Hugs for My Son

alwayswantedto

Donny was always young for his age, very young, but that wasn't the real problem for us. So what if he was a little immature. What mother wants her baby to grow up too soon, anyway?

No, the real problem wasn't Donny's simple emotional structure, it was the combination with his advanced cognitive capability that was the real issue. Donny was terribly bright. He finished high school at 15, was about to complete his undergraduate degree after just 3 years, and had applied for his Masters. I have spent countless hours comforting my son after he returned from yet another lonely day, excluded from after school fun. He was a loner, but not by choice. The problem eased when he first entered university. He even became somewhat of a small scale celebrity, but not for long. Soon, the invitations dwindled, and he was excluded yet again. Our long hugging sessions were renewed but, by the end of the second year, he simply retreated to his room, alone.

Recently, he had again begun to stop for hugs before heading for his sanctuary. I figured it was the stress of awaiting

acceptance letters, since he never worried about exams or assignments; they weren't a challenge for him. But I'm always there for him, and I never rush. I'm keen on being a good mom and I'll hug him for as long as he needs. Over the past couple of weeks our hugging sessions had become longer and longer. Yesterday, we stood in the hallway, clinging together for at least 15 minutes before he finally broke way and hurried to his room.

But today was different. I had finished showering after an hour on the incline trainer and, after slipping into one of my new outfits made out of thin stretchy material, wonderful for lounging around the house in private or puttering in the garden, when Donny burst into the house.

"Mom? ... Mom ... Mom! .... MOM!" his voice escalating to a holler.

"Here," I yelled back, running to the top of the stairs and starting down. "What's wrong?" I asked, a panicky feeling swelling up inside me.

"Nothing," he answered, his voice returning to normal as he saw me coming down the stairs to meet him. "Nothing, I just ... I just ... wondered where you were," he trailed off.

"Oh, did you have a rough day?" I queried, worry in my voice.

"Uh, no, not really. Was there any mail?"

I didn't want to answer, hating to see the disappointment in his face each day. "No, nothing," I replied.

"Oh," he responded, dejectedly, "Oh, well."

I put my arms around his chest and hugged him to me, feeling him slump against me, as usual. "There, there," I whispered as we stood, swaying slightly. "It'll come, it'll come," I assured him, "It always does." After a few minutes, when his breathing relaxed, I pulled away. "I was just about to make some hot chocolate. Want some?"

"No," he turned toward the stairs.

"Come sit with me for a while, keep me company," I urged him, grasping his hand and tugging him toward the couch, hating to seem his skulk to his room so early in the afternoon. He followed, reluctantly, letting his bag fall to the floor as I pulled him along.

"You need to rest a bit before you go upstairs to work," I said as I removed his fleece jacket, the one we'd picked up on the coast last summer. "Just relax with your Mom for awhile," I gently insisted, pushing the sleeves off his arms, pulling him down next to me as I sat down. "Stretch your feet out," I instructed as I pulled him over, guiding his head to my lap. He sprawled awkwardly along the couch, one leg reaching to the floor.

"Close your eyes." I began stroking him, tracing my fingers over his cheeks and across his forehead, smoothing the worry away. "Shhhhh," I whispered as I used my other hand to gently

knead his head, stretching and contracting my fingers through his wavy, light brown hair.

I think he actually dozed off. I stroked him for so long I could feel my thigh growing numb under his head. As I changed positions to ease the strain on my leg his eyes opened and he started to rise. "No, don't go. I just need to change positions. Stay for a while longer," I pleaded as I rearranged myself to stretch my feet out under and to each side of him, my back to the arm of the couch. "Come on, rest your head here," I said, patting my tummy with both hands. He turned to lay face down, bringing his head to rest on my stomach, below my breasts.

"That's it. There, there," I soothed him as his eyes closed and my fingers returned to kneading his scalp, his neck and his shoulders. I continued this for some time. Then, when I shifted myself a little lower to get comfortable again, he moved with me, shifting himself higher, his head coming to resting squarely down on my breasts, his ear fixed directly on my left nipple.

Suddenly, I was aware that I hadn't put on a bra. I had expected to have several hours to work around the house in comfortable clothes before anyone else came home. Now, I was acutely aware that that my son's head was separated from my bare breast only by a very thin and soft stretchy material. I was considering excuses for getting up when he uttered a satisfied sigh and snaked his arms around my back, pressing himself closer to me. "Mmmmm," he exhaled again, nestling his head more firmly against my breast and pressing his abdomen against me. "Mmmmm."

I didn't know what to do. He seemed so peaceful, laying on me like he did as a small child. I continued stroking his hair and brushing my fingers across his shoulders. When he nodded his head, ever so slightly, I felt my nipple stiffen in his ear. "Mmmmm," repeated, nodding his head again, pressing harder against my wayward tip, simultaneously squeezing me with his arms, pulling himself even tighter against my belly.

What was the matter with me, my inner voice screamed, as he nodded his head yet again and my nipple hardened even

more. "Mmmmmm," he repeated, nodding his head in a tiny oval centered around my nipple.

I tried to lift his head, "Donny," I whispered, but he resisted, grasping me tightly, continuing to work his ear around my errant nipple. I relented. What the hell, I thought. Emotionally, he was 19 going on 13. He doesn't really know what's going on. I relaxed and let him snuggle into me. I could feel him pressing his belly against me, tight against my black stretchy pants, and his arms pressing my shoulders to push my chest tighter against his head. I used my hands to still his head but ended up pulling it tighter to my breast to freeze his movement. I could feel my other nipple hardening.

I felt him pull away. Looking down, I could see his eyes were open, staring straight ahead at the miniature mountain peak stabbing up through the material of my stretchy blouse, an ineffective camouflage for my naughty nipple. I released his head in response to his upward pressure away from my breast. "Donny, ... " I whispered again.

He ignored me. Raising up, he turned to look at the back of the couch and lowered his head down on my right breast, moving it about slightly until he had its nipple firmly ensconced in his left ear. He dropped the full weight of his head, flattening my breast against my chest. "Mmmmm, Mmmmm," he repeated again as he worked the side of his belly between my legs, firmly pressing himself against my thinly armored crotch.

"Donny," I whispered once more.

He continued to ignore me, slowly nodding his head again, sending my right nipple on the same path of hardness recently blazed by the left. He watched the nipple he had just abandoned, proudly jutting up. My tit seemed bigger than usual, perhaps over compensating for its recent suppression.

"I love you, Mom," he suddenly whispered. He hugged me harder and tilted his head forward, kissing my chest, on the bone in between my breasts. Pulling back, his arm stretched my blouse even tighter against my starkly outlined nipple.

"I love you too, son," I replied.

Pulling his right arm up a little from underneath me, he pressed his hand against my side to push my left breast closer to him. He tilted his head forward, and kissed me again, this time his lips landing on the side of my breast, "I love you," he repeated.

"I know," I said.

He dug his head against my right breast, its nipple now very hard in his ear, and used the extra pressure to drag his head, and my tit, closer to the other, simultaneously using his hand to squeeze my other breast toward him. He tilted his head forward and planted his lips against the side of my breast again, this time closer to the distended nipple and in a longer kiss. He pulled back and rested, his head ceasing its nodding movement, his eyes firmly fixed on my erect nipple. Periodically, he leaned forward, and kissed my breast again, repeating, "I love you, Mom."

How could I stop him? Each time, I found myself answering, "I know" or "I love you too."

As usual, I didn't hurry him. I kept comforting him, stroking his hair, brushing my fingers across his back. Eventually, he rose up, asked me what was for dinner, then headed for his room.

"I'll call you," I said as he climbed the stairs.

I lay there for some time, my emotions surging, before I finally got up to make dinner. Don would be home soon.

The next day, Donny came come home early again but this time I was wearing a blouse and jeans. After a cursory glance at me, and a check to see if there was any mail on the side table by the door, he headed straight for his room. He didn't

emerge until dinner, and then returned immediately. This routine continued throughout the remainder of the week and through most of the next. Each day, I was wearing the same type of outfit except for the days I exercised, in which case I dressed in form hiding sweats. Donny always paused to give me a disappointed look before heading to his room, but he didn't say anything, even in response to my queries if everything was OK. Very worried about his withdrawal, I brought it up with Don but, as usual, he simply listened dutifully until he could return to the news.

Two weeks to the day after that strange afternoon, I dressed in the same black, stretchy pants and top, even though I didn't exercise that day. For some reason, I didn't put on a bra or even panties and, although I don't remember thinking about that afternoon, I felt strangely on edge and excited throughout the day. I also, without thinking specifically about it, expected Donny to arrive home early, despite the fact he hadn't done so for the past two weeks. And so, when Donny came in the door, I was there to greet him with a large glass of his favorite drink, freshly blended juice from raw, organic

vegetables. This way, he couldn't immediately escape to his room, but somehow, I knew he wouldn't. And I was right.

As he drank his juice in the hallway, his eyes roamed unabashedly over my outfit, the flat black material clinging to my body all the way to mid-calf where the stretchy pants ended, my braless state obvious even standing still. When he paused drinking, bringing the half empty glass down to his chest, I asked, "Is it good, sweetie?"

"Yes," he replied simply, ignoring my inquiring eyes in favor of my chest.

I stretched up on my toes, arching my back a little and swinging my hands behind me to push my breasts up, "That's good. Drink up, it's good for you." I bounced a little on the balls of my feet, as if in anticipation.

He raised the glass to his lips and slowly drained the glass, his eyes never leaving the display I so wantonly presented. I'm not sure what I was up to but I had his attention and I

desperately wanted to keep him from disappearing to his room by himself. I arched my back to push my tits out further, twisting sideways a little to emphasize their profile. As he finished his drink, bringing the glass down to his side, I dropped suddenly to my heels, my breasts following, bouncing slightly. Donny was enthralled.

Turning away, I said, "I was just about to lie down on the couch for a rest before your father gets home. Would you like to join me?" I asked after a few steps, stopping to twist back and look up at him, my action jutting my breasts against my top in a angled profile.

"Sure," he mumbled.

I continued to the couch, laying down with my back to the arm, as before. I held my arms up to him, "Come on," I said, as I bent my knees, opening my legs to make room for him. Donny put his glass down on the coffee table, slipping his bag, which had been on his shoulder all the time, to the floor. He crawled onto the couch and into my arms, dropping his head

to my chest. He slipped his arms around me as he moved his head around, searching for my nipple with his ear. He let out a contented sigh as he found it and dropped his weight directly on it. As he began nodding his head, I admonished him, "Stay still, now. Just rest." I started to massage his scalp with one hand and brush my fingers across his back with the other. He just needs to be comforted, I told myself.

Donny stayed still, went rigid even. We lay like that, stiffly, for at least ten minutes before he started his little head movements again. "Donny, stay still," I reprimanded him softly. I continued massaging his scalp and tickling his back as he lay still again. But after a few more minutes, he started to get up.

"I have to go, Mom."

"Where," I asked, in a voice that was really asking 'Why?'

"To my room," he replied, continuing to pull away.

"No, stay a while longer," I implored, pulling him hard back against me.

"But, Mom ... " he started to say as I held his head firmly to me with my right hand. It was the action of my left hand that made him pause. I took his hand in mine -- his hand, not his arm -- and placed it against my side, cupping its palm against the side of my breast.

"Just stay with me while I rest. OK?"

He raised his head to look at me. I smiled and closed my eyes. "Stay with me while I rest," I repeated in a whisper.

I could feel him watching me as we lay like that for several minutes. I was breathing evenly and deeply, my chest rising and falling. He didn't move his hand at all but I was acutely aware of its pressure. I could feel the nipple on that breast tightening. Still he didn't move. Then, almost imperceptibly,

his hand squeezed the tiniest bit. And again. I could tell his head was still up, that he was watching me. I didn't provide any reaction. He squeezed my breast a little bit harder but still tentatively. The next time I could feel the inside of his thumb contact the underside as he moved his hand more centrally over my breast, but still in a movement that could be considered accidental. When he squeezed again, ever so gently, he was definitely touching my breast in a caress, not an accidental movement. He paused for a full minute. I could feel the intensity of his gaze as he searched my face for an adverse reaction. There was none.

I felt his head come down to rest on my other breast. His finger closed gently on my breast, squeezing the nipple up, thrusting it against my top, letting it stick up hard in all its pride. He kept it squeezed for at least half a minute as he regarded it intently. Then he loosed his grip, only to softly squeeze it again, right away. He held it in his grip for even longer this time. Then let go. As he did so, he lifted his head to search my face again. I kept breathing evenly, my eyes closed as if in a peaceful sleep. I let my lips pout.

His head fell to my breast again. For the next fifteen minutes or so, he continued to play with my breast in the same gentle squeezing movement. He never tried to touch my nipple, even though I could tell it fascinated him by the length of time he kept my breast squeezed together to emphasize its profile. After a while, he changed his position, placing his head on my well exercised right breast and, without waiting for permission, moving his left hand onto my left breast. He immediately began to massage it.

Although I knew he was right handed he seemed to use his fingers more actively while he explored my left tit. Before long, he slipped his fingers together until he was pinching my nipple lightly between them. He repeated this action again and again. Not once did he raise his head to see what my reaction would be. I suppose he assumed he had tacit permission. Eventually, he stopped, just holding my nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Then he slowly began to pull it up. Gently, but pinching it tightly enough that it followed his hand up. He held it aloft for some time. My breathing became more rapid and, in response, so did his. He let the nipple go, spreading his finger and thumb down the

side of my tit, straining my nipple, before bringing them back up to pinch it and drag it up once more. This time, he rolled it between thumb and finger as he held it up. He dropped it and repeated his action. Many times.

We were breathing heavily together when he suddenly sprang up and ran off. Surprised, I opened my eyes, but only in time to see him springing up the stairs. I heard a door close, but one closer to the stairs, not his room at the far end of the hall. He'd gone to the bathroom. I smiled. That's a lesson he can't learn in school, I thought.

Strangely, I didn't feel any remorse. No guilt. I simply got up and headed for the kitchen to start dinner. Before Don came home, I headed upstairs to change into something more conservative. I realized that I was being a little deceptive, but it didn't seem to bother me.

For the next three days, I knew Donny's commitments wouldn't allow him to be home early but on the Thursday, he arrived early, just as I expected. He was surprised, I think, to see me in blouse and jeans, not the stretchy suit he was hoping for. Though visibly disappointed, he stayed in the kitchen rather than retreating to his room. He didn't speak, and neither did I. Donny just sat at the kitchen table, watching me.

Finally, he ventured, "You look tired, Mom. Aren't you going to have a little rest this afternoon, before Dad gets home?"

"No, I don't think so," I replied, continuing to busy myself moving things about the counter.

"Oh," he responded, hanging his head but not making a move to leave. I kept fussing about, stretching up to reach into the upper cupboards, bending over to fetch things from the lower drawers. I could feel his eyes on me, and I realized that I was doing more than keeping him from going upstairs, I was enjoying his attention.

When I heard his feet shuffle as he started to get up from the table, I blurted out, "Would you like me to make you a vegetable drink, honey?"

"Sure, Mom." He sat down again. I retrieved the juicer from the cupboard and fetched vegetables from the fridge. Not dallying lest he run upstairs, I made his drink in my usual efficient manner. However, as I poured the drink into a large glass, I managed to spill some on the front of my white blouse.

"Oh, darn it. All over my blouse," I complained. Taking his drink to him, I made a big production of wiping the vegetable juice off my chest, tugging the blouse tightly over my breasts as I scraped away. I was pleased to notice that Donny didn't take a drink during that time, focusing instead on the wet shirt covering my front.

"Well, I'd better go get changed while you have your drink. You stay here until I get back," I instructed.

When I returned just a few minutes later Donny had hardly touched his drink. He seemed pleased with my change of dress, and I could feel his eyes following me as I went straight to the counter to clean the juicer and put it away.

"My exercise suit is in the laundry," I babbled as I wiped the juicer down, "so I put my pj's on. Maybe I am a little tired, like you said, honey." I had put on a light set of flannel pajamas. A shirt and relatively tight pants whose soft material clung to my legs to mid calf. The outfit was as similar to my black stretchy suit as I could find, except the blouse was looser and buttoned down the front. I had left the top button undone, and was distinctly aware that my breasts shook freely as I scrubbed the juicer. I scrubbed it good. When I was finished, and the juicer was put away, I joined Donny, standing by the table next to him. He had hardly touched his drink. He must have been watching me constantly. I felt a little smile play over my lips.

