feeling crept and crawled along her skin. She opened her eyes and saw Al. She could visualize the nightmare of the man she called her husband. She blinked but he was still there. Why wouldn't he leave? Why did he have to ruin everything? Why-

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Her eyes suddenly rolled into the back of her head.

Her son didn't wiggle inside her this time. He didn't tease her like before either. No, he made her feel every inch of his manhood. His big, fat, hard cock pushed deep inside her and marked his territory. Every previously unexplored bump and ridge of her tight pussy was claimed by its new owner, and just when Kelly thought that life couldn't get any better, she was proven wrong.

The first few thrusts were exhilarating. It was an intense sensation of queasiness. A pleasurable feeling which bordered on nausea. She was on a roller coaster. The feeling of climbing to the top of a peak, only to tip over the edge and rocket down engulfed her. The stomach drop that accompanied her favorite amusement park rides had been replicated thanks to the jock to her rear. This wasn't like her bullet vibrator or her dildo. It wasn't even like the vibrator with the g-spot attachment that her friend had gifted her for her birthday. This was real. It was a hard, living, moving piece of meat, and it was attached to the greatest person in the world--expanding her insides in previously inconceivable ways.

His right hand joined his left as he gripped both of her hips. Her big ass bounced and jiggled each and every time his pelvis slammed into her plump backside. The only thing more enjoyable than the fierce sounds of him claiming his own mother, were the moans and shrieks coming from her gorgeous mouth. There was no way that she'd ever felt anything like him before. She bit down on his blanket in an attempt to find something to counter the pounding that her lower body received, when suddenly, an idea came to him. He knew exactly how to really take her to cloud nine. His angelic mother deserved her own personal slice of heaven, and he was hell-bent on giving it to her.

"Get up on the bed. Shirt off first," he instructed, pulling out of her.

She was desperate to fill her newfound emptiness once again. She scrambled to remove her t-shirt and bra, and the big smile she was greeted with caused a wave of excitement to rain over her. She couldn't wait any longer! Her baby needed to rethink his untimely decision to take a break!

She hurried up onto the bed and waited impatiently for him to join her. She was up for absolutely anything at this point. Whatever he told her to do, she would do.

"On all fours," he said, his voice dripping with testosterone.

She shook. The authoritative tone to his voice made her quiver. He was so in control. He was so dominant and confident. His poise put her at ease, and allowed her to relax and completely free herself.

She got on all fours and waited as he hopped up onto the bed to join her.

"Let me see one of those pillows."

She looked back, confused. "Why?"

"Just let me see one," he said.

She handed him a pillow and he folded it in half to double its height, before placing it on the mattress under her tummy. This was certainly strange. A pillow had never been incorporated into her sex life before, but at the same time, she'd never been with a guy like her son either.

"Put another pillow under your face," he ordered.

She reached out and placed another cushion under her head. She remained on all fours, but now there were two pillows underneath her suspended body. It was a curious setting.

"On your stomach now."

She was done asking questions. She laid down and allowed her face and body to rest against the soft cushions which had been strategically placed under her. And then it was back! The head of his throbbing meat was inside her again! But this time, it came with something extra.

He slid inside his mother before lying on top of her body, his head directly to the side of hers.

One hundred and eighty pounds of muscle smothered her frame. She was pinned against his mattress with the only exception being her slightly elevated head and raised midsection. His hands wrapped around her forearms and pressed her arms into the sheets. She'd never experienced a position like the one she was in.

And then her bliss returned.

He grinded into her. He didn't thrust or mercilessly tee off like she'd fantasized about God knows how many times. His pace was strong but controlled. His hips seemed to have a circular motion to them as he worked his way around her insides. She couldn't quite put her finger on what he was doing to her.

And then it all made sense.

"Oh my God!!!" she exclaimed.

She'd reached her G-Spot before with a little help from her aforementioned vibrator attachment, but it was earth-shattering to realize that this magical part of her could be stimulated during sex. Her arched back created the ideal position for him to move inside her at a perfectly situated downward angle. Every pump brought her closer to orgasmic bliss. Every movement made her crave her baby even more. She realized what a life with her son would be like, and she never wanted to leave his hold.

"This is my pussy."

