Mom Recycles on Earth Day

The limo pulled into my driveway and stopped. The driver got out and quietly closed his door before walking behind the car to my side.

"Are you sure you want to be alone, Marina?" my brother turned toward me and placed his hand on my arm. "I don't think it's such a good idea."

"Yes," my sister-in-law chimed in, lean across to pat me on the knee. "Why don't you let me stay with you. I'll make you a nice cup of tea and you can put your feet up have all the quiet time you want. You really should have somebody in the house with you." She waved her hand at the street where a dozen people waited, respectfully keeping their distance.

The driver opened the door and waited patiently for me to exit the car.

"No. I'll be alright, but thanks for the thought. I really would like to be alone for a while."

I started to step out of the car but my brother caught my arm and I turned back to face him, one foot dangling over the driveway.

"John, really. I'm fine. I just want some time alone to collect my thoughts."

John released my arm and I stepped out of the car. There was a murmur from the small crowd with my appearance but they retained their respectful demeanor. They wouldn't be any trouble. I knew they were gathering to light candles tonight to honor Tom. Many more were expected and I could already see a dozen more walking up the street.

"I'll call you later, in case you need anything," Tessa called.

"Not until tomorrow," I replied. "Sean will be home soon." Already, I was relying on my son who had lost just as much as I.

"Ok. Tomorrow, then, but call if you need anything."

The driver closed the door and escorted me up the sidewalk to porch, then held the screen door open while I retrieved my keys and unlocked the door. He didn't say anything as I stepped inside and waited for me to close the door before shutting the screen door. I heard his footsteps retreating and put my hand to my forehead, struggling not to cry.

I dropped my purse on the floor, letting the black, lace shawl follow it, then walked unsteadily into the dining room and bent to open the buffet cupboard where we kept our meager supply of liquor. I chose the single malt scotch that Tom had favored. I wasn't a scotch drinker

but I knew it was the perfect selection for me right then. I grabbed a glass and carried the bottle into the living room.

Setting the bottle down on the coffee table, I picked up the remote for the TV and turned it on. The DVD player was still on and the screen filled with a picture of Tom and me, much younger, before Sean had been born, or even thought of. My finger poised over the play button but I didn't push it. Instead, I carried the remote to the entertainment center and set it down. Picking up a picture of Tom, I returned to the couch and sat down, setting the photo down and pouring myself a stiff drink that almost filled the small glass.

Leaning back, I stretched my feet out and used my left toe to push right shoe off, then dropped the left with the aid of my right foot. I twiddled my toes, flexing them in the black hose. I took a long pull from the glass and gulped the whiskey down, its bitter taste screwing up my face. God, Tom. Why do you like this stuff so much? Liked, I corrected myself. Oh, God, Tom. What am I going to do?

So young. He was gone so young, just forty-nine, in his prime. Tears began streaming down my face but there were no sobs.

How could you leave me alone like this?

What would I do to fill the years? There's no one else like him. I'll never love like that again. I'm empty, and all I see ahead is emptiness.

Oh, Tom. Why?

I took another drink and was surprised to see the glass empty already. With a small exclamation, I leaned forward and refilled the glass. Settling back, I took a sip and rested the glass on the arm of the couch, at the ready.

"Oh, my love. I miss you so much, already," I sighed out loud.

After another sip my eyes focused on the picture on the table. Tom and Sean. I looked up at the TV where the picture of me and Tom, so much younger, still looked enthusiastically into the living room, full of the vigor and excitement of youth. My God, that was such an exciting time, not long after the start of the movement, and the discovery of the great tree. On Earth Day twenty-six years ago.

So young, but even then, he was a natural leader. The way he had handled the publicity campaign about the tree made him the poster boy for our movement and set the direction for their lives. And now, of all days — Earth Day — the country was mourning the loss of one of it's treasured environmentalists. The dedicated were congregating outside right now to pay homage. Soon, there would be hundreds.

Oh, Tom. You were such a good-looking boy then. What would they have thought if they knew what else you discovered that fateful day in the forest, the thing that started our love life on its incredible journey? What would they have done if they had witnessed our moment of sexual discovery, of hunter and prey? Would they have understood? Would they have followed you then? I think not, yet you risked it all, for me.

I sipped my scotch and shifted my eyes to the picture on the table, focusing on Tom, standing arm in arm with his son. My gaze turned back to the young man smiling next to me on the TV and my mind followed, back to that day in the forest.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Despite the huge trees, the heavy rain managed to break through the canopy, drenching our small group working its way along the rugged deer trail beside the small river running through the rain forest. An hour since our last stop, we were relieved to see a widening in the trail ahead with an old tree lying alongside, almost as if it had been placed there for us to rest upon. Just before we arrived, the rain stopped and the sun burst through the trees, lighting the little clearing with its blessed warmth. It was a beautiful moment.

The men stopped in front of the log, allowing us girls to doff our packs and sit down. Tom looked up, following the sun's rays, and announced

his belief that the rain was done. Trusting his own prediction, he began shedding his rain gear, and the rest of us followed suit.

