

ROSALITA CH. 01

Ahabscribe

18-year-old guy is reunited with older Latina.

Mature

4.76

12.1k words

Here is a story that is a wee bit different for me in some ways and in other ways is very typical...you can be the judge. I'm sure I'll take hits for listing it as an Incest story rather than in the Mature category, but the incestuous tone of the story and what will subsequently occur made my choice for me. Please read the author's afterword for more on this decision. Oh, and forgive any errors in my use of Spanish - a lovely language which I wish I'd studied harder on in college.

As always, this is a work of fiction and any character's resemblance to anyone living or dead is pure coincidence -- all characters exist only within the story and the confines of my very crowded head. Please offer up comments, both positive or negative -- they do serve to inspire me. Enjoy!

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For most of the time that I've known her, Rosalita was one of the saddest people I ever met. And it seems like I've known her forever. She was one of the invisible people that we interact with everyday and yet never really know. I met Rosalita when I was a kid in grade school. Rosalita was one of our school janitors, cleaning and mopping up after us no matter what mess we students made.

I can remember watching her in our cafeteria when I was maybe six years old. I was sitting at a table with some buddies eating our bologna sandwiches and chips and our little cartons of milk and I looked up as she passed by, stopping at the next table to wipe it down. She glanced over at us and noticed me watching her. She gave me the sweetest and saddest smile. It nearly made me cry as I sensed even then, great love and great loss.

A few minutes later, some older kids made a stupid scene by pretending to accidentally spill their food trays into the floor next to the trash cans. They walked away laughing and saying "Whoops!" in exaggerated voices. Rosalita sighed and trudged over to the mess and began cleaning it up.

I don't know why, but I got up and after disposing of my tray, bent over next to her and began picking things up. Rosalita glanced over surprised and then smiled again. A mother's smile full of love that reminded me of how Mom would look when I'd done something that pleased her.

"Thank you, hijo," said Rosalita, picking up the last of the garbage. "You're a good boy." She stepped over and tousled my hair. "Go on, hijo, go play."

I looked at her for a moment, basking in the glow of her smile and asked with a child's curiosity, "What does hijo mean?"

Rosalita blushed, bright spots of red on her brown cheeks. "Um, it means son, young man, um, it's Johnny, right?" Her eyes grew watery, tears on the verge of falling down her cheeks.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied.

She smiled that smile at me again, "Such a good boy. I think you make your mama proud." Rosalita smiled and continued, "I am Rosalita, Johnny. Thank you for helping me. Now go play!"

And I did. I always remembered that moment though. And I remembered her mopping up the rest of the other kids' mess, pausing to wipe tears from her eyes. I felt a connection to her even then, even if I didn't understand it. She was just the nice, but sad lady who ever after always had a nice smile for me. I made a point of helping her whenever I saw a chance. Picking up a heavy wastebasket for her or pushing her cleaning cart up the incline between the main school building and the gymnasium. She always seemed pleased by that and always said, "Thank you, my little hijo." We rarely spoke more than hello and goodbye and thank you.

That Christmas, I brought her a little glass angel identical to the one I gave my teacher, Mrs. Parsons. I made her cry and she hugged me and sobbed, "Gracias, mi amado hijo!" I was a little confused and thought I had upset her, but she saw the gathering storm clouds in my face and knelt down and hugged me again. "I love it, Johnny. You've made me very happy." That made me feel better and I hugged her back one last time and wished her a Merry Christmas before running off.

Things changed after that. She smiled a little more -- even if it was still tinged with sadness and she always seemed happy to see me. I'm sure it's safe to say I had a little boy's crush on her. But, the years passed and as they did, I would move on and up in school as we all do. I lost track of Rosalita after I went to middle school and then in sixth grade, we up and moved across the state. For years, I rarely, if ever, thought of the sad eyed woman I had befriended. It was a bit of surprise to meet up with her again when my family moved back to town just before school started for my senior year.

I was hanging out in the cafeteria on the first day, getting reacquainted with old friends when one of them nudged me with his elbow and said, "Hey, Johnny, there's your old girlfriend." Even before I looked to where Mick was pointing, I heard an old familiar voice scolding a group of juniors. I turned around to see several young men scurrying to clean up their mess while Rosalita shook her finger at them and called them little pigs.

My heart gave a lurch as I saw my old friend who still looked so sad and to whom I now had a different reaction. See, I was eighteen and I had already figured out that I had a thing for older women. Don't ask me why -- I'm not sure myself. Maybe it was a Mom fixation. I have fantasized about my mother for years. From there, my fantasies have spread outward to include most of Mom's friends, a few good looking teachers and my supervisor at the grocery store where I had worked as a bag boy until we moved back here. Mature women just turn me on.

Now I found myself looking at my sad Rosalita in a new light as well. I had always liked her, but now post puberty, I was surprised that I hadn't remembered her as the beautiful woman she was. Rosalita's skin was the color of cinnamon and her high cheek bones gave her a noble look. Her hair was jet black and tied into a bun on top of her head. I let my gaze roam appreciatively over her lush body -- I freely admit that like most teenager boys, I am fascinated with large breasts and her bosom although completely covered by her work clothes (a blue jumpsuit), was obviously huge. She was a little stockier than I remembered, standing maybe five and half feet tall, but her jumpsuit clung enticingly to her shapely butt. I felt my cock stir in general interest.

"See you guys later," I said, getting up from the table. I heard Mick snicker, but ignored him. He was a doofus way back when and he was a doofus now. I strolled over to Rosalita and said, "Hi, Miss Rosalita. Do you remember me?"

She turned around and looked me up and down with her big, dark eyes. After studying me for a second, she started to shake her head and then she stopped and her hand flew to her mouth and she said softly, "My little Johnny? Is that you, mi hijo?"

I grinned and nodded. "Oh my god, you're all grown up!" she exclaimed and then surprised me by rushing up and giving me a big hug. Her arms pulled me tight against her and I was able to confirm my suspicions about her large bosom as I could feel her meaty breasts pillow against my chest -- even through her bra.

"Look at you!" she exclaimed, stepping back and giving me another once over. "My sweet little Johnny has become a man!" She had a broad grin on her face and I felt not only aroused by this lovely mature woman, but happy that I could take that sad look off her face.

We chatted for several minutes and then the bell rang for my next class. Rosalita sighed and gave me another hug and said, "It is so good to see you, Johnny!" before letting me go.

"You too, Ms. Rosalita," I murmured, feeling my face blush. I wasn't embarrassed as much as pleased that she seemed so happy to seem me again.

Senior year passed quickly -- I had most of my required classes completed and what was left, I skated through. Mostly I concentrated on girls (my interests were not exclusively with mature women), fixing up my old Ford, and baseball (I was the starting first basemen on the school team). I saw Rosalita around often and would stop and chat with her, still helping her out when I could, which earned me an occasional hug or maybe just a touch on the arm. Just being around the lovely Mexican-American woman could get me hard -- her touch guaranteed an erection.

