

A SIMPLE LOOK

1.

Wednesday Night

Amy

A simple look changed my life with my son.

Bobby evidently couldn't help himself. At least, that was what my boyfriend said, when my boyfriend happened to catch the brief moment.

It wasn't my boyfriend's fault that he noticed the look. Rick just happened to be facing Bobby's way.

It's even more involved because it happened with the family all around.

I love Thanksgiving, and I go all out. The food, drinks, fun. I try to create it all. This particular Thanksgiving was no different.

I invited a pretty diverse group. Of course, Rick would be there the whole time. So would Bobby. Then, there's my daughter, Fran, and her fiancé, Cal. And, just because I can't resist a good challenge, I brought in my ex-husband, Alan, and his wife, Corine. It would be a houseful.

Any drama that was going to unfold should have been with Alan. I thought I was pushing the envelope having my ex there. Turns out my son more than handled things himself.

Everyone arrived on Wednesday with plans to stay until Sunday. I didn't know exactly how it would go, but I was sure it would be interesting. Wow, was it ever. The real fun started Wednesday night.

Everyone had enjoyed a couple of drinks, when we all started to turn in. Rick and I were in the kitchen with Bobby. Hopefully, this holiday would be an ideal time to get back closer with Bobby after his seeming so distant the last couple of semesters.

Extending up onto my toes to put some stuff away in a cabinet, I turned around to ask Bobby something. As I did, I caught his eyes fixed on where my butt had been.

I couldn't believe it had happened, and I turned to look to Rick who was leaning against a counter. Rick's eyes bulged and his mouth flew apart. A sly, but open grin formed.

When I glanced back to Bobby, he snapped out of his stare and busied himself by going to the fridge. At twenty-two and a bit shy, he definitely wasn't going to act like he had done what I thought he had. Tall at about six-two and lean at 195 or so, he was big, but he wasn't always graceful. It was like he

sometimes didn't have a complete understanding of his size.

But me, at the ripe old age of forty, and Rick at thirty-five, we got it. I think we were both amused. Later, I found out Rick was more than just amused.

Rick

I almost blurted out laughing. Here was this big lug of a young man, and he was checking out his mom's ass. I couldn't believe it.

But even better was Amy. She's like this sweet creature on the outside, but underneath she's got these wild waves crashing about. She's gotten to where she loves adventure more and more.

Well, she surely never expected something like that out of Bobby. To her, he was this young innocent

guy. Before this, she probably wondered if he was even sexual at all.

I couldn't wait to tease her about this. I held off until we were in bed. I was just about to bring it up when she almost climbed on top of me. She was beside me and draping a leg over me when her hand shot straight to my crotch.

I was pleasantly surprised, to say the least. The last few weeks had been really stalled-out with us. Seeing some life in her like this was encouraging.

It didn't take much from Amy to rev me up. A gorgeous woman, she had this long, dirty blond hair and bright green eyes. I loved everything about her. Perfect body at 5'7" and 130. In great shape from working out and eating right. She was one of the only women I had been with who was so lean that her abs were defined. She was just that fit.

But as much as anything, there could be this liveliness that was irresistible. So, when she reached to stroke my dick, I went crazy.

I reached my hand to return her favor, and I got a shock. She was already damp. My fingers started flicking about her lips and brushing against her clit here and there when I got a silly idea. I didn't know how she would react, but what the hell, I'd give it a go.

"You were the center of attention tonight."

She didn't say anything there in the darkness. But she did sigh.

Almost holding my breath, I added. "I mean, you even had Bobby's attention."

She flinched at this, and I fretted I'd gone the wrong direction with her. Then, inexplicably, her mound

pushed at my hand. It was subtle, but it was distinct.

I spoke softly. "His eyes were glued to your ass, you know."

Again, she pushed against my hand. Am I imagining this?

I kept at it. "You're just so damn hot you get everyone looking."

Some words barely came from her. "Stop it."

I spoke even softer. "Bobby's probably still thinking about you."

"That's ridiculous." Her face pressed to the side of my head like she was trying to hide her face. She

couldn't hide the little moan that escaped her lips. Her reaction almost made me cum.

I risked getting slapped, but I wanted to chance it. "He liked your ass."

More murmuring from her. "You're talking about my son."

Her hips bucked a little and she felt even wetter.

I decided to have fun with this. I took away my hand and I took her hand off my dick.

She pleaded to me. "Don't stop."

"Oh, I'm going to finish it for you." I kept her own hands from delving between her legs. "But first, you gotta do something."

"What?" She tried to look at me in the dark, and then looked away. Her hand tried to return, but I wouldn't release it. I had a tantalizing notion.

I kept a low voice. "Go across the hall. Tell Bobby goodnight."

"What?"

I half expected the slap was coming, but when she didn't, I forged ahead.

"Yeah. Just go over, tell him you're glad he's home, tell him goodnight, and then come back. Then, I'll finish."

From her silhouette, I could tell she stared off for a second in thought. But, it was only a second.

Next thing I knew, she was hopping out of bed and onto her feet.

Bobby

I almost died. Mom whipped around to ask me something and almost caught me checking out her butt. I couldn't help it. It was like for a moment I totally forgot she was my mom. She's got beautiful eyes and such a spirit to her, but she's also really fit. It's incredible really.

Pretty sure it comes from us both being into working out and watching everything we eat. Plus, she's like me and used to swim a lot. She's taken great care of herself.

The kicker was that she wore these designer jeans that were perfect. I mean, they hugged her like a second skin, and I couldn't help it. I just looked. And the truth is that there are few women with that

tight of a butt. I know she's my mom and all, but it's hard not to hand it to her for looking good.

Of course, she had to check over to Rick. Why she was seeing that guy was beyond me. Yeah, he probably looked attractive to her, and he was a little bit younger. But he had this kind of arrogant way about him that I didn't really like.

It probably didn't matter though. Regardless, of who it was, I doubted I would think the guy deserved being with mom. She has it all -- looks, smarts, and a great personality.

I tossed and turned in bed that night. I worried maybe she did catch me looking at her. If she did, I wondered how disappointed it made her. She treated me so very well. Like she looked up to me or something. This would tarnish that. No doubt.

2.

Amy

I thought Rick was absolutely crazy.

But, he knew me well. He knew to tease and taunt me several times before letting me get off. And when he did that, it never failed to drive me wild.

Late Wednesday night was no different. I wasn't sure why, but I was aroused as soon as I got in bed. We had gotten started with each other, when he popped up with this dare.

The thought of crossing that hall and going into Bobby's room terrified me. And just as Rick had anticipated, it powerfully intrigued me. I thought about it only a second before I decided I would meet Rick's little tease.

I bet he never expected I would actually do it, but I hopped right up. I pulled on a short, satin robe and went into that hall.

A small glow from a night light I kept in the hallway sort of woke me up from my daze. Here I was upstairs in my house, with all these guests staying over, and I was slipping across the hall to go to my son's bedroom. I thought to myself that I must finally be going crazy with Rick.

I'm going to do this. I pulled the robe tighter to me and I stepped forward. Soon as I stepped, I realized just how soaked I was between my legs. That damn Rick was awful.

I squeezed my eyes shut, rapped a couple of short taps to his door, and then eased on inside. I gently pushed the door back to as soon as I was inside.

"Bobby?" I said into the darkness.

I could hear covers shuffling. "Mom?"

I went to his bedside. I could make out his eyes blinking and a faint smile. His hands clutched the covers to his chest.

"Hey, I just wanted to say goodnight." I sat on the very edge of the bed. He relaxed some and his face stayed on mine.

"Hey." He rumbled back.

Some nerves flickered about inside me, and I almost didn't bring up the kitchen. I tried at it anyway. "Um, I wanted to check on you. Is everything alright?"

He blinked a couple of times. "Uh, yeah. Is it with you?"

"Oh yeah," I gave a half-grin, "Rick had teased. Said you guys were, like, checking me out in the kitchen. I told him that was ridiculous. But I'm sure he was just having some fun with me."

His mouth opened to speak, but nothing came.

"I know better--" I had started when he managed to get something out.

"You're just looking great."

I went blank at that, just looking back at him. Like the deer caught in headlights.

He added to it. "You really are."

I shrugged. "And you're being sweet."

"No. I'm not."

"Well, in that case, you're being bad." I chuckled awkwardly. "But I forgive you."

"Good, don't be mad."

I put my right hand to his cheek. I stroked lightly. "It's great having you home."

"It's great being home."

His face lifted just a bit off the pillow, and I wasn't sure if it was from his emphasis to what he said, or whether maybe he'd started to sit up. I bent to him

and kissed him on his forehead. It was a soft peck there and I withdrew slowly.

As I did, he raised and awkwardly kissed me back. Half of his kiss got my cheek and half of it met my lips.

The sweetness of it and the spontaneity struck me and I reacted. I eased back to him and kissed him fully on the lips. His lips were so soft, and I absolutely should not have lingered as I did. This time when I pulled back, his eyes were wide.

I started to get up and I saw him stare at my chest. I glanced down and I noticed my robe parted some to show cleavage. My hands instinctively went to the sides of my robe to pull it closer, but once they clasped it, I stopped.

He and I looked at each other, and I didn't pull it together. It had to have surprised us both, and had

there been any time to really think, I would have pulled tight. But in that split-second, I let my hands drop and left it as it was.

He blinked hard a couple of times, peering to the sides of my breasts showing and back to me seeing him do that.

"Goodnight." I half-whispered.

"Goodnight."

I went to leave and looked over to him one last time. He was looking back at me, too.

Rick

I couldn't stand it. I had to wait what seemed like forever before Amy came back. Meanwhile, I was hard as a rock. What in the hell was going on over there?

When she slipped back inside our bedroom, I spoke up quickly.

"I can't believe you went over there."

"Yeah?" She shed her robe quickly and climbed back into bed. "It was your idea, you know."

She returned to her position of half on me, and at once, I felt wetness smear over my leg where her crotch rested.

"I can't believe how wet you are. What happened?"

She winced. "Don't be ridiculous. I just said, 'goodnight,' that's all."

"That's all?"

Her hand felt my rock-hard dick and began pulling.

"Of course, that's all." She muttered.

"And here I thought you'd at least kiss him goodnight."

She giggled as her head looked away, focused on what her hand was doing to me. "I did kiss him goodnight."

"What?"

For one second she glanced back up at me, but instantly looked away.

"And then he kissed me goodnight, Rick."

"No, he didn't." My dick pulsed hard.

She pecked a couple of times to my stomach, eased in the direction of further down, but stopping. Then she spoke slowly.

"He kissed me, and then I kissed him one last time."

"Amy, I can't believe you. What happened then?"

Her hand grasped the base of me and pumped with more energy.

"Nothing." She shrugged. "I said goodnight."

My hands ran through her long hair, and she smirked back at me wickedly. When I saw one of her hands disappear between her legs, I knew what I wanted.

Pulling her face against me, my hips tried to rise towards her face, but she eluded me.

Slow pulls from her hand had me close at once. I figured her fingers had herself pretty close, too.

I decided to push the matter even further.

I growled some taunts to her as she worked at me.

"You dirty, little bitch, you. You snuck across the hall to your own son's room. You little tease, you."

Her hand went harder.

"You know what you've done, right? You've just made him horny is what you've done. Bobby's over there right now jacking himself off, thinking about you kissing him."

"Rick." First, her head shook a 'no,' but then her hand picked up pace and her face almost started towards my dick.

"Amy, Amy. I know you. I know what you're thinking. I really do. I mean, I know you're not really thinking about my dick right now."

Her hand worked at me faster than she ever had before.

"You might be stroking me right now, but...."

She stopped long enough to make me shake some and then huffed out her warning. "Rick, don't--"

But her hand clasped hard right back on me. There was a fever from her that I hadn't seen in a while. I risked pissing her off, but.... The closer I got to cumming, the more I wanted to know.

I was close when I said what I suspected. "You're thinking about Bobby, aren't you? Your mind's really across the hall right now."

She grunted, and then she started shaking. Her hand didn't leave my penis, but it did slacken as she rocked over and over again.

Her cumming that hard to what I said sent me over the edge, too. My dick pulsed over and over again. I held her hair in my hands as I shot as much cum as I ever had, and not far from where she had watched me get there.

It was intense as anything we'd ever done.

Bobby

I worried how mom might be the next day. I blamed myself for making things so weird between us. I even thought of ways I could apologize about it. But how? Nothing seemed right.

Turned out she wasn't bothered at all the next day. She was actually very sweet and jovial with me. She would get close with me, check on me, and we talked and laughed together.

I think she was showing me so much attention that it got under my sister's skin a little. Usually, it's Fran who gets adored wherever she's at. Now, she was having to vie with me for once, and I don't think she liked it.

She snarled at me once for looking so "damn silly-happy" that day and then went over and sulked with Cal. But I noticed that even Cal liked stealing glances at mom. She was magnetic this way. Guys drew right to her.

Meanwhile, Rick seemed to sit back and take it all in. He could be a real smartass sometimes. There were times when mom and I looked to each other. We didn't say anything necessarily; it was like we just took each other in.

A couple of those times, Rick picked up on it. Strange enough, he didn't say a word about it. And if it irritated him, he didn't show it.

Thursday night, everyone was full from the big meal, as well as the drinks we all had while watching football. Before long, everyone was getting ready for bed. It was an early night.

3.

Thursday Night

Amy

I just knew Rick would be ready to pounce that night. Either he was going to be ribbing me unmercifully about how I had showed Bobby attention all day, or maybe worse, he might actually turn jealous.

I braced inside.

There was no denying that something had changed for me. I woke up thinking about the night before and about Bobby, and I didn't stop all day long. The thoughts were all over the place, but they kept me energized.