Ten minutes later we were all relaxed, still sipping from our canteens and munching trail mix, enjoying the warmth of the sun. Tom, already restless, wandered down the trail to the next corner and I admired his lithe physique a he moved gracefully through this mystic forest like he was part of it. He stood at the corner, shielding his eyes and gazing intently downstream. I was about to join him when he turned and started back our way. Tom rejoined the group but he didn't say anything until there was a lull in the conversation.

"I think I've found something," he said.

"What?" several of us chorused.

"A tree."

There was a huge burst of laughter.

"A tree?" we echoed, looking around at the giants surrounding us.

"Yeah, a big tree", Tom repeated.

"You're kidding," Rick mocked him.

"Nope," Tom replied, unruffled by the sarcasm. "These," he waved his hand around in a semi-circle, are just sticks."

We could see he was deadly serious and, one by one, we all squeezed past him and ran down to corner just fifty feet down the trail. Every one of us gasped when we turned the corner. There, a hundred yards downstream, stood the largest spruce tree we had ever seen. Though barely average height, its girth made it humungous. It's enormous trunk and branches were draped with lichen, giving it an ancient and mystical appearance, especially within the mist left over by the recent rain. Everyone jumped with joy and ran down the trail and then across, stumbling over the stones pebbling the bubbling creek.

I waited for Tom and accompanied him, linked arm in arm, as he sauntered down the trail, savoring the others' joy while soaking in the magical presence of the tree. Gurgles of pride surged through my chest as we approached the others, their excited chatter swirling around the base of the giant. It was fully half an hour before someone suggested we proceed further down the creek to see how far we were from the ocean. Everyone started off but Tom said he wanted to stay behind and the rest understood, leaving him to revel in his discovery. Nothing was said when I stayed behind. They quietly accepted my decision to remain as appropriate. Our mutual attraction wasn't a secret.

Tom and I moved into the relative shadow behind the giant trunk, stepping through the deep, spongy moss which stretched up from the ground to cover a large tree that had long ago fallen at the giant's feet. Leaning back, we curved our backs over the fallen fir to stare up the massive trunk, peering through the maze of huge branches as far as we could.

My reverie, partly focused on the tree and partly on what Tom was thinking was broken by his lips suddenly latching onto mine. Although startled, I didn't struggle or even protest. We hadn't yet been romantically involved though everyone expected it to happen. My arms curled around his neck, one hand slipping down over his shoulder while the other sought his head, grasping a handful of his long, curly hair. I pushed my body up against him, spreading my breasts outward and nudging my pelvis into his. Our kiss deepened, unrushed but intense.

I felt so alive!

The kiss ended and Tom pulled away to gaze into my eyes. On sudden impulse, instead of dreamily returning his loving look, I jerked my head up and nipped his mouth, piercing his lips and drawing a tiny drop of blood. With a wild laugh, I slipped around him and ran away, giggling as I sprinted through the forest. I had easily covered twenty or more feet and leapt over another log before Tom took up the chase. We ran around, hooting our excitement, until he finally caught me, right back where we had started.

I was trying to scramble over the large, moss-covered log when Tom caught me from behind just after I had jumped atop the log and was using my hands and elbows to pull myself over. Tom grabbed my jeans by the back pockets. I tried to jerk away and he tugged harder to pull me down until my jeans gave way, sliding over my rosy buttocks and down my muscular thighs, past my knees and into a pile on top of my boots.

Time froze that moment, with me stretched over the top of the log, hands clutching its mossy coat and my naked butt and legs dangling over its side, and my eyes turning to look at my pursuer in shock. Tom stepped back, startled, but his eyes ran appreciatively from my boots to my quivering bottom. A strange look befell his face and he stepped forward, half stooping to place his hands on the back of my calves. Slowly, he stood, dragging his cold hands up my legs until they caressed the outside of my cheeks, sliding over their prominence before his fingers slipped into the crevice underneath to cup my bare, panty-freed flesh. Even more slowly, his palms dragged down my inner thighs, then climbed back again.

Tom's hands grasped my buttocks on the return trip, squeezing them firmly, and pulled. I released my hold and gradually slipped down the mossy curvature of the large, fallen log until my feet hit the ground. I leaned forward on the mossy carpet, silent and submissive. Tom's hands continued their caressing traverse up and down the inside of my thighs. I turned my face into the moss and waited. I recognized the

sound of his belt sliding through its buckle but still I didn't move... nor did I budge when his jeans whispered down his own legs.

I expected to feel him pressing into my back but the first touch was his fingers slipping through my hair, taking firm hold of my head. Only then did I sense his prick nudging between my cheeks, searching for my womanly treasure. His treasure. His reward.

He slipped inside me and I expelled a muffled moan into the moss. He continued his attack, pressing forward, sliding inside me, ever advancing with a cock that was much longer than I expected if not as thick. I stretched up on my toes to accommodate his length but it was mostly him that lifted me. I groaned into my soft, green mask. I can't explain the wild thought that echoed through my mind, the first time I had ever experienced such a feeling.

Take me. Possess me.