I fantasized a lot about making a move on Rosalita, but like my fantasies about Mom or her friends, I didn't have a clue about how to approach her. My sexual experiences were limited to a few sweaty moments with a cheerleader named Denise who gave sloppy, but enthusiastic blowjobs, but wouldn't go all the way.

I always figured that my fantasies would remain just that, my fantasies, but things wound up being very different because I didn't run out that pop-up against our school's biggest rivals.

It was one of our home games in late April and West Riverside was kicking our asses and we were behind 9-1. In the bottom of the ninth, I was at bat with one out and I popped it up behind second base and their shortstop was there and took it in and I half-assed it up the baseline and had turned to the dugout before the ball was in his glove.

Coach Munson had a fit over my laziness and instead of showering up and getting out of there, I was running laps around the ball field for the next thirty minutes and then I had to collect and store all our equipment. By the time I had showered and dressed, I was alone at the ball field. I trudged back to the high school parking lot just after the sun had set and everything was in that dim time of twilight. I was having a good pity party for myself and not paying attention to anything, tossing a baseball I'd kept, up and down.

I was shocked out of my daze by a shrill scream and I spun around and at the far end of the lot where teachers and staff parked, I could see a commotion. "ROSALITA!" I screamed as I broke into a run.

Rosalita was struggling with two guys who were trying to take her purse and she was hanging on to it for dear life. As I approached, I recognized them as a couple of lowlife thugs who were in and out

of school all the time. They were intent on Rosalita's purse and not aware of my approach. One of them struck Rosalita on the jaw and she went to her knees, hands still wrapped tight around the strap to her bag.

"MOTHERFUCKER!" I yelled, throwing the ball in my hand at the guy who punched her and nailing him in the back of his head. His knees went out from under him and he was on the ground next to Rosalita and as his buddy looked up to see what was going on, I slammed into him, throwing him against Rosalita's car. He stumbled to the right, tossing a wild haymaker that just clipped my chin and made me go off balance.

By the time, I got my footing, he had his pal up and they were running off. In the heat of my anger, I started after them, but drew up short when Rosalita sobbed, "No! Let them go, hijo!"

My anger bled away in an instant as I turned and hurried to Rosalita and knelt beside her. "Are you okay?" I gasped, reaching out and touching her arm.

Rosalita nodded and tried to speak and then just burst into tears and flung her face against my chest and cried for a minute or two. I just put my arms around her and tried to say something to calm her.

By the time she was able to talk; the Principal and a school board member had emerged from the school and rushed up. They called the police who took statements from Rosalita and me. I identified the assholes who had tried to mug her and the police assured her that they were not strangers to them and they'd have no trouble rounding them up. Rosalita was very quiet saying very little and staying close to me.

While Principal Brown and the police were discussing things, she leaned into me and said, "Thank you, Johnny. You're a brave young man." She took my hand in hers and squeezed it affectionately.

I blushed down to the roots of my hair and tried to be modest. "I didn't do anything brave. It doesn't take much to stand up to a couple of assholes who'd pick on a woman like that."

Rosalita smiled at me and said, "No -- it was a brave thing to do."

The police left and Principal Brown patted me on the back and told me how proud he was. Then he looked to Rosalita and said, "Will you be alright, Mrs. Sanchez? Do you need someone to drive you home? I'm in a meeting, but I'll be free in fifteen minutes or so."

Before she could answer, I jumped in and said, "I'd be glad to drive Ms. Rosalita home, sir."

We both looked at Rosalita and she nodded and said, "That would be nice, Johnny." I told Principal Brown that I would hike back to my car later and he beamed and called me a good young man and wished us both a nice weekend.

I helped Rosalita into her car and suddenly realized I was seeing her for the first time in something different than her work clothes. As she sat down and swung her legs in, it hit me as I realized I was admiring her shapely calves! Rosalita was wearing a skirt -- a knee length denim skirt. I couldn't help but smile as my eyes roamed up her body -- Rosalita was wearing a pretty checkered blouse that just gave a hint of her no doubt impressive cleavage. I continued my survey and met her eyes. I blushed as she smiled back at me, no doubt knowing exactly what I had been doing. Just as I began to close the door, she said softly, "Thank you, mi hijo."

The drive home was silent, Rosalita speaking only to tell me where to turn. She lived maybe three miles away -- we came to a stop in front of small house on a quiet, residential street. Her front yard was immaculate with beautifully crafted flower beds. "Your house is lovely. Did you do all those flowerbeds yourself?" I asked.

Rosalita looked out at her home and nodded. "Yes, I love working with flowers. After cleaning up after you kids..." She stopped, grinned and resumed, "Cleaning up after those other kids -- it's nice to work on something pretty." She reached over and squeezed my hand. "Sorry -- I didn't mean to lump you in with everyone else. You're special -- you've always treated me like a person instead of a janitor."

I shrugged and replied, "You are a person, Rosalita -- and you're the one who's special. Most of us are too stupid or blind to see that." She beamed back at me. I felt embarrassed -- not sure what else to say, so I opened the car door. "I'll walk you to your door, Rosalita."

I helped her out of the car and realized as I again stared at her legs. "Rosalita, you're bleeding!"

She looked down and sighed. "Si. I skinned my knees when that punk hit me. I don't know what will be more sore tomorrow -- my knees or my chin. She tilted her head and even in the dim light of a nearby streetlamp I could tell there was a small discoloration of her otherwise reddish-coppery skin.

Rosalita took my offered arm and I walked her to the door. She unlocked the door and turned and we looked at each other with uncertainty. I wanted to kiss her so badly; I was almost shaking with the effort of restraining myself.

"Johnny?" she said, her voice low and unsure. "Would you mind coming in for a little bit -- at least until I feel a little more, I don't know, settled?"

"Um, sure," I replied. "I'd be happy to."

Inside, she turned on the lights. It was a lovely little place, neat as a pin. A small living room, adjoining kitchen and breakfast nook and a hall that I assumed led to one or more bedrooms. The walls were covered with family photographs and a few paintings.

Rosalita picked up a TV remote and handed it to me. "Why don't you make yourself comfortable? I'm going to take a quick shower and clean up this mess," she said, gesturing at her bloodied knees. "You can watch TV if you like and there is soda in the refrigerator."

I felt a stirring in my loins -- my cock beginning its all too short rise towards erection. In my head, I saw a million directions that this could go and worried that I would manage to have a million and one ways to screw things up. "Okay," I said meekly. My cock continued to swell as I realized that in a few minutes, this woman I had lusted after all year long would be naked just a few feet away from me.

She smiled at me and started to move towards the hallway. Rosalita stopped and turned back. "I feel silly saying 'thank you,' over and over again, but Johnny, thank you for what you did." She closed the distance between us and then rose on tip-toe to kiss the corner of my mouth, her body moving firmly against mine. "Mi beloved hijo," she whispered. She stepped back, her cinnamon skin turning darker as she blushed and then hurried from the room.