"You've hardly touched your drink, sweetie. Isn't it any good?" I asked, dipping my finger into his drink and bringing it playfully up to my lips, opening my mouth, and wiping it on my tongue. "It tastes OK to me. Is it alright?"

"Oh," his head jarred back, his eyes suddenly turning away from my mouth as I dragged my finger out. "Uh, yeah, Mom. It's great." He brought the drink to his mouth and tipped the glass up.

"OK, son. I'm going to go lie down for a while."

I left the kitchen, not inviting him to join me. I had barely laid back on the couch before he entered the room. I smiled at him and lay back in my now familiar position, my eyes closed. A moment later, I felt him kneeling on the couch, his knee between my calves. I didn't part my legs for him, but felt his hands a few seconds later pressing against the inside of my knees, pushing my legs gently apart. I didn't resist. I felt his torso nestle against me as he lowered his body onto mine. His hands brushed my breasts on either side as he used them to brace himself, but he didn't lower his head to my chest. I could sense that he was staring at my chest, but I didn't open my eyes. I began to breath evenly, as if going to sleep.

He must have been a little perplexed to realize that he couldn't see my nipples jutting up through the flannel like he could with the stretchy top I had so brazenly worn the last time. Nor would he be able to feel them in such fine detail. Oh, well, he'd have to content himself with rubbing them through the soft flannel. That would feel nice too, I thought. I waited expectantly for his head to fall, and the feel of his hand gently cupping my breast. But it didn't come. I waited for long minutes, in vain.

Then I felt it. His fingers softly urging my top button out of its eyelet. He was very careful. I could barely feel him even though the material lay directly on my skin. What was he up to? I couldn't move, or speak, or even open my eyes. I was frozen. It had been many, many years since a man had tried to undress me. I could sense strange, dormant feelings stirring within myself.

The button popped loose. Immediately I felt a faint tug on the next button. Two? OK. Two buttons would be OK. I relaxed, becoming amused at how furtively he worked away at the button, almost as if he thought I was really asleep and would

suddenly wake up and reprimand him, or worse yet, stop him. It was all I could do not to smile. He was so cute.

I was so wrapped up in how endearing he was that I wasn't aware of the moment he finally worked the second button free. I just realized that he had moved on to the third button. Three? No, not three. With three buttons undone, my pajama blouse would be open almost to the bottom of my breasts. I couldn't let him undo three. At the thought, a sudden tingling wave washed over the surface of both my breasts, culminating in my nipples. They both stiffened at the same time. The button popped. Then nothing. I could hear my breath, not so even now. And his. The same. He hadn't even touched me, and I was very excited.

The fourth button began to move. Some seemingly invisible, irresistible force was causing it to loosen. Four? Four was a good number. Four was a good place. It was right over my belly button. I had a nice looking navel. He'd like it. Every man I'd been with had remarked on how sexy my navel was. Four was a good place to stop then. Out it came. I felt his

finger briefly dip into my navel, then quickly away. Another long pause.

Was he wondering if he could get away with parting my blouse for a look? I'm sure he was very curious. Should I let him look at my breasts? After all, I'd let him feel them up for a long time, until he had to run to the bathroom to relieve himself. Would he need to leave right away if I let him see? I wanted to feel his hands on me. I didn't want him to go right away. Bad girl, Paula.

Before I could decide whether to part my pajamas for him, I felt his fingers working on the last button. He was just as furtive and gentle in his work as he was on the first. I was going to let him. I was going to let my son see my breasts. They were tingling constantly now. My nipples were almost aching, they were so stiff and hard. The last button gave way.

I felt him press his belly harder into me. I could feel his hands coming up between my breasts, gently grasping the lapels of my pajamas, tugging them slowly to my sides. The flannel

softly dragged across my erect nipples shooting bolts of erotic lightening into my chest, up to my head, and down to my groin. I could feel my pussy pulse against his belly.

My tits were bare, his hands were sliding across, barely touching my skin. They hovered, one above each breast, before closing down and squeezing. Ohhhh. My son's hands were on my bare tits.

"Beautiful," he whispered, "beautiful," he sighed again, uttering the only two words heard in our house for the last half an hour. He kneaded them, continually, for a long time before finally bringing his fingers together, at the same time, to squeeze each nipple. As before, he pinched and tugged them, pulling them up to hold them away from my chest, letting them go only to grasp them immediately to repeat his teasing.

I loved it! No one had ever spent so much time, so lovingly, caressing my breasts. They had never felt so alive. I could feel myself arching my back to push my tits up, pressing my pelvis

into his belly. My breathing was ragged. I couldn't hear his breath over my own. He pushed down, fingers straining my breast away from my nipple, leaving it stretched like a pillar reaching for heaven. But heaven came to it. His mouth enveloped my aching nipple, his tongue pressing it to the roof of his mouth, before he sucked it hard.

"Ohhhhhhhh," I cried. No, I screamed to myself. I lifted my arms to push him away. I grasped his head just as he sucked again, hard. My arms grasped his head and clutched it tightly to me, as I arched my back strongly, trying hard to shove my tit completely into his mouth. "Ohhhhhhh."

What was I doing? Push him off, my mind screamed. Instead, I held his mouth to me, gasping, silently screaming in joy as I felt him start sucking my nipple again. He sucked so long, bringing it so deep into his mouth. I loosened my hold on his head as he released my nipple. When he pulled his head up, I redirected it to my other breast and wantonly shoved its nipple up to his lips. I felt them open and welcome it into his mouth. Ecstasy, as it too was pressed against the roof of his mouth, surrounded by his warm, wet tongue.

I ground my breast into his mouth, eager for more. I squeezed him between my thighs, and pushed my pussy against his belly. When he released my nipple only to suck it in hard again, I thrust my pelvis against him several times in quick succession, unable to prevent myself from making little fucking motions against my son. God, I was so horny!

Just as I was contemplating abandoning all sense of reason, just as I was thinking about pushing my pajama bottoms down over my hips, he suddenly got up and ran upstairs.

I was in shock. The shock of his leaving, and the shock at how far I'd gone. And shock at how horny I was and how different the feeling was this time. Forbidden. I couldn't do this, I shouldn't feel like this. But it didn't dampen my feeling at all. I desperately needed to come. I reached down to cup my sex in my hand. Slipping my other hand under my pajamas and onto my bare, wet pussy, I began sliding my fingers up and down my soaking slit, and then up to rub little circles around my clit. It didn't take long for me to come.

As I headed up the stairs to change, I heard Don's car on the driveway. God. How long had he been playing with my tits? Then, feeling a flush as I realized how close we'd been to getting caught, I rushed to my room to get dressed before Don came in.

That night I dressed for bed right after dinner. Donny, unusual for him, was still downstairs when I came down. I had a house coat loosely belted over a pair of pajamas like the flannel ones I'd worn that afternoon except they were cotton with a top tied together in the front by laces, and matched by a knee length skirt instead of pants. To Don's surprised look, I said felt like being comfortable while relaxing with my family. I tousled Donny's hair as I squeezed by in front of him as he sat on the couch. I sat at the other end, near Don, who was reading some business accounting publication.

"Donny's watching a movie," Don said as I sat down, without looking up at me.

"That's OK. I'm going to read," I replied, picking up a book, placing a pillow against the arm of the couch and leaning back against it. I put my feet up on the couch, toward Donny, and began to read.

Though nervous with his Dad in the room, I knew Donny was glancing at my legs, more and more as the movie went on since his Dad kept his nose buried in his magazine. My knees were pulled up to rest my book on my legs, but were demurely closed together. Still, my legs and feet were bare. I knew I had nice legs. I worked hard to keep them shapely, and my skin nice.

After a while, Don got up. "I'll put the kettle on for some tea on before I go to the boy's room," he announced, disappearing into the kitchen. As he left, I stretched my feet out, dropping the book in my lap, arching my toes until they just touched Donny's thigh. Donny kept his eyes on the TV. When Don left

the kitchen and headed upstairs for the bathroom, I reached up to open my housecoat. The air was heavy with forbidden anticipation.

Donny still kept his eyes on the TV, even though my breasts were faintly visible through the thin cotton material. But when I placed my fingers on the laces in front, I could see his eyes reluctantly pulling toward me. I looked down and not at Donny in case he would be afraid to look. I toyed with the laces, partly to tease him, but partly because I wanted to be sure Don had gone upstairs to do more than pee. When I was sure, I tugged the lace out from my chest, pulling until it had sufficient force to break the little bow knot. Pulling it completely undone, I dropped the lace to the side, over the swell of my breast, picking the other end up to drape it over my other breast. I could almost physically feel Donny's eyes on me now.

I picked up the end of the lace for the second tie and began tug it out, teasingly. Just then, the toilet flushed upstairs. I could feel a little jerk as Donny pulled his gaze away. I dug my toes into his thigh. When I sensed his gaze had returned, I

tugged the second lace apart. My thin cotton pajama top was now undone to the bottom of my breasts, and though their tips were covered, the inner swells of my cleavage were plain to see. I pushed my shoulders back to widen the gap between the lapels, letting Donny have a good look. When I heard the bathroom door open, I pulled the housecoat closed over my breasts.

"Did you pour the kettle?" Don asked as he came downstairs.

"Oh, sorry, honey, I forgot," I replied apologetically.

"That's OK. I'll get it," he answered.

Once Don was settled back into his chair behind me, I casually reached up to open my housecoat. Although ostensibly looking down at the book in my lap, I was aware that Donny had turned his attention to me. After a few minutes, I grasped the third lace and began to tug down on it. I kept this up for several minutes before pulling it undone as well. My top was now open to my navel. Only one lace remained.

Moving my fingers to the last lace, I tugged on it for quite some time. Then, absently, I dropped it. I could feel the tangible disappointment emanating from Donny. But I could feel it subside as I traced my fingers up between my breasts and dragged it slowly toward the couch, pulling my top open, exposing the upper swell of my breast. Then, slowly again, I pulled my finger down, pulling the top until it dragged the thin cotton over my stiff nipple. I kept pulling until my entire tit was exposed, bare to his gaze.

I left it bare like that, in all its glory for him to enjoy. When I could feel the heat of his eyes, I cupped the bottom of my breast and lifted it slightly, removing the slight sag and presenting my nipple toward him. At that moment, I slid my eyes up to meet his, and smiled. Aware of my gaze, he lifted his eyes off my tit to meet mine. His face was expressionless.

"It's someone else's job to pour. I did my bit." Don's voice jarred me back to reality. Quickly, I pulled my robe closed around me and stood up.

"OK, honey, I'll get it," I tossed back as I hurried into the kitchen. As I left the living room, a strange, erotic glow swept over me, replacing the fear that had flooded me at the first sound of his voice. It spread through my groin as I poured the green tea into three mugs that Don had already laid out on the counter next to the teapot. I'd never felt such a strong, sexual feeling! It was searing through me.

I turned as I heard the soft footsteps behind me. I knew it was Donny. I leaned back against the counter as he walked up and stood in front of me. I looked up into his face, my chocolate brown hair falling in messy waves over my shoulders. My robe was untied, parted a few inches in front, enough to show that my pajama top was undone except for the last tie. Donny reached down to grasp the lace ends of the last tie and quickly gave it a sharp tug. Pulling it apart, he slid his hands inside onto my waist and then brought them up to grasp the bottom of my bare breasts.

I nodded toward the door and the living room where his father was reading his book. Briefly, he glanced that way and

then returned his gaze to my breasts. His thumbs curved up to flick each nipple several times, then back to press them into my tits. Releasing one, he stooped down to take it into his mouth. It was all I could do not to cry out.

"Hey, where's that tea?" Don's voice swooped into the kitchen.

"Coming," I yelled, pushing Donny's head, trying to pry his mouth off my tit. I couldn't dislodge him. He sucked in hard. "Ohhhh, God, Donny, don't," I whispered into his ear, pulling hard on his head until my nipple broke free of his mouth. Stepping away, I pulled my robe closed and cinched the belt tight. Grabbing two mugs, I said, "Bring your tea."

After giving Don his tea, I returned to my position on the couch, once again placing my book against my drawn up knees. Donny came in and took his place as well, but sitting closer to me near the middle of the couch, his thighs pressing against my toes. After a few minutes, I put my book down in my lap, and reached for my tea, holding it in both hands. I lifted my feet and stretched my legs across Donny's lap. I

simply sat and drank my tea, but I didn't make any move to loosen my robe.

Donny ignored me, sitting quietly, watching the TV intently. But after a while, he pulled his hand, which had been laying across the top of my legs stretched over his lap, down to his side, and pushed it along his thigh under mine. A minute later, I felt his fingers stroking the underside of my thighs, on the inside, where the skin is so soft and tender. Donny looked like he was simply sitting watching TV, with no discernible movement. I matched his demeanor, pretending that nothing was happening.

His fingers felt good on my legs and I pulled my feet up a little, lifting my knees and thighs to give him more room to move underneath. He took immediate advantage, slipping his fingers further between my thighs, and moving them in longer strokes toward my bottom. I didn't protest until he reached the very top and tried to press against my panties. Then I closed my legs, clamping his fingers firmly between my thighs. When I could feel him staying still, I opened my legs, releasing him. He continued to stroke my legs as before,

but soon returned for a second attempt on my panties. Again I clamped down on him, and he smiled.

The little brat! He was playing. I released him again, allowing him to continue. This time, it was a little longer before he moved to my panties, but I blocked his advance once more. He waited patiently for my release. As soon as I let go, he slid his fingers up and made direct contact with my panties. I quickly clamped my legs together, trapping his hand firmly against my panties. He smiled and turned to look at me, basking in his little win. I couldn't help but smile back. I gave his hand an extra squeeze and let him go, expecting him to withdraw his hand. But he didn't. He kept it there, but he didn't move it. I expect he thought that would be a violation. When I didn't move to push it away, or to clamp down on him again, he pressed his fingers harder against my panties, against my pussy.

I sighed and laid back, holding my cup between my breasts. I waited until he looked at me and held his gaze as he continued pressing on my mound. It was the most erotic feeling, my husband behind me, blithely unaware that his son was

pressing his fingers on his wife's moistening pussy. I was becoming very wet when I heard Don rustle behind me.

"I must have dozed off. Well, I'm off," he said as he rose from his chair. Thankfully, Donny had quickly pulled his hand away by the time Don leaned down to kiss me.

"You two look relaxed," he commented as he straightened up. "That's good, Donny. I know you've been having a tough time and I'm glad to see you getting through it. Good night."

"I better come too," I said, getting up to follow him. I was suddenly afraid of what would happen if I stayed. "Goodnight, Donny." I kissed him, ignoring the disappointment in his face, and avoiding the hand that tried to grab my robe to pull me back. "Goodnight, sweetie. See you tomorrow." I quickly caught up to my husband.

I very much needed to be fucked, but I put off Don's half-hearted advances. I just couldn't have sex with Don after today's closeness with Donny. And strangely, Don's approach didn't excite me in the least. I just knew it wouldn't satisfy me, this throbbing in my pussy. Don soon fell asleep, and so did I.

I awoke in the middle of the night, very thirsty. Although I couldn't hear anything, I felt he was still downstairs. I was afraid to go down there, to be alone with him, but I went anyway. I didn't bother with my robe, or my slippers. I simply went in my nightie and panties. Supposedly wary of crossing the line too far, I nevertheless padded barefoot downstairs dressed in a manner almost guaranteed to elicit a sexual reaction.

He wasn't sitting on the couch. Looking at it, my mind filled with the image of me allowing my son to touch my panties while my husband read a book behind me. I could feel a tingle starting down there as the image played through my mind. Suddenly shaking my head to clear my thoughts, I fetched a drink from the kitchen, then headed back to bed. What had come over me? Getting up in the night, wandering around the

house in just my nightie, hoping to excite my son? Get a grip, Paula!