I realized this resulted in me hanging around Bobby more and talking to him a good bit. It was something that should not have been going on, but really -- I didn't care.

During dinner, we shared a couple of looks and my stomach actually got butterflies. It was absolutely ridiculous, but it was absolutely real. I was responding to him more powerfully than I probably had to any man in my life. And that included his father, who sat right down the table from him.

Part of me felt embarrassed. So embarrassed. Was I losing my mind, for goodness' sake?

I worried Alan, or maybe even Corine, his wife, might pick up on it. But they didn't. I don't think Fran or Cal did either. Everybody was just having a good, relaxed time.

Now with Rick, he was another matter. I figured he was noticing. But after the night before, I suspected he didn't mind a bit. He was intrigued. Maybe even more than intrigued. Whatever his reaction, he didn't manage a word.

At least, not until we got to bed.

I wore a tee and panties to bed. He came to bed with an erection.

"Everyone had a great time today, I thought." I said it casually even though he was climbing on top of me.

"Yeah, they did."

He kissed me, and I simply did not respond very much. His hips moved on mine, and I could feel him grind at me.

He spoke evenly. "I bet Bobby's thinking about you."

I blurted out firmly. "No, I bet he's not."

I shifted a little under Rick's weight. I wondered if Rick could see my nipples get pointy in my tee at his mention of Bobby's name. My legs wanted to move, but I tried to stay still.

Rick's voice was hushed, but distinct. "Sure he is. I bet he's in there waiting on you right now."

Against all better judgment, my legs opened some. Rick immediately felt it. His words turned breathy.

"You know you want to go in there."

"No." I sighed, trying my best to act a little put-out.
"No, I don't."

Rick lifted himself onto an elbow and his other hand reached between my legs. A finger curled under my panties and traced a dollop of juices from there.

I could hear him chuckle with satisfaction. "I thought so."

He lifted off me and moved onto his side. I cringed when he challenged me with only a smile.

I mumbled awkwardly. "This is crazy, Rick."

"You're soaking wet again, Amy."

"You've lost your mind." I covered a hand over my eyes.

He gently urged me. "He's waiting on you." Got a whisper in my ear. "Just say goodnight. You know?"

Rick

I was in such a weird fucking place that I didn't even want to admit it.

On the one hand, I cared so much about Amy, and I knew we were playing one very dangerous game. I absolutely did not want to risk our relationship, and that was exactly what I was doing. This damn sure had the potential to end badly in a number of different ways. If I knew that, then just what the hell did I think I was doing?

On the other hand, this dangerous game was exhilarating. It was exhilarating for me, and it damn sure was for her. I knew her well and she loved

pushing the envelope at times, and we were clearly doing that.

I also knew that she's just a very sensual and sexual woman. It doesn't take a whole lot to get her started sometimes, but even with that, the kind of arousal she had shown was way more than usual for her. This was turning her on beyond belief. Her awakening was then driving me wild.

Plus, the sheer unexpectedness of it all thrilled me. She was 'mothering' all of us, in a sense, with this holiday and her hospitality. And, everyone but me saw this sweet, loving lady playing hostess, never for once suspecting she was wound as tight as some starving cat.

I watched her slipping on her satin robe again and heading to the door. I marveled at how shocking it was that this otherwise normal woman was sneaking back across the hall to see her son.

No doubt dripping wet between her legs.

Bobby

I tossed and turned again Thursday night. But at least this time, I felt much better about things. Before I couldn't figure out where she was coming from. Now, I sensed more feeling from her.

Throughout the day, we had these different talks. She drew close at times, something she hadn't done in years, and it was like we were on our own. Those three or four times we were by ourselves, she touched my arm or I put a hand to her side or her back. We really felt closer.

What made the most difference for me were these couple of looks we shared during dinner. Our eyes locked and neither of us wanted to look away. I hadn't seen the same kind of expression from her ever before.

The fact of the matter was that I was viewing her differently than I ever had before. I always knew she had an attractiveness to her, but now I saw this allure of the actual woman she was, rather than some role she played in my life.

I started to understand there had previously been this guard up with her. A way that she was supposed to be. Now, with me older, she seemed to be viewing me as more an equal, as an actual adult for a change.

But there was something else. Now, to me, she too was different. Maybe I was seeing her like any other man might see her. And in that, no other woman, especially younger women closer to my age, could command the same kind of attention from me that she could. There was just no denying it.

This all ran through my head as I laid there. When I heard light taps at my door again, I jumped at the

sound. Before I could say, 'come in,' she was already slipping inside.

As she approached and sat again on the edge of the bed, I couldn't stop smiling. I loved her showing this interest and making this effort.

"Bobby, stop grinning." She glowed herself and blushed as she said it. She looked down into her hands as she sat there quiet at first.

I propped onto my right elbow and it made me near to her. I put my left hand to her cheek and cupped it. I nearly died when she pressed her face into my palm and then brushed there. Her excited eyes searched back at mine.

"You are so gorgeous." I knew I sounded goofy, but I didn't care.

She half-whispered back. "Don't.... You shouldn't say that."

Reaching up to my hand with her hands, she pulled it to her lap. She stroked my hand as she talked and alternated between glancing to my face and back to my hand.

"I enjoyed today." She said it softly.

"I did, too."

Her words struggled, as if she looked for something to say. "I hope everyone had a great time."

I quickly replied. "I'm sure of it."

For a couple of seconds, we were both quiet. I loved us sitting alone together, but I had no clue what to

say to her. It'd be very easy to say the wrong thing. I didn't want that at all.

Her eyes found their way back to mine, and it was like she decided to be very open with me.

"Bobby, what do you think is happening here?"

Her eyes flashed something I couldn't really name at first. I didn't want to ruin anything, but at the same time, I wanted to tell her exactly what I felt.

"I think there's a strong connection. Something different than ever before. Something has happened."

She bit her lower lip a second. Her hands kept rubbing mine. I moved even closer to her, and she waited till I was near her mouth to back away just a little.

"Bobby."

When she stayed withdrawn from my reach to her face with my own, I lowered my face to her shoulder. I pressed her shoulder and then turned my head to bring my lips to the bare skin of her neck. I kissed and sucked lightly.

I heard her exhale. Her throat gave the slightest flex. Her satin robe crinkled in spots.

When she didn't move away, I kissed just lower at where her neck joined her shoulder. The robe opened just slightly to show a white tee. I kissed where the tee started, and she put one hand to my head and eased me back.

"Bobby, c'mon now."

My eyes held hers a long moment and I asked the only thing I could think of. "You feel differently now, too, don't you?"

At first, she simply closed her eyes. A faint smile formed before she opened them again.

She turned her torso more towards me, and this caused there to be distance between our faces. Her smile didn't leave, and now more words were about to sound.

I looked down with her robe having pulled with her turn. At her top, more of her white tee was exposed. Harmless, nothing was revealed.

Still lower, the edges of her robe below her waist had separated some with her repositioning. Uncovered thighs appeared and the glimpse of white panties hid at the apex of the robe. I couldn't help but stare a long moment.

When my eyes returned to her face, her own eyes had widened, and her grin had faded. Her hands squeezed my hand now resting on her leg. But otherwise, she didn't move.

She whispered. "You're being bad again."

I felt emboldened. "Not yet I'm not."

She smirked and raised. She bent to me to kiss me goodnight. As she did, I tried to kiss her fully. She only kissed me a second before she pulled back. My hand went to her middle and I held near her mound with my palm.

She froze in place, and I expected some sudden reaction. But she stayed frozen in place, and when she did, I gripped more of the soft fullness, there at her upper thigh, that I had in my hand. She didn't

move for a second and pushed a hard breath from her throat.

A couple of seconds passed and one of her hands found mine. She withdrew me from being almost between her legs. She raised back up fully to stand and barely smiled. "Goodnight."

I spoke hoarsely. "Goodnight."

My hands went under the sheet before she was even out the door.

4.

Friday Morning

Amy

My Friday plans for everyone came off really nicely, even if some of the results that happened I never intended. Yeah, it all wound-up being fun. But the underlying heat of it all intensified.

That morning, Corine, Jane and I were going into town for some shopping around. Meanwhile, Rick, Alan and Bobby were playing some golf. Anyone could have done whatever they wanted, and Corine almost chose golf, but it shook out as the guys going their way, and the women going ours.

At one point, Corine was trying on a dress, and it gave Fran and I some space. Fran was quick to seize the chance and raised some curiosity she had.

"So, you have to tell me. What's the secret?" Fran couldn't wait to hear.

"What secret? What are you talking about?" I asked.

"You and Bobby... these looks back and forth. What's going on?"

"Oh," I cleared my throat. Thought quickly. Wanted to be upfront with her. "It's just this thing I teased him about. Rick started it, really."

"Yeah?"

"Um, Rick thought he saw Bobby take a look at me from behind. I told him not to be ridiculous. But I teased Bobby about it."

"Ugh, yeah. It's ridiculous, but let me tell you." She shook her head. "Bobby's something else. A real dog."

She drew a little closer. "He had this thing with this professor of his back at school. Then was telling me how much he was into 'older women.' Wasn't going to see anyone even close to his age."

Corine came out and showed off a dress she was considering. It looked good on her, and we encouraged her before she went back to change.

I wanted more out of Fran. "Is he actually still seeing this professor? That can't be a good idea."

"Oh no. That was just a thing. He's not 'seeing' anyone."

She took a long look at me. More like her father, she was inclined to take Bobby's fling as negative,

where I got how he was just young and passionate. Being twenty-two and having his fun.

Before Corine could make her way back over, Jane added under her breath. "Whatever you do, don't encourage him. You're safe because you're his mother and all. But some other thirty or forty year old will get their heart broken."

I smiled and understood that was her take on it. It struck me that Bobby was going to be how he was going to be regardless of whatever I said. But there was a fleeting notion that maybe I was wrong, and I should have been trying to be a better influence on him.

That notion didn't linger at all, because I was much more distracted by a different feeling. That my twenty-two year old, ruggedly athletic Bobby was going to go his hormone-fueled way however he wanted.

Standing there in that clothing store with the other two, I hoped they couldn't detect the subdued trembling that passed through me.

His drive made sense to me.

Rick

The golf was a great idea Amy had. It could have only been better if she had come along herself. I'd love to have seen her driving Bobby beside himself out there. But it was still a lot of fun.

On one of the holes where I was hanging with Bobby, I took advantage of a chance to gauge him. Maybe prod him along.

Was he really showing interest in Amy?

The prospect of that fascinated me. I had always been intrigued and gotten into older women and younger men situations, and now to even possibly explore it, even if it got nowhere, right in front of me with these two drove me wild.

Amy was such a beautiful woman, and it stayed with me how as alluring as she was, any man, especially any young man, would notice her. Appreciate her. Seeing Bobby check her out like he did may have jolted me, but I got it.

What I wanted to see was how she'd handle it. The line she'd draw wouldn't be that far. That's if she would even keep going with this. But once that look from him happened, it registered with her. I saw it.

Was I being too risky? Yeah, possibly. But knowing we loved each other, and my wanting to see her happy no matter what was enough. This was more an experiment or exercise, and I damn sure didn't

anticipate any damage coming from her relationship with her college-age son.

I tried to tread lightly with Bobby.

"Your mom is so happy seeing you home this week."

"Yeah? Me too."

"You know, she actually won't stop talking about you."

He grinned. "Yeah? What's she saying?"

I shrugged. "Well, there's the usual. How much you've grown. What a young man you've become."

He nodded appreciatively.

My head tilted as I pondered. "But, I think it's more than that."

He eyed me closely. "How so?"

"I don't know. She talks about you a lot. Wonders who you might be seeing. Says you look like you're taking good care of yourself. Working out."

"She says I must be taking care of myself?"

"Yep." I shake my head. "If it was anyone other than you, I'd be jealous."

"Really?"

"Really."

After we both finished the hole, I decided to go further.

"Hey, you know what would be interesting?"

"What's that?"

I looked down and then around, again shaking my head. "Never mind."

"No, what's that? What were you thinking?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. It's pretty out there, Bobby."

"Go ahead. Tell me."

"You sure? If it's too crazy, just tell me."

"Okay. Tell me."

"See, I know her very well. And I see something with her these last couple of days. This kind of excitement. A giddiness. "

Bobby's eyes stayed right on mine. Could hardly believe what he was hearing.

I spoke carefully. "I think I see the same in you with her."

His eyes went down a bit, gazed about, but then came up with a quick smile. He nodded.

"So," I continued, "why don't you go with that some?" He swayed on his feet, clearly taken aback. I tried to help. "Sometimes, people just like being noticed. Being seen. You know? Let's see how far things could go."

Bobby's mouth dropped open. "Seriously?"

"Seriously."

"You don't think it will piss her off?"

"No," I said. "And if it does, blame me."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

His mouth went with a broad smile.

His next words were tentative. "You really think this is something... possible?"

The very possibility made my blood rush.

"Yes. Possibly."

Bobby

Just when I thought the holiday couldn't get wilder, there was this talk with Rick, and I was thrown by him as well. Thinking it over on Friday afternoon, I just don't think he got how intense things were with me and her. Or -- and this was what I was going to go by -- he got it alright, and he was so into it himself that he was encouraging me.

After some steam and a shower at the club, we all headed home, and I was quiet and restless riding along in the back of dad's Range Rover. My mind was reeling with everything going on. My thoughts ricocheting around enough that I barely listened to them up front, talking up some big game they were going to watch this afternoon.

Instead, I wasn't thinking at all about a football game, but rather the game Amy Cassidy Pike and I had already started playing. I couldn't hold back a quiet grin as it hit me. I was the only one in the truck who hadn't slept with Amy.