Tom's grunts of pleasure whistled past my ears with every straining thrust. They were long and slow as he dragged his long tool all the way out and then shoved it back in again, grinding my pussy into the moss-covered bark, forcing it to embrace Mother Nature.

I don't know how long we fucked. It seemed to go on and on. So long it seemed to be life itself, a life that would never end. Tom had long ago released my hair in favor of grasping the moss above and to the side of

my own gripping fingers. I could see the muscles of his forearms straining with the effort of his thrusts.

He was no longer grunting but was rather breathing in an extended moan that rose up and down in cadence with my own, and his lunging assault. I was pulling myself up and down with him, or rather, I was pushing myself down to follow his retreat, then resisting his upward attack, twisting my bottom, trying to wrench the surging orgasm I somehow sensed was coming out of his body before he was ready to release it. With every passing moment, with each surging thrust, his power was transferred into my body. He may have launched the assault but I was assuming the upper hand. He wasn't giving me his seed, I was sucking it out of him.

My pussy had never gripped a cock so firmly. It's slippery clasp denied its full retreat. Even if Tom had wished it, I doubt he could have withdrawn. He was mine, like a cobra trapped in cave with no exits, he couldn't escape until his lifeforce was spent. I turned my head to the side and cried my triumph to the tree, clamping Tom's cock in a death clasp, refusing retreat, holding him in my slick, twisting grip until his seed seared my inner walls. Only then did I release him, but he was back immediately, shouting as he bucked wildly against my ass, gushing more of his hot fluid.

"Yes," I cried. "Fill me," I shouted.

Again and again he shoved in and out, pausing longer each time as he attained full entrance, his legs trembling in the effort to hold me off my feet, until at long last, he sagged backward and fell, spent, to the mossy ground.

I remained against the log, my naked ass swaying in front of his glazed eyes, as if still not satisfied, teasing him with my unfulfilled need. It was a lie. I was fully sated, satisfied more than I ever had been, but my body instinctively signaled my lover that I could take more, all that he could give.

We were fully dressed, sitting atop the log, when the tinkle of the others' chatter warned us of their approach long before they came into sight. They teased us about the awed glow that surrounded our faces and permeated the space around us. The magic of the tree, we replied.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Our relationship started that day and never ended until Tom's death. Though we never attained the magic of that moment, we experienced many others. Our sex life was one of adventure, chase and capture. I couldn't remember ever having a normal, let's-go-to-bed-and-make-love union with Tom.

It was always chase and capture. Always initiated unexpectedly, though it seldom really was. A look, a fleeting glance, a slight

movement of some kind... I would run... Tom would chase. He would take his prey, crowing in victory until it overcame him and he succumbed to my own triumph which superceded his own. Always the same. Sometimes the attacks were short and violent, other times they were prolonged but intense, but always, the end was the same. Tom, spent, believing he hadn't quite fully conquered his kill, already desiring, already craving full dominance, knowing he couldn't really ever attain it though its form lay limp and seemingly defeated before him.

Was that the magic that kept our smoldering, mutual desire so intense for so many years? I believe so. To be sure, our dance was completed many times under the noses of friends, family and even strangers. Certainly, that danger sometimes made the sex more enjoyable, more intense, but on other occasions it didn't matter at all. The near public act was just an accident and didn't intrude on our own world.

My eyes focused, losing that forest from so long ago and the many escapades since that flitted through my mind in minutes, or perhaps seconds or fractions thereof. They captured the picture of Tom, standing next to our son, Sean.

Sean. He looked so much like his father when he was that age, only taller and more muscular. Did he have that primeval spark of life like his father? I had never seen it but maybe it would surface with the right woman, as Tom's had with me. Tom had said so many times that he had never felt that way with a woman, had never felt the need to hunt,

like he had with me. We were meant for each other and now he was gone. So young. I would never find another like him, could never be with another man.

My hand, I idly noticed, had slipped between my legs. Instead of removing it, I pulled it up, dragging the hem of my dress higher, exposing the lacy black slip and matching garters above my nylons until my fingers curled over my panties, absorbing the heat emanating from the bodily memory of my fallen lover. Laying my head back on the couch, I let my fingers strum across the front of my panties as I pulled the black dress even higher so I could open my legs to improve the access to my suddenly throbbing mound.

One last time, Tom. I'll come for you one last time..

My eyes fixed on my late husband. I barely registered Sean's presence in the picture next to him, though strangely, my thoughts flickered back to his image several times even while my eyes were glued on Tom's face. I was wondering why it didn't bother me to have him there in the picture, with his father, watching me slide my panties to the side so my fingers could slip inside my damp slit.

Oh, God, that felt good. How can you do this with him there? What's wrong with you? Because they're both in the picture, damn you. I'm doing this for Tom. Now shut the fuck up.

I hooked my fingers and jammed them inside.

Oh, yeah. Tom, give it to me.

I closed my eyes and frigged myself, letting go of my dress so I could twiddle my clit with the crooked edge of the thumb of my free hand, splaying its index and middle fingers around my labia.

Tom, that's so good. Feed me your long one. Nice and slow. Tease me with it.

I arched my back and thrust my hips forward in one long, slow grind.