Cresting the top of the stairs, I sensed rather than saw Donny, standing in the hallway between me and my bedroom door, still slightly ajar as I'd left it on my way downstairs. I froze. Donny stood there, clothed only in his pajama bottoms which did nothing to hide his excitement. I didn't make a move to get to my room. Donny just stared a me, his eyes moving from my breasts down to my toes, lingering on my midsection.

Thinking he wanted to have a look before letting me go back to bed, I raised my hand to the laces holding the front of my nightie together. Slowly, in as sensual a manner as I could muster, I tugged the lace, pulling it undone. Donny nodded. I reached for the second lace. He nodded again. Slowly, I tugged it undone too. The front of my nightie widened, exposing the swell of my breasts. Donny nodded again. I pulled and tugged teasingly on the third lace, taking as long to untie it as both of the first two together. I could see Donny's pajamas grow, and again when I did the fourth. Moving to the

fifth and final lace, I untied it right away with a quick tug. His approval was evident in his double nod.

I pulled the nightie apart, thrusting my breasts out and up in the dim light, I turned completely around, pausing to give him a full side profile. When I faced him again, he slowly walked toward me. I closed my eyes and braced my tits for his touch. This was crazy! Don could get up and come out the bedroom door at any time. We couldn't hide, there could be no excuse.

Donny's touch never came. Opening my eyes, I saw him looking down. Following his gaze, I saw his hand held open in front of my groin. He wanted to touch me there again. I stepped up on my toes, placed my arm gently around his shoulders and whispered in his ear.

"OK, Donny. If you really need it to relax, you can touch there, but only for a minute, and you stop when I say. Understand?" He nodded. "If you're a good boy, I'll let you touch me, but only when Dad's not home. Alright?"

He nodded several times, more enthusiastically. Pulling myself up with my arm around his shoulder, I placed my panties right onto his outstretched palm and lowered my weight on it. I could feel his excitement. After a minute, instead of breaking away, I whispered in his ear again, "Move your hand. Donny. Rub it."

I rubbed myself against his hand to give him the idea. As he began sawing his hand up and down on my panties, I kissed his ear. "That's it, that's it." I kissed his ear again. I let him rub me for a couple of minutes until my rapidly increasing excitement was pierced by a jolt of reality. I pulled back quickly. He stood there panting in front of me. In a similarly breathless state, I whispered, "Good boy," and started past him on wobbly feet. I brushed his hand away as he tried to detain me as I went my. "Tomorrow," I whispered, and hastened into my room.

Fortunately, Don was still asleep.

Unfortunately, the next day was Friday. Donny's schedule wouldn't allow him to be home early, so there wouldn't be any opportunity to follow through on my promise to let him touch me again. I knew this would bother him. He liked things to be as he expected. He always had.

At breakfast, Donny kept watching me closely, following my every move. I thought he was being very obvious but Don, of course, didn't notice. After a while, I realized I was enjoying his attention. It had been a long time since a male had paid such rapt attention to my body. Without consciously thinking about it, I began enhancing the presentation of myself for his viewing pleasure. There in my kitchen, with my husband sitting at the table reading the morning news and eating breakfast, I flirted outrageously with my son. Though wearing just a simple housedress, I managed to feel deliciously sexy, and the rapt attention of my audience confirmed that I was exactly that -- a very sexy woman. I felt like I was dancing on the edge of a knife.

"Honey?" I addressed Don. "Would you mind putting some cream on my feet for me before you go? They're really sore today."

"What?" Don replied, continuing to read his paper. "Uh ... I'm, uh ... Can you get Donny to do it?"

"But Donny doesn't want to do that, and you do it so well." I complained.

"Well ... Donny, can do it too. I won't be here forever, you know."

"Oh, alright," I said in a disgruntled voice. "Donny, would you mind, sweetie?" I held the jar of cream out to Donny and sat down at the far end of the table, turning my chair sideways, stretching my legs out, lifting one foot and letting its slipper fall to the floor.

Donny dragged his chair over to sit in front of me. I lifted the foot higher and lay it on his knee. Taking the cream, he scooped some into his fingers and, glancing at father, began to apply it to my foot. As he worked the cream into my foot, I slowly pulled my dress up my legs, blocked from Don's view by the kitchen table. Donny's eyes, though, followed intently, straying only to glance to be sure his father wasn't looking. I picked up a magazine and pretended to read it while Donny was working, just to block Don's view even more while I continued inching my dress up my legs. When the hem crossed above mid thigh level, I bent my knee sideways, opening my thighs wide and pulling the dress even higher. His face tensed as my panties came into view and, seemingly mesmerized, he stopped massaging my foot.

I wiggled my foot, kickstarting him back into action, though he didn't pay the least bit of attention to my foot. I let my hands dangle between my thighs, rubbing my index fingers back and forth on the soft skin there. Pressing into my thighs, pulling the skin away from my panties, I emphasized the mound pushing up underneath. Holding the skin taut away

from my pussy, I suggestively flexed my pelvis, pushing it out and up toward him.

Donny switched to rub cream on my other foot, the one that was now near the bottom of the thigh of my bent leg, bringing his hand close to my panties. I could see he desperately wanted to reach out another two inches to touch them, like he had the night before. I strained my panties toward him again ... once, twice, a third time. Each time, I thought his eyes were going to fall out of his head as he clearly saw me throbbing toward him, however slight the movement. I was being such a teasing bitch, but I loved it. Every nerve in my body tingled. I stretched my abandoned foot, still lying straight along the top of his legs, the extra inch I needed for my toes to reach his crotch, and pushed my heel down between his thighs. I held it there for about a minute. Then, realizing we were skirting with disaster, I pulled my foot away and closed my legs.

"Thanks, Donny. You did that so well I think I'll have to get you to do it for me from now on. Would you mind?"

"What?" Don raised his head from his paper.

"I was just saying that Donny did such a great job on my feet I'd ask him to do it for me from now on."

"Oh. That's good." Don looked at his watch. "Well, Donny. We'd better go."

Donny looked like he had years ago when he didn't want to go to school, when he wanted to stay home with his mom. I laughed to myself. There was no doubt in my mind that he wanted to stay home with his mom.

That night, Don and I were supposed to go out for dinner. When Donny came home, he made it clear he wanted to play. He tried to drag me to the couch, but I refused.

"No, Donny. Your Dad will be home soon to take me out for dinner. You'll have to wait until next week when we can be alone."

Crestfallen, he started upstairs toward his room. Suddenly, I had a mischievous idea.

"But you can help me pick out a nice dress to wear for Dad."

Donny didn't look too enthused, but he let me grab his hand as I walked past and towed him upstairs to my room. I rummaged through my closet and picked out three of my sexiest dresses. Being a little conservative, there wasn't anything outrageous in my collection. I laid the dresses out on my bed. Standing next to him at the side of the bed, I slipped my arm around his waist and asked, "Which one do you think Dad would like me to wear?"

He responded by slipping his arm around my back, between my arm and my side, cupping my breast. I smiled at his initiative.

"Hmmmm," he pondered, squeezing my breast, "That's a hard one."

As he continued to knead my breast, I prodded him, "Come on now. You have to pick one."

He picked the middle one, a plain but elegant navy blue dress with a conservative hemline that fell to just above my knee, a demure, high necked front but a lower back. I picked the dress up and turned my back to him. "Undo me," I said, presenting the zipper of my house dress to him.

Caught off guard, it took a few seconds for him to unhook me and slide the zipper down. I'm sure he expected me to then walk away to our ensuite or into the walk in closet to change but I surprised him and shucked the dress off my shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. I stood in front of him in bra and panties. I paused for effect, to let him run his eyes over my hips, down my buttocks, along my legs, then stepped into the navy blue dress and asked him to do me up.

Twirling around, I asked, "Do you like it?" To his nod, I added, "Should I keep it on until your father gets home?"

Twigging to this new game, he responded, "Well, I'm not sure now, Mom. Maybe you should try one of the other ones."

I smiled as I presented myself to him again, and waited for him to undress me. He unhooked my neckline, unzipped the dress, and waited for me shrug it off. When I didn't, he stood patiently, waiting. I shrugged my shoulders, but only a little, not enough to displace the dress. Catching on, he slipped his hands under the material on my shoulders and pulled it out just a little, keeping his hands in contact with my upper arms as he slowly slid the dress down my body. Reaching my elbows, he pulled his hands, and the dress, into my waist, following the curve over the swell of my hips. Instead of moving down the outside of my thighs, he moved his hands back, over my buttocks, sliding down my cheeks outside my panties to the back of my thighs. Only then did he let the dress to the floor. My boy was a fast learner.

Stepping back into him, I leaned back until he put his arms around me. I pressed my ass back, turned my head back and up, and asked, "Which one next? The green or the red?"

"Green," he answered.

When I didn't move, he leaned over to pick it up. As he held it, I turned to face him. His eyes ran down me, eyeing the swell of my breasts emphasized by the push up bra I'd put on that morning, down over the swell of my tummy with its wide, depressed navel, to my panties. His eyes lingered there. "Put it on me," I instructed.

He knelt down, holding the dress open so I could step into it. When I didn't move, he looked up, his head level with my panties. He stared straight ahead, right at the raised mound, a hint of my pubic hair evident beneath the material. Putting my hands out to hold his head, I said, "Keep me steady while I step into it." I made sure he was pointed right at my pussy, and only an inch away, as I lifted my leg and bent it wider than

necessary to step into the dress, repeating with the other foot, in no particular rush. I used my hands to pull him slowly upright, dragging the dress up my body, keeping his nose close to me all the way up, pulling his face between my breasts, letting them brush his cheeks, until he slipped my arms in and pushed the dress back over my shoulders. I stood close to him, waiting, until he reached around to find the zipper and dragged it up my back. He seemed reluctant to pull away, so I stepped back several steps and twirled around for him to see.

"Do you like it? It feels more fun that the last one. I think I'll keep it on. I'm sure Dad will like it."

He openly admired my body while I twirled and stretched in front of him. After all, I was asking him to. "No," he replied thoughtfully, "I think you should try on the last one, just to be sure."

"Oh alright," I laughed, bouncing to stand directly in front of him, wiggling my hips. "You're always so methodical, so

thorough." I laughed again, more softly. "Take it off me, then," I said in a low voice. This time, he peeled the dress off my shoulders with me still facing him, keeping me close to his chest. He paused when the dress reached my hips, brazenly admiring my breasts. "Your Dad will be home soon. You'd better hurry if you want to see me in the red one," I cautioned him. "It's the most fun of the three," I added to encourage him.

Down it went. He pulled the red dress up my legs the same way he'd done the green one, with me holding his head to steady myself, and to keep his nose and eyes where I wanted them. As I pulled him upright, I grasped the dress just as it passed over my hips. "Wait," I said. "I can't wear a bra under this dress. It's cut too low, it will show." Dumbly, he didn't move. "Well, take my bra off, silly," I said.

His shock wore off quickly. He reached around to fiddle with my straps. "No, in front, silly." He pulled his hands eagerly back around and, to my surprise, deftly twisted the center, releasing my breasts. Without pausing, he pulled the bra off my arms, then took control of the dress again, pushing my hands to my sides. Then, he just stood there, holding my dress

at my hips, staring at my tits, their excited nipples jutting out to almost touch him.

"Oh, you remember these, do you?" I laughed, low in my throat. As he mumbled something in reply, I continued, "Well, there's no time for you to be reacquainted." What a teasing bitch, I thought. But if you're a good boy and just do up my dress, I'll let you dance with me after Dad and I get home. If you've just started a movie I like, you know he'll head straight for bed. Would you like that?" I pushed my breasts up, teasing him yet more.

"Yes, Mom." Quietly, disappointed yet grateful.

As he began pulling the dress up over my breasts, I stopped him. "What the hell, I think we have a enough time for a real quick feel, if you want." I arched my back, and pulled his hands to my tits. I let him fondle my breasts until I heard Don pulling into the driveway but the door had opened and closed before I pried Donny's fingers off my nipples.

"Honey? Sorry I'm so late. We'd better get going." By the time he entered our bedroom, Donny was gone and I was just zipping up my conservative, navy blue dress.

Over dinner, I kept thinking about my outrageous behavior. I had no explanation for why I was teasing my son so much, but I acknowledged that I enjoyed it immensely. It excited me so much. I had to really struggle to stop going farther when he was fondling my tits. I wanted to shove his head against them, to feel him suck my nipples into his mouth. Once, when I pulled myself tight against him, I could feel his hard cock on my belly. His cock. God, the thought made me wet.

I strained to drain my thoughts, to turn myself back to listen to Don. What was he saying? Hadn't he noticed my mind was far away. I kept nodding here and there, my thoughts turning manipulative again. I ordered more red wine. I knew it would perk Don up but on the drive home, he'd become sleepy. After two bottles, mostly drunk by Don, we headed home,

deciding not to go anywhere else. Don dozed off. I had to wake him in the driveway.

When we came in, Donny was waiting. There was a bottle of wine and two glasses sitting on the coffee table. I was alarmed at the implication, but Donny quickly explained as Don and I took off our coats. "Hi guys. I got some wine for you in case you came home early, and I got a good movie for you."

"Oh, that's great son, but I'm bushed. I've got to get to bed." Without waiting to see what my response was, Don headed upstairs. He went directly into our room, leaving the hall light on but not bothering to turn the bedroom light on, or close the door. Donny watched him until he disappeared, then turned his gaze on me.

"Would you like to just watch a movie with me, Mom, since you don't have your dancing dress on?" He cocked his head toward the couch. I imagine he'd been thinking about getting me on that couch since Don and I had left, just as I'd been thinking of slow dancing with him. I noticed that the movie

was paused on the image of a sexy woman, barely clad, sprawled carelessly on a white divan. I noticed that the woman looked a lot like me.

"I didn't get to dance," I complained, "Your Dad was tired and just wanted to come home."

Donny walked past me to the hall closet where we had just hung up our coats. Turning off the hall light, leaving the room dimly lit only by one lamp in the far corner of the living room and the hall lamp from upstairs, he reached in and pulled a hanger out with my red dress on it.

"Dance the night away, Mom. Dance with Mr. d." Now he laughed softly.

He walked past me to stand by the couch. Picking up the remote from the table, he switched the channel from the movie to one playing slow dance music. Pulling the dress from the hanger, he tossed the hanger aside, and stood waiting for me to come.

I didn't. Instead, I dropped my purse to the floor, kicked my shoes off one by one, and reached up to unhook my dress. Not moving an inch toward him, I reached under my arm to grasp the zipper and dragged it slowly down until I felt it hit the end of its track by the small of my back. Reaching up, I crossed my arms to grasp the front of my dress at each shoulder.

"You were a good boy, weren't you." I made the question sound like a statement. Slowly, for effect, I pulled the dress down my front to reveal the same push up bra I'd worn earlier. Doing my best to look coquettish, I let the dress drop to the floor, and walked, very slowly, toward him, pushing my breasts up teasingly with each step. "Dress me to dance," I said when I stopped in front of him.

He knelt down, opened the dress and waited for me to step into it. When both my feet were in it, he began pulling it up around my legs, taking his time, keeping his face close to my body, as before. As he reached my breasts, he pressed his face

to my skin. Pulling away, he said, "You can't wear that with a dress like this, Mom."

"I know," I replied. "What are you going to do about it?"

Donny used one hand to remove the bra, keeping the dress up with the other. Without stopping to touch me, he slipped my arms through the dress, pulled it up and fastened it behind my neck. Gently he swung around me and tugged me into the center of the room. Pulling me to him, we began to dance. He wasn't a good dancer. But he did move his feet as he kept me tight against him, pulling his head back periodically to sneak a look down my dress. I got the feeling he was trying to put in sufficient time that I would let him fondle my breasts again. I had to stop him. He was just too awkward. I guess the Mom part of me came out, needing to teach him so that he wouldn't embarrass himself with another woman.

Making him stay absolutely still, I glued myself to him and started moving slowly, pulling the matching part of his with

me. Swaying, swinging, pulling, pushing, I started to show him how to move, sensuously, in time to the music. After ten minutes of this laborious effort, he began to take the lead, haltingly at first, but with ever increasing confidence. Within half an hour, we were moving seamlessly, literally, with each other. Quietly, breathing softly, just moving slowly together, in time, on beat.

