Mom Tries Belly Dancing

"Shit!"

As I walked up the driveway, I reached in my pocket only to discover my key was missing, then remembered I had put it in my backpack before gym which I left it in my locker. I had just run all the way home during my free period, evidently keyless, to get the assignment I'd forgotten.

Mother fucker! If Dad would fucking help me buy a car I wouldn't be in this predicament. Now the assignment would be late. There was no way I could get back to school, get the key, run back home, and get back to turn the assignment. No way. No fuckin' way! So, now I wouldn't get the 'B' Dad required to help me buy a car.

"Fuck!"

I stomped on the driveway, turned to go back to school, but wheeled around again. What was the use of going back to school if I had nothing to turn in? I may as well skip my last class. And do what? I turned back toward school but had only gone three steps when I spun around again.

Was that music? Was Mom home? She was supposed to be working Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. I took several steps toward the house and the music got louder. Great! I could get my assignment and still make it back to school. I ran up to the house and rung the bell.

Nothing. Oh yeah, it's been busted for three fucking years. Why doesn't Dad fix the *fucking* thing?

I knocked on the door but I could hardly hear it myself over the weird music inside. Some kind of eastern stuff. Jesus, Mom was getting weird. I knocked louder with similar lack of effect. Maybe Mom was in the kitchen and not the living room.

I walked around the house to the back yard, thinking about Mom. A couple of years ago she 'turned over a new leaf' and got into a bunch of yoga stuff. Mom lost a lot of weight which made her feel good about herself but since then she had gotten into all sorts of weird stuff. It was a blessing when she quit telling us what she was doing because Dad and I just looked at her like she was nuts. Dad eventually believed Mom had worked through her mid-life crisis but I suspected she was still doing weird stuff and just kept quiet about it. This confirmed it. It sounded like Mom was into some kind of weirdo eastern religious thing.

Mom wasn't in the kitchen as I suspected and the back door was locked which surprised me because she usually had it open during the spring and summer if she was home. If she was out, it was always locked. So who was playing the weird music?

Then I remembered the emergency key hidden in the ornamental bird box near the corner of the house. I retrieved it and returned to open the

door. I stepped inside but didn't announce myself in case some weirdo had invaded our home. I grabbed a butcher knife and stepped quietly to the doorway, first peering up the stairs to the left and then into the living room to make sure nobody was there. I didn't want anyone behind me when I went upstairs. The fucker better not have hurt Mom if she was home.

What I saw in the living room stopped me in my tracks.

A woman dressed in some kind of Arabic costume was dancing with her back to me, shaking her hips and tossing her ass, which wasn't half bad, from side to side. Her whole body was in perpetual motion.

Fuckin' hell. It was Mom!

If this was what she was doing for exercise, no wonder she had lost so much weight. I was about to say something goofy but held my tongue because a strange feeling was percolating through me, like when you're scared, except this felt good.

Mom looked good! Real good. It was like I was watching a sexy older woman instead of my mother. The flab was completely gone from her thighs and her hips looked wide only because her waist was so narrow. I already knew she had lost lots of weight, of course, but it wasn't so obvious when she was dressed in normal clothes. In this outfit, I could see how nicely toned her body actually was.

The costume was made of a shiny gold material, with a see-through cape and a red silk skirt that swirled around Mom's body as she moved. The skirt was slit way up on each side so that one of Mom's upper legs was briefly exposed whenever she dipped down and lunged forward. There were extensions from the blouse, made of the same filmy material as the skirt, that reached to Mom's wrists, adding to the overall billowing effect. Mom's hips and breasts were constantly in motion, sometimes in impossibly opposite directions around her undulating midriff.

Mom was belly dancing!

Jesus, I was getting a boner! I looked down at my crotch in disbelief. What the fuck was the matter with me? Despite myself, I felt no shame at that moment, only wonder, but I was too enthralled with the show in front of me to spend much effort worrying about it. I no longer felt the urge to say something goofy. I just wanted to watch. I couldn't believe how hot Mom looked. The way she moved was something else, so fluid and sexy.

It was a huge effort to drag myself out of the kitchen. I only left because, if Mom had seen me, I knew I wouldn't be able to hide what I was feeling inside—pure, raw desire. I closed the door quietly though it was unlikely Mom would have heard it over the music even if I had slammed it shut.

Outside, I dithered. How to get my assignment? Should I just walk up to the front door and bang on it, pretending I didn't have my key and had forgotten where the spare was? No, Mom would still be in her costume and I couldn't face that because I wouldn't be able to stop myself from checking her out. In the end, I decided it would be best if Mom didn't know I had even been there.

But I couldn't go back without my assignment so I climbed onto the carport and slipped through my bedroom window. Before leaving, I crept down the hall and peeked over the stairs but couldn't see Mom very well. Disappointed, I withdrew to my room and left the house, leaving the butcher knife which I had been carrying all along, in my room. When I got back to the school, I still had a hardon.

- -

I felt guilty for the rest of that day but once in my bed my hand found my cock and images of Mom's body dancing in that flimsy, teasing costume filled my head. I imagined having sex with it, the face a blank mask but the hair and every other detail of her body intact. I moaned as I fondled breasts and slid my hand up the inside of hot legs until I cupped a pussy while the other squeezed an ass. I wasn't overcome with guilt until after I came and remembered that several times I had moaned 'Lisa', Mom's first name.

If I could have whipped myself, I would have. As it was, I beat myself up mentally all the next day but the next night I drenched my head with images of Mom's body and my cock flooded my pyjamas. I hid them under the bed and didn't remember my disgusting behavior the next morning until I walked down the hall to the bathroom sporting a huge morning hardon. The sound of Mom's voice made me look down, startled that I wasn't wearing my pajama bottoms. I barely made it back into my room before Mom topped the stairs.

At dinner, Mom said it was the strangest thing, but her favorite butcher knife was missing. Later, I got the knife from my room and put it back in the drawer. That night, before going to bed, I flung my belt over my back in an attempt to flagellate myself, like I'd seen a priest do in a movie once. It hurt, so I quit.

Once again, my hand found my cock and it filled my pajamas while I moaned into my pillow, "Mom, oh Mom."

It was Thursday. I tried to berate myself several times through the day but the punishing thoughts were replaced by potent fantasies that proved too elusive to quash. By early afternoon, I couldn't think of anything else and was admonished by my teachers for daydreaming several times.

I skipped my last class.

The music was playing again but not quite as loud as I remembered. Still, I managed to sneak in the back door and to the kitchen doorway without being discovered. I stopped to get the butcher knife, thinking that if Mom caught me watching I could claim I thought someone was in the house and the knife would back up my story.

Mom was belly dancing again, looking as fine as she had on Tuesday and even sexier than she appeared in my dreams. I hadn't imagined the muscular tone of her thighs as they thrust through the slits in the skirt, or the shadows that played over her tummy as she stretched and scrunched and twisted it around. And her ass, in constant motion, was a far cry from the stills that populated my masturbatory imagination. It was a magnet for my eyes and my cock.

"Curtis!"

My head jerked up. Mom had stopped dancing and was staring at me, in apparent shock, one hand held up in front of her mouth.

"Mom," I yelped, throwing my hands in front of myself to cover what I knew was big enough to show.

Of course, that was exactly the wrong thing to do. Mom looked down.

"What are you doing with that?"

I followed her gaze, starting to go red, then realized she was looking at my side. Oh yeah, the knife.

"I, uh...thought there was a burglar in the house."

The hand dropped away from her mouth. "What?" Mom laughed, looking relieved. "A burglar?"

"Yeah," I said, then laughed too. "You scared the shit out of me."

"Well, you scared me too," she said, ignoring my profanity. "What are you doing home?"

"My last class was canceled," I lied. "What are you doing? I thought you were working."

Mom blushed and suddenly looked self-conscious, her hands lifting to cover the costume and roaming across the front of her torso as she tried to cover everything but realized she couldn't.

"Well, uh, I'm dancing…belly dancing…for your father," she explained. "I'm going to surprise him, when I'm good enough," she added.

Mom's hands continued moving in a futile attempt to cover her womanly assets. She started moving toward the stairs.

"I better get changed."

"Wait," I cried.

I don't know why I said that. I guess I didn't want her to go just yet. But Mom ignored me and ran up the stairs. I followed, running up behind her.

"Mom."

She ran into her room and closed the door. I was so close I almost bounced off it.

As you can probably imagine, imagine the rest of the day was quite awkward. Mom avoided me and the few times she couldn't, nothing was said.

The next morning, I woke up with crusty pajamas again which I hid under the bed with the other two pairs until I could wash them myself when nobody was home. But when I got home that afternoon, there

was a pile of freshly laundered clothes on my bed, ready to put away. The pajama bottoms were there too. I felt very sheepish and didn't want to go down for breakfast. I waited until the last minute, slipped into the kitchen, gobbled my food, and got the hell out of there.

I hung around school late and didn't go home until I knew Dad would be there because I was still embarrassed. I ran straight up to my room when I got home. I didn't want to go downstairs for dinner either but went when my father bellowed for me to get downstairs. I still felt sheepish but Mom acted as if nothing was wrong and I eventually lightened up. All through the weekend, nothing was said about Mom's dancing, or my laundry problem.

- -

On Tuesday, I skipped last class again.

I slipped through the back door, which was unlocked, but didn't bother with the knife. The music wasn't as loud but Mom was dancing. I watched her for a while, getting more and more excited, leaning against the door jamb in a way that partially hid the effect Mom was having on me.

I was being pretty obvious, and creepy I guess, but I could help watching. Strangely, I had a sense that Mom knew I was there but she

didn't look my way until the dance was over and she finished with a dip to her right knee, the left thrust forward, forceful and bare.

"Curtis," Mom said, looking as if she had just discovered I was there. "Are you playing hooky?"

"Hooky?" I asked, in a voice just as ordinary as the one in which she had asked, though I felt anything but normal.

"Skipping out," she explained.

"No, uh, I'm finished the section ahead of schedule so Mr. Garret told me I could study whatever I wanted to."

"Well, he didn't tell you to leave school, did he?"

Mom was still down on one knee, the full length of her left leg exposed, making it hard for me to concentrate on anything else.

"What?"

"I said, he didn't give you permission to leave school, did he?"