My heart drove hard in my chest as I surprised myself with my new aim. I was going to work hard to change that. These other two wouldn't compare to me. I just needed the right chance.

Rick so much as gave me outright permission. He probably just underestimated me. Normally, I guess I wouldn't blame him. But I knew me, I had known Amy for all my life, and I sensed some complacency floating about.

What Rick didn't factor in was how badly I wanted it to happen. How badly I wanted to see the look in her face when she let go. When she did the one

thing sexually she would have never thought possible.

A glance up at my dad saw him checking-up on me in the rearview mirror. I could swear he was already picking-up on my intentions. He knew me quite well himself, and he was smart enough to keep in mind that I was a younger and no doubt hungrier version of himself. But then again, he'd married her when he was only twenty-one.

For a second, I wondered whether I'd marry an Amy at my age, even feeling as restless as I did. My head and my hormones said no, of course not, that I was too much in adoration of women. But my heart? I mean, she had everything. The knowing and open look in her bright green eyes. The lean former swimmer's body. That unruly blonde hair.

Plus, well, she was my mother. Once I had gone that far, and if I could go that far, what would ever surpass that? If she was as sensual and as good as I

expected, maybe, just maybe, that would be enough.

Dad's voice broke the air in the truck. "You alright back there?"

"Oh yeah," I flashed a big grin.

Rick chimed in. "I bet he's thinking about his next conquest."

Rick half-turned to send me a mischievous grin.

"Yeah," I said, smiling back, "I am."

He smirked and turned back straight.

Dad's face lingered a bit. Some nerves told me that he had me all figured out. That he was two seconds

from chastising me for being a sick jerk. I could tell him that I saw now the same beauty in her as he did back twenty years ago, but for me, it was intensified. By at least ten times.

Because we absolutely shouldn't be going there.

But as we kept driving along, the both of them had already moved on to something else. And it was fine by me.

I had a lot to think about. How I should approach things. What she might be responsive to. What would make me look foolish.

My eyes closed and reopened as I reminded myself the most important thing. Pay attention to her. Listen to her. And if it got to the point where it wasn't happening, then let it go at once.

The only thing worse than missing out on this chance with her was coming off as a jerk. Or, damaging things between us. I didn't suspect that would happen. I could keep my head about me. But I still needed to keep it in mind how important she was to me. That the last thing in the world I wanted was to make her feel bad. To hurt her in any way.

Facing that with myself, I got to the next part of this at the same time my dad pulled the truck into her driveway.

How was I going to make this happen?

How were we going to be together?

As close as two people can possibly be.

...

5.

Friday Afternoon

Amy

The guys got back from golf, and the male energy swooping back into the house was strong. Alan went at once to Corine upon hearing her say she picked-out a dress. She led him along nicely upstairs to their bedroom, and I imagined I wouldn't see them for a while.

Rick came right up, and to my surprise he was ready to plant a kiss, and I deftly offered my cheek. He didn't really like the move, but it was just my instinct at that moment. Rick spun from me to go over to the fridge, and this gave me a chance to speak to Bobby. Even though he was coming in last, he certainly was not the least.

His tall frame seemed so energized, a light bounce in his steps over to me. He beamed at me, and I was sure I was beaming right back.

"How was golf?" I asked.

"It was great. Beautiful day."

He clutched to me, and I squeezed right back. To my surprise he too wanted to put a kiss to me, and his tapped to the top of my head as we hugged.

As we separated, Bobby gushed about their golf.

"Hey, ask who shot the lowest?"

Rick chuckled derisively over at the fridge. "Your son beat us. By several strokes."

"Yeah?" I put a hand to his cheek in congratulations.

"That's my boy."

A slight wince from him got me to correct myself.
"My man. That's my man."

Bobby and I were still grinning at one another when Rick broke our trance. "Well, how about you and your man go to the store and get some beer and wine. We're running low."

"Oh," I was eventually going to check on it myself anyway, but I appreciated his noticing.

I turned to Bobby. "You probably need some time to change or something. I can pop out."

Bobby wouldn't hear of it. "No, I'm fine. That sounds good to me. Let's you and I go."

Bobby and Rick exchanged a quick look. Bobby half-heartedly offered to Rick. "Want to go?"

Rick didn't need to even think about it, shaking his head and eyeing Bobby back longer than needed. "No, you guys go. I think I'm gonna shower. Get the game on."

Bobby nodded. "Okay. We'll be back."

Ricky didn't come back over to me, but he did glance back and forth at Bobby and I as he left the room.

Bobby turned back to me, and held a hand in the direction of the door. "Ready to go?"

"Sure," I said back, and instantly I worried I'd sounded too eager. Then, I kicked myself for even rethinking something as basic as saying I was ready to go. Calm down.

There was no reason to start getting nervous. Other than what had happened upstairs the night before. And, other than the fact he had been on my mind all morning, even though that was preposterous. He was my son, and here I was acting like some nervous schoolgirl or something.

As we went from the kitchen back out to the garage, I let him lead me between the cars. When he started to head over to the Range Rover, I stopped him. "Let's take my car."

"Oh, okay."

He diverted over to the 740i, and his opening my door for me ramped my adrenaline even more. I told myself to stop being goofy, but it didn't help.

When he folded his big, sturdy frame into the seat next to me, it was like the car shrunk for us. He was closer to me than I had expected, and as he started

the car and checked the mirrors, I asked myself why the feeling of his driving my car stirred me.

His wide hands gripping the steering wheel and his face watching the rearview mirror struck me with a view of him different than I had ever had before. Capable, careful. But definitely in charge.

My mind skipped over to whoever the professor was back at his college, and I felt for her. His presence was so strong, even to me, I couldn't help but wonder how he could affect anyone else.

After getting my car out onto the street, his attention returned to me, and I blushed. I hadn't stopped looking at him since he had started backing from the garage. Did he notice? He didn't act like it.

On our way to the local shops, I forced myself to think practically. "What do you think?" I asked him. "A case of beer? Some red wine?"

"Yeah," he answered casually. "Dad and Rick were drinking some Modelos back at the course. You like blends?"

"Do I like blends?" I laughed sarcastically. "Does my son now drink red blends?"

I was truly surprised, but I was also trying to lighten our moods.

He answered. "I like red blends. Haven't drank them much."

We exchanged looks, and I nodded my approval. At a different time in my life, I likely would have warned him off reds or something. But a few more years and a divorce had changed that for me.

We didn't say much more before getting to the bottle shop. I was checking my purse to make sure I had the card I wanted to use, when he managed to

surprise me again, opening my door so I wouldn't have to.

"Thanks, Bobby. Aren't you the gentleman?"

Extending his hand, I took it and lifted from the car. Something about the way his grip onto mine was just right, not too tight or loose but firm, again gave me pause, and now I was sure I was thinking too much. We walked on in side-by-side, and I shook off any worry. Relax.

He went over to get the beer and I selected a couple of bottles of wine, and as we made our way up to checkout, there was pretty good proof I hadn't been exaggerating his presence. A young, attractive sales rep gave him a big smile and asked whether he needed anything.

And at the register, an older blonde close to my own age mostly ignored me, and made sure he had found everything he had been looking for.

"I have." He swept his look over to me, and I almost laughed out loud at his insinuation.

Just the same, the checkout person raised her eyebrows at me in deserved acknowledgment.

Back at the car, he got me inside, started the car, and loaded all the bottles in, while I checked my phone and stole glances at him being efficient. His long-sleeve polo was hugging him, and it must have been his broad chest and shoulders forming the dark blue top that drew those women's attention.

Our ride back was mostly quiet, though we did talk about how everyone seemed to still be having a good time. He thanked me for that.

"Absolutely, Bobby. I'm glad you came."

There was an extended look between us, and I wanted to get through this thing that was hovering over us. Me coming to his room. Then, our kiss. There was no way we could go on without talking about it.

"Hey, I hope things are alright." I said.

His face whipped over to answer. "Of course, they are."

"I... I shouldn't have come to your room last night. That was inappropriate."

"No. It wasn't."

"Bobby, certainly it was." I could have mentioned Ricky's taunts, but then that wouldn't have been owning it. This had been my doing.

I continued. "I think I've just been a little restless lately." Why did I put it like that?

I tried again. "Between the holiday and having everyone over, and the drinks... I think I'm just feeling too festive at times."

He responded as he pulled my car into the garage. "I absolutely love it. And... there is a connection between us that's... that's different. We know that."

The last thing in the world I expected, the absolute last thing, was this sudden show of confidence from him. His telling me himself that we were this certain way. In one remark, the world had tilted a bit. He had managed that.

A few different come backs were at my lips, but in this newfound imbalance, I didn't say any of them. He was right. I couldn't argue, at least not honestly anyway. And, in some foreign fog I'd never felt, I found myself not wanting to.

He clicked for the garage to lower behind us, and the overhead light didn't give much brightness for us to talk.

I spoke up. "We should go on inside."

As I started to turn to my door, his hand took mine and held it, and the touch of our hands together had me softening into the leather of the seat.

He spoke in a hushed way, but his words were definite. "Let's just be how we want."

The suggestion only dizzied me more, and I got on out of the car. The thought of where this could be

going made my heart race. I got the silly idea that maybe I should distract him with someone else he had around. I slowed as he came around the front of the car to go with me inside.

"Don't be mad at her, but Fran told me about the professor." I couldn't help a small grin.

He blushed. "She did?"

At some point the overhead light was going to turn-off automatically, and it did just that right then.

We both chuckled as we stood together in the dark garage.

I slowly nodded. "So, you're into older women now?"

His eyes didn't leave mine. He didn't hesitate. We were alone, it was dark, he stayed bold. "Have you ever been with a younger man?"

My eyes raised, and I think my stomach flipped. "A younger man? Bobby, I was married to your dad for eighteen years. I've been seeing Rick for two years. Uh, that's been it for me."

I was taken back, but also invigorated. "Why are you asking me that?"

His eyes kept delving into mine. I could be bold right back. I should be bold right back. Between what had already happened and now this moment between us, I went ahead.

"What, do you think I should be with a younger man?"

This made his eyes dance back and forth on mine, his turn to be thrown off track.

When his mouth parted and no words immediately came, I saw his full lips curled and open, the skin so smooth and clear around them. Bringing my gaze back to his eyes punctuated how I'd let my look linger on his mouth.

He was still looking right at me when he answered.
"Yes."

Thank goodness I had my response ready. "Bobby, of course that's impossible. I mean," my voice lowered, "I'm deeply flattered, but--"

"Tell me something." His tone strengthened.

"What's that?"

"If you weren't my mother, would you... want to?"

My stomach flipped and my middle weakened.
"Bobby, that's something that couldn't happen,
so..."

"Would you?"

Just as he had, I paused hard, and my mouth loosened. His hand raised to my cheek, which I wasn't prepared to defend against. The touch of his warm palm to my cheek and holding there made me melt between my legs.

His face inched a little closer, and I mumbled back to him. "Bobby."

"Would you make love to me if things were different?"

My knees buckled some. I choked out words. "Don't say that."

"You would." He declared. "You don't have to admit it, but I know."

First, I winced as if stung. Then swayed in his direction.

I nodded. "Yes. I would."

His face came to mine, and I didn't move away. Instead, the tender feel of his lips on mine attached us and sent my head swimming. A couple of soft pecks came as well, and to my astonishment, my lips joined to his easily each time.

As his mouth moved again to mine, it took everything I had to reach up and take his hand in mine, moving my face back.

"Bobby, we can't."

He nodded. "We can."

I chuckled, scared. "No, no." I'm sure I was showing my goofiest smile, but I couldn't help it. "We have to go inside."

"Wait." He got close and brought his arms around me. There was a caramel-like muskiness as well as the solid feel of his torso as he held me in close. He whispered. "One kiss."

I stole a long look at his excited eyes back at mine, and then let myself slip to noticing his mouth again, and when I did, we both knew I was signaling it was okay.

As his mouth neared, my instincts took over, with my eyes closing and my chin tilting up to make my mouth there for him. The first plush touch I did accept, and the next meshing and massaging of our lips together were understandable. But the move of his full lips to separate mine, and the sending of his tongue past my lips jolted me.

I flinched hard and went to move, but his mouth stayed on mine, his tongue finding mine and pressing it. With the electrical sparks that flashed from our tongues together and the sturdy cradle of his one hand at the base of my back and the other on the back of my neck, I succumbed wilfully.

My arms and hands hugged right back atop his shoulders, and my mouth relaxed to accept his full kiss, only to also greedily suck to his lips. My fervour pulled his tongue more into my mouth, and as we twisted in place there, his deep moan reverberated in my mouth.

Our energies at each other grew, and the next thing I knew his hips thrust to get his crotch pressed to me. In a quick reaction, my body pressed back, his hardness made its undeniable impression on me, and then I helplessly pushed back at him. It happened in a matter of seconds, and then I suddenly pushed him away.

His eyes were open wide and his smile was spreading, and at the same time, all I could do was blink and grin back.

It was one of the most powerful kisses of my life.

He started towards me again, and I turned to open the door.

I had to stop us.

Rick

Friday afternoon, it was good to kick back and watch the games. I was surprised at how easily Alan and I got along together. We were into our second round of beers when Bobby and Amy got back from the store.

As soon as I saw her, I knew something was up. She didn't waste time going from the kitchen across to the stairwell, and even though she managed a 'hello' to Alan and I, there was a distant gaze of huge distraction on her face.

Bobby mumbled his 'hello,' but busied himself in the kitchen, putting away the beer and the wine. What happened?

Alan and I glanced to one another, and I shrugged. Taking a long drink, it settled in that my coaching to Bobby must have started paying off. Amy was

flustered, and Bobby was licking his wounds at things not quite going as he wanted. I was sure of it.