I watched her go and then stood there looking around the room. I idly turned on the television, but didn't sit down for long. Instead, I wandered about the room, looking at the various photographs. I

assumed they were family pictures. I recognized a much younger Rosalita in a sundress, next to an older couple and then one of her in a graduation cap and gown between the same two people who I guessed were her parents. Other pictures showed her and various other young people of differing ages -- her parents in some of these pictures as well, so I assumed that they were her siblings. She looked so happy in those pictures.

She looked even happier in other pictures with a young Hispanic man in a military uniform. Then there was a wedding photo, Rosalita looking absolutely radiant next to her young man in Army dress uniform. I lingered on this one, feeling a little guilty as I ogled the deep cut of her dress, exposing the tops of her magnificent breasts. Then came pictures of a pregnant Rosalita, her belly swollen and looking as happy as anyone ever could. I was amazed to find myself as hard as I have ever been, looking at her, maybe seven or eight months pregnant, belly big and breasts under a maternity top, looking almost impossibly huge.

As I walked, I came to a little alcove. It looked like a shrine or tiny altar. There were candles in the front and behind them, pictures of her husband holding an infant and another of a young boy, maybe five years old. Suddenly, cold exploded in the pit of my stomach and all my horniness evaporated in a heartbeat. I suddenly comprehended Rosalita's sadness.

"His name was Hernando. I fell in love with him the first moment I saw him," Rosalita said from behind me. I turned to see her standing there in a thick, plush robe, belted tight. She was staring at the photo intently. "He is holding our son, Juan." She smiled that sad smile of hers. "Little Juan loved his daddy so much. Even at six months, he loved to go everywhere with his father."

Rosalita reached out and took my hand. My mouth felt as dry as a desert as I whispered, "What happened, Rosalita?"

She didn't say anything for a long, drawn out minute and I couldn't bring myself to breathe. Finally, Rosalita let out a long, soulful sigh that ended in a tremulous voice, "Hernando took Juan to a ballgame, they were both such baseball fans. They were on their way back and another car ran into them. They were gone by the time the ambulance came. The other driver, she died too. Wasn't drunk or a heart attack -- just ran into my husband and my little boy." She reached out and touched the framed photograph. "Mi tiamo."

She stared a moment longer then turned to me. "Come on, Johnny, come sit with me." She took my hand and led me to the couch. We sat down and faced each other, Rosalita curling her legs underneath her, giving me a flash of one lovely leg before it disappeared beneath the plush robe.

"I'm sorry. I never knew why you were so sad and I never thought to ask," I said, embarrassed even as I admitted it.

"You were a boy then and wouldn't know how to," Rosalita said. "But you cared, didn't you? You were kind to me and helpful and such a wonderful boy." She leaned over and stroked my cheek. "My Juan would be almost your age if things had turned out different. I like to think he'd be a lot like you."

"Thank you," I replied. I felt my cheeks burn and I felt a little ashamed for having such wicked thoughts about her -- even at that moment -- sensing that underneath that robe she was naked and I yearned - ached to see her nakedness.

She leaned back as if my gaze was a little too intense to endure at such a short distance. "And you remind me a little of my Hernando. He was a honest, caring man. Brave and true to those he loved -

- a man worthy of being loved." Rosalita stared at me now with a gaze so powerful, I shifted around a bit, trying to get comfortable. I wondered if she was wondering what I looked like underneath my clothes.

I began to talk just to ease the sudden tension I felt in the room. "And you never remarried -- you've been alone all this time?"

Rosalita shrugged her shoulders. "I wasn't always alone -- my parents lived me with afterwards and then I took care of them until they passed. My brothers and sisters -- we still see each other, but not as often as we want. I have friends and such. I even date once in a while, but no one ever made me feel the way Hernando did. I sometimes have thought that my heart died with him and Juan, that I will never feel love again."

She stood up and smiled down at me. "But once in a while, I remember how much I did love and I feel my heart come alive again. Especially thanks to a certain little boy." She walked over to a book shelf and took a knickknack off the top. She held it out, "Remember this?" It was the snow angel I'd given her so many years ago.

"You gave me this the first Christmas after I lost my husband and son. I sometimes think that if it weren't for this and the wonderful little boy that gave it to me, I might have killed myself. But, I had my angel -- this little thing and the angel that gave it to me."

Rosalita sat it back on the shelf and then walked over to me. She bent over and cupped my face with her hands. "Thank you, mi amado hijo," she said and then she kissed me, her lips pressing against mine. It was a kiss that seemed to go on and on, just the soft, velvety pressure of her lips on mine and her hands on my cheeks.

I was lost in that sweet sensation -- my heart pounding and my cock hardening as we kissed. Not a soul kiss, our mouths never opened, but a delicious, loving kiss all the same that I never wanted to stop, but suddenly a jangling noise broke us out of the moment and we slowly, almost regretfully let ourselves part. "Te quiero," she whispered as she turned and went into the kitchen.

She picked up a cordless phone sitting on the breakfast table and said, "Hello?" A pause and her face grew serious. "Yes, officer? Yes." The cloud of seriousness evaporated and she turned and grinned broadly at me. "That's good to know, officer. I'll sleep better knowing they're locked up. Thank you. Good night."

Hanging up the phone, she said, "That was the police. They picked up those creeps. Said they even confessed! Isn't that a relief?"

I agreed it was and she quickly returned to the couch. The mood seemed to be changed. Whatever had begun to build between us wasn't there. I sat and chatted with her for maybe an hour, but now we seemed to be on familiar ground, almost relating as we did at school -- except I was still reliving that kiss in my mind and I could not look at her without feeling aroused by her. The robe she wore, covered her well, but even so, it didn't hide her very feminine shape and each time she laughed or smiled or just looked at me, I felt my cock stir -- swelling and deflating by turns.

As we talked, something seemed different about her and then it hit me. "Your hair!" I said, surprised that I hadn't noticed it earlier. She had let her hair down from its customary bun and it fell in long black tresses over her shoulders. "Your hair is beautiful!"

Rosalita laughed and touched a strand of her jet black hair. "Thank you, Johnny. It is a pain in the butt to take care of, but I've always kept it long." She paused for a second. "Hernando never wanted me to cut it short. He said it was the hair of a passionate woman." Suddenly, all that tension returned to the room as she looked away and then turned her head to gaze into my eyes again.

"He was right, Rosalita. You're even more beautiful when you wear it down like that!"

"Thank you, mi hijo," she laughed. "My Johnny is going to be a ladies man. You know how to make a woman feel lovely -- we can never hear that enough." She fell silent and for a long moment we just looked at each other. I shifted to get a little more comfortable and my moving drew her eyes downward to the crotch of my jeans which were bulging hugely. She considered my hard-on for what seemed forever and then returned her gaze to my eyes.