"Um, yeah, actually he did. He didn't want me to stay in class and the library is being used by another class during last period."

Mom got up and I glimpsed a flash of green panties.

"Well, don't sneak into the house."

"I heard the music and didn't want to disturb you."

Mom looked suddenly self-conscious. "You should have let me know you were there." Mom walked toward me, screening herself with her hands, looking down and away from me. "And you should stay at school to study," she said.

"I...you...uh, you're pretty good," I stammered.

Mom didn't reply as she swept past me and started up the stairs. I followed her like I had on Thursday. She sped up and whisked into her room, flinging the door but not hard enough for it to close so I entered her room.

"Mom."

"What?" Mom picked up a dress which had been discarded on the bed and held it in front of her, a far more effective screen than her hands had been. I noted various other items of clothing on the bed: pantyhose, a bra, and most interesting, panties.

"I need to get changed," Mom said, eyes cast down in embarrassment and posture clearly indicating I should leave.

I tried to think of something to say that would allow me to stay longer. My thoughts ran around in circles as Mom looked increasingly uncomfortable.

Finally, I blurted out, "I won't tell Dad."

I didn't know how Mom would react to that and was somewhat surprised when she looked up and I saw relief in her eyes. "You won't?"

I shook my head, relieved myself and unsure of what to say next, but I rolled with, "I wouldn't want to spoil the surprise."

"Good, because I'm not ready yet."

"It looked like you were. You're pretty good."

Mom's hand relaxed and the dress lowered a bit.

"You think so?"

"Yeah, you looked like you really know what you're doing. You look ready now, but it's your call."

Mom smiled, looking quite pleased, then frowned.

"You don't know anything about belly dancing."

"I know what looks good. Don't forget Jenny took a class."

This was a big lie but I wasn't going around with Jenny anymore so it was unlikely Mom would find out. That was the second lie I'd told Mom in not many more minutes which was quite unlike me. It showed just how much I didn't want to leave, or more to the point, how much I liked seeing Mom in this costume.

"I know. I saw her in one of my classes last week."

Holy shit, that was news to me. Anger surged within me. Jenny wouldn't even let me put my hand down her pants and she was taking belly dancing lessons for that fucker Johnson?

"What's the matter?" Mom asked, stepping toward me, looking concerned, forgetting about the dress which dropped lower, exposing more cleavage.

"Nothing," I said, removing the anger from my face. "It's just that, uh, Jenny dumped me."

"Oh no. Sweetie, I didn't know."

Mom raised a loving hand to my cheek and let the other, which was holding the dress, fall to her side. I tilted my head and cast my eyes downward, as if depressed, but really I was taking in the wonderful vista of Mom's swelling upper breasts and the intriguing separation between them. The skimpy costume left little to the imagination, exposing the inner swells of Mom's breasts to the point where they swept away from her chest. Mom pulled back to look at me and I averted my eyes just in time.

"You should have told me. I wouldn't have been so friendly if I'd known." Mom's eyes slid down and to the right as a thought struck her. "Come to think of it, Jenny did seem a little uncomfortable around me."

I dropped the crestfallen look and replaced it with a cheery one. "It's okay, Mom. I didn't like her all that much anyway. Though I have to say, I did like watching her belly dance."

"Poor baby."

Mom put her hand to my cheek. She wasn't worried about me missing out on watching Jenny dance. Instead, she was consoling me, interpreting my cheery expression as simply putting on a brave face. She obviously believed Jenny had hurt me and, in truth, she was right.

"I could watch you instead."

"Watch me? Oh no, I don't think so." The hand withdrew from my cheek.

"Well, how else are you going to know if you're good enough to show Dad? You want to be sure before you do it in front of him, don't you?"

The fear of embarrassment shone in Mom's eyes and I leapt on the opportunity to take advantage.

"I'm family, for crying out loud. You don't need to be shy in front of me. You're good, Mom, but you need to practise in front of an audience. Who better than me?"

"I suppose," Mom mused, but she didn't look convinced.

"Well, I guess you could just dive right in with Dad, put yourself right out there like."

I let my voice trail off and started to turn away but Mom reached out and grasped my arm. I turned back to look at her.

"I guess it would help it you watched to see if I make any big mistakes. I know you don't know about the finer aspects, like Mrs. Sadat, but like you said, you can see if I'm making a fool of myself."

I nodded. "I can do that," I assured her.

Mom brought the dress up between us as if she had suddenly become self-conscious again.

"Okay. So let me get dressed now and on Thursday you can watch me for a bit before Dad gets home."

I took hold of the dress and tugged it toward me.

"There's still time to practise before Dad gets home."

Mom shook her head. "Thursday," she said.

"Now," I insisted. "There's no sense putting off until tomorrow what can be done today."

Mom laughed, realizing I was teasing her with her own words. "Brat."

"Slacker," I retorted.

I tugged on the dress and Mom resisted but let it slide through her fingers. I didn't want to wait until Thursday in case she changed her mind and, anyway, if we got started now it would be less awkward on Thursday.

"Come on," I urged, pulling harder and gaining six inches of dress. "Don't be lazy."

Mom reluctantly let her hands go loose and the dress came free. I stepped back several feet, holding the dress in front of me like Mom

had held it in front of her. I realized then that I was hard and probably had been, unbeknownst to both of us, the whole time we had been talking. Now it was I who was thankful for the cover.

The music was still playing downstairs. Mom canted her head to the side, listening to the song, then began to move her hips in mini-movements in time with the beat. She seemed a little hesitant and I wished we were downstairs in the shadowy living room where Mom had pulled the drapes but was afraid to suggest moving now that she had started.

"I'll set the mood," I said, moving toward the large windows.

I pulled the curtains closed but it didn't darken the room much so I followed with the heavier drapes. The room darkened so much that I had to turn on one of the bedside lamps. I sat on the edge of the bed, draped Mom's dress over my lap, and looked at Mom who was now sweeping more confidently across the floor with hips that did more than just twitch.

Mom avoided my eyes as she became more animated. I sat as still as I could, hoping Mom would forget I was there. Within a minute or so, she looked much like she had downstairs, cocking, swaying, and thrashing her hips. Though her movements were more muted than when she was dancing alone, and a tinge of self-consciousness hindered her performance, it was still wonderful to behold. In fact, it

was so fantastic I was glad to have the dress tossed over my lap. Thus protected, I leaned back on the bed, bracing on hands stretched behind me, to enjoy Mom's dance in comfort.

My hands landed in something silky. It was Mom's underwear, the bra on the left and the panties on the right. I froze, momentarily panicked that Mom would see where my hands were and stop dancing to angrily decry my outrageous behavior but I needn't have worried. Mom was moving more fluidly now and seemed unaware of my presence, let alone what my hands were doing.

The feel of Mom's underwear in my hands, especially her panties, made my cock surge within my jeans. I scrunched my right hand, bunching Mom's panties until they were held in a ball within my fist. I leaned forward, bringing my right hand alongside my hip, and tried to shove the panties into my pocket when Mom's back was to me but missed on the first and second try because I was watching the swing and bump of Mom's ass.

Mom looked awesome. She really did know what she was doing which made me wonder how long she'd been at it. A long time, I suspected. From time to time, her legs were tantalizingly exposed, thrusting forcefully through the slits in the red skirt with even more abandon than I had previously witnessed. Mom seemed to have totally forgotten my presence and was really getting into the music. I was a little disgusted with myself for getting a boner over my own mother, but

who wouldn't get a woody watching this? I felt an urge to rub my cock through my jeans and barely managed to kill the impulse.

Mom had turned to face me and was slowly shaking her way toward me with a saucy smile on her face. She was truly captivated by her role. My chest constricted and my eyes widened as I reacted to her undulating body, heated eyes and flashes of flesh competing for my attention. I could do little but stare, open and dry-mouthed. I wanted to cover my crotch, sure that my erection must be showing despite the dress thrown across my lap, but I couldn't move any more than I could breathe.

Just as it felt like I would die of asphyxiation, the music stopped and Mom slowly unwound, standing in front of me at the side of her bed, and laughed breathlessly, clearly delighted with her performance. Her eyes were wild with excitement and she breathed heavily from exertion. I remembered to breathe myself.

"So what do you think?"

"That was awesome, Mom."

"You really think so?" her eyes lit up even more, if that was possible.

"Absolutely," I confirmed enthusiastically, bathed in her excitement.

"I didn't make any mistakes?" Mom asked.

I shook my head. "No, you were perfect."

Mom was pleased but sought criticism anyway. "I couldn't have been perfect. I must have done something wrong."

"No," I said, slowly shaking my head, "your performance was flawless."

"So you think I'm ready for your father."

I felt a sudden and inexplicable urge to deny my father this special treat.

"I didn't say that."

"But you said..."

I jumped to my feet, bringing myself to a standing position close to Mom, poised to explain myself but scrambling to find the words. The dress fell off my legs, leaving my crotch unhidden, and all cognitive capacity suddenly deserted me. I tried to step past Mom because I had no explanation for why I thought she wasn't ready and knew I was

incapable of coming up with one, but Mom grabbed my arm and held me back. Somehow I managed to keep myself partly turned away from her.

"Do you think your father would prefer a different style? There are different ways if that's what you mean."

"Yeah, I know," I said, stalling, hoping Mom would expand and provide me with a suitable reason for why she supposedly wasn't ready to dance for Dad.

"You're thinking of something in particular?"

I shook my head and the joy began to fade from Mom's face.

"Slower," I blurted.

"Slower? Hmmmm, well, I have to dance to the music, but...hmmmm, I'll...let me think about it."

"I mean, you were great, but..."

"No, don't worry about it. I appreciate your feedback, really I do. I think I actually do dance better with an audience."

"Yeah, well, anytime," I said, trying to appear nonchalant. I pulled my arm away from Mom. I needed to get away because my erection wasn't subsiding and I felt uncomfortable knowing that Mom only had to glance down to know what I really thought.

"Thanks, Curtis," Mom called as I exited her room and made a beeline for my room.

For the rest of the afternoon I tried not to think about Mom, especially when she was dancing. Away from the situation, I felt pretty uncomfortable about my reaction to her. Dinner that night dragged on forever and I escaped to my room as soon as possible.