A couple of more plays were run, and once a commercial started, I eased off the sofa. Explained to Alan that I was going to check on Amy. He nodded his understanding.

Headed up the stairs, I realized I needed to tread carefully with Amy. She had her adventurous side, no doubt, but this was something very close to her. Nothing was more important to her than Fran and Bobby. As long as she showed interest, then we were good. The moment she turned off from it, I'd stop.

Climbing the rest of the stairs, it sank in that she had gone to a lot of work preparing for this holiday. The planning, the contacts all around to put us all here, the food, the drinks. Everything was well-

arranged, which was so her. I didn't want to spoil that.

At the same time, there was no denying that maybe things had been... predictable with us lately. Thank goodness we were even still going at it at times with one another. After two years together, that wasn't a given. I got that.

With all of that in mind, there was still that stare from Bobby on Wednesday night. I knew what I was seeing, and what I saw that night from his gawking her ass was desire. Then, when I shared that with Amy, I also saw her eyes enliven. We were each awakened with it.

And nothing I had seen since that night pointed me off putting them closer.

Before easing the bedroom door open, I drew a good breath and wished for the best. The truth was that I hoped she was still into it. I certainly was.

Our bedroom was dark, and it made sense she was crashing for a nap. Moving on over to the bed, I'd take some time out myself. When she woke, I'd try to get her to talk about whether Bobby had made any move.

A couple of steps closer, I could make out her silhouette in the bed. Her covers pulled over her gave this long shadow of where she sprawled out and faced the other way. Another couple of steps and I saw what I wasn't supposed to see. There was a curve in the sheets where her hips were underneath, and the curve wasn't being still. It was rocking back and forward.

I half-whispered. "Hey."

She flinched in the bed and tossed me a look over her shoulder. "I'm taking a nap." She hissed.

I crawled into the bed and worked my way up behind her. "You're taking a nap, huh?"

Both her hands were down the front of her. Well within the covers. And, busy. I could hear her panting.

I kept my voice low. "I guess the trip to the store was pretty good."

"Yeah." Her voice came ragged. She was probably close.

I wanted to help.

"He couldn't help himself, huh?"

"What?"

"Did he try anything?"

She pushed out her words. "He kissed me."

"He did?"

"He really kissed me."

I had a hand go on down into my own jeans. I wanted to push her over the edge. "You know he wants to, right?"

Her head bowed at hearing me say it, and now her shoulders flexed just as enthusiastically as her hips did.

"He said it." She moaned.

"What did he say?"

"He said he wants to make love to me."

At that, she started bucking. Losing herself into her orgasm, her thrashing about was enough to send the covers tossing about the bed. A steady shrill kept coming from her throat, and that alone was almost enough to finish me off, too.

Instead, I sent myself over the edge by saying aloud what we both found so wild.

"He knows you want to fuck him, too."

She rocked some more at hearing that.

Bobby

Rick took me aside late in the afternoon. It was before I could get upstairs and take some time to myself. He had a suppressed grin that made me curious.

It turned out best that I had waited, so I could hear what he had to say.

"Hey," he said it quietly in the kitchen where only I could hear. "The trip to the store this afternoon - it must have gone pretty well."

My eyes tensed as I tried to figure out what he was saying. "How's that?"

"Did you see your mother after you two got home?"

I shrugged. She basically had run off, and I concluded she had wanted to go settle down from what had happened between us. I'm sure I must have surprised her.

"Is she okay?" I asked.

Rick gave a soft laugh. "Oh, she's okay. Now."

"Did I piss her off?"

"Piss her off?" Rick looked at me like I was kidding. I wasn't really wanting to explain why I was asking that.

"You didn't piss her off, but... you did rile her up."

"I did?"

He leaned close and made sure I heard him. "She couldn't wait to get upstairs, Bobby."

Pausing, it was clear he enjoyed seeing that sink in with me. Then, he added to it.

"She was telling me about you talking about making love to her. While she got herself off."

Part of me was astounded he told me this, but much more importantly, he saw my eyes widen and my deep breath from my chest. He was feeding this along now. No question about it.

And I hated myself for being glad that he was.

Friday Night

6.

Amy

The whole group of us binge-watched some Netflix, and the drinks flowed. Well, not exactly. I nursed a glass of red that Bobby got for me. Picking-up on what I was doing, he made his one Modelo last most of the night, too.

Several times over the last few months I had worried about his partying. Maybe he'd overdo it, or let it sidetrack him. Fran had even agreed that sometimes he could pore it on.

I really didn't have room to judge him. Each weekend, come Friday, I didn't deny myself either. It was just the way it was.

But now, here we were on a holiday, and we were both taking it easy. During one of our glances to each other that night, I figured it out.

We were both wanting to be alert for what was happening.

That had to be it.

In addition to keeping everyone's drinks replenished, I also tidied up here and there. I loved how everyone was enjoying the limited series I had suggested. But something else even pleased me more. The way Bobby's eyes followed me to the kitchen each time.

Later into the evening, my veneer of hostess may have been slipping away, and a rawer version of me came out at times. At least that was what I explained to myself when I let my ass swing side to

side freely the last time I ventured back to the kitchen.

Taking a half-turn back behind me, I caught Bobby soaking me up, and I lowered my head as if somehow bowed by the knowledge and tucked some blonde strands behind one ear. Rick probably also gathered all this in, but at this point in the evening, I could not have cared less.

Bobby stayed glued to me.

He'd get his chance to balance out the attention though. About eleven, the third episode finished, and everyone called it a night. As we all headed upstairs, somehow I managed to get my place right behind Bobby, and the whole way up, my view was of his tight jeans hugging his ass inches from my face.

At the top of the stairs, his face stole a look back, and I bit my bottom lip as I let my eyes dart back and forth from his face to his butt and back again. He was the one blushing and ducking his head. I don't know if Rick caught this or not.

By the look on Rick's face once we were inside the bedroom, I took it he must have.

Rick

The back-and-forth between Amy and Bobby simmered the whole night. I caught onto it, but thankfully, no one else did.

This time I did feel some pangs of jealousy. I have to admit it. But I reminded myself what I had in store for her, and the fact she was flirting with him like she was, well, that was only going to make it better.

Both Amy and I drifted about our bedroom, getting ready for bed and somehow trying to understand where we were with Bobby. Even without saying it out loud, we both knew -- clearly and undeniably - - the evening wasn't over. That fact alone electrified the air between us.

Undressing for me was quick and simple. Jeans and shirt off and tossed. Same with the boxers. I was in bed and waiting for her in, like, a minute.

For her, it wasn't simple. Yeah, over at her closet, she took off her blouse, jeans, bra, and panties. Took her time. If I had to guess, I think Bobby was so in her head, that she was probably thinking of his getting stripped over in the bedroom across the hall.

By the time she was nude and stepping over to the bed, her makeup hadn't been removed. Her nightly ritual of washing her face and moisturizing still undone. That was all for later.

First, we both knew she was coming to me. That I had my part to play for her. A part I openly relished. It was open, obvious to us both, because I had an erection ready immediately.

Sure, watching her heavy globes hanging freely with her prominent red nipples sharply protruding helped. As did her blonde-brown bush swollen and unblocked facing directly at me as she climbed onto the sheets. But what had me hard and her no doubt wet was the talk I was going to give her.

She came to bed that night, knowing what I was about to do. We both knew. We both were steaming in anticipation.

In my arms, she accepted all of my attention. My efforts to ready her. My kisses, my caresses to her soft tits, my light strokes to her wet pussy. If I had waited any longer, she would have asked for my

instructions, too. Some encouragement for what we both knew was to come.

It helped that I had thought all day about this. Had considered how well I knew her and what worked for her. How I saw their interaction. How it was barely contained to being silently between them and not some embarrassing episode spilling out for her daughter and ex-husband to see.

No, this was better, we both knew. A late night reckoning. Private. Quiet. Where we could all play out our passion at exploring where their new-found desire was going to lead.

At her side and holding her, my mouth got to her ear. Whispers were how this should be imparted, I was sure. While my fingers traced to get her sex perfectly tuned.

"You know he's over there waiting." My deep tone and the notion started her with a flinch. Her

widened breasts pointing up jiggled with her reaction.

I kept my tone low and even. "I'm sure he's already hard, just like me."

More. "And just like me, he knows you're coming over there, Amy."

Her breathing turned heavy, as did mine.

I hadn't planned on huffing these next lines out, but my heart was driving it.

"What he doesn't know is what I'm telling you. What I'm sharing with you about today with him. How I saw him when I spoke of you."

I liked how she was wetter than any time I could remember. When there had never before been dampness seeping onto her innermost thighs.

"I saw how excited he got just hearing how he might have his chance with you."

A tremble ran across her.

I went for my surprise. "What he doesn't know is how I'm letting on to you this hold you have on him. That he loves you having it on him. But he also doesn't get that he has a hold on you."

Her breathing grew heavier.

"That he has you so desperately wanting him. But when you go over there, when you show just how much you want him, tonight's not the night he can have you."

Her mouth was open and she was almost as high as I could make her without going too far.

"He also won't know something else. That I've warned you. That I've seen him in the locker room. That I'm telling you that he is even more of a man than you expected."

She gasped. Her hands tightened into fists at her side. The nicely polished red nails scrunching together.

"That my seeing what he has, what he is, makes me nervous for you. For what he's going to be able to do with you. For how deeply he's going to get with you, and take you like no man has, Amy."

"Oh god, Rick."

"Go on over there. Just show him. Open your robe. Let him see what he'll have. That you're totally open to him."

At once, she was up and hurrying. In a way, I was glad I had done what I intended. In another way, I rocked inside seeing my lover so desperate to want to go to another man. Even if it was her son.

Or, especially because it was her son. And that thought was what assured me. That I wasn't making the worst mistake ever. Because this situation was so totally unlike any other.

It wasn't a situation where I was risking her with a rival. I was going with her on this journey, and I was seeing up close how utterly lost and surrendering this beautiful woman was with the one man she damn sure shouldn't be craving.

I was helping her get there. As she hurried across the room with the white silk robe flowing and trying to keep up, I got to see my love as passionate and as wanting as I could ever imagine.

I'd just have to hold onto my own excitement until she got back. To when she could share how it went. When we could both have our release.

Bobby

I couldn't wait much longer. The day's vivid memories I kept replaying in my mind -- her sweet eyes back at me over and over; her tender, waiting kiss; her playful flirting while everyone else watched some show -- it all tantalized me. Lying there, I couldn't wait any longer.

My hand had already been stopping and starting with my long strokes, but the wait was too much. I slowed one last time, and it was when my fist was

at my base, my palm holding me tight, that I heard the light raps to my door.

Just a couple of quick ones, and the door slipped open and she appeared. Across the room, she didn't even look real at first. Maybe all my blood flooding my cock had finally gotten to me.

But the gliding spirit that floated my way became clearer and clearer the closer she came in the dim light. She may have appeared vague at first because of how dishevelled she was close by. The normally settled blonde hair was tossed. Untouched after hopping from bed, it looked.

Those bright green eyes were still there, but peered through half-closed lids. Her full lips parted as she came to a stop.

"Hey," she muttered it, not at all clear and level, and instead breathy and brooding. If I didn't know better, I would have thought she was angry.

But any semblance of agitation evaporated as her eyes trailed, taking in the sight of my arm disappearing under the sheet. Yeah, she had caught me close to the end, and I was ready to admit it, but her eyes didn't return to mine at first. They fixed on the tent of the sheet raised in my lap.

Expecting some joke, all she managed was an excuse. "Sorry, I shouldn't have come."

"Yes, you should have."

Her eyes blinked and wanted to go back to the bulging sheet, but she only permitted herself a glimpse. Then, she was willing herself to speak to me. To get words out that made sense, it seemed.

"I just wanted to say goodnight."

Her fingers fidgeted a quick moment in front of her, before separating so she could extend herself towards me. Her far hand held to the flap of her robe at her chest as her near hand braced to my bare shoulder. It was one complete move as smooth as it was momentary.

Strands of her blonde hair flicked to my forehead, as her soft lips brushed at my cheek. It wasn't just a kiss as her puckered lips did peck but also trailed my smooth skin there.

Taking a last look down at my crotch, there were some more blinks from her and her eyes then raised as she retreated.

"Goodnight, Bobby."

Her words were still in the air when my shaft flexed in my grip. I tugged at it, and her attention shot there.

"Wait," I blurted.

When her gaze again went to my fist, I went ahead and pulled up on it. The bulging sheet pointing up higher and in her direction. Feeling more blood rush there gave me a moment's relief.

That far hand lifted for her and casually landed on her robe at her chest. The dainty pose and raised eyes fueled me even more. It sank in that her robe wrapped tight didn't likely make her chest pronounced because there was nothing underneath.

Her focus was as attentive as mine, and she didn't miss my stop at her top. My hand moved again and it parted her lips.

"I should go," she said feebly.

"Don't."

She didn't move.

Standing there, her stare went deeply into mine, and I thought about how much I wanted to fuck her in the hopes that the message would land. My fist drew out and back again, and I think my glare up at her and my pumping in her direction was enough.

She didn't smile and she didn't take eyes from mine. We both knew she was going to take in my reaction of what was about to happen. My balls tightened.

The hand she'd held aloft traced along the lapel of the robe, never leaving it. Her other hand lifted from her side to join them at the tie. Of the robe.

Those dark red fingertips only played with the tie at first.

She mumbled. "What do you want?"

My mouth opened, but my hand was staying in motion, and I didn't get any words out.

Seeing my predicament, her fingers fastened to the silk tie, and went ahead unspooling it.

The sides of the robe relaxed, and it was obvious I was panting now.

Her tone thickened. "Is this what you want?"