Somehow, I had done away with our requisite chase, the drama of our ritual hunt and the thrill of the final capture, that always preceded our lovemaking. Maybe it was because my thoughts had already been there or maybe it was due to my sudden extreme horniness, or the incredible tension of the day. I don't know. All I knew was how good Tom felt inside me. Well, my fingers really but it was Tom's face that floating in front of my closed eyes.

How strange. Sean's face floated behind Tom's. His image bigger but distorted and more distant, less stable.

Oh, God. That really is good, Tom. Way up there. That's it. You're close, aren't you. You always go deep when you're close. Yeah. Give it to me. One last time with all those people outside.

Tom's image began fading.

No. Not yet. I'm not done yet. Stay with me Tom. Stay with me.

But Tom wasn't listening. His image continued to fade, and then he was gone, disappearing through Sean's misty image. My eyes tried to follow. For once it was me chasing Tom but it was no use. I couldn't catch him.

I was alone. So alone.

My fingers grew still and I sagged into the couch. Listless.

Alone.

Well, not quite. Sean's image, once so wavy, was growing stronger, solidifying, becoming less misty. Comforting. I felt safer, more connected, the clearer his face became. Ah, Sean. I need you now. You can't know how much you mean to me.

Sean's face was right in front of me now. He was smiling, but his smile was different. It was full of Tom's wisdom and... his hunter's confidence. My fingers moved. Just a twitch, sending a tingle rocketing through my pelvis. Oh, God. I twitched again. This time on purpose.

"Mom? Are you ok? There's so many of them..."

The door slammed, cutting off Sean's yell.

I snapped my head forward off the couch, eyes popping open, hand quickly shoving my dress down my closing legs, feet yanking off the coffee table, rattling the picture of my two men but not toppling it.

Sean rounded the corner of the entrance hall and stopped in his tracks.

I could see in his eyes what a picture I made. His mouth sagged open.

My dress must not have made it over my knees. Glancing down, I saw the lacy hem of my black slip barely halfway to my knees and the dress still near my hips. My left hand was on my knee but my right was still trapped between my thighs. My face had to be flushed because it felt hot, or was that the heat rising from my lap?

"Sean," I whispered, my eyes unable to hide what he knew to be true, that he had just caught his mother pleasuring herself in front of a picture of his father and himself, a picture he knew normally sat on top of the entertainment center, not on the coffee table in front of his mother's open legs.

The shock slowly wore off Sean's face. His mouth closed but he kept staring at me, at my still partly open legs, hand firmly inserted between my thighs where a woman's legs thickened in their approach to her magical haven. I tried to pull my hand away. Tried to push my dress down. Tried to close my legs tight.

But I couldn't.

I just sat there, looking sideways at Sean's face, unable to move.

Sean was looking at my legs. He hadn't looked at my face since he first rounded the corner and then looked down. He was staring.

Why couldn't I close my legs?

A wave of heat pulsed through my groin and my body shuddered. My vision blurred and when it cleared, I saw Sean looking at me, straight into my eyes.

I had never seen him look that way before, so strangely. Mesmerizing. Commanding.

He stepped toward me. I shuddered again. Such a strange feeling. Not fear, yet a similar sensation. I felt like... prey, but I wasn't terrified. I was horrified, and thrilled.

Sean took another step, then another, and another. My face turned to follow him until he was standing in front of me, still staring into my eyes.

I couldn't move. I couldn't even blink. His knees nudged mine and they moved apart, my legs loosening their hold on my limp hand. Finally, I found the strength to move and I pulled my hand from between my thighs but it dropped on the arm of the couch as if it had accomplished a feat requiring all my strength.

Sean leaned down, eyes never leaving mine, picked up my hand, and dropped it back between my legs. He placed his hand on the arm of the couch to brace himself, then pushed my dress up my legs with his other hand. He didn't hurry. Several times, he brushed the dress higher, and the slip, until they were as high as they must have been before he burst through the door. I didn't protest. I simply returned his gaze; his intense, mine subdued.

Sean grabbed my arm, holding it by the wrist, and pushed until my fingers were draped over my panties, then dropped it. I sat, immobile. Again he grasped my arm, moving it up and down, then letting go. Still, I didn't move. Patiently, Sean took my hand and moved it up and down, slowly, in longer, more deliberate strokes. Again, he let go. I moved my hand, barely, but he seemed satisfied and stood up straight.

I kept moving my hand. It hardly moved but I dared not stop. His eyes commanded me. For a moment, he was like his father and I felt this exhilarating urge to bolt and run away, to laugh sexily to encourage the chase, but I didn't. Not because it was so wrong, but because I couldn't move. His eyes held me paralyzed. It wasn't because I was frozen in shock by his entry. It was him holding me still, unable to flee.

Sean's hands dropped to the belt of his black suit. I noticed the large bulge there and for the first time registered his excitement. I knew what he was doing and all I felt was anticipation, wondering if he was as long as his father as the lump in his pants promised. God forgive me, I didn't even think about how wrong that thought was.

Sean pulled his pants apart and the zipper came undone of its own accord. Stop this, my mind screamed, but my hand pressed my black panties more firmly.