However, once in bed, I kept thinking about Mom in ever more lurid detail. My cock was suddenly in my hand and I turned my face into the pillow, into Mom's panties, and pulled on my dick. By the time I exploded, I was mumbling into the pillow, "Mom, Mom." She returned, dreamily dancing toward me, breasts shimmying, hips shaking, and smiled at me with smoky eyes. A final burst emptied into my pajamas.

- -

Thursday morning at the breakfast table, Mom asked me if I had a free period at school that day. I guess I wasn't awake yet because I responded, "No."

Mom looked disappointed, flashed a brief look at Dad who was reading some papers from work, and then looked at me more intently but I didn't respond. I was confused about her question because guilt about what I'd done last night soaked my brain.

At school, after lunch, the memory of Mom asking her question at breakfast popped into my mind again. El stupido! Of course. On Tuesday, I had used the excuse of a free class to explain why I was home early and she knew my schedule. I had a class with Mr. Garret on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I banged my hand against my forehead. Dimwit! Mom was probably wondering if I'd observe her dancing again.

I skipped my last class and beetled home. Sure enough, the sound of middle eastern music emanated from the house. I walked around to the back and noticed that the door had been left ajar. I slipped through the door, slung my bag off my shoulder and set it quietly on the floor, then approached the doorway to the living room.

Mom wasn't there but just as I started up to look for her she appeared at the top of the stairs, looking down at her side as she fussed with one of the veils attached to her costume. I stopped dead in my tracks. The

outfit she was wearing was similar to the one she had worn the week before but this time it was green and gold and was, if anything, more revealing. Or, maybe I had just forgotten how good Mom looked in the other costume. Mom looked up, startled, and frowned when she saw it was me.

"I thought you didn't have a free period? You're not skipping out, are you?"

"No, no. I just forgot about it this morning."

Mom shook her head and walked past me. "You better screw that head of yours on before it falls off."

I turned as Mom passed by me. She was wearing a dark green bikini under the silky blouse and skirt. Everything shimmied nicely as she moved. At the bottom of the stairs, Mom stopped and turned around, almost catching me before I lifted my eyes.

"I need to play the music pretty loud. You should have stayed at school if you need to study."

"I'm all caught up. That's why I came home."

Mom turned and walked into the living room.

"I can watch, if you like."

"You don't have to," she said, turning the music up, "but suit yourself."

It was obvious from Mom's tone that she wanted me to watch her performance to make sure it was up to snuff but she had been miffed this morning when I didn't pick up on her hint. I yelled over the music as she started to move. "I forgot about my free period this morning," I said.

Mom put a hand to her ear, "What?"

I shouted louder. "I forgot about not having a class."

Mom acknowledged me with an off-the-cuff wave of hand so I plopped down onto Dad's chair and watched her dance. It was pretty tame compared to what she'd been doing but it was still worth watching. She rattled her hips and shook her shoulders, which made her breasts jiggle, but there weren't any dipping lunges with legs thrust through the slits in her skirt or fast twirls that spun it high to expose her thighs. I was somewhat disappointed and hoped she was just getting warmed up.

Mom finished the dance and then another no more exciting than the first followed by a third that was a little better. She stopped the music after that and sauntered into the kitchen with the matter-of-fact demeanor of a ballet dancer at rehearsal. Anyone familiar with these events knows that ballet dancers are athletes and backstage resembles the locker room at a football or hockey game more than a haven for artists.

Mom returned with a large glass of water and took a huge drink. Some dribbled from the corner of her mouth and onto her chin which she absently wiped away with the back of her hand as she looked at me with a blank expression and lifeless eyes. I couldn't read her which made me nervous.

Was she done? One moment I thought she was and the next I was sure she would continue and the dancing would get a lot better. I didn't know what was going to happen until Mom brushed past me, walked to the stereo and started the music, then began dancing to the gentle beat, swaying more than jiggling, and hips rolling rather than shaking. The skin on my balls, already pre-warmed, tightened, and my whole body tensed as I leaned forward to watch with greater concentration.

Mom moved fluidly around the room for several minutes, her pace constrained by the beat of the music, yet the intensity increased with each step. She wasn't dancing faster but the definite, controlled movements conveyed an impression of barely contained, pent-up

energy and her hair whirled through the air when she spun around though she hardly moved faster than someone doing Tai Chi.

My cock strained against the confines of my jeans the first time Mom swooped low, right knee thrusting through her skirt and briefly exposing an expanse of thigh before she pulled out of the dip with her left leg, then dipped low with it too before quickly dragging herself out with the right, drawing it into line with the left and stopping in a pose that tightened the muscles in both legs beneath her arched back and thrusting breasts, head and hair tossed wildly back. Mom's arms remained stiff by her sides as she dipped her hips and thrust herself forward in an aggressive, grinding bump before swirling away in a flourish.

The rest of the dance continued like that, building slowly, then bursting forth in a continuous blaze of thrusts and straining poses, bumps and grinds, but never too quick for me to appreciate, and always sensuous, a perfect depiction of constrained, sexual fury. It was hot, Mom was hot—I was hot!

When the dance came to a crashing finale, Mom held her last pose, straining up on her toes for a long moment, then relaxed and turned to me, excited and pleased.

"Was that slow enough?" she teased, mocking me.

Though Mom didn't look at the obvious physical confirmation in my lap, I had the feeling she was aware that it was definitely enough. She picked up her glass and disappeared into the kitchen. Looking down at the bulge in my jeans, I wondered if she was giving me time to recover. I got up to sneak away to my room to relieve myself, or at least remove the evidence of my illicit thoughts, but Mom returned with a full glass of water. Another song started playing, one even slower than the last one.

"Where are you going?"

"Um, I...uh, I..."

Mom grabbed my wrist and my cracked voice dwindled to a mumble. Mom took a big swig of water and stared into my eyes as her mouth filled, over-flowed the corners and dribbled onto her chin. She didn't have a spare hand this time to wipe it away. She stood, looking at me, still breathing heavily, with that same expressionless face. She took another swig.

"Let me know if your father would like this one," she husked.

I nodded and Mom dragged me into the middle of the living room. She turned and gulped down the rest of the water, regarding me with the same indecipherable look she had at the base of the stairs. She tossed the empty glass carelessly onto the couch.

"Stay still," she said.

Mom started the song over and immediately began to dance. She swept slowly around, sometimes facing me and sometimes sliding by with her back or side toward me. It was quietly exciting, her perfume filling my nostrils as she swished around, almost as good as the musk of her body sweat.

But the most exciting thing was the way Mom looked at me. The expressionless face was gone and she no longer acted like I wasn't there. Sure, I was standing in for my father, but I was still part of the action, and the way Mom reveled in her steamy performance would have made a piece of wood get excited. There was no way I could hide how I felt, her presence was too powerful and the feelings it produced too strong. I was turned on and Mom knew it but rather than being put off she used my reaction to sink deeper into the dance.

Mom became wilder and wilder and she pulled me deeper into her world. I was sporting a huge erection but there was nothing I could do about it and I didn't much care. Mom never looked anywhere but at my face anyway but I knew by the glint of her eyes she was aware of the effect she was having on me. Mom was thrilled with the power of her dance.

As the music became more frenzied and Mom's dance matched its intensity, she began swirling closer and closer to me until, eventually, her body grazed mine. First, it was across my back, then my front as she scraped her vibrant ass across my bulge, then whirled around and brushed her breasts across my back. The music ended just as Mom flung herself to the floor in front of me, one foot stretched back and the other supporting a bare thigh thrust through the skirt toward me, as she tossed her head back and let her hair dangle to the floor.

Mom retained this final pose as the music ebbed away, more than long enough for me to look through the split skirt and take in the full, puffiness of her throbbing, sweat-drenched panties. I barely managed to meet Mom's eyes when she pulled her head up and fixed her triumphant gaze upon my face.

"Wow!" I cried. "Just wow."

Mom laughed and got to her feet. It was then I realized that Mom had been on her knees before me. She had been looking up at me but her face had still been even with my bulging jeans.

"You think your Dad will like it?"

"If he doesn't, he's dead inside."

Mom looked very pleased but when she looked down she laughed nervously and then looked away. It was a weird feeling, knowing she had looked right at the bulge in my jeans. It made me uneasy but at the same time, I loved it.

"I guess you would know," she said, then added right away, "Gosh, I need a drink."

I followed Mom into the kitchen, watched her fill a large glass and down it, focused on the water that spilled over her chin and dribbled onto her chest before trickling into her heaving cleavage. I waited while she refilled the glass and watched her drink it more slowly. We looked at each other in silence and I couldn't help letting my eyes wander down the length of her body. When I came to my senses, I looked up just as Mom turned away to refill the glass a third time.

For a minute, I thought she had been looking at my jeans but quickly dismissed the notion. I was turned on, and Mom was aware of it, but there was no way my sexual excitement could be reciprocated. Her excitement was completely derived from the dance and the realization that she was good, good enough to please my father. I could have been anybody, any man.

I turned away and went up to my room. Half way there, I realized what that meant. I could have been any man. Mom wanted to know if she

was ready to dance for Dad and had danced in front of me as if I was a man. I started touching myself before I even got into my room.

After supper, I helped Mom clean up in the kitchen. She was in a good mood and whenever she crossed the kitchen, she danced a few steps. When she caught me watching her, she smiled and gave her hips an extra twitch, her eyes sparkling with deviltry. We shared a muted laugh.

That night in bed I thought about Mom kneeling on the floor before me but this time my cock miraculously flopped out and landed on her lower lip which seemed extra pouty for some reason. My glans bounced off that moist cushion and the upper ridge of my helmet scraped beneath Mom's upper front teeth on the way into her mouth. At that point, I filled my pajamas again and had to hide them under the bed with the pair from Wednesday. I made a note to wash them after school the next day because I couldn't rely on Mom missing the evidence again.

- -

When I came home at the usual time on Friday afternoon, Mom greeted me cheerily. I went upstairs to get rid of my bag and change into my weekend grungies but stopped as soon as I entered my room. My pajama bottoms were piled, neatly folded, on the bed, although the rest of my laundry had been put away.

What did that mean? Was Mom sending a signal that she knew what I was doing and that I should stop? My face went red. I was too embarrassed to go downstairs so I hung around in my room playing video games but my heart wasn't in it. All I could think of was Mom, whirling around the room in her sexy costume, midriff bare, legs pushing through her skirt, eyes aflame. She would never dance in front of me like that again. I just knew it! I banged my forehead with a fist. Why hadn't I whacked off in the bathroom where I could flush the evidence away?