Rosalita smiled and bit her lower lip with that delicious overbite of hers. She glanced up at a clock on the wall -- one of those cat clocks with the moving eyes and tails. "It's getting late, hijo," she said. "Your parents will be getting worried. You better go."

Every fiber of my being screamed for me to kiss her, but I couldn't summon the nerve and I told her she was right -- "You've had a rough evening too and you should get some rest."

She walked me to her front door, offering to get dressed and drive me back to school. I shook my head and said, "No, I think you should take it easy, Rosalita and besides, I think I'd like to walk awhile -- you know, think about stuff."

Rosalita nodded and replied, "I understand." She stepped up close again, the front of her robe brushing against my chest. "Again, mi hijo, thank you. Thank you for everything." In the span of a heartbeat, Rosalita's arms flew around my neck and she kissed me again. Like before, her mouth never opened, but with her wonderful, full lips pressing against mine, it was a passionate kiss anyway. It went on a long time, her embrace tightening as she kissed me, her body against mine, separated only by that damned robe.

When it finally ended, she kept her arms around me and whispered gently, "Te quiero, mi amado hijo."

"What does that mean?" I said in a breathless voice.

Rosalita smiled and replied, "I love you, my beloved son."

I leaned into her and kissed her again, still a chaste, but passionate kiss. After another long minute, I felt her tense up and I broke the kiss. Rosalita started to step back, but I caught her hands as she moved them and held them for a moment as I said, "I love you, my beloved Rosalita. Goodnight."

I stepped out the door as she watched me, walking backwards to see her staring at me with those lovely dark eyes, still sadness evident in them, but maybe, maybe not as much as there had been before. When she finally closed the door, I turned and walked briskly down the sidewalk, whistling and striding jauntily as only a young man in love can do.

I was only a couple of hours late getting home, but my parents didn't seem to mind much, especially after I told them about the attempted mugging of Rosalita. Dad clapped me on the back and told me he was proud of me, then disappeared into the den to watch the last couple of innings of the Braves' game.

Mom fussed over me, checking in on me after I climbed into bed. She applauded me for my bravery and worried over my brash action. "Maybe you should've gone for help instead of taking on two thugs, Johnny." I endured Mom's motherly attentions, enjoying her closeness -- Mom was wearing a silk bed robe that was much more revealing than the one Rosalita had on. Mom's body was a lot trimmer than my Rosalita's, but very sexy and her satin robe did more than hint at the skimpy nightgown underneath, exposing much of her cleavage. Mom's breasts were a 36D (yes, I peeked at her bras one day).

"Heck, Mom -- it was no big deal. Those creeps are a couple of bullies and I'm not afraid of any asshole that would hit a woman."

Mom smiled at me and sitting on the edge of my bed, leaned over and stroked my hair affectionately. "You're a fine, young man. I'm proud of you." She sat back and studied me for a moment. "Rosalita Sanchez -- isn't she the woman you had such a crush on when you were in grade school?"

I blushed and nodded. Mom laughed and said, "Maybe my Johnny still has a crush on his Rosalita?" I felt my face burning even more and Mom sighed and shook her head and leaned over and kissed me on the forehead. "Ah, my son, the ladies' man. You always have liked older women." Her eyes darted downwards, following my gaze to her exposed cleavage. She chuckled and said, "You better be careful -- it's real easy to get in over your head with an older woman."

I could feel my mouth open in surprise. I had not realized that Mom knew about my inclination towards mature women. I wondered what else I didn't know about my mother, but before I could mull that over Mom sat up and winked at me and then stood up and walked to the door. "I love you, son. Be careful."

Mom closed the door behind her and I finally remembered to breathe. Mom has always been a bit of a flirt, but that was way beyond anything she had done before. My cock was as stiff as a bar of iron and I quickly began to stroke it under the blankets. Then there was a knock in the door and Mom popped her head in and said, "Oh honey, I almost forgot -- your father and I are going up to the Mountains for the weekend. You're on your own for food -- I'll leave you some money on the kitchen table." Again, she gave me that sexy wink and said, "Maybe you should check on your friend, Rosalita, tomorrow and see if she's all right -- maybe take her to lunch or something. Goodnight, Johnny."

And then she was gone and my mind was reeling as I jacked off. Was Mom encouraging me to see Rosalita after flirting with me? Images of Rosalita flashed through my mind as I approached a quick orgasm -- too long delayed. These images of my Hispanic friend were interspersed with images of Mom as well. I cried out to both as my cock began to erupt, spraying a huge load of semen over my hand and the blanket. It was so powerful it took my breath away and it was several minutes before I could gather the energy to begin cleaning up.

Even after that, as the day's events weighed on me and dragged me down into sleep, erotic images of Rosalita and Mom dominated my dreams. In those dreams, it seemed as if the two mature women, completely different in looks were constantly changing from one to the other. One moment I would be riding Rosalita, her urging me -- "Fuck me, hijo, ti quiero. Fuck your Rosalita," and the next time I looked down, I was on top of Mom who smiled at me as only a mother can, whispering to me, "I love you, son -- but remember, its easy to get in over your head with an older woman!"

Needless to say, I woke as horny as an eighteen year old can get! Even after my morning piss, my cock hovered between full mast and half mast. After showering, I dressed in a T-shirt and jeans and headed downstairs. It was already 9:30 in the morning and I discovered Mom and Dad had already left on their trip -- the latest of a series of "romantic" getaways to try and spice up their love life. From overheard conversations and out in the open arguments, I pretty much knew their love life had kind of dried up and that Dad was in the middle of a mid-life crisis.

Mom had left me an envelope with a hundred dollars inside and a note that said, "Here's some eating money. I hope you have a good weekend. I hope your friend, Rosalita is okay. Behave and remember what your mother told you about older women! Love, Mom."

As I sat at the kitchen table, eating my corn flakes, I considered what Mom was trying to tell me, but all I could think was that somehow Mom had given me the green light to pursue a woman that was the same age as her. The fact that my mother knew that I was hot for a woman who was at least her age was an incredible turn on and when I left the house, I had a raging hard-on in my pants.

Thirty minutes later, I pulled up in front of her house and parked behind her car. I sat there for a few minutes working up my courage and then the next thing I knew I was ringing her doorbell and hand behind my back.

The door opened and Rosalita was there, looking so beautiful she took my breath away. Her long black hair hung down over her shoulders and gleamed from a good brushing. Rosalita was wearing a white caftan that had a scooped neckline and my heart began to trip hammer as I saw the upper portion of her massive breasts for the first time. Her smile was the best thing of all -- an 'I'm so happy to see you!' smile.

"Johnny! What are you doing here on a Saturday morning?" she said, stepping back and motioning me to come in. "I'm not complaining, hijo -- it's so good to see you!"

"I wanted to make sure you were okay, Rosalita," I replied. "I-I couldn't -- can't stop thinking about you."