The constant movement, sliding against one another, chafing together, had affected us. I could feel his hard cock in my belly, my nipples were stabbing into his chest, my face pressed into his shoulder. He held my left hand in his right while his left held my head tight to him. My right arm snaked around his hips, resting on his ass, keeping him hard against me, his cock rubbing on my belly. I hadn't meant to get this excited. My body wasn't just tingling, it was on fire. I was incredibly horny. I needed to be fucked. But I couldn't do that with my son. I had to stop. To stop.

I pushed him off. Stood there panting, in time to his ragged breathing. "That's enough."

"No." He tried to pull me back.

"No Donny. No more dancing. Not tonight. Let's watch the movie." I pulled him toward the couch.

"No." He resisted. I kept tugging.

"Yes. ... Let's hug each other on the couch."

He relented, following me as I towed him around the coffee table, sitting down, getting ready to fall back. He stopped me, reached behind my neck and undid my dress. As I fell back, he held onto the front, pulling it away to reveal my heaving breasts and hard, stiff nipples. OK. He could have them. Who was I kidding? I was dying for him to suck them. He fell on top of me, pushed himself up, arranged himself so his crotch was against mine and grasped a tit in each hand, massaging them, pulling his fingers back to tug on my nipples.

There was no way to hide my excitement from him. He worked my nipples mercilessly. Pulling, tugging, twisting. On and on. When I thought he was about to lower himself to suck them into his sweet mouth, he pressed his crotch hard against me. Even through his pants, I could feel that his cock was incredibly hard. He sawed his shaft up and down in my crevice. I wanted him to stop but I needed him to continue.

Suddenly, he lunged down hard and held himself there. I gasped loudly. Pulling back a little, he immediately humped against me hard and fast for fifteen or twenty seconds, then stopped again, pressing hard against me. Then the hard humping again. He kept that up. Over and over. Dry fucking me. Drilling me into the couch. When my gasps became too loud, he covered my mouth, forcing me to breath through my nose. But he didn't stop. When he leaned forward to cover my mouth, his cock head pressed down on my clit, eliciting an immediate reaction from me. I ground back at him, opening wider to give him better access. He fucked at me as mercilessly as I had teased him earlier. One last time he pushed down very hard, his cock vibrating against me as he came in his pants. As he stilled, I realized he couldn't have

pulled away because my arms were grasping him tight and my legs were locked in a vice grip clutching his hips, my head thrown back over the arm of the couch. My own orgasm welled up inside me and I shuddered my climax against his damp crotch.

After a while, he got up and stumbled upstairs. I lay there for quite a while, listening to the soft music, while fleeting remnants of my orgasm streaked through me every few minutes. Long after the last tingle, I made my way upstairs, thankfully remembering to pick up my bra and the navy blue dress.

The next morning I awoke confused about my motives. I had started with hugs, trying to encourage Donny from withdrawing into a shell as he had done several times as a child. Then, lots of hugs and comforting seemed to draw him out. I had to admit the hugging had gone a little far and that, though I had started teasing him to encourage him out of his

withdrawal, I had secretly enjoyed that part of it. A lot. And then it had moved so fast. He wasn't a little boy anymore and in my excitement, I'd let him touch my breasts, and my panties, rationalizing this incredible faux pas with arguments that I needed to keep him from relapsing. But now I knew -- had always known, to be honest -- that it was more to satisfy this strange urge within myself, this need to keep him needing me, and for me to sacrifice myself for him.

Was it because I'd had a C-section when he was born because of my desire, and Don's, to keep my figure? Though we had professed medical concerns at the time, the unacknowledged truth between us was that we both wanted to preserve my body, for our mutual pleasure. But secretly, I knew, I dreaded the pain of childbirth. Did this lack of sacrifice underlay my need to offer myself now, to prove that I was a selfless mother?

I didn't know. What I did know was that I had let it get carried away, and it had to stop. As I descended the stairs in my plain, flannel pajamas, I resolved myself to limit Donny to maternal

hugs, comforting for sure, but not sexual. And definitely no touching, no looking, and absolutely no rubbing!

It was the weekend. Don would be home all weekend. That should help me keep Donny at bay and return to a normal mother/son relationship.

Don arrived, as usual, just as the coffee was ready and his breakfast was on the stove. As he opened the Saturday paper, he remarked, "You know, you've done a wonderful job with Donny. It usually takes months to pull him out of these episodes of his, but he's responding better than ever in just over a week." He paused, a pensive look on his face. "I don't know what you're doing, Paula, but it's sure working. If there's anything I can do to help, let me know. I know I haven't helped with these things before, but you know I'd do whatever it takes. He is our son, after all."

Well, he'd sure said a mouthful. He couldn't know how his words tore through my emotions, conflicting my clear resolve.

Don lifted his paper, gave it a shake and poked his head into it just as I heard Donny coming down the stairs. He walked quietly up to stand behind me as I cooked his father's eggs. "What's for breakfast, Mom?" he asked, leaning over my shoulder to peek. I tensed, bracing myself for an inappropriate action, but after a minute of him watching, saying and doing nothing, I relaxed. And as soon as I did, I felt it. His right hand, the side away from his father, gently cupped my left cheek. For all my resolve, I had no plan. I didn't react. I simply stood there as he curved his palm over my buttock, his fingers tracing the line between my cheeks, his touch sending zingers throughout my pelvis. In my shock, I did nothing, even as he slid his hand down along the same path, pausing at the bottom, and giving my bum a gentle squeeze.

"I like that, Mom. It looks great." He kissed me in the nape of my neck, squeezed my bottom again, kissed my ear, another

squeeze, a nibble on my neck, and he turned away to the counter to pour himself some coffee.

"Can I get you some, Mom," he asked, as if nothing had happened, as if everything was as it should be. I didn't answer. Walking to the table, he set a cup down at my usual place and returned to stand behind me at the stove. Again the hand on my ass. I shivered in response, expecting its rise up my crack but he surprised me by pushing down between my legs, dragging my pajama bottoms with him, baring my ass. "Can I have my favorite, Mom, over medium?" he asked, bringing his hand slowly back up, but firmly pressed against me, his thumb hooking over the elastic and poking into my crack, blazing the trail for his wayward hand.

"Yes. Sure, son," I finally managed to mumble. My mind was numb. No angry admonishment, no jerk way from his invading touch. I had expected him to begin withdrawing after he realized that I wasn't going to play our little game, that I wasn't going to tease him with the promise of extras to bring him back. But I hadn't expected him to initiate a direct, blatantly intimate caress as soon as he neared me, and with

his father right there! He had really caught me off guard before I could get ready, and right after Don had confused me. I had to get my act in order, but the tingling prompted by his illicit touch, so dangerously close to my husband, was still reverberating in my pelvis. As I thought about that, the feeling focused in my pussy, and I could feel my ass clench involuntarily, squeezing his fingers between my cheeks, sending the complete opposite signal than the one my mind intended.

He laughed softly, kissing the nape of my neck again, then gripping it between his lips and gently chewing it. I could feel myself heating up, could feel myself becoming damp. What was wrong with me?

He went to fetch another cup of coffee for himself, bringing it to the table while I filled Don's plate who immediately began to absently pick at his meal, his back toward the stove, eyes engrossed in his newspaper. Donny returned to the stove with me, standing now on the other side, facing me and his father, as I broke his eggs into the pan. He talked to me quietly as I cooked, filling the air with inane little details about his

school work, but as he talked he kept his eye on his father's back, and his hand strayed out to rest flat against my tummy, away from his father's sight should he turn around.

His hand didn't stay still for long. It moved in a slow oval, slipping up underneath my pajama top to pass lightly over my naval as it traced its feather light arc. His voice lulled my mind and I had to admit his touch felt fantastic. I could sense my tummy imperceptibly reaching out for his fingers just before they were about to pass over once again. As the circle widened, his pinky dipped under the elastic of my pajama bottoms, on each pass trying to shove in, pushing my bottoms further down my tummy. On the upswing, the back of his thumb began brushing the bottom swell of my breasts. Eventually, my pajama bottoms couldn't stretch down any farther unless the back was pulled down over my ass. Instead, the bottom three fingers of his hand reached to the bottom of my tummy, near my secret patch of hair, on each pass, and his thumb no longer brushed the bottom of my breasts, but lifted each one, hefting its weight and pushing my nipples up, stiff now, and scraping them across the soft flannel of my pajama top.

I hadn't teased him, I said to myself. I hadn't offered myself. What could I do? Don was right there! If I made a fuss, there would be hell to pay. What had Don said -- he was our son, whatever it took? Did he have any idea what it could take? Did he have some inkling of what was going on? Did he condone it? I looked over at Don, could see him immersed in his paper, oblivious to us. Was he pretending? A strange exhilaration flooded through me as Donny's hand dropped from my breast to my lower tummy once more, his thumb digging into my navel as it passed by. God, I was getting so horny. Was I relieved because Don might know? Did I now feel tacit permission to let my son have his way with me?

Though my face was turned down, I only now realized that I'd overcooked Donny's eggs. "Oh, darn. I've ruined your eggs. Don't worry, I'll do another set, I said aloud, to no one in particular." I busied myself readying another set of eggs as if that was the big concern of the moment. My hands worked around Donny's right arm as if it wasn't there. He continued caressing my abdomen without interruption.

Momentarily becoming lucid, I noticed his conversation had turned to quietly reminiscing about adventures with his Dad long ago, in this case, golfing. He was talking about going golfing with Don and being joined by a friend of ours from our old neighborhood. Heather, he was saying. He and Don had happened run into Heather and her daughter and they had made a foursome for a round of golf.

Suddenly, Don sprang up from the table, "I'm off for my shower," he explained, rushing out of the kitchen, ignoring us, glancing at his watch on the way out, apparently not even looking our way. Though Don's move had really startled me, Donny didn't miss a beat, he didn't even flinch. His hand continued its steady, slow, erotic rub over my belly, and across the bottom of my breasts, his thumb now splaying out to flick my nipples as it passed beneath them. Nevertheless, with Don gone, I knew I had to put a stop to this.

"That was the first time," he was saying, "After that, she came alone and I hung around the clubhouse while they golfed. I didn't like golf anyway." His voice trailed off, then picked up

on another topic, but I wasn't listening. Don was meeting Heather regularly to play golf?

As we heard Don closing the bathroom door upstairs, Donny's hand slipped lower, outside my pajama bottoms, but all the way down. His fingers grazed over my pubic mound while his other hand slipped around my waist, holding me in place. Numbly, I just stood there, playing little videos in my mind of our interactions with Heather and Jim, looking for clues for suspicious behavior, but I couldn't find any. Donny's hand twisted down and cupped me in his palm, his fingers stretching down between my legs while his left foot slid behind me to push mine out, opening my legs.

"And when Dad was teaching me how to canoe at the lake, she showed up and he let me stay behind to swim while they went out alone. ... Turn the stove off, Mom."

Absently, I reached out to turn the stove off. By the time my hand returned to grip the stove, his fingers had slipped into the crevice lining my pussy, rubbing over my tangled and

damp pussy hair below the flannel, then back up, pressing into the moist, narrow canyon he had just opened beneath my pajamas. Stepping closer, he pressed his cock into my hip, rubbing it against the side of my ass. His hand pressed harder against me as it began rubbing up and down in a slow, regular pace, his palm cupping my mound while his fingers dug deeper between my lips, spreading them apart. Switching to memories of summer activities at the lake with our former neighbors, I barely noticed Donny slipping around behind me.

"That was the time I got that bad sunburn, they were gone so long. Remember, Mom?" he whispered into my ear as he pulled his hand harder against me, keeping his fingers firmly between my lips while he wiggled them sideways in my twat. God, it felt so good, such an incredible feeling. I could feel myself soaking the flannel he was pushing into my pussy. I remembered being so angry at Don for letting Donny get so burned. And Don was so flustered, ashamed almost, insisting on being alone with Donny to rub in the salve.

"That was just the first time at the lake, of course" he dropped another bomb.

He bodily repositioned me to the counter next to the stove. Pushed forward until I was leaning over the counter, I could feel his knees pressing the back of my thighs to brace me up. Then I felt him push his pajama covered crotch against my ass, his cock lining up between my cheeks. Then the shoving started. I relaxed, offering no resistance. His shoving against my ass quickly became more urgent, my head moving to and fro on the counter, his breathing loud in my ear, his hand cupping my pussy firmly. Then he thrust hard and held my ass tight against the counter, exhaling a loud groan. I felt a hot, damp sensation on my ass as his come seeped through his pajamas and mine. It must have been a big load.

As he lowered his head to my back, nuzzling and kissing me between my shoulder blades, I felt my own orgasm well up and flood through me. He stepped back and walked away, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

It turned out that Don had suddenly remembered that he had a 10:15 tee time. After his shower, he rushed off with his clubs. I was, given Donny's monologue, quite unsettled about this. Where was he really going? If he was golfing, who with?

When Donny came down from his shower -- this was new, he usually hid in his room all weekend -- he caught me going out the door, just to drop in at the golf club to surprise Dad, I told him. He pleaded with me to wait so he could come too. This was even more surprising. I didn't really want him to come in case there was a confrontation, but he insisted.

On the way, Donny professed to be still hungry and convinced me to stop for lunch on the way at a little marina on the coast. Neither of us, of course, had eaten breakfast. As we sat eating our seafood salads, I tried to find out more about his excursions with his Dad over the years, especially those where he'd been left on his own when they 'ran into' someone. But Donny was very evasive.

When we got back in the car, he let me know there was a special place he liked to go, when his Dad was golfing with his 'friends', just a short hike up the side of a hill across from the golf course. As we neared the turnoff to the golf course, he let me know that he'd never showed it to anyone, that I would be the first. He implored me to go straight there, so we could have the warmest part of the afternoon to sit on the grass and view the ocean and the golf course below. That clinched it. I passed right by the golf course. Somehow, it seemed more important to visit Donny's special place.

We parked on a little side road across the road from the golf course. There was a little trail leading up to a grassy knoll overlooking the course. Donny brought the blanket and the binoculars we kept in the trunk. He spread the blanket in a little hollow. Laying on his stomach he peered over the edge down to the course below. "You can see everything from here," he said, patting the blanket beside him. "Here, take a look," he offered the binoculars to me.

As I focused the binoculars on the golfers below, Donny removed my shoes. "It's very private here. You can see everyone but nobody can see you." He trailed his hand up my calf and the back of my thigh, pushing my sun dress higher on my legs. "It's warm up here. We may as well get a tan while we're here."

"Mmhmmm," I responded, my attention on the people below, trying to find Don and whoever he might be with. Donny's hand slipped between my thighs, gently pulling one and pushing the other, until I moved my feet apart to open my legs. He began moving his hand along the backs of my legs, his fingers trailing between my thighs, teasing the soft skin. He wasn't shy. He moved right up to my panties on the first upward stroke. I guess there was going to be a little price for being introduced to his secret spot. I turned my attention back to the scene below, vaguely aware over the next little while that Donny kept his hand in slow, steady motion.

Was that Don? I focused intently on a group that had just moved up to the farthest tee to our right. As I did, I felt Donny fumbling with the back of my dress. After a few moments of

intense observation, I let the glasses drop to the grass in front of me. No. It wasn't him. I noticed that Donny had unzipped my dress and was trying to pull it off my shoulders.

"Don't Donny. Wait until we get home. I'll let you play a little then."

"But no one can see Mom. It's private up here. We'll be here for awhile. We may as well get a tan."

I relented, raising up a little so he could slide my dress down a bit. To my surprise, my bra went down with my dress. "Donny!" I cried.

"What? Mom, you don't want lines."

"Oh, alright," I gave in, but I laid down to hide my bare breasts from view, private spot or not. Donny slid the dress down, bunching it up at my hips.

"There they are," he said, pointing below.

I quickly turned back to the course, bracing myself on my elbows and bringing the glasses to bear. A couple had just joined the foursome. It was Don.

I felt Donny kneeling behind me, between my still parted legs. He leaned forward, pressing against my back, chest bare against my back and legs as well. He'd stripped to his shorts. As I tuned the focus of the glasses, trying to recognize the woman with Don, I felt Donny adjusting his position against my ass. His arms slipped up each side, inside my arms to grasp my breasts. His fingers immediately pinched my nipples. "There they are, Mom," he whispered in my ear as he started tugging them outward. His cock pressed me gently into the blanket.