Soon as the sides of the robes went from fixed to dangling, I glimpsed a quick tell. Even though her eyes bore down at me, and her mouth drew at her bottom lip, the shaky fingers gave her away. Her slight fumbling with the silk told me this had gotten to her.

As if she wasn't going to trust herself that she wouldn't stop, she pinched the silk between her fingers and pulled apart. I watched the exquisite garment slide over her chest as her question rumbled once more.

"Is this what you want?"

Her hands kept going. Her breasts jutting down and forward exposed to me, openly displaying the wide, round red nipples that capped each one. I loved seeing the taut, protruding tips, eager for any touch but just waiting.

Down over her rounded, tight tummy, we heard my moan exhale at the sight of her middle directly at my eye level. The recently trimmed brown-blond curls sat plainly visible atop her swollen veed mound. Her thighs were closed with her legs held tight, but I knew.

I knew she was drenched standing there for me. Letting me see herself absolutely unguarded and against all better judgment. I also knew right away she couldn't wait to get back across the hall now. Get her relief.

She had come to see me, to make me think of her. And then in the heat of it all, she had raised the stakes. Taken things further.

It hit me as I absorbed the smooth look of her body, the way her under-breasts hung low enough almost to mid-torso that then gave way to flat skin, flat until the curve of where her pussy started, the idea

clicked that Rick probably waited for her. My calculation was instant.

My right hand kept at my cock, but my left worked to grab the sheet. Some short pulls down got it lower and lower, and suddenly it was her turn to be mesmerized. She didn't hide it.

My recent experience was that no woman actually hid it. This amazed me. It had amazed me when Catherine who had tried to teach me philosophy didn't look away when I came into view, and it damn sure waylaid me when my own mother now gawked me and it was impossible for her to look away.

The sheer shock for her at getting to see my cock displayed for her, with her open mouth and wide eyes, took me right to the edge. My fist came almost to a stop so I could try to delay, and I was glad.

It meant I got to see her right hand dart to her pussy, and those same nice red tipped fingers took traction pressing her mound and unabashedly started massaging. First, there was the rub up and down like she was just trying to solve her state, but then the sensations, all revving her fully as she watched my thick shaft stretched and long, took her over.

Her fingers kept sliding up and down, but now they were jostling little circles, too. Like she was openly showing me the way she liked to do herself. Up and down frantically. Her mouth hung fully open now. Her brow knotted up as tight as her face had ever gotten. The way her eyes kept darting to my dick and to my face and back told me my answer.

As her head tilted back and her body shook standing right there in front of me, I knew. And it wasn't just I knew that Rick wasn't going to get to bring her off across the hall. That the sight of me

and how I nastily jacked my dick in front of her had taken care of her for tonight.

I knew one other thing. And as I slipped into my own convulsing, blinding lightness, letting her watch me lose it, too, I knew it for absolute certain. She probably knew it, too.

I was going to fuck her after all.

Saturday Morning

7.

Amy

Saturday morning came for me before the sun was even up, and it felt like Friday night had been some wild dream. This was the last full day everyone was going to be here, so I needed to be sane. Get through

the day without making everything a mess. I just needed to concentrate.

Rick was still sound asleep so I slipped from the bed carefully to get myself downstairs. I needed coffee. And I needed to think.

My oldest, well-worn jeans could not have felt more comfortable, and an oversized tee cushioned my dark blue sweater. Thick socks and some running shoes finished me off, and I was on my way.

Leaving the bedroom, I knew how bad off I was when I took a long look across the hall to Bobby's bedroom door, I pictured him still sound asleep, too. I doubted he'd have a problem with my easing under the sheets beside him.

The thought of that, together with my flashes of memory from last night, got me going. Shaking my head, I headed on downstairs like the smart,

responsible hostess I was. I had indulged enough wickedness last night. I didn't need to feed into that again this morning.

The guys were supposed to be heading to the club again this morning, and that worked well for me. Fran, Corine and I were headed to the gym. I needed the exercise to clear my head.

The afternoon would be open, and everyone could do what they wanted. I thought I should make an effort to catch-up with Alan, but I'd see how things went. I couldn't help but wonder what Bobby would be doing, but I put it out of my mind. He should do whatever he wanted.

For Saturday night, I had reservations at Patterson's, a local steakhouse I hoped everyone would enjoy. We'd all feast one more time before things came to an end on Sunday morning. Everyone sounded like they were heading off in different directions.

Downstairs, I brewed my coffee and took in the quiet calm before everyone stirred about. Pulling a jacket from the closet, I saw a perfect opportunity to watch the sun come up out on the deck. My back deck gave a good view of the back yard, but also stretched open to where I could see hills and more trees a good ways off looking east.

Sitting outside in the crisp, cool dawn, I sipped my coffee and started thinking about the guys. This time I wasn't referring to the golf group for this morning, but rather Rick and Bobby. How had I possibly managed to get in this triangle?

The sun crested out in the distance, and a dark red-orange glow spread in waves up into the sky. The coffee was nice and hot, the view perfect, and my mind drifted directly back to Bobby's face from last night. His thick, sandy hair had sat tousled against the white pillow, and his deep blue eyes had

mesmerized me as I looked down at him. I hated admitting that.

Much like the newness of the morning spreading out in front of me, his fresh face staring back at me had taken on a look unlike I had ever seen before. Handsome yeah, but somehow distinct. Solid. Like his torso he had held me against in the garage.

I shuddered in my chair, almost spilling my coffee as I conjured back up the warm feel of him holding me in his arms. And that kiss, the feeling of his mouth had been one thing, but his going further, his tongue whipping to mine and joining like that. The memory of us together had me feeling so very alive sitting there.

Sunday he was headed back to his place. A solid six hours away. How in the world was I going to handle that?

More coffee and some more thoughts of him kept me occupied out there. Even after having decided I wasn't going to let myself be distracted with the physical part of our night, my mind went there anyway. Openly defying me. But maybe it wasn't my mind. Maybe it was something else.

Another gulp of the coffee moved me with energy just as the picture in my head unfurled to give me a deep breath in my chest. His hand holding his shaft, the smooth skin and a vein extending up past his hand higher and higher, my eyes not even comprehending at first.

The head of him flared. That kind of thing I had glimpsed before. How the ridged roundness of a penis could top the stalk of a man. Alan, Rick, an old college flame who wasn't serious. All of them had shown the same form. Been essentially alike.

Another taste of my coffee was needed for me working this out, and I might have to have another

cup to even have a chance. As the warmth eased down, my head settled backward in the chair. Bringing my feet up, I positioned in a curl and back a bit so that I could prop more easily.

There in my cozy ball of a position, the last of the drink in my cup wasn't going to do anything about the pool I was experiencing down between my legs. It crossed my mind to slip a hand down there, but I didn't dare do that and risk someone happening outside and upon me. Tightening my legs together and grinding against the seat of my chair would have to do.

A part of me, deep down and hidden away, wished Bobby could see what the memory of him was causing. What would he think? Standing there over me, what if he saw me almost helpless and squirming in place as I remembered how thick his cock was in his hand?

I chuckled sitting there. Another thought or two, and I'd head upstairs. Hopefully, Rick would be crossing by and coming downstairs, and I'd get some privacy to take care of the hot wanting that wouldn't stop in my core.

Shaking my head, there was nothing else to call it other than nasty as I fought inside against what I knew I wanted. Here was this beautiful morning starting, and I wanted to think about how my Bobby would feel wedged deep inside me. How he would certainly - unquestionably - make me feel unlike any man had made me feel before.

Making myself stretch to get up, I tried remembering what words Rick had used when he had worked me up. The exact words escaped me, but yeah, he was right to have been nervous. Just like I was nervous at this very moment as I got up to go inside.

Running a hand through my hair, I was glad Rick hadn't been worried enough to keep me from seeing Bobby in all his glory. Taking my steps over to the glass sliding door, I almost laughed out loud about how I was going to have to change my panties. My eyes clenched tight when the sight of his eyes back at mine last night when he peaked replayed in my head. How he'd squinted and gazed back lost in it altogether just like me.

Suddenly, the glass sliding door was moving and the sound of it easing open brought me back to reality. Looking up and forward, the strapping figure of my son appeared with his smiling face beaming back at me. Oh god, look at him.

My smile radiated back at him as he spoke deeply. "Good morning."

Not thinking but only feeling, I stepped to him, taking his arm and getting him away from the glass back behind him, over and away from being seen

from inside. Keeping my face leveled up to him, I kept smiling as his hands gathered me. One reaching around me, and the other cupping my cheek.

He held me in place as he kissed me. My head tilted to accept his mouth, and the first touch was tender before the more urgent and full press of him. His tongue filled my mouth, and I held to it with my mouth and hungrily pulled at him. Standing out there we stayed entwined, and I loved how his arms wrapped me so tightly.

It was impossible to know how long it lasted because my head was spinning as we twisted together. My hands ran through his thick hair, and I counted myself fortunate I knew better than to sprawl out right there on the deck with him. That was my impulse, feeling his rock-hard bulge he was rubbing on my stomach.

As we finished our deep kiss, I was sure I was losing my mind, letting this happen, letting myself be completely and utterly taken with him. I also allowed myself to kiss him back a couple of more times, telling myself I was going to stay away from him the rest of the day.

But as we took one last look at each other before going back inside, I was honest with myself. I hoped with all my heart that my face wasn't telegraphing my feelings right then. That he couldn't tell I was thinking about the decisions I had already made. But the way he grinned back, he probably saw it.

Before last night, there was this possibility I was going to do it.

But after last night... I wanted to do it.

Rick

Things rolled right along Saturday morning, even if Amy acted kind of aloof. I thought at first it was just me, but later on, I saw her being the same way with Bobby. I didn't understand it, but it was Amy being Amy.

She was already up and downstairs when I woke up that morning. Then, once I had come downstairs, she didn't stick around, and she actually went back upstairs. Wanted to change clothes, she said. Who changes clothes to go the gym anyway?

Like I said, she was similar with Bobby. He started talking to her about going to play golf instead of getting a workout at the gym. And while her eyes did linger on him, ultimately she had shaken her head 'no.' I think she kept a distance from him the rest of the day, too.

Last night, when she came back to the bedroom after seeing Bobby, there was a difference with her. Sure, she was still heated from having been around Bobby. But normally that intensity would have resulted in us going at it. Or at least one of us wanting to go ahead with the other.

I was so very stoked about how she had mustered the will to go across the hall and see him that I needed relief from it. To her credit, she talked me through it. Told me what had happened. Her hand staying on me as she slowly described it. But it wasn't the same attention she would have given before.

Throughout the day, I anticipated the night to come. Planned how I could coax her again. Encourage her. Tonight had to be the night, if it was going to happen. Everyone was leaving tomorrow.

Maybe her distance with Bobby, and with me, was her having second thoughts. Reconsidering. Who could blame her? This was as 'out there' as being

adventuresome got. If she had gone as far as she could, you couldn't blame her.

I had my words and approach carefully planned just in case she did want to continue.

Bobby

Something was up with her on Saturday.

The day started great when I found her outside taking in the sunrise. Kissing her deeply, she responded back like we could go ahead right there on the deck. I loved it.

But as the day picked up, things changed. I tried to get her to go with us to play golf, but she wouldn't hear of it. She only wanted to go to the gym.

Then, in the afternoon, I came home, hoping to see her. Maybe go for a walk. Hang out.

No such luck. She went for a long walk with my dad, and then disappeared for a drive. What was going on?

I even texted her a couple of times. Asked if she was alright.

She answered she was. That "everything's fine." But didn't say anything more.

Dinner would tell me more. The look on her face. How she responded.

Yeah, others would be around. But with how close we had gotten, I was sure she'd make it clear.

The closer it got to dinner, the more keyed-up I got. I couldn't remember having such anticipation ever before.

She was all I could think about.

...

8.

Saturday Night Dinner

Amy

As I got ready for dinner trying to make myself look as appealing as possible, inside I laughed at myself. The touch of make-up, my expensive blowout, and my red gloss, all couldn't push aside my angst in my heart. It was just the way it was.

My day had wound-up taking quite its own interesting path. From soaring with Bobby at sunrise, it was probably inevitable I'd have to make it back down to the ground. Thank goodness it had been a gentle descent, I suppose.

After my workout, I'd made it a point to seek out Alan. Now as I straightened my designer evening dress, checking and re-checking whether the v-neck came down too far, our talk resonated with me.

Why had I even brought this thing with Bobby up with him, I had asked myself more than once. Pulling on the thin, fitted fabric that clung so well, I again considered my reasons. Both good and bad.

The good side of me admitted some vague sense of needing to do it. That same good side of me that chose the one V-neck I had that only hinted where my cleavage started was also the better side that

took the high ground. Alan was Bobby's father. That matters.

Alan and I had had our problems over twenty years, but we had pulled together always when it came to Fran and Bobby. We just had. So when I was losing my mind over Bobby and in the worst way, I thought it fitting I give Alan an idea about how crazy I was being.

Leaving the bathroom mirror, I went straight for the heels to slip on. The black heels to match the simple black dress for the evening. The black dress whose significance Alan would appreciate based on our history. And that Bobby would appreciate because of his instincts as a hungry young man.

Ah, and there was another sliver to this. The level somewhere tucked away when this talk had happened. That while time was moving on me, I could still have this sort of problem. This, of course, wasn't by any means why this was happening. But

it was maybe something that would be noticed by the guy who now had moved on to the much younger spouse.

Our talk had happened while we walked around a nice lake nearby. A place I had resorted to often to clear my head and get air. A place we didn't get interrupted.

I was sure to cover the latest about he and Corine first. It was important to me that they were doing well and that was working. He appreciated that I cared, and I believe he saw that I genuinely did.