"Oh, Johnny -- you are so sweet, mi amado hijo." Rosalita said, blushing a little -- her dusky skin darkening.

I remembered that I was holding something for her and from behind my back, I produced a flower bouquet. "Flowers!" Rosalita squealed. "Oh, Johnny -- no one has given me flowers in ages! Thank you, mi hijo!" She came to me and pressing herself against me, kissed me on the lips. Instinctively, I put my arms around her waist to hold her in place, savoring the sensation of her lush body against mine. Her caftan was much less thick than the plush robe she'd had on the night before and I was more aware than ever of the huge meaty breasts mashing against my chest.

The kiss, like all the others was chaste, but seemed to go on and on. After long seconds I felt her sag against me a little and a happy little sigh escaped her mouth. I tightened my embrace, pulling her a little tighter against me. Then I felt Rosalita's body tensing up and she pushed away, her face dark with excitement or embarrassment or both. I looked at her with what I hoped was an expression of love on my face, but it was too much for her to bear and she ducked her eyes and taking a deep breath, tried to regain her control of the situation. "This was so sweet of you, Johnny. I don't know what to say."

She finally looked up into my eyes and seemed to be debating what to do next. Finally she waved me towards the living room. "Please, mi hijo, come in."

She motioned me to the couch and I watched the beautiful Hispanic woman as she found a vase for the flowers and got them settled. I admired her voluptuous body as she strode about the room. The caftan was slit up one side and as Rosalita walked, her trim, shapely leg came into view again and again. I quickly realized that she wasn't wearing a bra under the gown and I think my openly staring at her quickly had an impact as I began to see thick, round nipples appear, jutting out against the white material. As my Rosalita finally sat down next to me, I realized that her weighty breasts pushed out against the material so much that I could even tell the outline of her aureoles around her large nipples.

"You look lovely this morning, Rosalita," I managed to say without stammering. My heart was pounding and I could feel the blood rushing through my veins. "Um, I've been practicing -- let's see if I can do it right." I took a deep breath and looking into Rosalita's big, beautiful eyes said slowly, "Te quiero, mi amado Rosalita."

"Oh, mi tiamo." Rosalita whispered softly. She scooted a little closer to me and took my hand. "I love you too, my beloved boy." She leaned in as if to kiss me, both of us looking into each other's eyes, but paused -- her lips open and a scant inch from mine.

I moved forward, but my lips only grazed hers as she moved back to maintain that minute distance between us. "Rosalita?" I asked, my hand tightening on hers.

"Johnny, oh mi hijo, I want to -- I mean, we can't do this."

I moved closer to her, again my lips just barely brushing against hers before she eased back. I could feel her free hand against my chest -- not pushing me back, just there. "Why not, Rosalita? I love you and I know you love me."

"Johnny, I'm an old woman and you're a young boy. Mi hijo, I'm old enough to be your mother! I think of you like you were my own son."

Somewhere in my brain, I idly wondered what she would think of what I would love to do with Mom if I ever had the chance, but just her words enough inflamed my desires. I liked her calling me her son; it made my desire for her even more powerful. A terrible hunger swept through me and I quickly pressed my lips to Rosalita's mouth, catching her off guard, offering her my tongue before either of us could think about it.

Rosalita gave a muffled squeal and made a mild effort to push me off her, but the moment my tongue brushed against hers, she was kissing me back with all the passion I had known was bottled up inside her. Our tongues darted and dueled as we kissed hungrily, giving into desires too long held in check.

The kiss seemed to go on and on, becoming even more powerful as we wrapped our arms around each other. I could feel her heart pounding in counterpoint to mine as our tongues roiled over each other and made love on their own. Rosalita tasted sweet and I knew immediately that a lifetime of kissing this woman would never sate my hunger for the touch of her soft lips and the taste of her tongue.

At some point our hands began to roam. I think I started it by running my hands through her thick, black hair, letting it cascade through my fingers before finally cupping her face with my hands. Rosalita's fingers ran through my hair before running down my back and pulling my T-shirt out of my jeans and caressing my back. My hand found the slit in her caftan and I slowly stroked her soft thigh back and up until leaning her forward I was able to cup her meaty ass cheek. My other hand

cupped a heavy, pendulous breast through the soft cotton fabric of her gown, savoring the sensation of her erect nipple throbbing against my palm.

As if our minds were joined, we stood up as one, our kiss still raging, not wanting to surrender each other's tongues, until our desires finally overwhelmed us. We ended the kiss, a single shiny strand of saliva between us as we stared at each other with fiery lust. Rosalita lifted my shirt up and tore it off over my head, flinging it across the room.

She pressed herself against me, her mouth showering my chests with little kisses. She closed her lips over my right nipple and after rolling her tongue across my little swollen pebble, slowly bit down on it. As she did this, her hands were busy fumbling with my belt buckle.

For my part, I discovered that Rosalita's caftan unzipped behind her back. As I felt my jeans slide down around my ankles and Rosalita's warm hand palm my erect penis, I unzipped her gown and then as she regretfully took a step back, I tugged her caftan down around her shoulders, over her massive breasts and then it was pooled around her feet and I felt my breath catch as I gazed at the naked beauty of my lusty Rosalita.

Words failed me and I could only stare with frank lust at her Rubenesque body. Her breasts were indeed massive, dwarfing my mother's large breasts. Like two enormous gourds, Rosalita's tits hung down against her chest -- meaty, bountiful mounds of titflesh capped with large, meaty nipples that stood proud and dark against her cinnamon skin. Her waist, though a little thickened with age, was narrower than her old work suits ever revealed, her luscious hips flaring outward and between her legs was the most incredible forest of pitch black pubic hair I could ever have imagined. It grew thick and unruly, covering her mound and trailing upwards and outwards. Even as thick as it was, I could see a wet strip of pink, aroused flesh parting the forest of her muff.

Rosalita stood proudly before me, letting me take her gorgeous body in, but her desires were strong too and I guess my erect cock, slapping up against my belly was too much for her. With a feral growl, Rosalita leaped at me, her mouth crushing against mine as she pushed me back, my knees folding up against the edge of the sofa, forcing me to sit. My beautiful woman never slowed down, but climbed atop me, squirming herself into my lap, sending shivers through me as her furry bush rubbed into my crotch and against my hardness.

She hunched against me and I was suddenly aware of a delicious heat coming from her bottom as she ground her furry pussy against my cock. Wetness followed and joined the heat as her labia spread and tried to capture and swallow my erection. I felt Rosalita's hand move downwards, trying to grasp my cock, but then, all on its own, the swollen head of my penis found her wet, hungry cunt as Rosalita rolled her hips and I felt my cock being enveloped in a sheath of pure hot and slick heaven for the first time in my life.

Rosalita broke the kiss to cry out as she slowly sank downwards on my shaft -- a gradual, never ceasing movement of hot, silky wetness clasp my erection. "Mi amado hijo!" she sobbed as she ground her crotch against mine, having taking the length of my dick, letting it nestle deep with her womb.