It was Heather! They were smiling and chatting, laughing together, away from the other four. As the others played on they stayed behind, touching as they chatted.

"Look at that, Mom," Donny whispered in my ear. He squeezed my nipples, pinching them, twisting and tugging them out, thrusting his cock firmly between my cheeks. "They're being very friendly," he said. He humped into me. I couldn't look away. It all looked so innocent, but I knew it wasn't. The bastard!

Donny stood up. Had he excited himself so quickly? It was strangely exciting, I thought, spying on someone. Watching them when they were unaware. I watched Don and Heather tee off and saunter down the fairway after their balls, walking together, holding hands.

I felt Donny return. He opened my legs more for a better view. Since he'd delivered the goods for me, I decided to let him go a little further. His hands began to knead my ass, his thumbs reaching between my legs and up the crack between my cheeks. He massaged continually while I watched Don and Heather. He was running his thumbs up and down my crack, pushing in as far as my panties would let him. At the bottom, he dug his thumbs deep, reaching along my peritoneum to

the bottom of my pussy. I realized I was wet which surprised me since I'd been concentrating on the scene below.

Donny leaned forward to whisper in my ear. "Let me take them off, Mom."

"No, Donny."

"Please, Mom. Let me see you. Please."

"Donny, no."

Just then, Don and Heather approached the green, alone now as the foursome had moved on to the next tee. Don took Heather into his arms and kissed her. As I watched their long kiss, I could feel Donny working my panties down my legs, in spite of what I'd said. I let him. He caressed my legs as they played the green. By the time he reached my bare ass, they were putting the flag back in the hole. After checking to be

sure the golfers behind them had not yet reached the tee, they stopped for another long kiss.

At that moment, Donny slipped his arms around me to grasp my breasts, pinching my nipples and resuming his delicious tugging. What an intense feeling. My breasts and nipples had missed him judging from their reaction to his renewed ministrations. I couldn't feel his crotch against my bare ass yet, which surprised me. I had expected to feel his jockey shorts pressing against my bare bottom as soon as he got the chance.

Don's hands slipped down Heather's back and possessively trailed down her ass to cup her cheeks. At that moment, and almost thinking my mind was playing tricks on me, I felt my own ass delicately caressed. It felt like he was sliding his forearm along the crack of my ass, then slowly back, and up again. It was strange, watching my husband feeling another woman's ass while another man caressed mine. Tit for tat, I thought.

As the kiss broke and they headed for the next tee, I let the glasses fall to the blanket and lowered my head and shoulders to rest my neck. Donny followed my breasts down, never losing his grip on my nipples. My thoughts returning to the hill, I realized how horny he'd made me. My tits were on fire, my pussy was wet and throbbing, and I was enjoying the feel of him sliding up and down the crack of my ass.

How can he move his arm in me while laying on my back, I thought, dreamily. His arm? Both of his hands were on my tits. Suddenly intensely aware, I realized he was sliding his cock up and down through my ass cheeks!

I couldn't push myself up onto my elbows because his weight kept me down and when I tried to close my legs, his knees kept them apart.

"Donny!" I cried. "Stop!"

"He deserves it, Mom."

"No. Donny, I can't let you!"

"I won't, Mom. I won't try to get in you."

His kept sliding his cock between my cheeks. His grip tightened on my tits. He put his mouth against my ear, pushing my head to the blanket, increasing the tempo of his cock grinding against my ass.

"He deserves it, even if he can't see it." His voice was very hoarse yet extremely intense.

He was grinding harder and quicker. I knew he was about to come. It was inevitable. It was too late to stop him now. With his head on mine, cheek to cheek, I whispered harshly, my own voice at an intensity I'd never heard before, "Come on me!"

He does deserve it, I thought, the bastard. Almost right away I felt hot liquid gushing against my ass. His weight fell on me. We lay there, tight together, bodies heaving, gasping for breath.

Eventually, Donny climbed off me. He used my panties to wipe my ass, then tossed them aside. Reaching down, he pulled me to my feet, pulled my dress up and zipped me up. He stood there in front of me, brushing grass from my hair as I found my shoes and slipped them on. "You'd better get dressed," I said, looking at his lean body, his cock dangling between his legs. I'd never seen it. It was a respectable size, and started to recover as he saw me looking at it. Definitely a respectable piece of equipment.

Inexplicably, after he'd put his shorts on, I stepped up to him and put my hand on his crotch, molding my hand around his member and squeezing it. I stepped up on my toes and kissed him quickly on his lips. "Let's go home", I said.

At the car, I tossed him the keys. He came around to my side of the car.

"Can I kiss you, Mom?" he asked me tentatively, quite surprising from someone who had minutes before been jamming his cock against my ass.

"Yes, of course," I replied, reaching up to put my arms around his neck, lifting my face to him. He kissed me there, a nice long romantic kiss, in full view of cars passing by. By the time we finished, he had pressed me back against the car and I could feel his cock against my belly once more.

"Let's go home," I said for the second time that day.

I felt good on the way home. I should have been furious that Don was, and evidently had been for some time, fooling around on me with Heather. But I actually felt relieved more

than anything, that my own transgressions with Donny were now vindicated. Donny had shown me, perhaps so that I wouldn't continue being an innocent fool, and I felt grateful to him. I wanted to reward him, to let him taste a little more. Not too, far. Not illegal. I liked teasing him, and my emotions thrived on his fascination for my body. Anyway, it served Don right.

Kicking my shoes off, I twisted my hips and shifted my feet to the centre of the car. When he looked down at my bare feet and then up to me, I smiled. Still smiling, I pulled my dress up my legs until the hem was almost up to my pussy. My pussy that was no longer covered by panties. Though my dress wasn't actually high enough for him to see that, I knew he was aware of it the way he stared at my legs where they disappeared into my skirt.

"You liked being against my bare skin, didn't you?" I asked him.

"Yes, I did."

"Do you like my legs?" I asked, twisting so my thighs moved sideways, back and forth.

"Yes, Mom."

"Would you like it if I wore dresses around the house."

"Yes." A short pause. "Maybe you could wear the red one sometimes?" he asked, hopefully.

I laughed. "Maybe. I was thinking I'd wear dresses like this one. The way I'm wearing it right now."

He looked at me, not following. I opened my legs a little, smiling at him. I looked back the way we'd come, then down at my lap, and up to meet his eyes. "Just like I'm wearing it now," I repeated in a very low, throaty voice. I opened my mouth just enough to let the tip of my tongue peek through.

"Oh," he replied.

"Do you know what I mean?" I asked.

"Yes." I could see he did, his excitement was visible.

"But only when your Dad's around." His face registered disappointment. "I think he deserves it, don't you?"

Donny's face brightened, but only a little. I don't think he quite knew what I meant, and for that matter, neither did I.

"He owes you, Mom."

"And you too, son," I replied. I opened my legs a little more. Donny let his eyes stray to my thighs where they disappeared into my dress. I reached out and twirled his hair, "There should be payback for you too."

When Don arrived home for dinner, there was none. "I thought we should go out," I informed him. "You were so late. How was your game?"

"Oh, good," he replied, somewhat sheepishly. Then, "I'm a little tired to go out. Can we order in some Chinese instead?"

I turned to Donny, "What do you think, Donny?"

"Yeah, Chinese would be good. I've already changed into my sweats. I'd rather stay home, too."

"OK," I replied, "Donny and I will order while you get a shower."

As Don topped the stairs and disappeared into the hallway, I turned to Donny, hiked my dress up, and pulled my panties down. Walking into the kitchen, I tossed them into the

garbage. That was the first of many decisions to follow where I made it clear that Donny's preference counted more than Don's. Don didn't notice then, and Donny couldn't think about anything else except that his mother had just taken her panties off, just for him, right in front of him.

After the food came, when we were all sitting in the living room about to eat, Don turned on a baseball game. I got up and headed for kitchen. A moment later I called out, "Donny, come help me open this wine."

Donny arrived to see his mother holding a bottle with the opener already started in the cork. I slipped my shoes off, and turned around, placing the bottle on the counter. "Come help me," I whispered. He came up behind me, pressing against me lightly as he reached around to take control of the bottle.

"No," I stopped him. "Hold me still while I work on the bottle." I held my elbows out indicating where he should grab me. He immediately grasped my breasts. I could tell from his reaction that he was pleasantly surprised to find that I hadn't put on a

bra when I changed into a fresh dress on coming home. "Keep me from moving," I reminded him as I began twisting the corkscrew into the wine bottle. His hands immediately grasped me tight, his fingers slipping up into his now familiar grip around my nipples. He started squeezing my tits and pinching my nipples, stretching them out.

He began humping against my ass. Turning my head slightly back, I asked, "Does it feel better, when I'm not wearing panties?"

"Yeah, yeah," he grunted, working hard against me.

"It's bare you know."

"I know. I know." He grunted back, working harder against me.

"Well, don't you want to feel it?"

His thrusting slowed. "Feel it?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied. "You are only wearing sweat pants, aren't you?"

"Yes," his humping slowed even more.

"Well," I said, pushing my ass against his crotch.

His hands suddenly dropped from my tits. There was a flurry of fumbling behind me, then his hands grasped my hips and I could feel his cock sliding up between my legs. I twisted my pelvis forward to make sure it slid up onto my cheeks and not into something else. As soon as it found its way between my cheeks, he pressed in and starting frantically humping me. His head was hanging on my shoulder, and he kept repeatedly mouthing in my ear, in time with his urgent thrusts, "Mom ... Mom ... Mom ..."

In no time at all, his goo began splashing on my ass. I waited patiently for him to finish.

"Go get a tea towel, and clean me up while I finish opening the wine," I said. "That's a dear."

My mind wandered into the living room where Don sat eating as Donny lifted my dress and cleaned my ass of his spunk. Take that, you bastard, I thought. I returned to the living room, carrying only my own glass of wine.

After I ate, I turned to place my back against the arm of the couch and put my feet up in my usual reading position. Donny, who had been sitting beside me, his leg pressing into mine as we ate, had to move away a bit. As the game wore on, I dug my toes under his thigh, eventually working my right foot up between his legs as some excitement in the game garnered Don's attention. Twisting my foot, I pressed my insole against Donny's hardening cock, to his amazement. Throughout the rest of the game, I pressed, wiggled, and rubbed his cock, which never once stopped imitating a piece of pipe. I used my toes to stretch up and scratch down from the underside of its head. Many, many times. I felt him come twice, spurting on himself under his sweats. The second time,

I looked up to see him glaring at the TV, his stomach undulating with his squirts. I withdrew my foot when he was finished. A minute later, he went to his room.

The next day was Sunday. We usually went out for brunch on Sundays, but I didn't feel like spending the morning with Don. I was also afraid of cooking with Donny in the kitchen, given that I'd let him feel me up while Don was there. And that was before I found out about Heather. Now, I'd probably let my own son fuck me, just to spite Don!

God. What a thought. Let my own son fuck me. I mean, I'd gone pretty far but I would never do that! Sure, I'd been leading him on but he wasn't hiding in his room anymore, was he? And he wasn't obsessing with the mail either. No! His attention was firmly, I laughed to myself at the word, firmly on his mother. And what was wrong with that? I'd always liked it when he needed me, and he hadn't for so long. Now, he desperately needed me. He wanted me. And I liked that. I had

decided that this shouldn't be a temporary thing just until he was accepted at a grad school. No, it was going to continue. Donny was going to be the other man in my life, maybe even the main one. Don deserved that.

So when Don came down for his coffee, wondering why I wasn't dressed to go out for brunch, and why there was no coffee, I said I wasn't going, and he could get coffee there. I took my coffee -- I'd made a single cup just for myself -- and headed back upstairs to bed.

"Well, I'm going out for breakfast, then," Don called out angrily as he left the house. I could hear his car door shut as I entered my room. Donny came in, asking what was up.

"Nothing," I replied. "I just didn't feel like going out for breakfast with your father, so he left. I undid my robe and let it slip to the floor, but I didn't get into bed right away, realizing that Donny's eyes were glued to my body clad only in a thin, worn cotton summer nightdress that covered me only from the tops of my breasts -- it was held up by straps -- to above

the middle of my thighs. Changing my mind about bed, I walked slowly, for sensual effect, to our ensuite. I could feel the blood rush through me as Donny's eyes followed me, his eyes roaming over me from my breasts to my toes. "Don't go," I said, as if it was necessary to say.

I returned to the bedroom and headed for my bed, the skin cream I used on my feet in my hand, the same cream Donny had used the other day. I stopped by the side of the bed, placed my foot on its edge, and began rubbing cream onto my calf. "What are you up to today?" I asked him, working the cream in, slowly, like the models do in those skin commercials.

Donny didn't respond. He was paying rapt attention to my leg, following the movement of my hand as I worked the cream in. Pausing, I said, "Oh. You know how to do this. Would you mind, honey?" I innocently held the tube of skin cream out to him. He nodded. I got up on the bed, outside the covers, making myself comfortable. "Come on, then," I beckoned to him.

Donny crawled on the bed, took the cream and began applying it to my calves. When he finished, I said, "I like to do them all the way up when I'm in bed, honey." I raised my knees, opening them slightly so he could reach to do my upper legs. Before he could get more than a glimpse, I pushed the nightie between my legs, covering myself. "Oh," I said, "I know I said I would only go pantyless when your Dad was around, but he's not here and I haven't dressed yet. You won't peek will you?" I teased.

"No, mom," he guaranteed, but his eyes stayed on my crotch. He started rubbing cream on my thighs. I relaxed, my eyes closed so as not to disconcert him, as he applied the lotion. He kept putting it on for quite some time, pushing my legs apart for better access, perhaps hoping to get a beaver shot. But I kept my nightie firmly in place with my hand.

Then, as I could almost sense his disappointment, I removed my hand. "Make sure you get it all the way up my legs, dear," I instructed. He began pushing his fingers down to the crux of my crotch. "Get it right to the top of my legs," I further instructed. He complied, working his hand all around my legs,

a fraction of an inch from my pussy. Without my hand holding it in place, my nightie slid up, baring my pussy, giving Donny an unrestricted view. I kept my eyes closed, so he could openly enjoy his prize for today.

After a minute, I spoke quietly, "Don't touch it, sweetheart. You can look all you want, but don't touch it."

Again, he was too engrossed to reply, but he did as I said. He kept his fingers rubbing all around, and he never strayed to touch farther away once he'd gained permission to be near my pussy. It was as if it was his new shrine. I was getting very horny and I was wet, which I'm sure was evident to my son.

Abruptly, I was startled by Don's cell phone vibrating on the bedside table. Donny's hands froze. As I picked up Don's forgotten phone I told Donny, "Don't stop."

I looked at the call display. "Heather," it read. I lost it.

I clenched my eyes and gripped the phone hard. Relaxing, I set the phone down. Looking up at Donny, watching him watch my pussy, I whispered, "Go ahead, Donny. Touch it." When he didn't move, I repeated, "I want to watch you touch me."

His slippery fingers slid up from my legs to slide crossways over my pussy. "That's it," I cried, "Keep moving over it."

He complied, moving his fingers back and forth, up and down, sliding all over my mound, my lips, my pussy. He cupped it in his palm, mashed his hand down on it, twisting it in. It was his new toy. He played with it endlessly. Then he ran the tip of his long finger up and down the crevice, soaking his digit, digging it into the slippery depth between. "Yes," I cried, "Finger me, put it IN."

My son pushed his finger into my cunt. "Oh, yes," I moaned, reaching up to grab him, "Frig me, frig me!"

Donny began jamming his finger into me, faster and faster, making me moan continuously. "More," I gasped, "Put more in."

He pushed more fingers in. I don't know how many but it felt bigger, thicker. He fingered me harder and faster. I reacted, fucking against his pistoning hand. Faster, faster, faster. I blazed into an orgasm, exploding through me as I gushed my fluid over his hand. My whole body tensed, released, tensed, released. Then I lay still.

After a brief pause, Donny began moving his fingers in me again but I pushed his hand away, "No, honey. I'm done. I can't believe I let you do that."