Reluctantly, I went downstairs when Mom called us for dinner. I couldn't look Mom in the face but she acted as if nothing had happened and the embarrassment of the crusty pajamas soon left my mind replaced by jealousy because Mom was particularly cheery and attentive to my father.

"So, I made a reservation at Milo's tomorrow night," Mom said when the conversation hit a lull.

"Milo's," Dad said. "Isn't that the Greek place?"

"Yes," Mom seemed very pleased.

"I hate Greek food," Dad complained.

"No you don't, dear. You've had it before and said you liked it."

"I have?"

"Yes. Remember, at the Carson's"

"Oh, then. I was just being polite."

"Well, then you were being very polite."

"Yes, but I didn't like it very much and it's worse at a restaurant. Half the time they have middle-aged women, who should know better, dancing around your table while you're trying to eat. Disgusting."

The conversation stopped dead. I could see Mom was hurt and trying not to cry. I tried to lighten things up but Dad ignored my comments and blithely continued denigrating Greek food and belly dancing while Mom sat silent, eyes cast down. I wished I could have taken a round out of my father right then.

I didn't sleep well that night but it wasn't from spanking the monkey. I felt bad for Mom. She had been taking lessons for at least a year if not more and had become quite good, all for her husband, and he pissed

all over her parade. Sure, he didn't know it, but even if Mom did dance for him and he feigned appreciation, it wouldn't be any good. Mom wasn't looking for sympathy, she wanted to put a spark back into her marriage, and Dad's ignorant words had crushed her. I hated him for it.

I got up early the next morning even though it was Saturday. I wanted to cheer Mom up but she was still in bed. Dad had already eaten and was getting ready to go out.

"Where's Mom?"

"She's still in bed. She's not feeling well."

"What's wrong with her?"

"I don't know. Maybe one of those woman things." Dad smiled at me and opened the door. He left.

I made myself some toast and ate it with a tall glass of orange juice. After breakfast, I watched TV for an hour, waiting for Mom to come downstairs but she didn't so I made some more toast and took it upstairs with some juice.

"Mom?" I pushed the door to her room open an inch or so.

"Mom?"

There was no answer so I pushed the door another foot and looked in. Mom was lying in bed, eyes open but listless. I carried the tray to her side of the bed and sat down with it in my lap.

"I brought you some breakfast."

Mom looked at the tray without interest. "I'm not hungry."

"You should eat," I said, sounding like her when I was sick.

Mom shook her head when I put some toast near her lips but I persisted, like she did with me when I was sick, and eventually she took it into her mouth, chewing slowly and without relish despite the layer of her favorite jam, blackberry current.

As Mom ate, life began to stir within her. Her glacial, listless chewing became stronger until she was biting the toast with anger. Good, I thought, get mad at the bastard.

When the toast was gone, Mom was determined if not happy. She told me to leave so she could get dressed but flung the covers back right after I got off the bed and before I had even turned around. Her warm body filled the knee-length nightgown and her breasts jostled enticingly beneath the bodice. I shook my head and turned away, angry with myself. I would never see Mom belly dance again and I was glad of it. I was ashamed of my thoughts and the way I had looked at her, and especially of what I imagined and did at night in my room. To think Mom had cleaned those filthy pajamas. Oh God, I vowed to make it up to her.

"Mom?"

Mom turned her head slightly my way. Her back was to me and she was stepping into a skirt that she slid up under the nightgown. She turned, and her breasts thrust against the nightgown as the flimsy material twisted around her torso.

"I, uh, I..."

"Spit it out, Curtis."

Mom started to pull the nightgown over her head, then realized what she was doing, and let it settle back onto her breasts which were obviously not covered by anything else. I looked down, afraid that I couldn't keep my gaze off her womanly assets.

"I'll take you out for Greek food."

"What?"

"I'd said, I'd like to take you to that Greek restaurant."

Mom smiled. "Oh, you would, would you?"

I didn't see what was so funny and said so.

"Are you interested in Greek food, or belly dancing?"

I blushed. "Dad said they only had old women there."

"He said middle-aged women, like me, but no matter. Your father doesn't know what he's talking about. I'm sure the dancers are much younger."

"Anyway," I said, "I'd like to go with you."

"Alright then," Mom said defiantly. "Let's you and I go out for dinner and your father can fend for himself."

Mom suggested I cut the lawn and clean up the garage so Dad wouldn't have anything to complain about if he came home after we left and found us gone. As it was, Dad came home before we left. Mom informed him we were going out for dinner to the Greek restaurant. He wasn't upset. In fact, while Mom was upstairs getting dressed, he thanked me for getting him off the hook and gave me a hundred dollars to pay for dinner.

Mom came downstairs with one of her dress coats already on. Although the coat covered her from shoulders to below her knees, I could tell she had dressed up by the shoes she was wearing and was glad that I had put on a sports jacket and tie. Mom had also put her hair up which she only did when she and Dad went to their company Christmas parties. She looked nice with her hair up.

"We won't be late," Mom said as she pecked Dad on the cheek.

"Take your time and enjoy yourself," Dad replied, already aiming the remote at the TV.

A strange excitement surged upward from the knot in my stomach as I closed the door behind Mom and ran to open the car door for her. I had never gone out for dinner alone with Mom and it felt oddly like a date.

Stop that nonsense, I chided myself.

Mom thanked me for opening the door and as she swung her legs into the car the coat briefly parted to her knees without revealing a dress underneath. She provided directions to the restaurant. I became progressively more anxious on the way there, my mind straying to thoughts of just how short Mom's dress was instead of concentrating on what she was saying.

What's the matter with you? I asked myself.

When we got to the restaurant, I had only a vague notion of what Mom had been talking about. She waited for me to come around to open the door for her which strengthened the sense that we were on a date and made me feel that I was in a small way making up for my inappropriate thoughts and Dad's callous ignorance. As we climbed the steps up to the restaurant Mom told me the reservation was in our name. This was obvious, of course, but I realized Mom was telling me, as the man, to handle the interaction with the hostess.

Before leading us to a table the host asked Mom if she wanted to check her coat. When she removed it, I sucked in my breath. Mom was wearing a shimmery green dress that molded to her figure. It was cut quite low in front and though her back was covered, her arms were bare. It was a simple but elegant affair and I felt proud walking behind

Mom as the host led us to our table amid admiring glances from both men and women.

The food was exceptionally good and we followed it up with baklava for dessert and Mom insisted that I order ouzo. Mom smiled at both my nervousness and pride when the waiter didn't ask for my ID. She reached out and put her hand over the back of mine.

"You did that well."

That made me feel even better. I was supposed to be making her feel better and here she was making me feel like a man instead. I loved it.

As we ate baklava and sipped ouzo, a very attractive older woman swept into the small dance floor with a flourish to the center of the room.

"Watch this," Mom whispered. "She taught our class a few times. She's a fantastic dancer."

"Milo's is proud to present Lady Alexandra," the host announced as the music started.

Lady Alexandra began to dance, moving slowly. She was wearing a multi-colored top, not much more than a fancy bra actually, above a fine mesh skirt slit to the hip on the left side that barely covered a plain brown bikini bottom. Jewelry and bracelets adorned her fingers, wrists and ankles. By her face, I judged that Lady Alexandra was about fifty but her body looked like that of a much younger woman, and one in extremely good shape at that.

"Doesn't she look wonderful?" Mom said.

"Yeah," I replied and Mom laughed at my obvious appreciation of Lady Alexandra.

"I guess your father doesn't know what he's missing," Mom said as Lady Alexandra undulated across the floor, the trinkets circling her waist tinkling, her stomach a constantly moving canapé of flesh and shadows.

"Let's not tell him," I whispered.

Mom reached out and put her hand on mine again which set my arm a-tingle. "Yes, let's not," she said.

I was aware, even elated, that Mom and I had just become partners in a conspiracy, however minor or innocent.

Lady Alexandra alternated between rapidly shimmying her hips as she spun around the dance floor to slowly undulating her body across it. Catching everyone by surprise, she dropped into an amazingly low dip that exposed her entire, well-muscled left leg before rising up with sharply arched back and breasts thrust skyward, only to launch into a second lunge toward another table. To my delight, this and similar choreographies were repeated many times.

Near the end, Lady Alexandra dropped backwards to the floor and lifted herself with hands and feet enabling a reverse crawl, pushing her breasts up and moving in a way that transformed her belly into a continuous, rippling wave. Every aspect of her body, including her long wavy blonde hair, was employed to suck her audience into the mystery of her world. She was absolutely mesmerizing.

When the dance ended, Mom squeezed my hand which startled me because I hadn't realized until than that she had held it throughout the dance.

"You see what I'm up against?" Mom gasped.

"You could be better," I blurted, then quickly looked away because I knew Mom would be able to see in my eyes why I believed what I had inadvertently said.

Mom squeezed my hand before withdrawing hers. "That's sweet of you to say."

Lady Alexandra received an enthusiastic round of applause and started to leave the dance floor but she stopped when she saw Mom and then walked straight to our table.

"Lisa, so nice to see you."

"Hello Carol," Mom responded.

Lady Alexandra looked at me. No way this woman could be named Carol, I thought.

"This can't be your husband." Her eyes sparkled with mischief. "Does he know?"

Mom laughed. "Carol, this is my son, Curtis. Curtis, meet Carol, or Lady Alexandra."

I stood up and extended my hand. "The pleasure is all mine."

"Oh, a gentleman, and so handsome too."

"Yes, he certainly is."

"Is your husband away?"

A troubled expression crossed Mom's face. "No, but I don't think he'll be coming. He's not a fan of Greek food or, apparently, of belly dancing."

"Oh, how sad…for him."

"Yes," Mom said, either not trying or failing to hide her disappointment.

"But surely you're not going to quit? Oh, you can't, you're simply too good to stop now."

"That's what I said," I interjected.

Lady Alexandra smiled at me and quickly looked back at Mom. "You see? You have the best audience you can have, an adoring son. You should dance for him, and then dance for me, right here." Carol swept her hand around in a wide arc.

Mom looked down, color flushing her face. I blushed too.