I brought things up as gently as I could. "There's something I need to run by you."

"Yeah? Go right ahead."

"Well, it has to do with Bobby."

"Uh oh. I hope things are alright. You guys look like you're getting along great."

I couldn't help a chuckle. "Uh yeah. That's part of it actually."

"Huh?"

This wasn't going to be easy. "It's hard to explain, Alan." Just how closely could I really describe this? "He and I have gotten close."

Alan smiled. "Amy, that's great. I'm happy to hear it."

I hoped he was going to keep that positivity.

Continuing, my eyes kept returning to his. I wanted to be as direct as I could.

"The first night we were all here, Rick thought he saw something. Was intrigued."

"What's that?"

"Um, he saw Bobby checking me out."

Alan stared back, doubtful. "Was he sure?"

I took a breath. "Rick was. I don't think I really was. The long and short of it is that I had a talk with Bobby. Turned out Rick was right."

Alan did a kind-of double take. A reaction that was accompanied by a slight grin.

"Bobby's twenty-two. Got a lot going for him. He definitely loves women."

"Alan, I'm his mother."

Alan nodded vigorously. "I know, I know. I'm just saying. He can come off that way, because... he looks a lot. He's probably always a little... restless."

He tried to put the next part delicately. "I don't think he was actually thinking of you that way."

I almost stopped in my tracks. Told him just how wrong he was. But I kept it together.

"Alan, as it turns out -- he was. And, uh, he is."

Alan's mouth dropped open.

I tried to head off giving away too many details. "I went ahead and checked. It didn't seem possible to me at first either. But, um, he's feeling it."

I wondered if I'd actually done it justice. But the deeper details seemed too hard to explain.

He pondered it a moment and then eyed me closely.

"Amy, the truth is you're a beautiful woman. You really are."

"Thank you for that, Alan."

"You're gorgeous. Brilliant. And, you're like this powerful spirit that he probably absolutely adores."

God, I hope so.

Alan brought the bad with the good though. "It's some phase, I bet. He's bored. Like I said, restless. And if he can even get your attention, well, it can't get more heady than that."

Walking along, I suddenly felt like I had been punched. "You think?"

"Of course. Don't you think so?"

I couldn't speak. I hadn't thought of it this way. Yeah, Bobby was pretty young by some standards. But he was mature in most ways. Graduated from college. Handling himself.

Alan picked up on my silence. Asked me directly. "You haven't taken this seriously, have you?"

I blinked hard. "Yeah. Honestly, I have."

He blurted a stunned laugh. "Seriously? I mean, what are you thinking? Do you want me to talk to him?"

"No." I said it right away. That was the last thing in the world I wanted.

Alan knows me very well and no doubt saw my mixed feelings about this. Probably taken back that there was any 'mix.'

"How do you feel?" He asked.

How did I feel? How honest should I be?

I spoke awkwardly. Plainly awkwardly. "Uh, at first, it was hard for me to believe. It was weird." I gulped. "But we've spent more time together."

"Spent more time together?"

I nodded.

He wasn't even sure what to ask. How to ask it.

"Alone?"

I nodded again. "Alone."

There was some silence. It was like he figured out the safest way to approach me.

He asked. "Do you have feelings for him? I mean... in that way?"

I blinked some more and then had to nod. "I do, Alan. Listen, I don't want you to hate me or anything."

"No. No, I don't."

"I hope not."

He struggled with wanting to know more, but then put it on out there.

"Can I ask you something?" He spoke.

"Yeah."

"You guys... you haven't acted on it, I guess."

I looked back at him. "Some."

His eyes bulged. "Wow."

"I know. 'Wow.' Hey, you can't be more surprised than me. Believe me."

He stayed quiet again. Obviously running this around in his head. When he spoke again it was kind of haltingly.

"You know, in a way, it's sort-of... fascinating."

I finally could breathe. "Isn't it?"

"I mean, he's young, virile. Aggressive. And like I said, you're gorgeous, Amy."

Finally, he was seeing it. Well, there was more to it than what he was describing. A lot more. Before I could tell him that, he leaned closer and lowered his voice.

"You haven't actually...."

"No." He kept watching me, and I went the extra step. "Not yet."

He stopped at once. "Not yet? Are you thinking about it?"

This was what I got for even bringing this up.

I answered softly. "I love him, Alan. I love him very much. And, well, he loves me. It turns out... he loves me that way, too."

He swayed and looked like he could easily fall.

"I don't know what to say." He eased it out.

"Tell me honestly what you think."

"Yeah? Honestly?"

I nodded hard. "Yeah. I want to know."

"Um, how do I put this?" He seemed like he was taking measure of me. Whether he could be as open as he wanted to be.

He finally plunged on.

"On one level, in a purely primal way, I say go for it. The thought of the two of you, with all that should get in the way of it, wanting each other that badly. And," he emphasized, "and seeing both of you in this weird place, like it's something you both need and need so badly, well... that's about as hot as it gets."

I blushed and dizzied. My hand grabbed his.
"Thank you, Alan."

"Wait. I'm not finished."

"You're not?"

"Amy, the bottom line is that this is wild and all, but it's just... just lust. It's just for now."

"I don't know about that. Like I said we love each other."

"So, you think you're going to stay together? Once you become lovers, really lovers, that you'll stay that way?"

I didn't speak.

He was as gentle as he could be. "Or, will that part end, and then there will always be this leftover something that may be hard to work around."

I really didn't think it had to be like that, but I had no real basis to say so.

"Just think about it." He smiled. "And thank you for sharing this. It would have been damn easy not to."

We hugged.

After we parted, I wound up driving around. Didn't really talk to Bobby. Rick. Just got away.

And now standing in my heels and one of my two favourite black dresses, I got ready to go out to dinner.

Standing straight and finding my good smile, I reminded myself that I was the hostess tonight, and that I wanted everything to go well.

I wanted everyone to be happy.

But it didn't have to be perfect.

Rick

Patterson's turned out to be an excellent choice for our last night together, but I couldn't help but feel a twinge of disappointment. Amy was sweet to me, but the liveliness I'd seen in her the last couple of days didn't seem to still be there. No question about it, that whole thing was totally up to her. I needed to go lightly with all that.

I can't exactly put my finger on it, but I got the impression Bobby caught on, too. On the way over to the restaurant, Amy had Fran and her husband

ride with us in Amy's BMW. Bobby had already headed our way when Amy changed that up.

Dinner was fantastic, but even that was different. Amy loves her Chardonnay, occasionally has some red, or even samples tequila. Tonight was none of that. One glass of red with the meal was it.

Bobby played off that. I know him to love his beer. He drank it every time we hit the course while he was there. Yet, he too kept it to a glass of red with the meal.

On our way home, I steered things so that Bobby drove us back. Once Amy saw that I had arranged it, she handed her set of keys over to Bobby so Bobby could drive us home.

Sitting in the back worked because I had the vantage spot of watching the two of them up there together. I was probably nuts for looking at it this

way, but there was almost this kind of tension between them on the way back.

Bobby glanced over a couple of times, and both times it drew looks back from her. But they mostly stayed quiet. I did what little talking that happened.

Feeling a little emboldened, I couldn't help myself. I spoke up with some subdued energy in my tone.

"Amy, you looked fantastic tonight. You really did."

Bobby had to chime in. "Yeah, you did. Absolutely beautiful."

She looked to Bobby. From where I was sitting, I couldn't tell if she was smiling or not. Probably, I figured.

"Thank you." She replied.

I piped up. "That's a lovely dress. Perfect for you."

Over to Bobby, I added, "As much as I like that one, her other black dress she likes is even better."

"Yeah?" Bobby was definitely intrigued.

"Rick...." Her tone tried to discourage me.

"Oh Amy," I kept going, "you know I love that one. It's so hot on you."

She didn't answer at first.

Bobby asserted himself. "You have another one? I bet you look great in it."

She laughed softly. "That's not the dress for a night like tonight."

Bobby shot right back. "What's it best for?"

Her face swept over to glare at him.

He asked. "How's it different?"

From the backseat, it seemed she contemplated her answer. After a second, her head eased back on the headrest. A glimpse of the back of her right arm appeared that her arm moved more over her middle.

It stayed aloft as she spoke. "The neckline goes too far for a night like tonight."

The way Bobby peered over, it looked like his attention was at her chest.

We were almost home.

In the dark silence of the car, I offered something to think about.

"Bobby, you gotta see it some time. She's beautiful in it."

He looked to her. "I'm sure she is."

After we got back, Bobby was fast over to open her car door and extend his hand.

She accepted his hand, and took her time swinging her legs over and getting out.

Bobby's eyes never left her.

Bobby

Dinner that night wasn't what I had expected, and she kept me off balance. Again. That had kept things interesting, I guess. But it sure wasn't easy.

She came downstairs, making an entrance like some movie star. Absolutely gorgeous in her black dress and heels. Some diamond earrings. Her blonde hair had a full, lively look. And that smile.

Wow.

She said her hellos around, and we all got ready to leave. I had hoped for some words between us that would be keeping our banter going, but it didn't happen. Just a pat to my arm that was as usual as if we hadn't been acting like we had since Wednesday.

When we headed to the cars, I went for hers, and she threw me when she told Fran for them to come with her. I really missed getting the time with her on the way over to the restaurant. Probably looked better to everyone else though. Nothing to draw attention.

That was how I wound-up looking at things during dinner. Maybe her distance served as being careful. I fought off the urge to think she'd had a change of heart. Surely that wasn't happening.

Before we were all sat at our table, we went to order drinks at the bar. The drinks were still being made when the maître d' came to take us to our table.

I volunteered to bring our drinks over when they were ready. For everyone else to go ahead to the table.

She appreciated that. Said she'd stick around and help me. And, I in turn appreciated that. Her first real sign that night that we were still close.

Patterson's was pretty busy that night, and it meant the bar was crowded. I had angled in to get us a spot at the bar, but there were people close on both sides of us also trying to get their drinks. It put her standing sideways in direction to the bar and almost touching to me.

I loved how we stood inches from each other. With her facing me, she had the option of either looking to her side towards the bartender or directing her eyes up and straight into mine. Luckily, she chose gazing up at me.

"You look gorgeous in that dress.", I said.

She smiled. "Thank you. You're looking handsome yourself."

I'd gone with some fine wool trousers, a dress shirt, and some jeans, topped by a jacket. Interestingly, her eyes seemed to absorb all of it. As she took me in, she spoke casually.

"This place is packed."

"Yeah, but you picked well. They have great food here."

"Have you brought many dates here before?" She asked.

I was candid. "No, but I'd like to bring you sometime. Just us."

She didn't answer right away, and as the crowd increased, some movement put me in contact with her. My chest and my right arm brushed against her

chest. It didn't last long. But it was a full, distinct press that had to have rubbed where her breasts were held at the top of the thin dress.

Immediately, I wondered if it had been somewhat sensual for her. We were already standing close enough for me to detect her lilac perfume she had chosen, and no doubt my best cologne wafted some. My glance to her face picked-up on her lips parting.

"Are you okay?" My hand found hers between us and held it. She squeezed back.

Leaving her eyes on mine an extended moment, she nodded.

With her hand still with mine, another movement from behind us swayed us tighter. This time our chests met, but also our hands touched to the crotch

of my trousers, a trace that the back of her hand swept over my cock just under the wool.

Her eyes flashed to mine, so I know she got what she felt. When her brow tensed as if I had been intentional at all, part of me wanted to rebel. I squinted right back at her as if she were the offending one, and in a kind of rebuff I shifted her hand open in my direction, as if I was going to press her to me.

When our hands just lingered there, she had to have known I was teasing. Before I could let go of her hand, she called my bluff. Her open hand closed the narrow distance to resettle back where it had made contact. And when her hand again felt the solid roundness that was directly under the fabric, this time her palm there and not the back of her hand, it deliberately gripped and squeezed. First, the squeeze, and then a tug down, as if to take a measure of what was there.

Instinctively, I straightened in place, shocked.

Her reaction came instantly as well, but her mouth opened, and her brow raised. Her very next expression, still right into my eyes, was a kind of vulnerability. Her brow still knotted, but her eyes in a wince. As if she was in trouble.

Our exchange was cut short. The drinks were placed for us, and we gathered them. I would have to make another trip back up to get the rest of them, but we took what we could.

We said nothing as we got to the table. After I had brought the remaining drinks back, I sat in the open chair, and as it turned out, the seats everyone had taken put us facing one another. I met her gaze over as soon as I settled in.

It was a definite contemplation from her. Probably longer than she had intended. Coming off as

serious. Like she was trying to understand something.

The table chatter took her look from me, and dinner progressed just fine. I saw her nurse a glass of red, and it struck me as a great idea, and I did the same.

I saw it as us both wanting to be very aware tonight. At least, that's how I took it. I knew I wanted it for myself.

And I wanted her fully into the night herself.

Saturday Night

9.

Amy

The drive back home from the restaurant became more intense than I had expected. Once Ricky got Bobby over into our car, I was reeling even more than ever. It seemed I was completely unable to create space from Bobby.

The early evening had been my own doing. Helping at the bar was natural since Bobby was stepping up to take care of the drinks. But standing that close to him, the touches, it put me under some spell.

When we were blocked from anyone's view and he teased like he was going to pat my hand to him, I showed him who was bold. I went ahead and took my own feel of him. A greedy grope for fun.

But the result I got was not at all what I expected. If my perception from standing in front of him the other night had faded, then my clutch to him standing there in that restaurant made it very clear what I was dealing with. My reach onto Bobby's trousers had found the thickest cock I had ever felt.

As if the rest of the circumstances weren't overwhelming enough, that realization only exacerbated everything. Two years with Rick had stalled us some. Probably had something to do with all this craziness.