Sean pulled the waistband of his shorts forward and down and his young cock flopped out, already lengthening but clearly not the long

snake his father had wielded. He pushed his shorts down to his thighs and his loose slacks dropped to his feet of their own accord. I noticed with maternal pride how large his balls were and was surprised by the girth of his manhood. He must be the same overall size as his father, just making up in thickness what he lacked in length. My son's cock stiffened, pointing right at my face.

I was acutely aware, even though I knew how wrong it was, of my finger's reentrance through my slippery folds.

Sean lifted his foot and rested it on the seat of the couch, balancing himself while he pushed his shoe off his foot, the pantleg following. My only thought while his youthful pride dangled in front of my eyes was why I wasn't scolding him to for putting his feet on the furniture.

Sean pushed his foot farther onto the couch and then lifted his knee onto its arm. Leaning forward to grasp the couch with the hand on that side, he gently wrapped the other around the side of my head, his fingers urging me forward, toward his manly weapon.

My son's cock nudged my lips and bounced off. Again, this time hitting my chin and sliding off over my cheek. Without urgency, his hips drew back and his thick root surged forward again, hitting my lips again. They gave way and I opened my mouth. The tip of Sean's thickness slid inside over my tongue. I shoved my fingers deep into my pussy and at the same time tried hard to push my son away.

Sean pushed and to my amazement I struggled to open my mouth as wide as I could. I was so used to Tom's longer but narrower bone. He had loved pushing himself deep but knew he couldn't get much more than half of it inside my mouth. Sean struggled just to get his helmet in.

His hand urged my head forward and mouth went slack to allow his head to pop fully inside. Still I pushed hard on his hip, urging him to stop, pulling my left knee back to get my foot on his leg above his knee, shoving, trying to force him away.

Sean laughed and his hand tugged my head further onto his cock.

"You can't get away from me, Mom. Anymore than you could get away from Dad."

Shock rippled through my body. Sean knew about our games? Had Tom told him?

"Don't be so surprised, Mom." Sean laughed again, pushing himself in and out of my mouth more easily now as my saliva grew more copious. "I've heard you guys before. I always dreamed it was me chasing, catching you, doing this... and other things."

Sean pulled himself out and rubbed his massive thickness around my mouth, rubbing it along my left cheek, then pushed back inside.

"Dad figured it out once."

Sean was panting and I felt a surge of triumph at his obvious excitement even though my hand and foot were still trying to shove him away.

"He must have heard me on the stairs," he continued, working his big tip against the inside of my cheek. "He wasn't mad. He just told me that if I was lucky I would find my own woman to hunt for the rest of my life, and that if I was really lucky, she would be almost as fantastic as you. But I always knew that I had already found her."

Sean pulled his cock out of my cheek. Even with just his head inside, he still almost filled my mouth. He put his other hand on the right side of my face and, with his cock held still, used both hands to move my head around on his cock. I stopped urging him away with my hand and foot and started tickling the underside of his cock with my tongue. Tom had loved that.

"Oh, Mom," Sean groaned, his cock twitching in my mouth so forcefully it almost moved my head on its own.

I pushed my tongue up as hard as I could and started sliding it rapidly back and forth on the sensitive underside of my son's dick, rubbing my pussy in time with my tongue, or Sean's gasps, I'm not sure which since they followed each other so closely.

Sean was gasping and groaning alternately now. The thrill of triumph welled up from deep inside, just as it did with Tom at this moment, just before he was about to come. I recognized that magical moment of transition, from victim to hunter.

My had moved up for the kill, delicately grasping Sean's balls, tickling, and scratching the underside with my fingernails.

"Oh, God. Mother," Sean shouted.

Too late, I realized how little room there was in my mouth. I tried desperately to pull back but Sean was holding my head too firmly.

Blast. God. Oh, my God. It filled me. My throat flooded and I could sense my neck swelling, the backwash of his hot fluid forcing into my cheeks and squeezing out through the corners of my mouth, dribbling onto my chin. I swallowed, just before another blast roared into my mouth.

"Mother! Oh, mother."

There were several more torrents, each less than the last, each followed by an exclamation, each of those quieter than its predecessor.

Eventually, Sean was done. I had swallowed it all except for the little bit that escaped through my lips but he still kept his softening prick in my mouth and head my head, albeit loosely. Strangely, it felt comforting. I moved my tongue in a slow, serpent-like twist around his exhausted hero, lavishing him with the dregs of his reward. When I had done this with Tom, I was consciously embedding the need for him to conquer me again.

Why was I doing it now? I needed to stop. It was over and we could put this behind us, write it off to the strain of the day, the worst Earth Day of our lives. I could hear the hushed crowd outside. Thank God the drapes had been closed earlier in the day in anticipation of their arrival and the need to retain our privacy.

Stop licking his cock.

Sean, perhaps sensing my dilemma, tried to pull away but my hands curled around the back of his muscular thighs and held him in place. My tongue swirled around his tip and he stiffened in my mouth, such a breath-taking sensation.

"Mom," he whispered, gently prodding my forehead back.