"Ah, so you've already danced for him." Carol looked at me again, a knowing smile accompanying a pleased expression that regarded me for a longer moment. "I used to dance for my son. I still do, when he comes to town." A wistful look took over her face and she looked at Mom again. "You can't get a more appreciative audience than your son."

I imagined this sexy woman dancing for a handsome Greek Adonis, young but blonde like herself, pushing herself off the floor, undulating her belly and grinding her pelvis in simulated love-making, then pictured Mom doing the same for me.

"You'll encourage your mother, won't you Curtis?"

I nodded earnestly, looking at both Mom and Lady Alexandra, hoping the oily image of Mom's sinewy body was not visible through my eyes.

"There, you see?" Carol placed her long fingers under Mom's chin and raised her head. "You won't disappoint your fans, will you?"

A moist hint of tears had gathered in the corner of Mom's eyes. "No, I guess not.

"Good. You're a very promising dancer. It would be selfish of you to stop now. Wouldn't it Curtis?"

Lady Alexandra didn't look at me but rather held her gaze steadily upon Mom.

"Yes, it would," I affirmed.

"Too right," Carol said. "Listen, come back to see me before you go."

With that, Lady Alexandra swept away and every male eye, including my own, followed her out of the room.

"Quite something, isn't she?" Mom said, dabbing her right eye.

"Yes, and she obviously thinks you're quite something too."

"Oh, she's just being nice."

"I don't think so."

Mom didn't reply and we finished our baklava and ouzo in silence. I grabbed the bill when it came but blanched when I saw it was more than the hundred dollars Dad had given me. Mom saw my consternation and took the bill from my hand.

"This is my treat," she said.

"But Dad gave me a hundred dollars to pay for dinner."

"Then you keep it."

"But Mom…"

"Do as I ask, please."

The waiter directed us to a room in back and knocked. After opening the door and ushering us inside, he left. Lady Alexandra was sitting in front of a mirror removing her make-up. The fine mesh skirt had been removed and all she was wearing was the multi-colored top and plain brown bikini bottom, or panties, really, now that I could see them close up. Her breasts bulged from the sides of the top.

"Oh Lisa." She stood up to greet Mom. "Here, I want you to take some of these costumes home."

"Oh, no. I couldn't."

"Nonsense. It`s best to look the part when you practise."

Lady Alexandra stepped over to a long rack and pulled out three costumes, holding each in turn against Mom.

"Perfect," she said for the first one, then, "Sexy," and "Divine."

"You'll look fabulous in these, won't she Curtis?"

That was the first time she acknowledged my presence. I nodded. Lady Alexandra tossed the costumes on the chair.

"Oh, I have just the thing. Here, try this one."

She pulled a fourth costume off the rack.

"This was my son's favorite. Try it on."

"What?" Mom cried.

"Hold this Curtis," Lady Alexandra said, handing me the skimpy costume.

Lady Alexandra reached around Mom's neck and deftly unhooked her dress, then quickly ran the zipper down Mom's back.

"Carol!" Mom exclaimed.

"Oh, don't worry about Curtis. He doesn't mind, do you, Curtis?"

I shook my head, my gaze quickly surveying Mom's body, increasingly exposed as Carol pushed the dress over Mom's hips and let it fall around her legs in a heap on the floor. My mouth went dry as my gaze fastened on Mom's ample breasts which were barely contained by a thin, half-cupped bra. My peripheral vision caught sight of the thin straps that hooked over Mom's hips, hardly looking strong enough to hold up the two tiny triangles, one in front and another behind, that purported to be panties. Wow!

Lady Alexandra quickly wrapped the semi see-through skirt of the costume around Mom's waist, concealing the wondrous vision of Mom's lower body which was more gorgeous than I had imagined even in my dreams. Lady Alexandra twisted Mom around to face me.

"Isn't she beautiful?"

"Yes," I confirmed, through my constricted throat.

I meant it and Lady Alexandra could see I meant it. She smiled at me with that knowing look in her eyes, and this time, I didn't look away. Mom, who had at first averted her eyes, looked squarely at me.

"Will you help your mother?"

I looked at Mom and nodded, not quite sure what I was agreeing to.

"Would you be your mother's audience, let her dance for you in full costume?"

I nodded more eagerly.

"Of course you would, Lady Alexandra laughed. "What son wouldn't help his mother?"

Lady Alexandra spun Mom around to face her. "Let's get you dressed." She muttered to herself, referencing my father, "He must be blind to

ignore such a woman," followed by "Doesn't he know that a woman needs to be appreciated?"

She unwrapped the skirt and threw it onto the chair with the rest of the costumes. Mom stood before me, dressed only in the tiny, triangular panties and the skimpy bra, her eyes cast down but standing behind her, mine were free to roam.

"Pull her dress up, Curtis," she instructed.

I looked at the dress that still piled in a circle around Mom's feet.

"Curtis," Lady Alexandra prompted.

I knelt on the floor behind Mom and started sliding the dress up her legs, following it as it rose only inches in front of my nose. Suddenly, I was looking right at Mom's behind, at the crack between her cheeks extending above the waist band of the tiny panties which barely covered half her bottom, and the lower swells of her buttocks sweeping in to merge with the curve of her waist. Wonderful!

My hands contacted Mom's warm skin as I pulled the dress over her hips and then against the side of her breasts when I pulled it higher. I paused there, unintentionally, as I stood up and Lady Alexandra smiled over Mom's shoulders. She knew I wasn't thinking about Mom

the way a son should but, surprisingly, her eyes twinkled encouragement. She took hold of Mom's dress and fit the bodice better around her breasts.

"Be careful with the zipper, Curtis. This is fine dress and we don't want to break it by going too fast, now do we?"

"No ma'am," I agreed.

I fumbled nervously with the zipper, nestling as it was on top of Mom's buttocks. I could sense Lady Alexandra grinning over Mom's shoulder. I pulled the zipper up very slowly, not wanting to draw her wrath and enjoying the smooth expanse of Mom's unblemished back and the tantalizing groove that gave way to the little bumps of her spine. I was disappointed when the zipper finally reached its destination. Lady Alexandra started to reconnect the hook at the neckline but Mom's right foot twisted under and she missed.

"Hold her still," Lady Alexandra said.

Tentatively, I put my hands on Mom's waist. As Lady Alexandra continued to struggle with the clasp—suprisingly for someone who had disconnected it so deftly—my fingers closed tighter around Mom's waist until I was holding her firmly. My hands emphasized the contrast between her narrow waist and the buttocks that flared out behind it. I looked up into Lady Alexandra's waiting, amused eyes.

"I think we're ready now," she said, stepping away from Mom.

I held Mom's waist for a few seconds longer, then reluctantly let go and stepped back myself.

Lady Alexandra put the costumes into a large bag and handed it to me.

"Take these home for your mother and make sure she uses them."

As we left, Lady Alexandra grasped Mom's hand and held her so that she was last out the door. She whispered in Mom's ear but not so quietly that I couldn't hear.

"I loved dancing for my son, Lisa. He brought out the best in me and that made me feel so wonderful inside."

I turned in time to see Mom nod.

We drove home in silence, each consumed with our own thoughts. I didn't dare say anything about what had happened but my head was filled with Mom's surprisingly sexy body and images of her dancing the way Lady Alexandra had…but for me.

Mom was so quiet, I thought she was angry but when I opened the door for her she looked up and smiled. She swung her legs out, allowing the coat to part and expose her legs high above the knee.

"Thank you, sir," Mom said, when I shut the car door. She leaned toward me and stretched up to give me a kiss on the cheek. "I really enjoyed myself tonight. It was a wonderful date."

Later that night, when I was alone in bed, those words rang in my head and, despite my earlier resolve, my hand found my cock as the vision of Mom's supple body filled my mind. My hands encircled Mom's naked waist to hold her firmly in position for my hard cock which bumped into her bare ass and then slipped sideways to nudge between her rubbery cheeks. I started to come.

- -

Sunday morning I went to church with my parents which I hadn't done for almost nine months, ever since I turned eighteen and they said I could make my own choice about religion. Dad was pleasantly surprised but Mom was even more pleased, and me, I was confused about my own decision. With the evil thoughts that pervaded my mind and the wicked actions of my hand at night while my head was full of my mother's naked body, you'd think the last place I'd want to be was in the house of God. But here I was sitting next to Mom, my hand on

the bench between us, and hers squeezing it while everyone sang hymns.

When we left the church, I held the car door open for Mom and felt strangely guilty when Dad looked at me strangely, as if he knew I was entertaining illicit thoughts about Mom and that I was trying to catch a flash of leg. However, I was mistaken. Mom seemed pleased by my chivalrous action but there was no flash of leg and Dad complimented me for being a gentleman.

At home, I jumped out of the back seat to open the door for Mom, scrambling to get there before she did it for herself, but the rush was unwarranted because she waited patiently for me. Dad had already closed his door and started for the house. This time there was a flash of bare leg, which I'm sure was accidental, but the appearance of bare thigh above Mom's stockings incapacitated my lungs and I held the door open for a good five seconds after she was out of the car.

Inside, Dad had gone straight upstairs to get changed. Mom was waiting for me to help with her coat. She spun out of the sleeves so close that her blouse brushed against me, and said thanks in a low voice that sent a thrill coursing through my body.

I followed Mom into the kitchen and watched her prepare lunch instead of changing out of my good clothes. Like Dad, Mom usually changed as soon as she came home from church so it was little surreal for us both

to be in the kitchen, well-dressed and alone. Mom smiled when she saw that I had followed her into the kitchen. Several times she noticed me watching her and each time she smiled again. We didn't speak.

Just before we heard Dad coming downstairs Mom walked toward me from the far side of the kitchen, or I should say, she danced toward me, holding her arms above her head and swaying her hips from side to side, emitting a low chuckle with each twist. She stopped when she heard Dad's footsteps and I started to believe that Mom might actually dance for me as Lady Alexandra had suggested.

Dad was clomping down the stairs when Mom stepped close and stretched up to brush her lips in a light kiss on the edge of my jaw.

"You should go upstairs and get changed," she whispered.

I did as Mom asked, passing Dad as he entered the kitchen.

"There's a sandwich for you on the counter," Mom said.