Now, I had fallen in love with the absolutely last person I should have. And to top it off, the temptation of him offered an experience I had never come close to.

After my talk with Alan, and my spinning about, I had earlier in the evening gotten myself to the point of being responsible again. Deciding not to follow

my heart. Standing that close again. Having such a profound sexual moment with him again. There was no getting around it. It had shaken me.

Taking the ride back from the restaurant with him, once Rick had made Bobby being with us happen, then yeah, I handed him the keys. I wanted him to drive. I wanted to sit beside him in the front seat and be able to feel a sample of giving him control.

And as much as I may have hated myself for it, I loved the feeling of it with everything I had. I had to keep quiet as much as I could to keep from saying something stupid. Or obvious. Or, from reaching over and feeling his trousers again, just to make sure I wasn't imagining what I had held earlier.

And when Rick brought up my other dress, I swear. I thought I was going to lose it. Rick knew what he was doing. He was toying with me. Playing me expertly.

The worst part was that it was working. Sitting in that car next to Bobby, hearing him ask me about my most provocative dress. I almost confessed to him. Almost told him that I would wear it for him. In order to get what I wanted from him. What I needed from him.

But the cooler me prevailed. The sane me that I would be at home for the rest of the night. The cute me that flirted about the fuck-me dress's neckline. The teasing me that ran a finger to the slight bare place between my tits in tonight's dress for emphasis. My gesture only on view for Bobby, and not for Rick tagging along in the back.

As we pulled to a stop, I told myself that we'd had our fun for the night. That I'd get a glass of wine to take upstairs, and then be the good, smart me. Not the naughty, crazy me.

But as lately was occurring with me, it couldn't be that easy. Bobby jumped from the car once he'd

parked us. Was over and opening my door for me, ever the gentlemen. Not possibly knowing that I didn't want him to keep charming me almost as much as I really did.

And that naughty, crazy me was still around. Slow to exit the car and fully knowing his eyes were on me. Bobby's mother could have pulled at the hem of her dress down as her legs extended from the car. Could have kept her legs close together as she accepted Bobby's hand to lift from the car.

Instead, the nasty me, and the one I couldn't let venture out again after we were upstairs, had her fun in the moment. The dress rode up my thighs unimpeded, and the legs didn't stay close. The little pause before the last exertion upward offered a clear sight line from where Bobby waited at my side.

After I had fully stood, I met his eyes with mine to see how much of a display I must have made for

him. The mesmerized stare back from him didn't disappoint.

Naughty me must have flashed my favourite lace panties.

Rick

Back inside, Amy was more quiet than usual. Said she was tired, while telling everyone goodnight. But she did manage to pour herself a good glass of one of her favourite red wines.

I couldn't really tell how truly responsive she had been to my mischievous efforts on the way home. The look of her letting her head rest backward near home seemed promising. But I thought her usual self would have engaged in playfulness with our banter. It said a lot that she didn't.

As we got into the bedroom, I held out hope. Kissing her shoulder and hugging her from behind, I liked how she paused before getting out of her dress and heels. I wondered what she was thinking. Tomorrow Bobby was leaving. Who knew when we'd all be together again.

The air of magic that had hovered at times over the last few days may have been waning. But the allure of how Bobby had shown interest, and then her reaction right back, it all still thrilled me. It was worth exploring a final time.

Before I broke our embrace, I shared quietly. "You're going to miss him, aren't you?"

Her head bowed a moment, Then nodded.

I backed over near the closet and shed my shoes. My socks and the rest started going, too. She took a

drink of the wine and peered about at nothing in particular.

"You really did look fantastic tonight."

"Thank you." Barely audibly.

Her hand shook her hair to loosen it, and she appeared to set herself about changing out of her dress, kicking off her heels. Her tongue licked some wine from her lips, and the erotic sense from her encouraged me to try.

I stepped into the closet and spoke over as I looked for what I wanted. "He was definitely intrigued, hearing about your dress."

"You think so?" Her tone sounded so hopeful. That was what she wanted. And that told me what I was about to propose was the right thing to do.

First, there was a question for her. "Did that make you wet?"

"What?" She replied with almost a shrill.

I stuck my upper torso around the corner of the closet to look her in the eye.

"Did Bobby wanting to know how your more daring dress was different -- did that make you wet?"

Her whole body sagged like she was taking on a wave washing over her. Her eyes went narrow and her lips opened. "Yeah." She sighed. "It did."

I stepped from around the closet and into the bedroom facing her. I was holding up the other black dress.

A slow chuckle came from her. "No, Rick. I don't think--"

"Just go show it to him." I grinned. "He wanted to see it, right?"

She drew a long taste of the red, and then struck a serious tone. "You shouldn't send me over there, Rick." She tossed her hair some, like she was trying to be cool about the prospect of what we were talking about. "I don't know what'll happen if I do that."

I walked over and handed the dress to her. "I do."

We both grinned, and she hugged me as her hand accepted the dress.

"I don't know...." Her words trailed as she stepped into the bathroom to get changed and the dress just so.

I laid back on the bed, taking in the mischief I had set in motion. "There's only one catch."

What's that?" She was hurrying to get ready. Like maybe there was some deadline that might stop her.

"You have to come back and tell me every detail."

"Yeah?" She was nervously half-smiling as she emerged from the bathroom. Smoothing the dress about, even though it clung to her so well, she didn't need to.

"Yeah." I said emphatically. "And, you have to save some energy for me."

"Of course."

Fidgeting in place, she asked. "How do I look?"

"Breathtaking.", I said. "One other thing."

"What's that?"

"Use a touch of red." I motioned to her lips.

"Yeah? You think?"

I gave her a wicked grin. "Go ahead."

She disappeared a moment, and then returned.

"Perfect." I noted.

Stepping closer to the door, she opened up to me. "Can I tell you something? I don't want you to start feeling jealous all of a sudden."

"You don't have to worry about that." I wanted to have her well-fucked by him. I knew it'd be the most intense experience for her ever. "Tell me. I want to know."

Her face took a look at her hands that she couldn't keep still, and I couldn't remember ever having seen her so awed by anything as much as this.

"I am so nervous." She barely spoke.

"Yeah? Good."

"No, I mean, I don't think I've felt this nervous since...."

"Since?"

"Well," her head raised, her eyes were wide. "Since my first time."

My breath caught. "Yeah? Wow."

I got up and went to her. She stiffened, and I got she didn't want to ruffle her look. "You're going to be fine, Amy."

She nodded and smiled. "Thank you, Rick. Thank you for making this happen."

Watching her pad over towards the door, I stopped her. "Wait."

As she paused, I ducked back into the closet. I came out with a different set of heels than she'd worn earlier. These were higher.

"Oh, Rick." Her voice dipped. "I don't know. Won't those make me look like I'm...."

I handed them to her and kept a soft tone. "Like you're asking for it? Like you're ready to be... his slut maybe?"

Giving her my strongest look, I put them in her hand.

She only paused a second more, and then slipped them right on.

"I'll be back." She said over her shoulder.

"I hope so," I said more seriously than I probably liked.

And with that, she went through the door, and over to him.

In my heart, I knew that this experience was going to be like her first time she had already mentioned. That what waited on her across the hall was going to a new first time. One that could never be topped.

That when she came back after this, she was going to be a different woman.

Bobby

If the last few days had been a wild roller coaster of a time for me, I could only imagine what it had been like for her. To find herself in this position with me? She had to be crazy beside herself.

I could understand her not knowing exactly which way to go.

I absolutely knew what I wanted. What I was going to do. What I wanted with every ounce of me to do.

Her? From the look in face, back at the bar and then again in the car, I knew what she wanted to do.

I'd even say what she needed to do.

But what she'd actually do? Who knew?

It was one thing to come over to my bedroom. It was going to be another thing altogether to make love with me. To let me fuck her.

I expected she'd make her way across that hall to me. I didn't know that she'd go all the way.

If she did, I wanted it to be the most intimate experience she'd ever had.

All this ran through me was I laid in bed and waited to see if she'd appear. Stripped to my boxers, I laid there and couldn't help but picture her from the other night. When she'd opened her robe and let me look.

That and the peak of her white lace panties as she got out of the car earlier had gotten me extended in those boxers. My own expectations were so heated I knew that whether she showed up or not, that I was going to have to get relief. I was ready to explode.

A sound in the hall riveted me. A door being closed? Then her hushed voice? It was so low that I couldn't make out what was said.

What if it was her, and she was calling for me?

Hopping right up, I darted straight for my door. Swinging it open and then taking a step out, I loved what I saw.

There in the dimmed upstairs landing that served as a big open hall and for the whole floor, she stood in that more daring, black tight dress. Like a second skin, it made her body as sexually curved and defined as possible, the neckline plunging deep into open cleavage that was obviously unbound and hanging unsupported but provocatively.

Down past the bottom of the dress, past where it stopped at above the knee, past where lean legs and calves were uncovered, there were higher black

heels than earlier. Heels with enough loft to define her calves.

Her face went from looking off to the side to glancing to me. When I did see her face fully, I adored how she had gone to the trouble of red gloss at her lips. Some liner that drew you to her eyes. But those eyes held concern. And when her view went back off to the side, so did mine, and I got why she had been startled.

Across the way stood my dad.

He appeared as surprised to see her at my door, and me standing there in only my boxers, as we were to see him. It couldn't have been lost on him the effort she had made to spruce up a certain way since we'd gotten home. Just as it wasn't lost on me.

The awkward discovery froze us all a moment.

Dad finished heading on into his room with what looked like a fresh bottle of water retrieved from downstairs. "Goodnight." He managed.

"Goodnight," we both said back in unison.

I held the bedroom door open for her, and she made her way as quickly as her high heels permitted. The tapping on the hardwoods were up-tempo and seemed to resound on the landing. A new, intoxicating mix of lavender and rose swooshed by as her body went close by me and on inside my bedroom.

"Oh my god," she exhaled as I closed the door behind us, finally having her safe inside.

"Wow, you look stunning." It was all I could utter, even though there was also the catch by my father of what was up.

Standing right in front of me in my bedroom, my mother got a serious look in her face, unsmiling and her mouth fixed. Her eyes went from distant in thought to orienting to me right in front of her. No sound came, but the lifting of her brow signalled some deep acknowledgement.

She had stepped from outside where her ex-husband, and my father, had clearly seen what she was up to. Now she was alone and facing me in my bedroom. Bare chested and only in boxers.

With the lump in those thin boxers stretching with urgency. It hit me like it must have been hitting her in that moment. The obvious message we were both showing.

She was wanting me to fuck her. And I was wanting to fuck her. And the last person who should have witnessed, or next to last, had just done so.

The actual last person, the person who more than anyone was impacted by this, was standing in front of me. Her arms came slowly up to my shoulders at the same time my arms wrapped around her. As the distance closed, my cock pulsed.

As my body pulled her in to mesh her billowy chest to mine, her perfumed face tilted up and meeting mine, there was also strong feeling washing over her as well. As her middle pressed to my crotch in our embrace.

And the feel of her son's formidable hard-on became immediate for her.

We hugged tight a moment.

As we stood holding onto one another, the feel of her soft and unguarded with me fuelled me even more. I started planting pecks to her cheeks then her mouth. Her mouth didn't move away, and with

closed-eyed acceptance she gradually responded the same way.

The tender touches from us both gave way to more, to intentional, wanting energy. To me sending my lips and tongue to her needing her admittance, and her deliberately giving me same.

When my tongue danced about in her mouth and she held it tight, my hands became eager. Down from their spot on her low back, they fell lower and lower as I bent towards her to get them where I wanted. My tilt low meant my face pressed her firmer, and it only drove my tongue deeper. No resistance met it.

My hands got around the bottom curve of her ass, a quick squeeze before I gathered to pull up the thin material to get to her underwear. Only once the dress was cleared from her, there was only the smooth, bare skin of her waiting ass.

I moaned hard into her mouth with my realization. That at some point across the hall, when probably out of the sight of her boyfriend, she had changed dresses. And when she had, she had made that decision. To take off her panties. To be ready for me.

My blood surged and I lifted her high, jolting her face away from mine and getting her gasp out loud for us to hear. Her arms and hands held me tight, as I swung her over to my bed. Not at all expecting her legs to wrap around me, it energized me even more when they did.

Two steps over, and I was easing us down. Me getting my back and bottom to perch on my bed. She releasing her legs to fold under her thighs. The dress bunched and revealing for my downward glimpse the uncovered brown-blond bush waiting for me.

Frantically, I got my hands between us. Ripping down as best I could the snagged underwear, I got

my hard dick cleared, her face staying down and watching keenly for my revealed condition. Soon as I got myself available, my hands returned to her ass, and a tug of her forward brought her pussy sliding wetly down my bending shaft.

The touch of us, for the first time her sex being in contact with her son's dick, made her give a light shriek. Instantly, it hit her where we were. Our kisses started brushing again as I grew more desperate for her feel on me, and she must have been as lost in it. Her hips worked back and forth furiously, coating me with juices and lips that rubbed me hard.

At some point, we both slowed and our faces parted. Her stare at me bore deeply and after a second of marvelling, her eyes arched up, questioning and wondering.

In response, my hips moved decidedly. Solidly sending my shaft to glide her lips again. Looking at

her, as she felt the hardness pressing her, I nodded. My hands gathered at her ass.

Keeping her eyes on mine, her hands planted to the headboard up and over me. Her hips helped get her up and momentarily away. Long enough for me to get a hand between us.

Gripping the base of me, I got positioned under her. My cock was as full and as hard as it had ever been. I reminded myself to be gentle, how we needed to take our time.

Her look turned frightened and uncertain.

I spoke huskily. "I love you."