"I love you, Rosalita!" I gasped as I felt her pussy muscles clench my cock tightly. "Mi amado Rosalita."

Rosalita rolled her hips and gasped. "Oh my God! I cannot believe we're doing this, Johnny! It's my craziest dreams come true!" Rosalita bent down and we kissed -- a gentle kiss that quickly grew passionate and erotic, our tongues roiling against each other. "I thought I might be going mad, mi

hijo! In my dreams it seemed as if I am making love to you and Hernando and my grown up Juan all at once."

Her words made my head swim and at the same time arouse my need -- my hunger for her. "You are, Rosalita -- we're all here, we all love you and will always love you." I kissed her again -- another long, sensuous kiss that seemed to last a lifetime. I could feel both our hearts pounding as we hugged each other tight. Somewhere in that kiss, our bodies began to respond to our hunger for each other. Gradually, Rosalita began to slowly move up and down on my erect penis, using her knees for leverage as her cunt lips clung and dragged against the shaft of my cock, coating it with her warm lotion.

When our kiss ended, Rosalita pressed my face into her huge breasts, hugging me to her as she purred, "Fuck me, hijo. Fuck your Mama Rosalita." My lips sought out and encircled her huge, swollen nipples. I sucked and licked at her turgid nobs for a long time while she ran her fingers through my hair. "Ohhhh, Johnny -- you make me feel so good," she hissed as she continued to ride me.

On and on we went, making love. The sweet, slow movement of our bodies created more pleasure than I ever imagined possible. Rosalita's pussy felt so incredible, like being enveloped in the warm, wet, satiny embrace of a heavenly angel, massaging my cock with infinite delicate pleasure.

I would trade off kissing and sucking my lover's wonderfully huge tits to again kiss her -- savoring the taste of her eager tongue curling around and making love to mine. Our bodies quickly became slick with the sweat of our lovemaking, making our flesh slippery and sticky all at the same time. As we moved in the age's old motion of a man and a woman making love, her long, black hair damp with sweat brushed against my shoulders. I began to feel Rosalita's body begin to tremble against mine. The slippery warmth that my cock was wrapped up in became hotter and wetter as I felt Rosalita's pussy tighten around my hard dick.

"Ohhhh, Johnny -- I'm, oh god, I'm going to...." Rosalita's words evaporated as she gave a long sigh, her fingernails digging into my shoulders as she ground herself down on my erection. "Oh yesssss, mi hijo, make me cum! Make Mama cummmmm!"

Rosalita pressed her mouth against mine, but couldn't maintain the kiss as the force of her orgasm ripped a wail of incredible pleasure from her and she arched her back, driving herself into me, burying my cock deep in her cunt, sobbing. "Te quiero, mi hijo!"

"I love you, too!" I cried back, tears running down my face as my own pleasure began to overwhelm me and I felt my seed boiling out of my balls and exploding inside Rosalita's motherly pussy! "Te quiero, mi amado madre!"

Our words, our lovemaking -- all of it overwhelmed us and we were suddenly becoming one, our orgasms melding and becoming something bigger than both of us, both of us lost in the sheer pleasure of each other as we came and came and came. It felt as if I'd come more this one single, wonderful moment than in all the previous ejaculations of my life.

I was gasping for breath as I came back to myself, my eyes taking in the sweetly erotic sight of Rosalita still frozen at the height of her orgasm, her upper lip curled as she sneered with the overwhelming delight of her orgasm, her eyes rolled back in her head. Suddenly her eyelids fluttered and she sagged onto me, her eyes full of disbelief and joy. "Oh, Johnnyyyyy," she gasped before collapsing into sobs, hugging me tightly as she cried and between heaving breaths, calling out to me. "Oh mi amado hijo. I love you so much, Johnny."

We murmured little loving things too each other, not moving for the longest time while Rosalita's sobs eased and we both managed to get our breathing back to normal. We stared into each other's eyes, for myself it was easy to get lost in the loving stare of her dark eyes. Everything felt so right -- the way our naked bodies felt, pressed together, feeling each other's heartbeats and the flutters of our pulses.

"Oh, Johnny. I have never -- not with Hernando, not in my dreams, felt anything like that," Rosalita whispered in my ear. "You are a magnificent lover." I felt her tongue tease my ear and then her lips kissing me here, there and then finding my mouth and her tongue slipping inside to play with my tongue yet again. My cock throbbed in response and she moaned in response to that and we both looked into each other's eyes as we both realized that I was still hard and inside her loving pussy.

"Please..." Rosalita said in a small voice. "Make love to me, hijo."

"Oh yes, Rosalita -- my mama Rosalita." I moaned in response. As if we were in a dream, we seemed to lose our balance and then I realized we were somehow falling over on our side and then Rosalita's legs were wrapped around me -- her solid, shapely legs crossing and pulling me into her as she squirmed under me until we were in the missionary position. She rolled her hips and her mammoth breasts jiggled and bounced as she ground herself upwards and said, "Take me, mi amado hijo. Fuck Mama and make me scream."

I began to thrust into Rosalita's welcoming, cum filled pussy slowly -- a bit unsure of myself, but each time I sank into her welcoming womb, I grew more confident and began to respond to Rosalita's insistent whispers to go faster, more forcefully. Love and lust mixed in her face as old, neglected hungers rose to the surface, demanding to be sated. My lover grinned happily as I blurted out, "I'm going to fuck you, Mama. I'm going to fuck you, Rosalita and make you cum and cum and cum!"

Our passionate lovemaking turned into carnal fucking as we slammed our bodies together again and again, each thrust of my cock drawing a wailing snarl from Rosalita as she dug her heels into my ass cheeks, urging me on to fuck her harder and faster as her nails tore down my back. As Rosalita's face scrunched up in orgasmic joy, the visage of such raw carnality only inflamed me more and our moans and cries as we fucked filled the air even as the powerful aroma of semen and pussy cream filled the room, inflaming us even more.

Rosalita's orgasm came swiftly and savagely and I hung on for dear life as she bucked and squirmed beneath me, spurring her on to new orgasmic heights by ducking my head and gingerly biting her blood engorged nipples. When her moans of pleasure faded as her orgasm receded, she looked at me through teary eyes with such love, whispering in a scream hoarsened voice, "Fuck me, hijo, fuck me my beloved son."

Having already cum, I felt like I could last forever and I was determined to give my new beloved as much pleasure as she could stand. Clinging to me, she let me thrust and pound into her flesh relentlessly, burying my cock as deep as possible with each hard, powerful plunge into her sweet pussy. As she recovered from her orgasm, Rosalita began to respond to my thrusts with movement of her own, twisting and writhing under me, finding the most pleasurable positions for both of us.

We scratched and clawed and kissed and bit as we fucked each other like it might be the last time, knowing full well we could never give up what we started. We laughed and sobbed as the delicious carnality of it all swept over us until we both reached the pinnacle of pleasure and began to orgasm, both occurring so suddenly, neither of us were sure who began to climax first.