I heard her follow me up the stairs but I didn't look back. In my room, I changed into a t-shirt and jeans and started back downstairs to get a sandwich for myself but as I passed by Mom's open door I stopped dead in my tracks.

Mom was surveying the costumes Lady Alexandra had given her, all laid out side by side on the bed. Mom had removed her suit jacket and shoes but was still wearing the dressy white blouse and skirt from her suit. She turned and looked at me. I blushed, embarrassed at being caught spying on her, but Mom smiled and motioned for me to join her. She continued to look pensively at the costumes while I waited at her side. I figured she was going to ask my opinion about which one to wear but didn't waste time looking at them: any would do as far as I was concerned.

I was glad Mom was studying the costumes so intently because it allowed me to observe the state of her dress. The white blouse was completely unbuttoned though the back was still tucked into Mom's skirt. It seemed Mom's attention had been caught by the costumes when she was in the middle of getting undressed. I was looking right at Mom's breasts, encased in a bra that was hardly more substantial than the skimpy one she had worn at dinner the night before.

"Which one do you think suits me?"

"All of them," I croaked.

"Don't be nice. Tell me the truth."

"I am," I said defensively.

"Then which one do you think I'd look best in?"

I pointed to the green and gold one.

"Why that one?"

"Because it's like the dress you wore at dinner."

"Oh yes. I love that dress."

Mom picked up the costume and held it in front of her, pressing it to her body which, unfortunately, covered her breasts.

"You like that dress too, don't you?"

"Yes. You look beautiful in it."

Mom flashed me a smile. "Why, thank you Curtis. Should I wear it next time we go out?"

"Next time?"

"Yes, next time. Your father won't take me to Milo's and I'd like to see Carol dance again."

"Sure, the green dress would be nice."

"And you'd also like to see Carol…I mean Lady Alexandra, dance again, wouldn't you?"

My face started to color and I answered quickly so Mom would look away.

"Yes."

"Well, alright then. Next week we'll go to see Lady Alexandra together, and I'll wear the green dress."

I started to leave, thinking Mom was done with me.

"Curtis?"

"Yes," I turned around. "Is your father still eating his lunch?"

"I guess so."

"Hmmmm. Well, since he's busy, tell me what this skirt looks like."

Before I could answer, Mom turned toward me and slid the skirt down to hold it in front of her suit skirt but I had a hard time looking at it because I was staring at her chest. The skimpy bra did little more than lift Mom's breasts into prominence.

"What do you think?" Mom asked, unaware of my predicament.

"I, uh, I…"

"Hmmmm. It is hard to choose, isn't it?"

Mom pushed the green and gold mesh skirt into my hands.

"Hold this for a minute," she said.

And then I was watching, stupefied, as Mom unzipped her skirt and let it slide down her legs. She was standing in front of me in an unbuttoned

blouse, skimpy bra, and a pair of panties. I was so stunned, I just stared, open mouthed until Mom prompted me.

"The skirt, Curtis."

My reaction was sluggish. My eyes were glued on the front of Mom's panties and the prominent, swollen-looking mound they covered.

"The skirt, Curtis," Mom repeated, holding out a hand.

Numbly, I handed Mom the skirt and she stepped into it, spun around, frowned, peeled her blouse off, then twirled around again. Mom danced around the room, returned, and twirled around me in a close circle, laughing. She ended with a flourish in front of me, one hand on her hip and the other pushing her hair up the back of her head, laughing softly.

"It works, doesn't it?"

I nodded. Mom dropped her hand and said, "You'd better go downstairs and get a sandwich before your father eats them all."

At the door, Mom called me again.

"Curtis, do you still have a free period on Tuesdays and Thursdays?"

I nodded again because my throat was still too swollen to let words pass. Mom had dropped the skirt and was bending over the costumes on the bed, facing away from me, panties stretched across her ass so tightly I could see the shadow defining the crack between her cheeks and the outline of each buttock. A sharp twinge bashed my cock against my jeans and, realizing I was quite hard, I bent forward slightly to relieve the pain.

Mom couldn't have seen me nod so I answered her before she turned around and caught me gawking. "Yes Mom."

I waited for a response but Mom didn't seem in a hurry to answer. Instead, she fiddled with the costume until it aligned perfectly with the others while the globes of her ass twitched under the thin material of her panties. Finally, Mom answered without looking at me which was good because I was still ogling her behind with an enormous bulge in my pants.

"That's good."

Her response acknowledged that Mom knew I was still there. For the rest of the day I could barely contain my excitement about the fact that she knew I was still there as she bent over the costumes. I had no idea how I was going to make it through Monday and Tuesday morning.

- -

I ran home Tuesday afternoon to a house with drawn drapes and muffled music drifting through the walls. I had become hard on the run home but that sound tightened my pants even more. I almost burst through the back door but stopped to compose myself before entering, dropped my backpack on the kitchen table, and quietly took up a post in the kitchen doorway.

Mom was dancing to a fast song, shimmying rapidly around the living room with arms flailing and body twirling. When the song ended, Mom whooshed to a stop, laughing and panting in the middle of the room.

"You missed a good one," she cried.

Mom was wearing the green and gold costume with gold bracelets on each wrist and both ankles. She had snakelike "tattoos" drawn down the length of her arms and dragon-like forms painted on the outside of her thighs and smaller serpents creeping up the inside.

The next song started and Mom padded barefoot toward me, moving languidly with the music. She pulled me into the middle of the room, dropped my hands, and started dancing around me, near but not touching. I smiled encouragingly and twisted my neck to follow her

around as far as I could before snapping my head back to catch her as she danced into view from the other side.

At first, my eyes stayed on Mom's, but as the dance progressed, I forgot myself and let my gaze caress her arms, breasts, belly and legs. I tried to maintain a sense of decorum but soon dispensed with the pretense, especially when Mom swooped nearer and nearer. She didn't actually touch me, but her rushing proximity made me feel as if she had, leaving my whole body tingling with her intoxicating presence.

My cock had begun swelling when I first saw Mom in the costume so I was really hard now. I didn't even fell guilty because no man could remain flaccid in this situation. I regarded the display of my male appreciation as a measure of Mom's skill as a dancer. It was as if it was okay to have a huge hardon when she was dancing because it wasn't for my mother, it was for the dancer, and I felt Mom would understand that and not hold it against me. So I openly devoured Mom's body with enraptured eyes and let the bounty of my feast express itself in my jeans, occasionally pumped by the whirling rake of Mom's eyes across the front of my pants. Rather than feeling sheepish, I felt proud of my ability to support Mom the way Lady Alexandra suggested I should.

It was a long song but I hated to hear it end. Mom whirled to a stop in front of me, breathing harshly. She came closer and I put my arms out, thinking she wanted a hug, but she retained her distance and I let my hands settle on her shoulders. The next song didn't start then as I expected it to; the CD was finished. Mom leaned closer and tilted her

head forward until it touched my chest. I waited for her to capture her breath and played with the hair cascading over her shoulders.

After a minute or two, I realized that, with her head tilted forward like that, Mom must be looking right at the bulge in my jeans. In the heat of the dance, I had thought my bulge expressed my support and appreciation of Mom's skill but now I wasn't so sure she would take it that way and discomfort nagged my mind.

Abruptly, Mom pushed herself away and turned toward the CD player, reaching for its remote. A new, very slow song started. Mom turned back and approached me. I held out my arms, thinking she wanted to resume her position, but she stepped between my outstretched hands and pushed me on the chest with flattened palms. I stumbled back, surprised. Mom pushed again, and then again. The back of my legs hit the couch and I fell upon it. Mom laughed and backtracked to the middle of the room. She sank to the floor on her back and remained still for several seconds, then slowly began to move.

Mom barely twitched at first but then her hands and feet, and soon her arms and legs, also acquired motion. She was starting a floor routine, like Lady Alexandra had briefly done in her performance.

Mom arched her back and lifted her behind off the floor. Stretched from head to heels off the carpet, Mom's body began wriggling like a snake. Her belly became a fascinating receptacle of light and shadow and I

appreciated just how appealing a woman's pelvis can truly be, soft and round one moment, flat, hollow and edgy the next, spreading into hips that withdrew and then suddenly thrust upward before spreading and dissipating in waning ripples, only to become freshly delineated to do it all over again.

Mom's body was lifting higher and higher from the floor, something which took me a few moments to notice. Another thing which I didn't realize at first was that Mom's feet, initially pointing off to my right, were slowly moving around to point right at me. Soon, I was looking directly between Mom's legs, fully exposed because the mesh panels had fallen to the sides, except for the center one that masked the skimpy panties which I knew were Mom's only cover under the skirt.

My God, the way she moved. Muscled calves and tensed thighs, breasts arched above her rippling tummy, and below the mesh-covered panties blanketed the prominent mound I had so eagerly witnessed when Mom first asked me what I thought of the costume. God, I wished I could see that panty-covered mound now.

Mom threw her body around, swooping low to the right and swinging up and around to the left in a violent, longitudinal quake. Faster and harder she twisted her body until, with a final frantic lunge, she dropped low and stopped.

I stared, waiting for Mom to move or even relax upon the rug, spent and finished, but she did neither. Long seconds passed and then Mom twitched. I leaned forward, my gaze intense. The muscles on Mom's left thigh flickered and the serpent drawn there rippled down the length of her leg. Again, she was still. Then the muscles along Mom's right thigh twitched, exciting the snake there and then, once more, she was still.

I almost cried out in glee when I saw that the central mesh panel had disappeared. I leaned far forward, gawking. Where had it gone? There, it had slipped over the outside of Mom's left leg and now her panties were fully exposed. As I watched, Mom's legs twitched again, and again, first the left, then the right, and then both together, the dancing asps pointing toward their evil home. With each twitch, Mom's legs parted more but after a dozen twitches, they stopped.

Mom's hips rolled in a small oval from side to side. At first, I observed the muscles in Mom's thighs under the serpents as her legs changed position to accommodate the motion of her pelvis but then my gaze shifted onto her panties. That luscious mound described a smaller path perfectly matched to that of the outer appendages. I scrutinized it so closely my head actually jerked back when Mom suddenly thrust her hips up and paused, holding her mound at the apex before allowing it to relax and then sharply thrusting it upward several times in quick succession in the universally recognized motion for making love.