I pushed forward, my lips for the first time traveling down his shaft at least an inch. I clamped down on his cock, squeezing it with my cheeks, and rubbed my tongue back and forth underneath his now hard cock.

"Oh, Mom," he groaned.

What the hell are you doing? Ok, you're proven you can get him hard. Big deal, you got a young man stiff. Now let him go and end this nightmare.

I pulled my head back, filling the room with a loud, wet popping sound as my sucking mouth released my son's cock.

Ok. Now don't make a big deal about it. We can get by this, just let it drift into the past.

I looked up into my son's eyes, struggling to ignore his beautiful, hard again, glistening cock.

"Can you help me up?"

I was startled to see his eyes holding that strange look he had regarded me with when he first stumbled upon me with my dress halfway up my thighs.

"Sure."

Sean withdrew his knee and pulled his foot off the couch, standing between my outstretched legs. He reached down and I raised my arms, expecting him to take my hands, but his slid past mine to grasp me under my thighs. Sean knelt on the couch between my open legs, lifted me up even with his hips, then pressed me into the back of the chesterfield, my back arching backward over the top.

"Sean, no," I protested.

"Yes," he hissed, his hand dropping to grasp his hard tool, lining it up in front of my wet panties.

"No," I whispered. "It's too far."

Sean released his cock and grabbed my panties, twisting them in his hand. With a hard yank, he ripped them away and threw the shreds away.

"Go ahead. Struggle if you want to," he gasped. "You know it's going to happen."

"What?" I gasped in return, my voice as hoarse as his.

Of course, I knew what. I was playing, as if it was Tom. But why?

He pushed his thick rod against my lips, answering me with his manhood. I was so wet.

"Fucking," Sean answered.

He pressed more firmly against me, rubbing his shaft up and down outside my pussy. I moaned and he answered with one of his owns. I could hear the crowd preparing to light their candles. It must be almost 8:30. My hips surged forward, pressing my lips around Sean's slippery shaft. I opened my legs and wrapped them behind him.

"What if I don't let you?" I teased.

"You can't help it," he whispered, rubbing. "You'll do it yourself."

He rubbed harder and I answered with equally strong pressure. Sean lifted me higher, his gripping fingers under my thighs opening me lewdly. His chest pressed in and his stiff cock flopped underneath, poised for entry. Sean held me just above his tip and leaned in to whisper in my ear.

"Whenever you're ready."

I was stunned by my son's arrogance. He was kissing my jaw, then my neck, and back up to my ear. His tongue delicately traced its edge. I relaxed my heels in his back, and let myself drop onto his thick cock.

He held firm but I pushed down, only slowly enveloping his thick shaft, struggling to part my inner walls to accommodate its quiet strength. It was like trying to pull on a kitchen glove not big enough for my hand. Millimetre by millimetre I pressed down and as I sank lower, ecstasy rose within me. Finally, I rested on his root. He was all the way in now, stretching me wide. Sean began sawing his thickness in and out. God, he felt so fantastic.

As he pumped me, my son whispered in my ear.

"I've been waiting for this to start, Mother."

"No," I gasped, stretching down, following his retreating cock. "It's not the start, it's the end."

"No, it's not," he replied, self-assured. "You can run, but you can't hide. I'll get you."

He pushed up, slowly but further, lifting me higher. I had to put my arms around his neck to stop myself from being pushed over the back of the couch against the window.

"I can run pretty fast. How can you be so sure?" I was panting so heavily I could hardly understand myself. His cock was truly marvellous. Unruly and untrained, but awesome.

"Because I know... you'll let me... catch you," he huffed. "I'll chase you until you fall. You'll look back, knowing you can still get away, but you'll stay on your tummy anyway and lift yourself up, ready for me."

He emphasized his point with a hard upward thrust. I moaned loudly, then laughed and wrapped my legs so firmly around him that my heels crossed and dug into his opposite hips.

"It's not going to happen," I assured him. "So you better make the best of this one time."

I planted my mouth on his to squelch his protest. Sean answered with another hard thrust, then more, and more.

That's it, baby. Tonight, you have your father in you, but tomorrow it's just you and me. Oh, yes, baby. That's so good. Do me good, enough to last the rest of my life. Yeah, like that. Fuck me.

Outside, the crowd cheered. It was 8:30.

Sean's seed roared inside, filling my throbbing, quivering pussy even more than my mouth. On the third blast, I felt it trickling down the inside of my thighs, so much, so warm.

I let him stay inside me when he was finished. In truth, I was reticent to let him go. I knew it was the last time I would be with him. The last time, in fact, I would be with any man.

Goodbye, Tom

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Sean had left me on the couch without any more words after he was done. I wasn't convinced he really believed me that it was over. I think

he left because further discussion wouldn't do him any good. Thus, it was with some significant apprehension that I approached the kitchen the next morning, dressed in a blouse and jeans. No dress for this old girl.

However, Sean gave me no reason for concern. Other than being overly polite, he was the same son I'd known until last night. Yes, we were both quiet but that was to be expected after the funeral the day before. He even offered to run to the grocery store to pick up some pickies and snacks for the committed meeting in the afternoon.