"I'll do it for you any time, Mom."

I opened my eyes, looking up at him. "I don't think that's a good thing for a mother and son to do."

He just looked back. I don't know what he was thinking. Looking down, I could see his boner sticking out from his pajama. "Oh, poor baby. You need it too, don't you?"

He nodded. I reached for the tube of cream and, finding it, squirted some lotion onto my belly, between my navel and my pussy. Reaching down, I pulled his pajamas down, freeing his aching cock. "Lay in here, sweetie."

He immediately moved up to lay his hard cock onto my belly, its head finding the pool of lotion. Shove, shove, shove ... he started fucking my belly, sliding his cockhead back and forth, poking into my navel on the upstroke. I squeezed him to me, partly to stop his cock from getting down as far as my pussy. I pressed my belly into him, pulling away, then undulating up against him again, enveloping his cock in my tummy muscles. I'd make it as much like a fuck as I could, I thought. He deserves it.

He was hunching rapidly into my tummy, his balls dangling over my pussy mound, which felt great to me. Excitingly illicit

but not quite taboo, in my mind at least. It wasn't long before he shot all over my stomach, between and onto my tits, even up to my neck. He released quite a load, especially since he'd come several times the day before. He lay flat on me for some time, his knees around my sides, his cock pressed tight, his balls laying on my mound. He kissed me, pushing his tongue in for a long, hot swirling duel with my own. When the kiss broke, I felt his hands massaging my tits, fingers tugging and pinching my nipples in his usual fashion. He was pumping his groin down in a gentle, massaging motion that pressed his balls again and again on my pussy. I could feel my clit yearning for the periodic contact with the base of his cock.

If I let him keep this up, I knew I'd let him fuck me. I wouldn't be able to stop. I pushed him away. As he lifted himself off me I scolded him, "Look at the mess you made on your Mother." And then I laughed, to let him know I wasn't actually mad at him. My whole torso was covered in his come, from my belly to my neck.

"Let's go out for some breakfast," I said. I needed to get us out of the house, around other people.

Donny drove again. I should have because I let him pick out a sundress for me to wear, without bra and panties, of course -- so much for the 'only when Dad's around' rule -- and his eyes spent much more time on my legs than on the road. However, I have to admit that I didn't arrange myself in a way that would discourage that behavior. It was juvenile of me but I found myself glancing down at him as well when his attention was on the road, checking to see if I was keeping him hard. It's been a long time since I've succeeded at something so well.

I hadn't been paying much attention to our surroundings so it came as a surprise to me when we pulled into a little cafe near our old lake place, the same one to which Don had taken Donny canoeing and had met up with Heather. Mentioning that it was a curious destination, Donny simply said he had another spot he wanted to show me, after breakfast.

Donny insisted on sitting next to me in the end booth. He wouldn't expand on his surprise other than to say that I'd find it similarly interesting to his revelation the day before. Of course, this activated all my angry and jealous feelings from the day before, exacerbated by the owner's comment about how nice it was to see us after all these years, and that she assumed we'd be joining Don who had dropped in earlier that morning.

I was beside myself. As I said, Donny wouldn't divulge any more information, but that didn't stop him from stringing me along. He was very evasive, very effective in stringing out my interrogation, for his own purposes. As I found ever more inventive ways to pull information out of him, he fondled my legs extensively below the table. My dress was pulled up outrageously high, almost on my hip on his side and, when the staff were at the other end of the cafe, his hands were very busy. He slid his hand between my legs on several occasions, an action impossible to hide to anyone near. Yet, I let him do it because I was desperate to find out more. By the time we left I was very frustrated, and quite sexually excited from

Donny's caresses up and down my bare thighs, and even the odd touch on my bare pussy.

Donny insisted on opening the door for me but not to be the quintessential gentleman. No, as I sat down and began to swing my legs into the car, he leaned down and slid his hand up my skirt to grip my upper thigh, the arc between his thumb and his hand pressed into the crevice between my pussy lips. He held it there as I swung my legs all the way in, helping me with my seatbelt, ostensibly ensuring that I was buckled in tight. I was confused and angry but I allowed it.

As I continued my interrogation, Donny drove us along a road on the opposite side of the lake from our old cabin destroying my theory that he was taking me to an observation post, like he had yesterday by the golf course, but with a view of Jim and Heather's old cabin next to our old one. We wouldn't have been able to see much, anyway, from across the lake. So what was he up to?

At the crest of a small hill, Donny pulled the car off into a little depression at the side of the road. There wasn't even a view over the lake. After shutting the engine off, Donny paused, then slid his hand down to my thigh, pushing my dress between my legs, gripping my leg. Continuing the drama, he said, "Are you sure you want to see this spot, Mom?"

"Yes, of course. I'm looking forward to it," I replied. Though I thought he was being overly melodramatic, something nagged me that this wasn't all hype. As I got out of the car, a tingle shuddered through me, raising the little hairs on the back of my neck and my arms.

After he retrieved the blanket from the trunk, I followed Donny to an almost invisible, overgrown trail. As we pushed our way through the long grass and saplings, Donny explained, "I used to ride my bike here ..." he paused as he held a branch, waiting for me to grab it so it wouldn't fly back and hit me in the face "... when they went canoeing on their own." That tingle shuddered through me again.

The trail was short but heavily overgrown and clearly used only rarely, if at all. We burst into the sunshine just short steps above a grassy ledge similar to the hollow above the golf course. In the distance across the lake, over the little peninsula jutting into the lake from the south, I could just make out our old cabins. A sense of relief washed over me. So, we were just going to look at the cabins through the binoculars, as I'd thought earlier. I wasn't sure why I was suddenly relieved that I wouldn't be able to see much when just moments before I was disappointed by the same thought.

I was relaxed as Donny spread the blanket out near the edge, my only apprehension now being physical discomfort at our proximity to the edge. He assured me were absolutely safe. I guess, after all the buildup, Donny simply wanted to make out with his Mom in a spot filled with childhood memories. Well, I could let him touch me up a little. After all, he'd already got me in the mood for a little play. I lay down on my back, ready to take him in my arms.

"No, Mom. Lay on your tummy and watch the lake," he said, pulling a tube of my skin lotion from the knapsack he'd been

carrying. I guess we were going to get right into it. A quick little rub. Of course, I thought, he's worked up too, and he is still a teenager, after all. He'd be done soon enough and then we could be on our way. Or better, we could lay here in the sun and reminisce about holidays past.

I nestled into the blanket, put my chin on my arms crossed in front of me, and gazed down at the lake. No sooner was I settled than Donny started tugging my zipper down.

"Donny, please," I complained.

"Mom, you saw the trail. Nobody will come, nobody can see." As it turned out, that wasn't quite true.

"OK. Have your little party, then," I gave in.

The zipper came all the way down. His hands slid up my sides to my shoulders, slipping my dress off and pulling it down over my hips which I lifted to help him remove it completely.

Just as well, I thought, since I didn't have any spare clothes with me. He surprised me when he began slowly spreading the lotion all over my back and legs. I had expected him to just squirt some on my behind and start rubbing against me there. He massaged me well. I laid my head down to enjoy it.

I must have dozed off because I became aware that he was whispering to me, trying to get my attention. I was feeling quite horny. He must have been concentrating his attentions between my legs which were now parted but had been closed when I lay my head down. It felt like my entire backside was oily with lotion. He was whispering to me, urging me to look at the lake.

"They're coming." I sensed the excitement in his voice. The feeling transferred to me even before I lifted my head and saw a man and a woman approaching in a canoe, already over halfway here from the point. I really must have dozed off if he'd been trying to wake me since they first came into sight. It was Don and Heather.

Donny leaned down to put his head close beside mine. "They're coming to the beach right below us. Keep your head down until they get here," he whispered. I could feel him, bare, against my behind. He'd removed his shorts while I'd been sleeping.

I watched, mesmerized, as they paddled up to the sandy beach below us. I pulled myself forward so I could peek through the grass over the edge. Donny moved with me, his knees pressing my legs just a little wider apart. Disembarking, they unloaded a picnic basket and placed it beside the blanket they spread out on the warm sand. Heather lay face down, reaching behind to untie her top. Don pulled a bottle of wine from the basket and two glasses which he proceeded to fill. Setting one down in the sand, he reached above her head and placed the other in her outstretched hand. Hands free, he straddled her, pulled her loose top out from under her and, after she'd taken a sip of wine, began tugging her bikini bottom down. It all seemed practiced and familiar.

With Heather stripped, Don peeled off his own shirt and pushed his shorts down. He dropped his hands to trail his

fingers teasingly up the inside of Heather's legs, all the way, until his hands were resting between her thighs under her bottom. I felt Donny's hands slip down into the same spot on me. He began moving his fingers in light scratching movements inside my thighs, just below my pussy. Don pulled one hand away from Heather to sip his wine as he continued to fondle her with his other hand. Donny kept working me with both of his.

Don slid his hand up over Heather's ass, resting his palm in the small of her back and stretching his fingers down to the crack in her ass. Donny followed suit but left one hand below, swinging it in to align with my pussy, pushing it down to lightly rub me there, to and fro. Don gently caressed Heather's ass for quite a while. I could tell they were chatting to each other as they sipped their wine. Don refilled their glasses, then continued to fondle Heather's ass, only this time, he lay his fingers at the top and stretched his thumb down to poke between her cheeks.

Ah! So, it was her ass! I hadn't let Don touch me there since that first time he'd tried, in such an ungentle way. This is what

he wanted, what he needed. I'd only let one man touch me there, actually take me. It was in first year college when I was still a virgin. I'd met that boy from the middle east. I'd ended up alone at his place, after everyone else left the party. I was so drunk and he was so gentle, and not very big. It was what they did at home, he'd whispered as his finger pressed in, helped by something slippery he'd put on me, for birth control. I didn't want to get pregnant, did I? No, no, I'd mumbled back, his thumb now inside me, moving, as he kissed and nibbled my neck. In my drunkeness, I went along with the safe option, as if there were only the two choices. Then he pulled his thumb out. Thank god, I'd thought, at the same time missing the feel of it. Then, I felt something larger, covered in something cold and slippery, push into me. Steady, insistent. Suddenly, it slid all the way in. He started to move slowly, in, out. All the way back, but not out, then all the way in. From his preparation and my state, it didn't hurt. It didn't feel particularly great, but that changed. He began working up a nice rhythm, calmly, gently. He was well practiced at buggery, my first anal lover. Not like Don. Soon he had me grunting and moaning, begging him to continue when he stopped, to go faster when he slowed, slower when he pummeled me. I loved it.

But not when Don did it. He was too rough, too much in a hurry. I could see him he moment he pushed his thumb into her. Heather lifted her head and he grasped her hair to hold it back as he dug his thumb into her. I hoped Donny didn't think I'd let him match Don's every move, that I would let him do that. But he didn't try to grasp my hair. Instead I felt him squirt the lotion directly into the crack of my ass, raise his hand from my pussy to spread my cheeks, squirt some more in, and then he pushed it around with his thumb. He touch was so soft, I decided to let him do it for a little before stopping him. I turned my attention back to the scene below.

Don was leaning forward, clearly trying to push himself into Heather's backside. She was raising her buttocks to help him, reaching around to pull her cheeks apart. She was going to let him fuck her in the ass, on a public beach in broad daylight. I couldn't help myself, I couldn't take my eyes away. Don was pushing, but I could see he was trying to be gentle. Perhaps he'd grown up a little. He had let Heather's head fall to the blanket, but he still held it. I could see his cheeks clenching as

he pushed himself against her little hole. Despite some feelings of hurt and anger, I could feel myself getting wet.

Donny's thumb was no longer sliding back and forth across my own little hole, he was circling it, round and round, dipping in ever so slightly now and again. I could see by the strain in his cheeks that Don had gained entry and was trying to push his head all the way in. I imagined that I could hear Heather moan, that I could feel her tension as she tolerated this invasion. I could almost feel Don's cock in my own ass. I did. Donny had slipped his thumb into me, all the way.

"Donny," I cried softly, not wanting to give ourselves away, "stop."

"Sshhhh, Mom They'll hear us," was his only answer as he slipped the palm of his other hand under me to massage my pussy lips. He began rocking me gently between his two hands, one drilling down, the other cupping me to push me back up. "Watch them," he urged me.

I opened my eyes -- I hadn't realized I'd closed them. Don was now working himself in and out of Heather. She had lifted her ass higher, or he'd pulled it up, to get better access. She braced herself with her elbows as he worked at her. Donny's hands pulled away to my hips where they tugged at me, lifting my own ass higher, up onto my knees. He pushed down on my back. I could feel more lotion being squirted onto my ass. I guess he was getting ready to rub himself against me, to come at last. I wiggled my ass, beckoning him, egging him on, never taking my eyes off Don rocking into Heather's ass.

Ah, there it was. I could feel my son's cock sliding against me now with his whole length until I felt his balls, then back and at me again. Don was plunging into Heather's ass now. I'm sure I could hear her now, grunting with each shove. Donny was pausing on the backstroke now to press his cockhead against my sensitive pucker. Each time before he slid it ahead, he dipped his thumb into me, sometimes quickly jacking it in three or four times. Don was standing now, knees bent, straddling Heather as he worked himself furiously in her. It looked so hot, and made me so horny.

Donny worked his thumb into me half a dozen times, and again right away instead of sliding his cock along my ass. Then I felt this delicious pressure, oh, it was so good. What was he doing? It wasn't stopping, it was growing, growing. Oh, God, he's coming in me. He's pressing in! I could see Don coming, his body tensing, then making quick jerking fucking motions on Heather's ass. Oh my God, Donny was in me. I felt like bursting. Move! I thought. Not take it out, I realized. I wanted him to move.

His cock pulled out, slowly, so slowly. Then it was on its way in again. Then OUT, and IN. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck me, I thought.

Don had collapsed next to Heather, his arm around her.

Donny pulled out. No, I thought, no!. His hands pulled my hips back then pushed me flat on the ground. My legs were pressed together and more lotion was squirted on my ass, my cheeks pressed wide open for it to pool and fall inside my widening hole. I could feel his knees beside me as me straddled my thighs, then his cock pressed against me,

pausing very briefly before sliding straight in until I could feel his balls against me. He dug into me, grinding. He started a swirling, rocking, grinding motion, deep in my ass. I felt so filled, so stuffed, I thought his cock would burst out my belly, my pussy, my mouth, all at the same time. The tempo of his grinding was increasing. Oh, fuck my ass, Donny, please, fuck my ass.

His hand slipped around to grip me gently on my neck by my throat. The palm of his other hand grasped my face, his thumb sliding into my mouth. "I will Mom, I love it."

Had I said that out loud? Suddenly, he started moving fast, really fast. "Oh, oh, oh, omigod, omigod ..."

"Shhhh, Mom, shhhh." His paced slowed, but his thrusts became harder and longer. "Ugh, ugh, ugh, ungh, unghhh, unnggghhh."

"Shhhh, shhhhh." Jam, jam, jam, jam. Then really hard and fast, again. Then the slow lunges, then long slow grinds. Then

his hot seed filling me. I came, shuddering, hard. I was going to be a mess, but I didn't care. Donny was laying on me with his full weight. I didn't try to see what was happening below. I no longer cared. Every once in a while Donny tensed, his semi hard cock bulging inside me, sending shivers and spasms through me.

"Oh, Mom. That was incredible. You're the best woman in the world."

"Thanks," I replied, lamely. He kissed me.

"I love you, Mom."

"I love you too, son." I pushed my ass back at him, clenching, gripping his softening cock.

"If you do that I'll need you again," he laughed.

"Braggart," I laughed back at him, bumping my ass back again several times.

The last time, his cock slid fully back into me, hardening again. Stunned, I gasped out loud.

"What was that?" he laughed, thrusting himself into me several times.

"Unnhhhhh ... I can't ... uh, uh, unhh ... believe it," I cried, gasping to his thrusts, which continued to increase in frequency and intensity. Unbelievable. I thought he would stop after a few playful thrusts but he was now clearly intent on fucking me again. And, spent as I was, I still wanted him to. Soon, he was hammering into me, and I was moaning and grunting wildly. It didn't last long this time. His seed spurt into me once again, and again I came as soon as I felt his hot stream.