As Mom continued her "dance", my hand was unable to stay away and settled upon the bulge of my appreciation. For all intents and purposes,

Mom was air-fucking in front of me, her panties damp and glued to her feminine charms, clearly displaying a groove beneath the swollen mound above.

It wasn't long before I unloaded in my pants. I wanted to escape upstairs after that but the song ended and Mom settled onto the rug. Slowly, her legs closed and she sat up in a fluid motion, drawing her knees up to her chest and tucking her crossed feet close to the bottom of her thighs. She clasped her arms around her legs and leaned her head over her knees.

"What do you think?"

"Awesome," Mom, I replied, pulling my feet up onto the couch and grasping my own knees in an effort to cover up the effect she had upon me.

"I love doing floor work," Mom said.

"You're very good at it," I commented, demonstrating my ability for understatement.

"You think so? I can't tell if I'm stretching up too high, or if my feet are too far apart."

The way Mom looked at me, I could see she expected a response. After all, I was playing the role of audience and critic.

"Um, it looked pretty good to me."

"Really?"

I nodded but Mom didn't seem convinced.

"Can you help me some more on Thursday?"

"Sure."

"Good. I better change and get dinner on before your father comes home."

Mom twisted up into to a standing position, stepped close to me and leaned down to give me a kiss.

"Thanks," she said in a husky whisper before drawing away and casually walking upstairs.

Dad wasn't due for at least an hour so I wondered if Mom knew what had happened to me and was withdrawing early to let me escape without further embarrassment. I looked down into my lap and saw that she couldn't have not noticed my predicament when she leaned over to give me a kiss. I rushed upstairs to my room to clean up, partly horrified that Mom must know what had happened, and partly elated that she knew and wasn't mad.

That night, I filled my pajamas again.

Wednesday afternoon, my jeans and pajamas were neatly piled on my bed but all my other laundry had been put away.

- -

I ran home most of the way on Thursday but caught myself three quarters of the way home. From there on I walked, though at a brisk pace. I didn't want to look out of breath and overly eager. As on Tuesday, Mom was already dancing when I came in. I started toward the center of the room but she shooed me toward the couch. I sat down and surveyed her costume, this time blue and crimson, and we exchanged mutually pleased smiles.

I was convinced that Mom and I had formed a bond wherein it was acceptable for me to watch her the way I was. It didn't matter that she was my mother. She was a dancer, and men were supposed to become

aroused by a good-looking woman performing a sexy dance. That is, if she was any good. So, when Mom caught me looking, it didn't matter, I was simply appreciating the well-executed performance of a talented dancer. I let my enthusiasm show. I wanted to flatter her and I couldn't disguise it anyway.

Mom performed several dances, each sexier than the last. Then, she settled back onto the floor and I slouched down on the couch, my hand immediately covering my crotch in eager anticipation but Mom didn't move. Ah, this was so hot. I could hardly wait for her to begin. Abruptly, Mom lifted her head and looked at me. I was caught with my right hand resting, not quite still, on my bulge.

Mom fixed her eyes on mine and said, "Come here."

"What?"

I didn't even have the presence of mind to remove my hand.

"Come here." Mom laid her head back on the rug. "I want you to do something for me."

I got up and walked over to stand beside Mom. "What do you want me to do?"

"Put your feet outside of mine," she said.

I straddled Mom and looked down at her.

"Now, stretch out above me, as if you were going to do push ups."

I did as mom asked.

"Okay. Stay there. I shouldn't go any higher than you."

Mom started 'dancing' beneath me with her eyes closed. I hadn't noticed this when she did the floor routine before but then I couldn't see her face from where I had sat on the couch. I hung my head so I could see Mom's body moving under me and hoped she wouldn't make me stay in this position too long, not because it was tiring, but because the view wasn't nearly as good as from the couch.

Mom gradually worked her routine up until she was moving quite vigorously beneath me. Eventually, her knees knocked against mine, followed soon after by the brush of her thighs. I stretched up on my toes to give Mom more room but that shifted me forward and lower in the front causing Mom's breasts to scrape across my chest. I sucked in my breath and straightened my arms but the middle of my body sagged

and Mom's thighs pressed harder against mine. They quickly withdrew but were back several gyrations later.

"That's good," Mom gasped. "That's the right height. Stay there."

None of this made any sense to me, of course, but what did I care? Again and again, Mom pushed her chest up, sometimes accidentally pressing against mine. Just as frequently, or infrequently which would be a better description, her thighs rubbed on mine. Eventually, I started to tire and my mid-section sagged, increasing the frequency and pressure of contact and introducing something new: contact between our mid-sections.

Suddenly, I could have stayed braced upon my arms and feet atop Mom forever, for with every second or third upsurge, Mom's panties knocked against my bulging jeans. Entering the finale for the dance, Mom began thrusting upward in mimicry of the sexual act, no doubt intentionally included by the choreographer for a rousing show. After the shock of the first few bumps and rubs, I tentatively responded in kind, at first by pure reaction and then hoping she either wouldn't notice in the heat of the dance or would think I was simply returning to my proper position.

I thought I would only get a few rubs against Mom's thrusts but when she kept going I realized this was a longer piece of music than the one on Tuesday. I tried, then, to withdraw because I was really close to

coming and knew unloading in my jeans above Mom would be a disaster.

The dance went on and on and I stretched as high off the floor as I could but no matter how far I drew back, Mom's pelvis still banged against mine. Finally, the song ended and I collapsed upon Mom, prematurely pushing her onto the rug. While we lay there, catching our breath, I erupted in my jeans. I tried to push up and away from Mom but she threw her arms around me, preventing my escape and laughed joyously between gasps for air. For a moment, her legs even curled around mine and her feet clasped the back of my calves. All I could do was constrain my eruption to a muted, steady flow rather than a series of rampant spurts.

I tried a last time to lift myself off Mom but I was too exhausted and didn't really want to break contact. I gave up and simply tried not to press my swollen, damp genitals into her soft heat.

After a long while, Mom said, "Get up, you big oaf."

I struggled up to give Mom some breathing space. I avoided her eyes, afraid I couldn't hide the excitement I felt, and no longer thinking it was okay for me to show it, at least, in its physical realization. Mom may have felt the same because both of us started to speak, then each waited for the other to go first, started again and stopped, and were about to give it another go around when Dad's tires squealed onto the driveway.

We scrambled to our feet and Mom literally flew up the stairs in her costume. I had only managed to get halfway up the stairs when the door opened.

"Hi, I'm home," Dad announced.

I half-turned to acknowledge his greeting. "Hi Dad." I'm sure I looked sheepish right then, like a little kid caught red-handed with his hand in the cookie jar. I kept the evidence of my dipping turned away from my father.

"Why are the drapes closed?" he asked.

"I don't know. Maybe Mom forgot to open them this morning."

"Oh. That must be it."

Dad was still hanging his coat up when he shouted, "Ask your mother when dinner will be ready."

- -

Friday night, Mom and Dad went out for dinner and a play. I stayed home to watch a movie instead of going out with friends but my attention kept shifting to the middle of the floor where I had straddled Mom's weaving body. I touched myself and wished she was here.

My parents were a little tipsy and in a good mood so I guessed the movie and play combo had been a success and said as much.

"The dinner was great but the play was stupid," Dad said.

"It wasn't that bad," Mom chided him good-naturedly.

"It stank," Dad retorted.

"Well, you're in a surprisingly good mood then."

Dad waved off my comment and started up the stairs.

"You going to be long, honey?"

"No," Mom replied. "I'll be right up."

Mom disappeared into the kitchen but as soon as Dad topped the stairs she reappeared and walked toward me, arms waving above her head and hips jogging in the opposite direction to the sway of her arms.

"Your father took me dancing," she giggled.

I should have been happy for her but I wasn't. I was jealous. Nevertheless, I faked it half-heartedly for her benefit.

"That's great, Mom."

"The play wasn't very good," Mom confirmed Dad's assessment. "We left early. Your father felt so bad about making me leave that he took me to a dance club downtown. Sugar Sweet, I think it was called, or maybe it was Sweet Sugar, or Sugar something. Anyway, we danced for at least two hours. Oh my, your father's an awful dancer but he did try."

"I'm glad you had a good time, Mom."

"Thanks, baby. Now give your mother a kiss goodnight before your father gets too impatient."

I didn't want to get up but Mom pulled on my hands so I stood up and gave her a peck on the cheek.

"That's not a proper send off for your mother. Come here."

Mom pulled my head down and planted a wet kiss on my left cheek. I pulled back and she stumbled forward, evidently a little tipsier than I had first thought. The press of her full body against mine was almost too much to bear, given she was about to go upstairs and make a gift of it to my father. I closed my arms around her in a symbolic gesture of prevention. I really didn't want her to go. Mom turned her face up and I kissed her, on the mouth.

I knew it was a mistake right away but couldn't make myself stop. In fact, I tried to hold the kiss longer, afraid of Mom's reaction once I released her. Surprisingly, Mom's arms tightened around my neck just as the kiss ended but I managed to pull away a few inches.

"Curtis, you naughty boy," Mom laughed playfully. "Our date isn't until tomorrow night."

On that note, Mom turned and walked, unhurried and hips swaying, up the stairs. As she neared the top, Dad called to her. Mom stopped and turned around, smiled at me, and blew a kiss.

Their door was firmly closed when I went to bed a few minutes later. I paused in the dark hallway and tortured myself by listening to the muffled sounds of their love-making. It rapidly built to a crescendo and just as quickly died and I cursed myself for listening. In the silent aftermath, I had to risk being heard as I moved on to my room but I had to go in case one of them came out and found me there, listening in the dark. I cursed when the floor creaked halfway down the hall. Had they heard?

- -

I was passing by my parents room after dinner the next night.

"But we went out for dinner last night," Dad complained.

"Yes, and I had a lovely time, but I want to see my friend dance and you don't like Greek food, or belly dancing. You said so yourself."

"What am I supposed to do?"

"Watch TV."

"Nothing's on."

"Well, get a movie or something," Mom snapped.

Dad came out of his room and saw me going into mine. He changed direction and followed me to my room.

"Did your mother force you into taking her out for dinner?"

"No, not really. I know she really wants to see her friend perform."

"You don't have to go, you know. I'll do it if it'll make her happy."

"Dad, you know she'll know that's what you're doing and it will make her mad."