Tessa had convinced me that I might as well get it over because the executive was desperate to know where I would throw my support in the upcoming elections. Everyone wanted Tom's wife to be on their side or, at least, not against it. The infighting had started sooner than expected. But Tessa was right. I didn't want to see the movement fall apart so the quicker I let them know that I wasn't going to be involved... not what Tessa wanted or expected to hear... the better.

Tessa and John arrived early but I rebuffed their attempts to divine my position. Fortunately, several other committee members also arrived early, no doubt to press their own case, so the discomfort was minimal. I was surprised by the smooth assistance from Sean in helping me deflect their efforts to influence me. Surprised and pleased.

The meeting went reasonably well. The committee got sidetracked into several debates important only to the participants so I had time to reflect on my position. Tom had always wanted me to fill his shoes should anything ever happen to him. I had always assured him that I was as committed to the movement as he was but now that he was actually gone, I had no stomach for it.

I looked out the window, letting their arguments subside into a monotonic drivel. Would Tom still want me to carry on? Was it a betrayal to leave the movement in the hands of these bickermeisters? My stomach turned at the thought.

I looked back, intending to refocus my attention on the matter at hand and caught Sean staring at me. Instantly, fear erupted within me that last night was still not over and my stomach fluttered at the thought of having to deal with a different, more important issue. I cast my eyes down to the the pleated skirt I had put on for the meeting. It was appropriately aligned just below my knees. I wasn't inadvertently portraying even a semblance of sexual allure. I looked up into Sean's eyes and he smiled, steadily returning my gaze.

I interrupted the discussion to initiate a new talking point, the first step on the path to letting them know that Tom and I would no longer be part of the direction the movement was going. I introduced several more each time the discussion veered off track and grew heated. I was surprised when Sean stepped in once or twice, and then several more times at the invitation of this or that participant. In the end, I never

voiced my intention to back away. It was obvious that various members of the group were seeking Sean's support, clearly seeing him as the source of his father's continued influence.

For his part, Sean sat back an let the others draw him in, but only after he heard each position. It was easy then to be the voice of reason. I was so proud of him. He really was his father's son.

At one point, I dropped a snack I was holding on a napkin on my knee and bent to pick it up. In so doing, my skirt slipped above my crossed knee and the site of my bare flesh made my mind flash back to the night before. I looked at Sean but he wasn't looking my way. After a few seconds, he seemed to sense my attention and turned my way. He graced me with a warm smile but again he held his gaze steadily on my face. His eyes never flickered to my legs. I have to admit my reaction was mixed. I was relieved but also strangely disappointed as if I had lost the last twinkle of excitement in my life.

Sean was again drawn into the debate. While he was so engaged, I allowed my fingers, under the pretense of adjusting my napkin, pull my skirt higher up my leg. Nobody was paying any attention to me now since I hadn't been involved in the discussion for some time.

Sean drew back and let the conversation continue. He glanced my way and smiled, then quickly turned back to watch the others. I felt that flicker of disappointment spread through my chest again. It was quite

depressing. I scratched the skirt higher and gazed steadily at my son. Eventually, he looked my way, smiling again. But he didn't look down.

I smoothed my skirt. Enough of this nonsense.

It was another hour and a half before they finished and left. Evidently, Sean was to be the figurehead of a new coalition, one that could win the support of the younger generation, spark their interest like no one had been able to do for almost twenty years. Tom's son was the new star of the movement. Under the coalition's guidance, of course.

I don't think any of them would have concurred with my view that they wouldn't be able to control him. Not Tom's son. Once in the public eye, Sean would be the center of attention; he would become the true leader. Tom hadn't foreseen this. Why would he? Sean was so young, but he hadn't been much older when he'd taken the helm. I was pleased. This was much better for the organization than me taking over for Tom.

I said my goodbyes at the door and closed it softly but firmly behind John and Tessa, then turned to rejoin Sean in the living room. He wasn't there. I heard dishes clanking in the kitchen. What a son. He was already cleaning up. I walked through the doorway and stopped.

Sean was standing in the kitchen, his jeans in a puddle at his feet, that strange look from the night before glinting in his eyes. The sound I'd

heard was his buckle hitting the floor. He stood there in his green t-shirt, thick, stubby cock protruding, aiming right at me.

"Sean!"

"Yes, mother?" he smiled.

"No."

I backed slowly away. John and Tessa were still outside. I had heard their car doors closing but hadn't heard the car start. They could walk in any moment, which would be disastrous, or I could simply turn and run out the door. Except I was confronting an aroused puma and turning to run was exactly the wrong thing to do.

"Your aunt and uncle are right outside," I cried.

"Are they?" he smiled, lifting his t-shirt over his head and tossing it aside. He stepped toward me.

To hell with logic, I paid heed to my instincts. I turned and bolted out of the kitchen. I ran to the door and yanked it open. John and Tessa were had backed out of the driveway and were just moving forward,

curving across to straighten out on the street. Tessa looked, I waved, and shut the door.

Swiveling on my bare heel, I faced my son. He hadn't moved but still displayed the confident but wary smile as he stood naked in the kitchen, now even more aroused. I stepped toward him.