A nervous tight smile came. "I love you, too."

Her hand eased back to her to take some hair behind her ear, and it happened. A little squat from her and a stern positioning up from me. Our eyes were locked when my head passed her lips.

Her face tensed. "Oh Bobby."

"Yeah," I sounded from my throat.

Even though she was soaked, her inner walls slowed me at first. For the first time, I thought about the actual feel of her. How she held me inside her sex.

Her adjusting up and back, to take more of me in, first had me wonder how long it had been for her. But my very next thought was that she had her boyfriend. That made me pulse because it hit me he was across the hall right now. As she and I maneuvered to work more of my cock into her.

Suddenly, she got both palms flat to the headboard and her face levelled out like she needed to be alert. Her hips did a curvy rotation on me before sinking just past more of me, but she didn't stay. Her bent legs flexed taking her back up me some more.

As hard as it was to do, I refrained at first from moving much. She held me with her pussy walls like a glove that would work its way on smoothly. Her mouth was opening wider.

As her legs relaxed once more, her hands left one by one from above me to fall and grip to my shoulders. Tight. Her head now bowed in my direction. Her mouth still agape as she took more of me.

I kept my one hand holding me still for her while the other one came up to snatch at her strap on her shoulder. My hand wiped the strap off in unison with her shoulder bending to help me get it off, and

the black satin fell away from her tit. Her red, swollen nipple waited in front of my face.

My mouth pressed her thick nipple and the feel of me inside her together with my suckle shuddered her. When I greedily sucked more nipple and breast, one of her hands left the headboard and cupped into my hair. Supporting my mouth pulling on her hard must have released something because she drifted down further now, taking more of me.

In a raised tone, her tight cry broke the silence. "Oh god."

Her head fell just back, and she was down far enough to wet my hand. The time had come to pull my hand away, and it went about the same undressing of her other side with her help. Her other breast felt just as full and pliant, her thick, swollen nipple rolling away inside my mouth.

Now both hands swept into my hair, as her pussy busied with trying to find a rhythm. It was like she

stayed unsure. And even as her hands seemed to relish waving through my hair, their caressing didn't last long. Rather, her soft hands had to plant back onto my shoulders.

Her grip there tightened even as her strokes on me seemed to find a pace. Not yet full or complete, her moves were no less wilful and now distinct. When her mouth parted further, I took it as encouragement.

Gradually, I moved with her. As much flexing my hips as anything else. More of a straightening. There was dampness seeping into my crotch, especially when she was plunging downward.

With her hands slipping from my shoulders to my chest, her head also tilted back. My hands went behind to the base of her back to help her go as far as she wanted.

And slowly, grinding and wiggling, she got there, got into a dance of careful up-and-downs that had her beginning to ride me, and both of us holding back moans.

The feel of her gripping me inside and taking more and more overwhelmed me. Some of my restraint fell away, and my hips started, too. An insistent bucking that had each stroke nodding her head in response. That reaction kept up even as her head sank further back and her chest swelled to thrust her breasts out wantonly.

The beauty of her head back and her tits bouncing combined with her pussy lapping me, and my cock got serious with what it wanted. With taut drives up and back, my dick found more of her.

Soon as I got there, that spot on back and on the top deep inside her, I got my grinding well into her, and the deep fucking ravished her, getting a full-throated gasp of air and her torso whipping

forward and back. Her hips demanded the pumping keep on, and with a wide-open mouth her body started shaking.

Her convulsing brought me right there, but before I shot, I felt much more wetness spill from her. A desperately muffled shrill rang from her as she couldn't stop shaking. Her arms bunched together getting her tits ballooned in between, and those red nipples were all I saw through clenched eyes as wave after wave of lightness and electricity hit me.

We trembled tight in each other's arms as we rode it out.

Several moments passed. I was still buried deep within her as I felt it. Her shoulders twitching with little jumps in my arms. I eased to where I could glimpse her face and saw the tears.

I was aghast. "What's the matter?"

She spoke through soft sobs. "I've never... I've never felt that... I've never cum like that."

Hearing that, and hearing the word 'cum' from her lips sent a last surge through me. We both felt me pulse deep in her. As a response, she pushed to grind onto me a last time.

She was right, and had soaked me with her finish, me loving it as I held her tight.

We drifted off, both of us absolutely spent.

10.

Amy

In the middle of the night, I woke up to movement jostling the sheets, and when I saw Bobby's face as he climbed out of bed, I almost panicked. There in the darkness, he headed over to the bathroom, and I realized I had no idea what time it was.

Frantically, I pulled out of bed. The vivid memories of Bobby facing me and us making love dizzied me. My middle reignited, and I didn't know how much of the puddling was from last night or from my thinking about him.

Hurriedly, I sat up. The unquestionable pouring and splashing that resonated from the bathroom told me Bobby was taking care of his business in there. My shoes were right beside the bed, and I

started slipping them on. In my periphery, I could detect the shadow of Bobby near me.

In my quiet voice, I started saying goodbye. "Hey, I better get back--"

My voice caught just like my breath.

There standing over me was Bobby. The sight of his face and hair was indistinct because my gaze didn't make it that far. My attention was riveted to where his crotch was in front of my face.

I waited, frozen in place and watched wantonly as his thick cock throbbed back to life. Only after it had swollen, after it had grown for me and at me, only after I had scrutinized its smooth veined column and protruding head, only then did I look up to my son.

Neither of us spoke. He stared down at me. Not commenting. Certainly not apologizing.

I was sure I looked at him blankly. I hadn't even had a chance to process last night. To understand all that had happened. To accept that my son had made me a different woman. To know for certain that he'd now be the one man who would always have it. Have complete power over me. That could have me whenever he wanted.

Looking down at me, he must have sensed it, too. A knowing look in his eye. Unflinching and standing too close for me to easily stand up. And the thick cock no longer dangled and pulsed between his legs. It stretched out at me. Too heavy to angle far up, it made up for its trajectory by going as fully taut and extended as I could possibly have imagined.

I was sitting there helpless and dumbfounded, and I think we both knew it. I was in way over my head.

Loving him. Having surrendered to him. But this...His standing there and...expecting?

It was a simple move. A gesture for me. His hands going to his hips. That time-old poise of the one standing strong and there for the other.

And I suppose he looked for some gesture from me, too. And even though I was lost, my instinct remained. Enough to sit forward for him.

Another instinct was to reach out a hand. He was well close enough to where it was easy, but I didn't. Both my hands rested on the top of the sheet, while I sat up straight and ready.

He didn't wait and he moved even closer, his one hand tracing hair at the side of my head.

"I... I...." Why did I not move? At all?

This was my chance. Before his next step closer. Before how the high ride of my favourite black dress that while sitting didn't get far enough down my thighs to keep them from being parted.

His right hand left his hip. Extended over to my cheek, and with that one gesture the rest of him followed, putting his stance between his mother's knees that had to sway some to accommodate his closeness.

If some shock was what had frozen me to now, then that gave way to fear. This couldn't happen. What had already happened was too much. This... this was too much.

This was something I had done less and less with Rick. It was something that stopped long, long ago with Alan.

Again my words came out barely audible in the dark room. "I have to go."

From his eyes high above me I had to follow to where his hand left my cheek and his other hand moved as well. Both went to my shoulders. To the thin black straps that held to my shoulders. His firm wiping of those straps over my skin slid them right off, sending them collapsing down my arms.

Once again, the thin black dress betrayed me, taking the shield of the top of it away from my trembling breasts. Exposing to us both the taut, thick red nipples dying for touch.

His hands went wide and each stroked over me, firing sparks throughout me and making me lean myself to him. When his hands cupped me to hold, I felt it. Felt the now hard smoothness push into the bunch of my breasts that he had gathered.

A deft adjustment by him, a slight push and then part, opened a valley between my heavy tits, and when he in turn leaned more to me, it drove that stalk of him to mash that seldom-touched skin right in the middle of my chest.

"Bobby." I breathed out to him.

My hands first grabbed to his wrists. Squeezed.

But his hips raised at the same time his hands worked to close me tight to his cock erect between my breasts. That push up by him driving his cockhead higher instinctively got my face to lift. Another lean against me got me melding to him, my hands fleeing off his wrists to hide behind his back, holding him tight to me.

My whole body dizzied for the few moments where we stayed in that hug but his engorged dick pumped up and down cradled with my gathered

tits. My face swept back and forth over his solid pecs, my mouth rudely opening to take in more of how smooth and firm everything about him seemed to be.

I have no idea how long that lasted. Some contorted connection where he was grinding to my billowed chest, and I was sitting arched and accepting, but another urgent fear leapt forward the very moment the pressure of him to me started loosening. His hips and cock easing further from me.

There was about to be a different approach. A different choice he was making, and I knew I had to disconnect us before it was too late. This was seconds before going beyond what I imagined. We were both about to be even more distinct people here. I got my hands around and planted them against his hips.

"Bobby."

His name had just left my mouth when one of his hands went into my hair. I sent my eyes to see where he was from me, and that's when his head grazed my jaw. His head traced more causing smooth tight skin to rub along my delicate flesh.

The soft sheet under me dampened, and I didn't move. Didn't look back up. Didn't move back. Didn't think.

There was just the continuing line being made along my face as closer and closer his thick brown pubes came until they tickled to my nose. This musky scent intoxicated me, even as his cock nudged more to my face, and my skin didn't leave the feel of him to me.

My head didn't dare move back up, and I hated myself as I greedily waited to see just how daring he was going to be. I wasn't going to do something to encourage him, but I wasn't backing away.

Sitting there waiting was encouraging him, and I still didn't budge.

Even as my mind scrutinized what his touch was doing, there was this continued worry about where I would stop this. It had to be soon. For both of us. His taut skin along my jaw made that certain.

Whatever wonder there was got its answer. Both his hands in my hair getting a better tilt downward. At the same time, a good shift of his hips just up. Then, it only took a slow move from him left to right to drag his heavy cock flush against my pretty face.

Everything in me was glad I was where he couldn't see my face. The twisted brow. The parted lips. The plain relish likely displayed.

He took another, disgusting swipe back over my face, and I gasped. My hands holding harder to his hips. My heart leaping inside.

By the time his fist took his base and angled him up, it was hopeless. It had to be clear to both of us i wasn't going anywhere. The question became how it was going to happen.

The answer evolved gradually. His hand using his head to draw about my soft pout. An urging from him. A caress from my lips to him. And then, his prying and my opening put my son's cock past my lips.

Electricity whipped through me, and again a flushing had to have soaked sheets under me. Unthinking instinct got my mouth pressed tight to him. Fuck, he's in my mouth.

It must have been instinct of his own that flexed him, and the hard, smooth head and start of him got further than I expected. His hands moved in my hair. He was moaning.

A sudden weightlessness clouded about, and all I could sense was how his thickness had my mouth and cheeks ballooning. With my eyes squinted tight, my hands waved helplessly in the air. But the very next instant, my palms landed flat to his crotch to frame what he was giving me as my cheeks then hallowed from my intake of him.

He grunted loud. "UUNNGHH!"

I blurted a muffled groan of my own. "Ungh." Much quieter with my mouth filled.

His hands held to my head, and his hips rotated up and down, and even as I told myself to stop, my mouth on its own slurped strokes hungrily.

More panic flashed through. Fast, awful thoughts tormented as I tried to please him. Of all things, the fact Rick across the hall awaited. Alan in the bedroom across the way no doubt awake and wondering how I could have lost my mind. Never in his wildest imagination knowing I was doing what I long ago stopped for him, or even for Rick, for that matter.

More pumps from both of us had me desperate. One and then another shrill cry from my throat. Sounds that stayed hushed because so much of him was past my lips and tongue, and my mouth stayed clamped to him.

The emergency then struck -- he was probably close. What am I going to do?

Sure enough, that long-ago taste of salty bitterness arrived, but soon as it did, his hands were taking me from him. A flurry of moves by him got me

further back on the bed, then turned me about and up on my knees.

Getting his change of mind right away, once again I helped him. Shamelessly, my knees and hands navigated around to face towards his bedframe. One of his hands got hold of the front of my hip and then lifted hard. He wanted my ass up in the air.

And he got it.

A quick moment, and his other hand was wiping his seeping cock right at my pussy. A push. More like a stab and he got several inches inside that had me moaning too loud.

"Ohhhh god."

His hips went wild. Unlike my ride atop him earlier, this was pure fucking me, and it wasn't like I was doing anything at all, except bouncing back

and forth as his hands jerked me hard along his cock.

In no time, he was grinding deep and staying there. Trying with all his might to keep his ragged moaning only inside the room, and hopefully it was working. I couldn't tell because his kicking all the way inside me, telling me was cumming inside me, kept me oblivious to anything else in the world.

Slowing to a stop for a couple of seconds, my breath worked hard to calm at the same time his cock stayed stuffed deep inside me. Only when my knees felt too shaky did I move,

As he left me, slipping slowly from my lips, the void inside me was unlike anything ever. My arms and legs let me collapse onto his bed. Left in a messy heap.

I could barely form words. "Oh Bobby."

Shifting in my direction, but also falling right beside me, his torso bounced rocking the bed.

"Amy."

Too depleted to feel shock, still hearing him warmed me. My eyes went straight up to his. The first time I could remember him having called me that.

There was the cutest smile at his lips. His arms gathered to me, and I did not resist.

My voice cooed at him. Unabashedly. "I guess you've earned the right to call me that."

Hugging me tight, he got his mouth in close to my ear, where he whispered. "Have I?"

I nodded, lost in him and staying put for the rest of the night. "Yeah, you have."

Already drifting back to sleep, I heard him add. "I love you."

I made sure he could hear me, as faded as I felt. "I love you, too."

There in each other's arms, we were perfect.

THE END