I didn't stay still long this time. I wanted to leave, partly afraid that he'd take me again if we lingered. We dressed quickly and ran to the car.

On the way home, Donny kept looking at me with a big smile on his face.

"Pretty proud of yourself, aren't you?"

"It's not that. I can't help looking at you, you're so beautiful."

"Yeah, right."

"No, really. Your face is so alive, your skin is glowing."

I could see he was completely sincere. "Oh, that's so sweet, honey." I slid over to sit next to him, laying my head on his shoulder. He put his arm around me, not on my breast or anything, pulling me closer.

"I can hardly wait to get you alone again, to hold you close. I want to pull you right inside of me."

I pulled myself even tighter to him. How can a woman not love that, I thought. I wanted to be alone with him too.

"Did you hear them?" Don asked Heather as they packed their stuff in the canoe.

"What?" Heather queried.

"That couple. Someone was fucking in the bushes." He turned in the canoe as they paddled away, looking back, seeing nothing, certainly no place people could have been close enough for them to hear. "I swore I could hear a woman really getting it," he said.

"Oh, really. Was it an echo?" Heather giggled.

"Maybe," Don replied, proudly.

Perverts, Martha Johnson, thought. All four of them. She recognized the woman and the man. They used to live across the lake, but she knew they weren't married to each other. And that other woman, she should be ashamed of herself. Why, the man she was with was young enough to be her son!

"Perverts," she muttered again, as she disconnected the telephoto lens from the camera she kept mounted on the tripod by the corner windows.

Paula awoke suddenly, in the car, her head in Donny's lap as they drove down the highway. She must have fallen asleep.

Well, no wonder, she thought. She'd had more exercise today than she'd had in years. That brought a smile to her lips. She was going to be sore tomorrow, that's for sure. No treats like that for Donny for awhile. She smiled to herself as she realized that she hadn't thought 'never again'.

She could feel Donny. Her ear was lying right on his bulge. And it was bulging. Was he always partly hard, she wondered? She didn't let on that she was awake, but she moved her head a little as if reacting to a dream. She could feel Donny harden underneath her. I guess I really do it for him, she thought, if I can make him hard so easily. She thought back to the beginning, just weeks ago, when he'd first laid his head on her nipple, how he'd played with it while pretending not to know what he was doing. She moved her head again, causing the expected response. Well, she smiled to herself. What should the cat do now?

Still feigning sleep, Paula changed her position completely so she was laying facing the seat, turning her head to face Donny, and pointing her mouth directly down into his crotch. She could feel his cock straining to break through his shorts. He

didn't say anything to her. Clearly, he still thought she was asleep. She kept still for a few moments, just using her heated breath to blow onto his cock. Then, she made her move.

She pressed her face right onto his cock. She could feel him go rigid, then relax. She stayed still for a while, then moved her lips, as if clearing something in her mouth. She began to do this more often, subtly working his cock with her lips. He was getting beside himself, wanted to adjust his cock to relieve the strain, but terrified that she would stop if she awoke. Paula opened her mouth and let her lips envelop his bent shaft over his shorts. Donny couldn't believe it. His mother had her mouth around his cock, in her sleep! Paula began kneading his cock in her mouth, munching him with her lips.

Donny couldn't stand any more. His cock would break if he didn't move it. Reaching under his mother's head, he lifted his shorts and let his cock spring straight and free. He lowered her head and he let his shorts snap back to cover his cock, except for the couple of inches now sticking out under the elastic waistband. He glanced down. His mother's eyes were still closed, she hadn't awoken. Unfortunately, her mouth was

no longer pressed against his cock. He placed his hand behind her head and gently pulled, urging her mouth closer to his swollen dick.

Paula almost burst out laughing when she felt his hand on her head. Oh, teasing was such fun. No wonder she couldn't help but follow the path she had. This was the stuff of life. She let him urge her head forward until her lips were once again pressed against his shorts. But she didn't move her lips. After a minute, his hand again pressed against her head, gently prodding. The third time, she moved her lips on him. She heard him gasp. She stayed still for several seconds, then moved her lips again, eventually opening them until she again grasped his shaft in her oratory muscles. She munched him softly, then, in the guise of adjusting her head for comfort, slid her gripping lips up and down his shaft a few times, coming to rest with her mouth firmly gripping his cock through his shorts just below his waistband.

She released his cock from her mouth, twisting her head to lay flatter in his lap. Donny's breathing was now very ragged and hoarse. Paula breathed, blowing hot air onto the bare

underside of his shaft above his shorts, just below the head of his cock. She could feel his involuntary jerks each time she blew her hot breath on his sensitive member. She moved her head higher, just a bit. Twisting forward, she blew more directly on him. Then she stopped. He reached down to gently nudge her head, to no avail. Just as she felt his frustration making his leg muscles rigid, she licked him. She thought he was going to go through the roof. When he settled down, she stretched her tongue out and, keeping it extended, began flicking it back and forth under his cockhead. Donny tried to press more into her mouth, but he couldn't. She kept mercilessly teasing him with her flicking tongue.

Abruptly, she stopped. His cock was yearning for her mouth, trying to reach up to press against her tongue. But she held back. Then, moving her head toward his stomach, she poised above his head, and dropped her open mouth onto his helmet, covering it completely with her warm lips, pressing her tongue in, moving it wetly around him.

"Oh, God, Mom." Donny tried humping into her face. She pulled away.

"If you want me to suck you, you'd better find a place to pull over."

"There's a rest stop in two miles," he gasped.

"Can you make it?" she asked.

"I think so," he answered, pressing his foot harder on the gas pedal.

"Good," she said, lowering her head to once again take him into her mouth.

Donny pulled into the first parking spot he came to. There weren't many cars in the rest area, but it was well lit, even at the far end where they were. He didn't care. He shut the car off immediately, adjusted the steering wheel to its maximum height, pushed the seat back, and levered his cock farther into his mother's mouth. She had by now covered him in her

saliva, and his fucking action into her mouth was well lubricated, sloppy, and slurpily noisy. He needed her desperately. Paula let him grasp her, holding her head over his cock as he fucked up into her mouth. She knew he couldn't help it. After all, it was her fault for teasing him so badly and now she was experiencing a few minutes of discomfort as he urgently jammed his cock into her head, held tightly to his chest, his body finally going rigidly still as he cried, "Mom, I'm coming, I'm coming."

Paula couldn't believe how much he came. She couldn't take it all and most of it dripped down from her mouth to fall on his shorts.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I'm sorry."

"It's OK, baby. It's OK."

"I just needed you so badly."

"I know." She loved how desperately he needed her. And she loved teasing him, she smiled to herself. God help her, she loved it. She'd almost come just knowing how horny he was for her, how horny she'd made him. She thrilled to the sense of power that came with knowing that she could do it any time she wanted. She knew she'd crave that feeling again. Soon.

Fortunately, they arrived home before Don. Some of Donny's come had spilled on Paula's dress and his shorts and shirt. Donny smelled like a spunk factory. When Don did arrive, Paula didn't even give him the cold treatment. She somehow felt they were even. But she wasn't her normal self, either. She didn't go out of her way to please him. Over the next week, she avoided Don, pointedly deferred all his normal decisions involving her to Donny, and made sure she wasn't alone with Donny. Whenever she was in Donny's presence, with Don there, she found ways to tease him, either through body emphasis or womanly glances, smiles, and 'innocent' touches. By the end of the week, Donny had built up the need for a

giant sperm attack, despite finding frequent yet now unsatisfactory relief through masturbation.

All through the week, when she was home alone, Paula worked on her tan. Normally pretty, her renewed excitement for living coupled with her fresh air look and confidence transformed her into a truly, sexy attractive woman. On Thursday night, she teased Donny terribly by following along with a TV exercise program in the living room wearing a sleeveless blouse and short tennis skirt, with matching panties. Despite his father reading in his lazy boy, Donny's attention was often obviously glued to his mother's body as she stretched and contorted before him. It didn't help that she often made eye contact and tossed secretive smiles at him. To Donny's major disappointment, she retired for the evening with her husband who, based on his advances in bed, had also experienced a heightened awareness of her. These she firmly rebuffed.

Friday night she made dinner reservations at an upscale restaurant and dressed in a form fitting, long evening gown with a long slit up one side. She was ready early, waiting for

Don to arrive from work, sitting on the chair near the entrance which wasn't used often but afforded an excellent view of her legs, which she ensured were often advantageously displayed. for anyone sitting on the couch. In just twenty minutes, Paula managed to keep Donny's attention on her legs and feet as she moved and bounced them about while reading a book during her wait for Don. Despite his increasing horniness through the week, Donny had been more and more hesitant to 'come on' to her, fearing her elusiveness was a sign she was reconsidering her liberal relationship with him, and he didn't want to risk being cut off completely. So he watched and coveted from a distance.

Paula was quite seductive with Don at the restaurant and she kept herself close to him afterward while dancing. She kept him out later than usual, subtly teasing him, knowing that Donny would be eagerly waiting for them to come home, hoping his father would again retire on his own, leaving his mother alone with him. But it didn't happen. Don seemed eager to go to bed, but not without Paula. She insisted on having a glass of wine with their son, sitting close to him on the couch and patting his knee while they all watched the late

news. Like the evening before, she accompanied her husband to bed, but she didn't need to rebuff his advances. Don's mind wasn't on sex with his renewed wife, for reasons that will become apparent in a moment.

Paula didn't know why she was teasing Don. Perhaps she just wanted to prove she could still interest him, because she knew he didn't excite her sexually at all. For all she cared, Heather could have him. But her son, now that was a different matter. The more she teased him, the more he wanted her, the more excited she became. She found that teasing him was almost like having sex. Her whole body was on edge. The excitement began as soon as she realized she was about to tease him, the anticipation alone titillating her. Paula was becoming a very sensual, sexual woman, and it showed, although not explicitly, in her demeanor.

As part of her dinner conversation with Don, Paula had mentioned old holidays, bringing Jim and Heather into their discussion. She hadn't been able to resist toying with Don, perhaps a little maliciously. She had to admit that Don handled himself well, not giving himself away at all. Perhaps

that was part of the reason he was successful in his work. He didn't even crack when she dropped her little bomb just before dessert arrived.

"You know, I felt so bad about not being up for brunch last week. You just won't believe who I ran into this week. I know I can't maneuver you into a surprise, so I'll just tell you. I ran into Jim. You remember, he and his wife had the cabin next to ours on the lake, still do, in fact. Well, we're all going to meet Jim and Heather for brunch tomorrow at that little cafe near the lake. It will be so exciting to see such good old friends after all these years. Isn't that great?"

Paula was very enthusiastic, so excited at revealing her surprise, her eyes searching his to measure its effect. Don appeared to be quite surprised, indeed, and suitably excited at the prospect.

Saturday. Brunch. The trip there was long for Don. His mind appeared to be somewhere else. Something at work, he explained. Paula had dressed in a new frock she'd picked for the occasion, one that showed off her newly tanned legs and emphasized her ample and well formed, but not overly large bosom. The color matched her hair well and allowed her sparkly eyes to stand out. And they did have an extra sparkle on this sunny Saturday morning.

Donny wasn't bothered that his father seemed to be off in space. He was glad for it. It allowed him to remain twisted around in his seat to chat, and closely eye, his mother sitting directly behind his father. Paula seemed to be making up for her lack of attention through the week. She was constantly adjusting, always lifting, her skirt, allowing Donny extended observations of her freshly tanned thighs. Complying with her previous promise, there were no panties in evidence when his Dad was present, as he sort of was today.

Toying with the buttons down the front of her perky dress, Paula had managed to accidentally undo two while seated in the backseat. Having started the journey with one undone,

there was no doubt that Donny's favorite Mom was braless as well. Just to be sure this knowledge was available, Paula made sure to brush her lapels open many times as she held her hand to her chest, then suddenly moved them to make a point during her conversation with her rapt son. Donny hadn't been told that they were meeting anyone at the cafe.

When they arrived, Jim and Heather were already there. Donny lagged behind as they entered the cafe, his twisted posture during the car ride, or something, seeming to have made walking difficult for him. When they entered the cafe the waitress, who had been so friendly the week before, frowned and became distant.

"Sit anywhere you like," she said, following behind with three menus. Her scowl deepened when they joined Jim and Heather waiting in a large booth. Jim was truly very happy to see them but Heather was antsy. Paula made sure that Donny slid in the sit next to Heather, planting herself next to Donny, leaving Don to sit next to Jim, whom she knew would keep him preoccupied.

Oh, what a setting for innuendo on multiple levels. Jim was ecstatic to see his old holiday friends, Don was stiff, but trying to act carefree, Heather was nervous and tense as was Donny, and Paula was full of rampant anticipation. She had no idea what would happen, and was thrilled at the unpredictability of the situation. Paula was having a great time.

After passing out the menus, the waitress returned to the counter, exchanging unheard comments with old Mrs. Johnson, both subsequently flashing contemptuous glances at the only booth holding paying customers.

As the meal progressed, Paula leaned over Donny often to speak to Heather, using her hands to lean on Donny's legs. She often placed her palm flat on his thigh nearest her, her fingers pressing between his legs just below his crotch. Even Heather, certainly a woman with absolutely no bi tendencies, noticed that Paula's dress was uncharacteristically open and that, leaning over this way so often, this must certainly be apparent to her own son. Eventually, she also noticed how familiar she was with Donny's anatomy and matched this observation to Paula's seemingly innocent comments on how she was so

happy she'd had a son instead of a daughter like Heather. "You just don't know what you're missing," she insisted, grasping Donny's thigh once more, letting it slide down his leg when she noticed she's garnered Heather's attention.

If Heather was confused before, she was certainly in uncharted waters now. She had been bracing herself for a confrontation with Paula. Did she know about her and Don? Jim certainly didn't, so if she did know she hadn't let on yet. But Paula was so friendly and, in a bizarre turn of events, she was clearly showing her old friend and neighbor that she had a strange relationship with her son. Why was she letting her know that? Men may be stupid about such things, but a woman knows what another woman will notice. This was no accident.

Despite the tension of the initial situation, Heather found herself becoming intrigued. Paula and Donny were now so much more interesting than Don. She had long since stopped sending furtive, questioning glances his way searching for a signal that Paula knew or didn't know about their recently rekindled affair which she had only renewed because of sheer

boredom with her life. Now she wanted to reacquaint herself with Paula. There seemed to be more to this woman than she'd ever imagined. She didn't realize it, but her fingers reached up to toy with the buttons on her own blouse, absently undoing one and pulling her shirt open a little. She also glanced down as Paula leaned over to again speak to her in semi-confidential tones, although there was nothing confidential about the conversation. Her attention wasn't caught by Paula's hand between Donny's leg, near his crotch, but by Paula's dress which showed off her legs. She wished she'd worn a dress instead of pants.

Paula had grasped Donny's right hand in her while talking and, while leaning over yet again to make a point to Heather, she used both Donny's thigh and Heather's knee to brace herself, with Donny's hand still gripped in hers. As she withdrew, she left Donny's hand there. Donny immediately started to withdraw it, but Paula leaned back in and pressed it to Heather's leg again, this time farther up her thigh. She kept Donny's hand there while she reiterated her point. Donny once again started to pull his hand away when she withdrew again but Paula immediately pressed his hand back, this time

high on Heather's thigh. Pulling back the third time, Donny left his hand there, and Heather made no move to displace it.

They both refilled their coffee cups, although there was no need for Paula to become more animated. First Paula and then Heather after she passed the pot to her. Heather filled Donny's for him, pushing his hand back down on her leg when he started to lift it to take the pot from her. "I'll get that for you, dear." She kept her hand pressed down on Donny's ensuring that it remained in place. This did not escape Paula's notice and, catching Heather's attention after she put the coffee pot down, she rewarded her friend with a warm, almost knowing smile.

Heather felt very alive. What was going on? What was Paula up to? She needed to know more. When the brunch finally ended, Heather insisted that they all come up to the cabin to see their old place. Jim was similarly enthusiastic, Don looked shell shocked, Paula pleased, and Donny gave no reaction except to slightly squeeze Heather's thigh, an advance that sent a pulse of excitement right across her groin. Why, she wondered? Donny was not an overly attractive young man,

having not inherited the good looks of either of his parents. But there was no denying it, his intentional touch had spread a sexual buzz throughout her pelvis.