"Sean, that's enough. Put your clothes back on, right now!"

I stopped at the doorway, the stairs to my right. Sean dropped his right hand to his thick tool and grinned. He began moving toward me.

I panicked and ran up the stairs. Turning at the top, I saw him exit the kitchen and start up after me, his hand still holding his cock. I shrieked and ran to my room where I came to my senses and spun around, ready to face my son down.

I waited, breathing in small gasps, each breath timed with the heavy fall of his foot on a stair. As he quietly tread down the hallway, I couldn't breathe. He turned and was facing me, not two feet away.

"Sean, ..."

"Run, Mother."

Fear and exhilaration overwhelmed me. I ran. First, to the side of my bed, onto the thick fluffy white area carpet covering the hardwood floor. This wasn't a good place to be. Sean had only followed me two steps inside the door so I ran to the other side where, of course, the matching carpet adorned Tom's side of the bed.

Sean was at the end of the bed, coming around the corner. I held my hand out, fingers splayed apart. My legs felt weak. Trembling, I sank to the floor, one arm stretched behind me to break my fall and the other still reaching out to block my son.

Sean stood above me, his eyes, as I looked up, glinting strangely behind his imposing manhood. My hand fell and I leaned back onto my elbows. Sean watched me but didn't move. I looked up, trying to project defiance as he simply stared down. Neither of us moved until I, unbelievably, turned onto my side and then rolled onto my tummy. Sean's foot brushed against mine and I opened my legs.

Silence.

It was deafening.

I tucked my hands by my sides. More seconds passed. My fingers began scrunching my skirt up my legs until the hem was dragging over my

bottom. There was a thump as Sean's knees fell to the floor between my legs. I bent my elbows and pressed my hands flat against the rug, and pushed, lifting my rear end into the air.

His hands were sliding under my skirt, grasping my panties. There was a loud rip and I felt my shredded underwear being pulled away from my legs. Then he was there. His thick shaft pressing between my legs, rubbing my pussy, nudging but not attempting entry.

Several minutes passed. I kept my position, wantonly presenting myself to my son, but made no further move. Sean kept his thick cock nudging my portal but didn't try to get inside me. It was a standoff. I turned my head, pulling my face out of the rug onto its side so I could see him behind me.

My bottom betrayed me. It pressed back, ever so slightly, and received a tiny nudge in return. Don't! I screamed to myself, holding myself rigid, but a few seconds later, I did it again. A minute later, we were alternately pressing to and fro until finally, as he'd told me I would, I cocked my pelvis and twisted my pussy toward him.

His tip slipped inside me but didn't stop. He kept pressing on, parting my clinging, welcoming walls. So thick, so hard, so good. I knew he was much shorter than his Dad but it still felt like he was shoving is for so long.

"Oh, Mother," he cried in a muted gasp when he was fully inside.

Then he stopped.

Again, we were at an impasse. I had lost it already and though I couldn't bring myself to pull off of him, I was damned if I going to do it all. If he wanted to fuck me so badly, I'd let him do it one more time, but he had to do it himself.

I waited. And waited.

Oh, God. What's wrong with me?

I pulled my clasping pussy down his burly shaft.

That's it. Get off of him. End this now.

When I felt my lips stretching to accommodate his thick head, I stopped... and pushed my self back onto his hard cock.

Oh Marina. You're lost.

I slid all the way back to his root, squeezed hard, and dragged my slickness down his shaft again. Then back.

"Ah, Mom. That's so good."

Another stroke.

"Oh, Mom. Yeah, like that. Fuck me."

I fucked him. I fucked my son. He held firm above me as I worked up and down on his stout stalactite, so slowly at first, then faster and faster. I fucked and fucked him, working hard to thrust my pussy onto his pole, almost frantic to make him come, until at last he pushed me flat to the floor and began humping me madly, screaming my name.

"Mom... Mom... Marina..."

I'd made him lose it. I'd wrested control just as I always had with Tom. I was ecstatic, thrilled to the core, even before my son's seed burst into me for the second day in a row. He was lying on top of me, holding my hands above my head, gasping and moaning in my ear, his thigh muscles scrunching with the huge effort required to squeeze all of his seed up his shaft and into my pussy, still milking his cock, eagerly awaiting the signal of his defeat.

Later, lying atop my back, still inside me, Sean whispered his love and then began telling me how he would capture me tomorrow. He didn't rush. He told me in great detail how the story would play out. He paused, lifting his head from my sweaty hair, to kiss my neck and ears. How did he know how much I loved that? I couldn't help myself. As the story progressed, Sean stiffened inside me and I responded, squeezing, pressing, pulling.

"Of course," he whispered. "That's for tomorrow, and this," he thrust against my fleshy cheeks, bulging his cock into me from behind, "is for tonight. Once more, here," he gasped with another thrust, "and then onto the bed. All night."

"You trapped me tonight," I countered, "but you'll never catch me tomorrow."

"We'll see," he replied.

I relaxed on the rug, closed my eyes and pictured the next day. I was looking forward to the morning.

THE END