She almost screamed! His mouth had pressed against her ear while he grunted his demands! He certainly wasn't wrong, was he? There was something about hearing those four words escape from his lips that made her tingle. He wasn't just

dominant in his actions, but he was dominant vocally, and she wanted nothing more than to be his submissive plaything.

"Is-is tha-that right?" she stammered, growing closer to an impending explosion deep inside her boiling hot body.

He bit her earlobe lightly. His grunts and groans grew louder as sweat dripped from his thick hair and collected on the side of her face. She needed every ounce of fluid that he had to give. Spit, sweat, or cum: she didn't care. She was desperate for it all.

His teeth released his grip on her ear. "My pussy," he grunted, giving her a firm thrust in the process. "I'll kill Dad if he ever touches you again."

Everything sweltered. It wasn't a slow boil either. The volcano which was her vagina erupted dramatically. The combination of his words and his cock touching all her right places caused her to explode. It was euphoric.

She'd never cum without playing with her clit before. Mike would kill his father if he ever touched her again? He really just said that to her? Maybe it was the heat of the moment, but she'd never been more turned on from anything in her life. She felt so protected and desired. Mike stuck up for her, put Al in his place, and claimed her for his own. It was all too much.

She lost control as her limbs shook violently. All the warmth in her body collected in her abdomen as she exploded--not just internally--but externally. For the first time in her life, she squirted.

Mike never slowed for a moment. His hands continued to pin Mom's arms against his bed as he remained inside her. Deep, passionate, loving strokes had taken her to a world of sexual satisfaction. Her already perfect pussy pulsed and gripped him even tighter as she came all over his cock. It was an indescribable level of power. The sounds and screeches that poured from her mouth made him feel like a king while her

fluids drenched his legs and bed. And who was his queen? None other than the most perfect woman alive.

And that very woman continued to shake under his hold.

His mouth returned to her ear. "You're mine forever."

She convulsed with pleasure. She finally freed herself for the first time in twenty-five years of sexuality. It was over. No one else had a chance. Not Al, not the college kid from the gym who always smiled at her, and certainly not anyone at work. She would never look at another man in a sexual manner again. She was owned.

She still gasped for air forty seconds later. "Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!"

"Flip over," he said.

He slid out of her to allow her to follow his instructions. She wasted no time fulfilling his order. She couldn't wait to join him on whatever ride he had planned next.

He tossed the folded pillow off the bed and smiled at the soaked sheets below him.

"I'm sorry about that," she said.

"There's nothing to apologize for. It's fuckin' hot."

She bit her lower lip and gazed up at him, lying flat on her back in his bed. "My baby still needs to cum."

He took a moment to admire the perfection that his eyes were privy to. Her pubic hair was shaped in a small landing strip. He moved down to her pussy to sample her juices, sweet citrus coating his tongue before he showered her tummy with kisses. Her legs fluttered in the air joyfully as his masculine mouth moved to her breasts and sucked on her sensitive

nipples. Her neck was next in line to be met by his affection, resulting in her legs to extend straight toward the ceiling as a result. Every kiss felt like a hug--like a warm blanket wrapped around her soul.

Her knees were bent back to her chest as her legs rested on his athletic shoulders. His mouth made its final journey--to her mouth--as his cock slid along her soaked vaginal lips. She couldn't wait any longer. Her hand slipped out from her side and guided him back inside her as their tongues continued their taboo dance.

She felt so small and innocent under his shadow. He pulled back and pumped inside her, but something didn't feel right. He was too far away. She needed to touch him. She needed to taste him.

She propped herself up by her elbows and immediately watched her man lean in toward her. Her legs remained on his shoulders as his tender pumps turned to loving strokes, but as amazing as it felt to have him back inside of her, it was

his touch that mattered most. Their foreheads pressed against each other. They gazed into one another's eyes. Sweat dripped from his face and melted into her skin. They were joined. They were connected. Two beings had become one.

Mom was right. Soulmates did exist, and he'd found his. "I love you so much."

She kissed him. Her words weren't needed, because she could show him how much she loved him with her actions.

His pace increased as he broke off their kiss and connected foreheads once again. He wanted to stare into her eyes, but he had to look past his simplistic urges. He needed to explore every thought and idea in her amazing mind. He would learn her favorite movie, her first concert, and what she was like back in high school. He had forty-two years of history to explore, and he wouldn't skip a single page.