We exploded into orgasm, Rosalita sobbing happily as I filled her womb with my semen a second time while she bathed my cock in her steamy juices, her muscles lovingly massaging my throbbing penis. In the afterglow of our fiery lovemaking, we simply basked in the glory of it all -- saying little as we stared into each other's eyes.

At some point, I carried Rosalita to her bedroom and we fell asleep in each other's arms. It was a far better sleep than I had known in quite sometime -- my dreams full of erotic moments with Rosalita and, I must confess, sometimes my mother as well. Throughout the dreams, I could sense Mom's sexy, knowing smile all around us. Maybe that's why I woke up with a hard-on. Maybe it was because I woke up snuggling with a lush bodied woman whose hand was gently stroking me, urging me awake.

I found Rosalita staring at me, her beautiful dark eyes shining with happiness that matched her lovely smile. "It's real," she whispered with a sense of wonder. "I thought it was maybe another dream, but it's real, mi hijo, and you're with me.

I discovered a truth then -- about the best lovemaking and how arousal can be upon you in an instant. Perhaps it was Rosalita's hand on my hard cock -- maybe it was the sensation of her soft skin, hot and moist against mine -- maybe it was the unknown pheromones in the air, and maybe it wasn't any of those, but my hunger for my Rosalita was immediate and demanding, brooking no refusal.

"Maybe it is a dream, Rosalita," I breathed as my lips approached hers. "If it is, I hope we never wake up." We kissed, tongues entangled as we wrapped arms and legs around each other. I felt more than heard Rosalita sigh with happiness and knowing she was happy made me feel both content and aroused. I discovered another truth -- there is no sweeter lovemaking than when you wake up next to someone you love and feel that desire sweep over you -- knowing that desire is reflected in your lover as well.

We made love for what seemed forever. There was no rhyme or reason to it -- we moved together agonizingly slow at some points and were like two ravenous animals at other times. I was on top, Rosalita was on top and sometimes we were in between. It was a dream in which we were joined together in delicious pleasure, our eyes always locked on each other, exploring -- learning each other as we discovered new heights of pleasure. We screamed and whispered each other's names and took delight from the incestuous overtones of speaking the words of son, momma, madre and hijo. Our souls melded and became one and even when we again became conscious of being two separate people, we kept special knowledge of each other that can never be lost.

Our final climax was of an intensity I never dreamed possible. I felt Rosalita's orgasm pulsing around me in her pussy and in the grip of her firm thighs as I buried myself deep in her womb and emptied my seed.

We could not satiate ourselves. We never actually made it out of the house that Saturday. I bought her dinner -- a local Chinese restaurant that delivered. We feasted on the food and each other. My long imagined fantasies of Rosalita's full lips on my cock were realized as she gave me a long, languorous blow job, bringing me to the instance of orgasm and then easing off again and again until I was pleading for release.

I discovered the mysteries of a woman's vagina, exploring through her wild growth of bush to the pink, moist mysteries of her pussy, letting her teach me to please a woman properly with my

mouth. I learned to use my tongue and lips to best use as I made love to her labia, to her wet, slick inner folds and her large, swollen clitoris.

Saturday blended into Sunday and we had reduced our world to her bedroom and our naked flesh and sweet sleep until we were both too sore to continue. Then having learned each other's bodies, we began to learn more about each other's hearts and minds and souls, talking and baring ourselves to each other.

I discovered a resilient, brave woman who had face horrible tragedy and had sojourned on -- who had come back to life because of one young man...because of me. "That first day I saw you back in the fall I fell in love you, Johnny. I wanted you like I hadn't wanted anyone since Hernando. And..." Rosalita shook her head in wonderment as we cuddled in bed. "I kept thinking of my Juan and how I think he would be so much like you and I imagined him as a young man and I began having fantasies about him. In my dreams you and he make love to me. Sometimes together -- sometimes only one of you and sometimes one of you becomes the other.

Rosalita leaned over and kissed me and stroked my face. "And sometimes, mi hijo, my Juan would tell me that you were the one -- that all my dreams would come true." She kissed me again and whispered, "And it did."

We kissed for a while, hand gently caressing each other and then she gave a shaky laugh. "I guess you think I'm weird -- having these thoughts about my Juan -- getting you two mixed up."

I laughed and replied, "No, Rosalita, I don't." I confessed my own attraction to older women and my own fantasies about my mother, butterflies in my stomach as for the first time I told another human being about my desire to make love to my Mom, and about my dreams where Rosalita and Mom made love to me.

Rosalita's eyes gleamed with excitement and I felt her hand close around my penis which had grown rock hard during my confession. "Mmmmm, mi hijo is a naughty boy -- just talking about fucking your mother made you hard."

"No," I replied. "Talking about fucking my Mom and fucking you makes me hard."

Rosalita giggled and kissed me again, slowly stroking my cock. "Well, who know, mi hijo -- my dreams have come true, maybe yours will too."

Her words sent a thrill through me. "My dreams have come true, Rosalita. I'm here, in bed, holding the woman I love."

Rosalita cooed and said, "Mi hijo is such a sweet talker. Well, I guess Mama needs to reward him." She giggled again and slipped beneath the covers, her mouth planting kisses down my chest and stomach and then I gasped as she took me between her lips, her tongue circling the head of my cock and then slowly began to suck me.

"Ohhhh, Rosalita. That's so sweet."

From beneath the covers, I heard her murmur, "If you like, pretend it's your mother, Johnny. I won't be jealous." Then my sweet mature lover began to suck my cock vigorously, making me squirm with delight. My mind reeled with her last words and I couldn't believe how amazing this woman was -- that it was a fucking shame that very few people knew the true noble nature of this wonderful lady.

Images of Rosalita and of Mom swam through my head as she sucked my throbbing dick. Rosalita reached out and took my hands, guiding them to her head and tangling my fingers in her long, black hair. Occasionally her lips would slip off my cock and I would hear naughty words drifting up from below before my shaft was again enveloped by her wonderful, warm mouth. "Mmmmm, Mama loves her son's cock. Does mi hijo want to give Mommy his cum?"

It wasn't long before I was unable to hold back. "Ohhh, Rosalita, I'm going to cum!"

"Her hand tightened around my shaft and I heard her whisper from beneath the blanket, "Gooood. Cum for me, son. Cum in Mommy's mouth." Rosalita's mouth covered the head of my cock again and I felt her tongue wash over the tip and I groaned and began to shoot. Her lips tightened around my dick and I heard her groan approvingly as she swallowed my load. I jerked and quivered with each loving suck of Rosalita's mouth against my sensitive flesh until she had drained me one last time.

Eventually, I felt my lover moving upwards, her pendulous breasts pillowing against my chest as her head emerged from the covers -- her long black hair all awry and framing her smiling face. "Ahhh, mi amado hijo -- so sweet and tasty." If I hadn't been in love with her already, I would have fallen in love with her then -- she seemed so beautiful and happy.