The waitress and old Mrs. Johnson scowled at the party as they left, despite the large tip Jim left. Outside, Paula suggested that the men drive up to the cabin but Heather insisted that Donny join them, sitting in front between the two women. As they drove, Paula leaned over Donny again as she talked, her left hand now reaching between Donny's legs, close enough to brush his crotch. Without prompting, Donny placed his left hand on Heather's thigh. When she didn't object, he slid it between her legs near, but not on, her crotch. Heather slowed the vehicle to a snail's pace, falling far behind the men. She pulled her right hand away to stretch it around Donny's shoulders to touch Paula's.

"It's so great to see you, Paula," she said sincerely to the woman whose husband she had fucked just last week. "And you too," she pulled her hand back to tousle Donny's hair. "You've grown into such an interesting young man."

Donny lightly squeezed her thighs but did not slide his hand any deeper between her legs. "Thanks, Mrs. Nelson," he replied, "That's very kind of you to say."

"Call me Heather, at least when the men aren't around," Heather insisted, "Not that you aren't a man," she laughed. "You know what I mean." They all shared a laugh, about some unknown joke they were all privy to.

Donny slipped his other hand between his mother's legs. Although he knew he could, he didn't push it far enough to cup her pussy. It was a matter of balance between the two women. He felt, somehow, that he should treat them the same.

Paula reached over Donny's shoulder to pat Heather's shoulder. When Heather turned to look, Paula said, "We've known each other since Donny was little. It's almost like he has two moms here." Half turned to face Donny, she reached past his hand between her legs to put her own on his leg near

his bulging crotch. "Would you like Donny to call you Mom," she asked Heather, "to be like your own son?"

Heather pulled her arm from Donny's shoulder. Reaching down, she placed her hand in the same position as Paula's near Donny's bulge but on the opposite leg. "I'd like that very much, Paula. That's very gracious of you to share your only son with me."

"Don't mention it," Paula replied, "It just has the right feel to it".

"Two moms," Donny sighed, his hands squeezing two maternal thighs. "I wonder what that will be like?"

"We'll see." Heather and Paula spoke the words at the same time and then burst out laughing.

As they drove down the windy lane to Jim and Heather's cabin, the bumpy road jostled Donny's hands about on each woman's thigh but not all of the movement could be attributed to the road. Neither woman complained, although doing so was almost a ritual for Heather when she was riding with her husband along this road.

The men were on the side veranda of the cottage when they pulled up, talking and gesturing about something. Heather put the car in park and shut the engine off but neither woman made a move to exit the vehicle. As they sat there watching the men, Donny kept his hands in place, gently massaging each woman, the presence of their husbands electrifying the thrill he felt from the contact of their own small, soft hands. Donny slipped his hands deeper between each pair of thighs. Each parted in unison to allow him easier access. He pulled his hands back to apply gentle but firm pressure, slightly squeezing the mounds he found there. Each woman arched her back slightly as, again in sync, they pressed back against him.

Oblivious, the men slowly walked away toward the front of the cabin, disappearing around the corner to take in the view over the lake. After they disappeared, Heather turned to Paula, "Let's take our boy out in the canoe, maybe to that beach on the other side of the peninsula."

Paula answered with her own suggestion of an adventure, "That would be wonderful. Maybe we'll have time to see another spot that I'd love to show you."

Both women kissed Donny's cheek, then several more times, each nibbling at his neck before they reluctantly opened their doors and got out of the car. Donny had to wait a few minutes before he was able to follow them.

When Donny rounded the corner onto the front veranda of the cabin, the men and woman were all looking down at the lake, discussing the canoe. Apparently, Jim and Don wanted to use the canoe as well to paddle down the lake so Don could

see how much things had changed. Heather was taking issue but a look from Paula seemed to instantly change her mind.

"You know what? It looks like a wind may come up, so maybe that's not such a good idea for us. You two go ahead while Paula and I catch up." Jim looked happy, and Don a little perplexed at Heather's turnaround, perhaps hoping to have gone on a short trip with Heather.

Paula chimed in, "Donny, you can stay here. You don't need these guys boring you with how much cottages cost these days."

"That's a good idea. You stay here and let me show you some pictures of Rachel. She's so grown up now, just like you."

As the men walked down to the beach to get the canoe, the women and Donny leant over the railing on the veranda to watch their progress. Even before the canoe had carried its passengers past the dock next door, Don and Paula's old place, arms had been placed around each other. Without comment

or explanation, Heather broke contact to unbutton her blouse and Paula disappeared into the cabin. Donny turned to watch Heather's blouse slowly reveal the bra underneath, not as large as his mother's but interesting nonetheless. The blouse gone, Heather resumed leaning on the railing and watching the receding canoe. Prompted by Donny's steady gaze, Heather lifted her elbows from the railing, unsnapped her bra and pulled it away from her breasts, revealing two perfect pear-shaped tits, with substantial dark pink nipples standing up proudly in the early afternoon sun.

Just then, Paula returned with a bottle of sunscreen in her hand. "Come stand behind her, Donny," she instructed her son. Paula took Donny's place as she handed him the sunscreen. Without waiting for further instruction, Donny began applying the lotion to Heather's bare back, his fingers light, in no particular hurry. Paula reached down to grasp the belt on Heather's jeans. "You must be baking in these," she said as she undid the belt, opened the snap and slid the short zipper down. Paula then simply turned to rest her own elbows on the rail as Donny continued massaging Heather's back while they watched their husbands paddle down the lake. "I

think her back is down now, Donny," she said, quietly as the lakeside ambience demanded.

Donny, squirted a copious amount of lotion into his hands, squeezed them together to divide the contents evenly between both hands, and the reached underneath Heather's arms. Bringing his hands up, he cautiously cupped the underside of Heathers hanging breasts, smoothing the lotion up around the lower swell of her tits before venturing up and over their crests, pushing his creamy palms down in a twisting motion to grind their contents onto her nipples, hard enough to push them sideways and then rolling them around as he mashed her tits against her chest. "Ah, I love it here on the lake, Paula," Heather sighed. "You and Donny really should come out, in the middle of the week so we can enjoy the peace and quiet on our own."

Paula turned to look at her friend just as Donny began squeezing her tits, sliding up to pinch and tug her nipples the way Paula enjoyed so much. She could feel her own nipples hardening as she watched, mesmerized by Donny's fondling hands and the supremely satisfied countenance on Heather's

face. Turning to see the men just disappearing around the corner of the peninsula, she couldn't help but feel smugly satisfied as she contemplated the scene, there and on the veranda, except for a small 'Poor Jim' feeling which she quickly shrugged off.

Turning back to watch her son caressing her friend, she reached down grasp Heather's jeans. "Let's get these off, now." Kneeling down, she tugged them over Heather's hips, pulling them off as Heather lifted her feet to help. When she stood, Donny was already pushing himself into Heather from behind. Taking the sunscreen from where Donny had left it on the railing, Paula reached in to pry Donny away from her friend. With her free hand, she quickly pulled Heather's panties down, pushing them down to cling around her upper thighs. She squeezed a liberal amount of lotion onto the top of Heather's small but prominently protruding buttocks, making sure that most of it oozed into the crevice between her cheeks.

"There you go, Donny. Let her feel you, now."

Paula grasped the elastic band of Donny's shorts, pulling them and his underwear out and down his front to free his cock, which sprang forward to slap against Heather's bare ass, prompting a small gasp. Paula grasped the base of his cock and pressed it forward, pushing it between Heather's cheeks until it almost disappeared. "Give it to her," she whispered hoarsely to her son.

Donny didn't need that final instruction, he was already moving his meat up and down Heather's ass. He couldn't help but squeeze her tits tighter and pinch her nipples harder as he increased the power of his thrusts. He knew he wouldn't last long. Her protruding pear-shaped buttocks, not fat but much more ample than his mother's, fully enveloped his cock, now sliding quickly up and down her well-greased ass. Heather was moaning and pushing her ass back at him with every thrust. Despite his own harsh breathing, he heard his mother whisper in Heather's ear, "Don't worry, he won't go inside you. Just relax and let it happen."

"No, I want to feel him in me," Heather almost shouted, pushing her ass back farther and arching her back to twist her

pelvis up. Donny's cock slid right down the crack of her ass and. On his next thrust, his cock pushed its aching head right between her pussy lips. With just the briefest pause, from shock or triumph, it bludgeoned in, continuing full stroke with almost no resistance up the most incredibly slick channel until Donny felt his pubic hair mash against Heather's ass. His first fuck! His first time in a hot, wet cunt!

Donny stopped, holding his cock in her, afraid if he pulled back he'd never get back in. He pushed, rotating his cock around, holding it all the way in, lifting Heather up on her toes as she grasped the railing tight. He gloried in the feel of her, in the feel of his own cock as he'd never felt it before, so fully sheathed by warm, wet, clutching flesh.

"Donny! No!" Paula cried.

"Yes ... fuck me," Heather grunted at the same time. "Come on, fuck me, fuck your mother!"

Donny immediately starting banging her, hammering her with his cock. Paula ... shocked, suddenly cried out, "Yes ... fuck her ... fuck your Mom!" She stepped close to Heather as Donny rocked her forward with his frantic thrusts, holding her head, kissing her cheek, turning Heather's face toward her until Heather's eyes met her own, "Fuck our son, fuck our boy." As Heather's eyes acknowledged her command, Paula kissed her friend fully on the lips, her tongue slipping into her mouth. Paula was shocked at herself. She had never, ever eyed a woman, never felt a sexual feeling toward one of her own kind in her entire life. But, this moment was different to anything she had previously experienced, so overwhelmingly erotic.

She felt Heather come, just as she felt Donny explode in her friend's pussy. Heather's tongue had been deep in Paula's mouth since that first kiss, shoving into her mouth in time with Donny's thrusts, as if it was an extension of his cock, fucking both of his mothers at the same time. As Donny's spurts subsided, he involuntarily shoved into her slower, and less frequently, but Heather's coinciding tongue thrusts were clearly intentional, shoving into Paula's mouth with each

prompting thrust from Donny. When Heather opened her eyes to gaze lovingly into her own, Paula felt her own pussy flooding her panties, even though no one, including herself, had touched her.

When Donny finally pulled out and stepped away, Heather turned to envelop Paula in her arms, holding her, continuing to kiss her. Paula tried to pull away but Heather held her, hugging her close. Donny reached ahead to grasp his mother by her upper arms, pulling her back against him, needing to have her near. Heather let him pull Paula away, Paula's head falling back against her son's shoulder as she slumped against him, letting him support some of her weight. She could feel Heather undoing the buttons on the front of her dress. When the last button was undone, Heather's hands pushed her dress over her hips and let it fall to the deck, then slid up following the curve of her waist to pull her back to hold her once more.

She'd never held her belly against another woman's before but she felt more comforted than aroused, even though her bare breasts pressed against Heather's. Heather's arms held her tight. "Put lotion on her," she whispered to Donny. A

moment later, she felt her son spreading lotion on her back. "Not there," Heather instructed, "here." She felt Heather's soft feminine fingers slide from her waist over the swell of her buttocks. "It's her turn now. We need to be even."

Could Donny have recovered already? Her mind must have been moving in slow motion because his hands were already spreading sunscreen over her cheeks, sliding underneath her sexy little panties. Heather's hands slid down, pushing Paula's panties down, down, below the round bottom of her butt until they clung around the top of her thighs. Right away, she felt Donny's cock press into the crevice between her cheeks. There was no longer any doubt; he was rock hard. She felt pride well up in her, for her son and his manly response but also for herself, to be capable of making him so hard so soon after fucking the daylights out of a very sexy woman. She waited for him to begin sliding his cock up and down, wanting to feel his cream shooting up her back, to show Heather that she, too, could make her boy come hard. She moved her ass up and down a little to encourage him. Donny started humping his cock up and down her crack, his hands finding

her tits, squeezing them and pulling on her nipples the way she now loved so much.

Dimly, she realized Heather was whispering to her. "Feel him. ... Isn't it good? ... You know it is, soooo good. ... You love it. ... The feel of it ... You know you do. ... The feel of his ... cock. Feel it. ... His cock."

She kept this up, whispering to her constantly as Donny's cock continued sliding and pushing between her cheeks.

"You know you want it. ... In you. In you, Paula."

"No, I can't," she gasped. "I can't do that."

"Yes, you can. ... and you want to. You know it. ... Open your legs. Let him come close. Just let him slide underneath. ... Come on, Paula. Let him. He deserves it. ... He's your boy."

Paula let her legs open. Donny kept fucking against her ass. She felt Heather's hand move down from her waist to guide Donny's cock, pushing its head down through her crack, and under. Donny was pushing his cock between her legs now, shoving it through, sliding underneath her wet pussy. His thrusts became more urgent.

"Slow down, tiger," Heather whispered. "Push up against her, right against her pussy. Your mother's pussy. Slide on it."

Paula could feel Donny dip down to angle his cock up higher. Then his cock plowed a furrow between her lips. Again. Again. And again. It felt so good, so deliciously illicit, so taboo.

"That's it," Heather urged, "You're almost fucking her. Your cock's on your Mom's pussy. Push it harder against her. Come on, harder."

Donny's cock was almost gouging her now. She opened her legs more to make it easier for both of them.

"Let me feel how close you are, baby." Heather's hand slipped down the front of Paula's mound, cupping her pussy. "Come on, Donny, up close. I want to feel you hit my hand."

Donny's cock suddenly felt like it was almost in her pussy now as Heather pushed its head up against Paula on each forward thrust. It was almost like she was trying to push the head of his cock into her. God, it felt so good, his cock just dipping into her, and Heather's palm rubbing up and down over her clit.

"Push up more, Donny! Push up," Heather urged over Paula's shoulder. Then it happened. Donny's cock slipped into her, just a little. He stopped, knowing he was in, in the forbidden cavern, afraid to go farther but not wanting to slide back out.

"That's it, Donny. You're in her! Push, baby. All the way. ... Come on, Donny! Shove it in her!" Donny responded to Heather's urgent commands. His cock slid all the way in.

Holding there for only a second, he began thrusting in and out. Slowly at first, then quickening with harder thrusts.

"That's right, baby. Fuck her. Fuck your Mom." Heather's urging was almost frantic now. Paula felt Heather's hand replaced by something far softer, warm and wet. Her cunt! Paula was pressing her pussy against hers.

"FUCK HER HARD, Donny! I want to feel you. Fuck your mothers. FUCK US!"

Donny began hammering into Paula from behind, slamming her against Heather's pussy. He was really going now. Paula hung onto Heather, throwing her arms her neck, chin over her shoulder. As she felt Donny squirting his spunk into her, she saw a canoe round the peninsula in the distance. Heather's pussy was rubbing up against hers, just as frantically as Donny's balls were slapping against the backs of her thighs. They were coming on her, front and back. She released her own fluid on them, eyes focused on the men who were still too far away to recognize. Her cunt was on fire, filled with her

son's cock, her clit stabbing into the lips of another woman's pussy.

As they gathered their breath, Paula whispered, "They're coming back. We'd better get dressed."

Donny slipped his cock out of his mother but before he could stoop to pick up his shorts, Heather fell to her knees before him and quickly slurped his softening cock into her mouth. She sucked hard on him, drawing the remaining semen out of his shaft. Paula pulled her dress on and buttoned it up as she watched Heather pulling her son's cock into her, right to the root. "Heather," she whispered, "They're coming. We'll have time to play again. We'll make sure of that."

When Heather pulled her mouth off Donny's cock, he was hard again. Both woman laughed. "You got that right," Heather laughed again. She grasped Donny by his cock and tugged him into the cabin. "Are they on shore yet?"

"No," Paula replied, "they're about a hundred yards away."

"Good," Heather replied, "Let me know when they start up the trail. She lifted her leg up onto Donny's hip and used her fingers to guide his cock into her. "Your other Mom needs it again, Donny. Fuck me, baby." And then, to encourage him, egging him on, "Think of all the ways you can fuck us, fuck your moms, with your magic cock."

THE END