He couldn't last any longer. She almost seemed to squeeze him now, mutely demanding what he fully intended to

deliver. He took one last deep gaze into her sparkling blue eyes and let go.

He came inside his mother.

Deep, rough growls filled the bedroom as he experienced the most powerful orgasm of his life. His cock was snuggled tightly in a pulsating glove of heaven. There was no coming back from this. He couldn't do without her. There would only be one woman in his life from this moment forward, and she was currently being filled with his incestuous seed. Burst after burst of cum exploded from the tip of his cock until he finally finished.

He kissed her again, leaving both his cock and his cum deep inside her as he did. He finally pulled out after what felt like a lifetime of deep embrace as he watched his semen drip from her vagina and join the mess of fluids on his sheets.

Mike made a promise to himself at that very moment. Whatever it took, he would give his mother the world.

An Hour Later.

The bed sheets had been replaced and both Mike and Kelly had cleaned themselves, and now she found herself in another position for the very first time. She was snuggled in her baby's grasp, his strong arm wrapped around her as they slept in his bed. The world was so quiet and peaceful with him. Everything with Al was loud and vile, but not with her son. Was this even better than sex? Perhaps. Having the love of her life hold her while he slept peacefully was a hard feeling to match, but then her utopia was interrupted.

By the sound of the garage door opening.

She attempted to wiggle out of his hold, but it was too strong.  
"Baby, wake up."

...

"Mike."

...

"Michael!"

His eyes snapped open and he immediately smiled. "Hey, beautiful."

She returned his smile with one of her own before getting back on track. "I need to go."

He responded by pulling her even closer.

"I'm serious!" she protested. "Your father's home!"

The sound of the garage door closing caused him to free her from his grasp, but not for the reason that Kelly had expected.

He hopped out of bed and tossed her one of his t-shirts. "Stay here."

"What?"

"Stay here," he repeated, stepping into a pair of athletic shorts. "Don't leave my room until I come back."

"Why?" she asked, confused.

"Because I'm going to talk to Dad."

She didn't like the sound of that. "Sweetheart, that's probably not the best idea at--"

"I'm telling him that it's over between you two."

Her jaw dropped.

"That's what you want, isn't it?" he inquired. "To leave him?"

"Well, yeah, but--"

"Mom, you're my girl now," he told her. "Your days of worrying are over. I'm going to sit Dad down and explain the situation. I'll leave out what happened over the past few days obviously, but I'll tell him you want a divorce."

She couldn't believe it. It was actually happening.

"I don't know how he'll react, so I want you to lock the door when I leave. Call 911 if you hear anything happen, but be sure to stay in here."

"Oh my God, please don't do anything like that!" she pleaded.

"I don't have any plans to," he promised. "I just want you to be aware. Your life is going to change starting tomorrow. It'll just be you and me. Dad will be out of your life, and you're going

to come home to a guy who can't wait to see you. There won't be anymore criticizing and complaining. Every day will be better than the last. I can promise you that."

It was exactly what she dreamed about. "Okay, sweetheart!"

The sounds of heavy footsteps climbing the stairs caused both of them to look toward the door. Mike mouthed "I love you" before opening his bedroom door and taking a step out into the hallway. He turned to see his father.

"We need to talk," Mike said.

Kelly could only hear a muffled response from her husband.

"Downstairs," Mike ordered.

Loud footsteps sounded along the hallway until they both eventually descended the steps.

She slipped into his t-shirt and hurried to lock the door. She made her way back to her son's bed with a big smile. It was like she was still in his hold. His shirt had his scent all over it. It was a big hug even when he wasn't with her. Her baby saved her life. She never would've pulled the trigger on her own when it came to leaving Al, and she would still be married to him twenty years down the road if not for Mike.

But not any longer.

Kelly didn't know what the future had in store. Would they stay in this house? Would they get a different place? Would they move to the other side of the globe? She honestly didn't know. She was certain of a few things, though. She would never leave her son, they would grow old together, and the rest of her days would be spent with the love of her life.

She smiled as she stared at her baby's bedroom ceiling. She'd finally found her man.

THE END