We spent most of Sunday in bed and I would have been happy to stay there forever, but as the shadows gathered at dusk, I heard my cell phone vibrating on her dresser table. I sighed and crawled out from under the warm covers and my naked lover and looked at it. There was a text message: WHERE R U? MOM.

I sent back a text: BE HOME SOON. I turned back in bed and snuggled up to Rosalita. She was still smiling at me, but with a tinge of the old sadness. I kissed her and stroking her face, said, "This isn't over, Rosalita -- this is just the beginning for us. I don't ever want this to stop."

Rosalita sighed and kissed me back, long and lovingly. Afterwards she said, "I know -- I don't want it to stop either, but...we have to be careful, Johnny. You are so young -- this will be a scandal to a lot of people -- your parents and friends and the school as well. After you graduate next month -- we can start planning our life, but for now -- this should be our secret, yes?"

I agreed and after we cuddled and kissed for another hour or so, I went home -- not wanting to go and kissing my Rosalita at the door for what seemed another hour. We whispered our love to each other -- "Te quiero," and I left for home -- knowing full well, I was leaving much of my heart behind.

I don't remember much of the drive home -- my thoughts on my darling Rosalita and replaying over and over the sweet moments of our weekend together. After I pulled into my driveway, I glanced at my watch and was surprised to see that it was after ten o'clock.

Entering the house, I could hear television noise in the living room and walked in. Mom was curled up on the couch. Despite being exhausted from weekend of incredible sex, I felt my cock stir at the sight of my Mom. She had her honey colored hair pulled back in a pony tail and was wearing a short nightshirt that barely came past her crotch and had a scooped neck, displaying the upper portions of her breasts. Mom's tanned thighs were displayed, the nightshirt just hinting of Mom's shapely ass cheeks.

Mom turned her attention from the television and smiled at me. "There's my wandering son. Where've you been?"

I shrugged and mumbled, "Just hanging out -- you know -- the usual stuff."

Mom laughed and shook her head. "I bet. You been over at your new girlfriend's house?"

I could feel my face turning red, but I nodded and said, "Yeah, I've been spending time with Rosalita." Then to change the subject, I asked, "So, how was your and Dad's weekend?"

Mom's bemused expression turned to one of irritation. "Oh, it was a blast. Turns out our cabin had fishing gear and a stream full of trout a quarter a mile away. Your father had a wonderful time." She got up and turned off the television. "Sometimes, I think your father would have been better off marrying someone who owned a bait and tackle shop."

Obviously Mom's planned romantic weekend getaway didn't work out like she planned and her frustration was plain. I didn't know what to say -- after all, it wasn't like I could just reply, "Sorry you didn't get laid this weekend, Mom." So, instead, I gave a shrug and said, "I reckon I'll go to bed -- I got school tomorrow."

Mom was padding towards the kitchen and just nodded and I went upstairs to my room and sat down on my bed and suddenly felt absolutely exhausted and to my amazement, lonely. I never would have imagined that I could get so addicted to having Rosalita next to me as I slept.

I kicked off my shoes and had just tugged my T-shirt off when I heard my bedroom door open. I turned to see Mom walked in with some of my jeans folded up into a neat stack. "I did some wash when I got home and I..." Mom stopped dead in her tracks and just gawped at me. It confused me at first and then I realized she was staring at Rosalita's claw marks on my back.

Mom stared for a long minute and then shook her head. I was speechless and waited for the yelling to start, but Mom sat the jeans down in a chair and said, "Don't move, I'll be right back." She left and a few seconds later, I heard her in her bathroom.

Mom walked back in with a plastic bottle. She walked around to sit next to me, a funny little smile on her face. "This will help heal you up, Johnny," Mom said, uncapping the bottle and squirting some lotion into her hand. I could smell the flowery-perfume like fragrance. "Turn around so I can rub this onto your back."

Still speechless, I did as I was told. The lotion was cool and I admit soothing and Mom's hands felt good on my back. Mom began to talk as she rubbed the lotion on me, her voice sounding somewhat odd. "A woman doesn't make these kind of scratches unless she's being incredibly pleased, Johnny." As her fingers rubbed and caressed my back, I felt my cock begin to swell. Her voice became even more strained. "You must be a wonderful lover, son."

I was unable to reply, stunned at Mom's words. Mom went on to fill the tension filled silence in the room. "I think your Rosalita is a very lucky woman, Johnny."

I finally managed to stammer, "Sh-she's a wonderful woman, Mom."

Mom chuckled and put her arm around my shoulders, pulling me against her. Inwardly, I groaned as I felt my side and my right arm press against her large, firm breasts. "I'm sure she is, honey. I raised you -- I know that any woman you fall for will be a good woman."

Mom leaned into me and I felt her lips brush my cheek. "Just remember what I said, about getting in over your head with older women." My mother stood up and faced me, standing agonizingly close -- the hem of her nightshirt just scant inches from and below my face. Mom leaned down and

looked into my eyes which were sorely pressed not to look at her breasts which were almost spilling out of the scooped neck.

Mom took her hand and tilted my head up a little so I was looking into her eyes. "Older women can be very dangerous, Johnny. Older women can be addictive and once you start, you might develop an appetite for older women that you won't be able to control.

Mom leaned in and kissed me on the corner of my mouth -- taking her sweet time about it. Her lips felt soft and so...arousing. My cock was throbbing with need -- I felt like I could cum at any moment. Mom ended the kiss by brushing her lips ever so gently across mine and then slowly raised herself back up, offering me a generous view of her spectacular tits. Mom smiled down at me with something more than motherly love -- a look that stirred things up inside me and said, "Remember what I tell you, son. You get a taste for older women, there's no telling what it might lead to."

I watched Mom slowly walk to my bedroom door, her shapely legs so enticing in that shortie nightshirt. She looked back at me and I was barely able to contain myself at not leap after her and throw her on the bed and make love to her. "I love you, son. Sleep well."

Mom closed the door as I hoarsely called out, "Good night, Mom. I love you too." I was so stunned I could not move. After the mad, passionate weekend I had just had with Rosalita, I wouldn't have thought there could be anything that could have topped that, but I was sure Mom had just offered herself to me. Whatever else happened, I was pretty sure I wasn't going to be getting much sleep.

To be continued...

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Author's Afterword -- This story wound up being a fairly surprising one for me. I envisioned it as a sweet, romantic Mature category story and no more. When we first meet Johnny's Mom, she is supposed to be simply a walk on and walk off character, but she refused to get off stage. Her appearance in Johnny's bedroom that first time was as much a surprise for me as it was for you. She has however refused to go away and has made this story spin off an entirely different direction...giving it more of that incestuous overtones that I had planned and certainly if I complete part 02, it will be even more of an incest story. Stay tuned!