Dad sighed. "I guess you're right. Well, I'm not made of money but if this is what she wants."

Dad pulled out his wallet.

"I can pay for my own dinner Dad."

"Nonsense."

Dad handed me another hundred dollar bill.

"Make sure she has a good time. I'm a little beat anyway after last night."

"Okay, Dad."

I put my sports jacket and good slacks on and went to check on Mom to see if she was ready. I knocked on her bedroom door but she didn't answer so I pushed it open and stuck my head in, feeling a little guilty because I was secretly hoping to catch her not quite fully dressed.

"Mom?"

"Curtis, you`re just in time. Come zip me up."

Mom was standing in front of her dresser mirror with her back to me. I walked up behind her, noting with great pleasure that the green dress was zipped all the way down, so far that I could see the upper swells of her buttocks and the skimpy panties stretched across the divide between her cheeks. I felt a incredibly strong urge to slide my finger into the forbidden crevice the panties stretched across. Guiltily, I raised my eyes and traced a path up Mom's unblemished back, following the

curve of her spine. My breath caught when I realized Mom wasn't wearing a bra and, just at that moment, my guilty eyes met her twinkling ones over her shoulder.

She spoke quietly, "Zip me up before I fall out of this thing."

I glanced lower upon her reflection in the mirror and saw the inner swells of her breasts pressing against the dipping bodice of the green dress, too loose with the zipper undone to hold her in. I looked quickly away and searched for the tiny zipper at the base of the dress, my fingers fumbling against the bare skin of Mom's lower back.

"You did insist I wear this dress," Mom muttered.

I knew she was teasing and I wasn't about to suggest she wear anything else. When the dress was zipped up, Mom turned around and put both hands on my chest, palms down.

"Maybe you should go downstairs and bring up my good coat for me."

I didn't understand why at first, then quickly nodded. Mom smiled at my awkwardness. When I returned with the coat, Mom was ready to go but as she walked toward me, reaching for the coat, she muttered, "Damn these stockings!"

Mom sat on the edge of the bed and removed the stocking from her left foot. "Yup, it's ruined and we haven't even left the house."

I approached the bed, admiring the leg which Mom held stretched out for a few seconds, examining it closely, before lowering it to the floor. Mom held out her hand and took the coat, then laid it on the bed beside her. She stretched out her right foot.

"Can you?" she asked.

I brought my leg close so Mom could rest her foot on my knee and bent over her leg to search for the top of the stocking. I had to reach nervously under the hem of the green dress to find it. Shaking inside, I pulled it slowly down Mom's leg and tossed it away.

"Can you get my shoes for me? The green ones."

When I returned with Mom's shoes she was rubbing lotion on her legs, smoothing it in until lit left a sheen on both her legs. I kneeled in front of her with the shoes. Mom kept her legs demurely closed while I held the back of each ankle in turn and pushed the shoes onto her feet. I loved touching her legs and feet.

After that, I helped Mom on with her coat and we left saying goodbye to Dad without stopping. On the way to the restaurant Mom talked anxiously about seeing Lady Alexandra. I didn't understand why she was so nervous and said so.

"She's so talented, and such a perfectionist, but she really is a nice dancer, isn't she?"

"Yeah, she's interesting to watch."

"Her floor routine is fantastic. You hardly saw any of it. When she came to the studio, the performance she put on was unbelievable."

"Oh." I didn't know what else to say. I was a little uncomfortable talking about floor work given the way I had collapsed on Mom and soiled my pants. At first, I had been unsure about how Mom had taken it because the next day she had been somewhat aloof but later in the day she had warmed up. I had quickly forgotten my fear and assumed that Mom was okay with what had happened and even encouraged it. Why else would she get me to hang over her like that, push her body against mine, and then tolerate me lying on top of her while I came in my pants?

"By the way. Don't tell Carol how badly I did with my floor routine."

"Badly?"

"Yes. She told me I should get you to brace yourself above me so I would have a good sense of how far to move."

"I don't think you did badly. You hardly hit me at all until the end and that's because I got tired and couldn't hold myself up very well."

Mom laughed. "That's just the point. Carol said I should be able to reach you whenever I stretched up but I only managed it half the time, if that, and then only because you got tired."

I was stunned. First, it was a revelation that Mom had only been trying to make contact with me because Lady Alexandra had told her that was a good way to judge the right distance to arch up from the floor. So much for my juvenile fantasy that Mom was trying to come on to me. And second, Mom thought she had done poorly because at first I had tried to keep away, pulling myself higher to avoid her discovering my raging boner. The fantasy of another session of floor work with Mom, with her eagerly pushing her swollen mound up to meet my engorged cock, crashed and burned.

Were all the teasing glances part of the schtick, too? Of course they were. I sank into the seat of the car, embarrassed about my naivety and deflated, in more ways than one.

Lady Alexandra introduced more floor work in her routine that night and, as Mom said, it was pretty fantastic. Her performance was very sensual and, looking around the room, I knew many of the men there would be having sex that evening and probably imagining they were with Lady Alexandra, even the younger ones. The thought made me even more depressed about Mom's revelation in the car.

I was so disconsolate that I barely noticed the jostling of Mom's breasts under the green dress and when I did I only noted how far-fetched a notion it was that I would ever be allowed to see them, let alone touch them.

Lady Alexandra stopped to chat but only briefly so I guessed a visit to the back room wasn't in order. So much for the hope of ogling Mom's body again upon the introduction of a new costume. My fear was confirmed when Carol joined us for dessert and coffee, dressed in a sleek black dress.

To my surprise, when we were about to go, Lady Alexandra insisted we join her in the back. Mom didn't protest and I followed along, somewhat cheered at the prospect of being alone with these two women. I kidded myself that envious eyes were upon me as we walked past several tables of Lady Alexandra's admirers but knew they were locked on my sexy, older female companions.

On the way, Lady Alexandra was talking about the Dance of the Seven Veils which Mom seemed to know about. Other than noting the name of the dance, my attention wandered. I'm sure you can guess where. About to follow Mom into the room, Lady Alexandra blocked my entrance.

"Sorry Curtis, but I want your Mom to try on the costume I use for the Dance of the Seven Veils."

The door closed in my face. What a disappointing night. Mom was changing on the other side of the door and I was stuck out here. There were titters on the other side which didn't ease my chagrin in the least. I leaned back against the wall in the poorly lit hallway and muttered to myself, loosing a few choice words every time I heard a new round of titters.

The door opened suddenly. Lady Alexandra grabbed my arm and yanked me into the room.

"Carol!"

Lady Alexandra laughed heartily. Mom was standing in the middle of the small room dressed in a costume completely constructed of veils, seven I presumed. The costume was definitely designed to intrigue. It was clear that Mom was naked underneath. Her womanly charms were obvious, but not easily seen even when one looked closely. I knew

Mom's breasts were free and bare because of the motion evident under the veils, yet I could not see their form clearly no matter how hard I tried.

"You see how this costume grabs the male mind, what little of it there is?" Carol laughed. "He can see, and yet he can't. It's as if you're fully dressed, but you're not, or undressed, yet clothed."

Mom laughed nervously, becoming more at ease as she realized that what Carol said was true. I blushed but kept looking at Mom. She laughed suddenly, no longer nervous, and her eyes sparkled.

"Fun, isn't it?"

"No," I replied, feeling the victim.

"Oh, yes it is," Lady Alexandra said.

She stepped close to Mom, her back to me.

"Carol don't."

Lady Alexandra stepped aside, a veil in her hand. "Tell me where this came from, Curtis."

Mom looked nervous again but her anxiety was replaced with amusement when I looked at her and it was plain I couldn't see where the veil had come from. They both tittered.

"This is why men are so mesmerized by the Dance of the Seven Veils. Even when you're standing still, they can't see any better. Imagine how hard it is when you're moving? Their eyes are riveted but they cannot see, and yet, the sense of sexuality is pushed to the extreme."

Lady Alexandra tittered again and only the glance of Mom's lowered eyes told me why. I moved my hands in front of myself when Lady Alexandra again stepped close to Mom.

"Carol, no. Really."

She stepped back, another veil in her hand. Though I couldn't identify from where it had come, I could sense Mom's nakedness more acutely. Her breasts were more clearly defined under the remaining veils and I was aware of the pout of her tummy and the swoop of her waist as it flared out to join her hips.

"An icing of pure woman," Lady Alexandra mused. "You've the perfect body for this dance, Lisa. You really must do it for the restaurant."

"Oh no. I couldn't," Mom protested.

"Of course you can. You're ready for the big time. Don't you think so, Curtis?"

The desire to see Mom dancing in this costume surged within me with a vengeance that was hard to contain, resulting in a fresh burgeoning in my pants.

"Yes, I do," I said.

"You see?" Lady Alexandra said and, for an instant, I thought she was actually commenting on my swollen reaction.

"I can't. I was simply terrible with the floor exercise. Tell her, Curtis."

"Actually, she was pretty good."

"Curtis!"

"It's true, Mom. You're very good and Lady Alexandra is right, you have the perfect body, er, figure for it."

"He doesn't know what he's talking about, Carol."

Lady Alexandra stepped close to Mom again. "I think he knows exactly what he's talking about."

"Oh my God, Carol stop."

Mom's hands flailed but it was no use. Lady Alexandra stepped back with a veil in each hand.

"She is perfect, isn't she Curtis?"

I nodded, speechless.

"He's never even seen the dance performed."

"It doesn't matter. He's a man and he can see you."

Mom tried to cover herself up with her hands, like I had done, but Lady Alexandra grabbed her left hand, stepped behind Mom to grab the right, and then held them both stretched out by her sides.

"She's truly beautiful, isn't she Curtis?"

I looked at Mom and she closed her eyes, turning her head to the left and slightly downward, blushing. The three veils did little to hide Mom's resplendent figure. I could easily see the full contours of her heavy but not overly large breasts, how swollen and round they were, ripe yet bouncy and upturned, capped by thick nipples whose darkness showed prominently through the veil.

I lowered my eyes to the second veil that covered Mom's hips but was unable to conceal the shapely legs underneath. And then there was the third veil, a tiny mini skirt that barely covered the skimpy panties Mom had worn. In fact, there was no evidence of that presence and my excitement grew as I became certain they weren't there.

"If you weren't her son, wouldn't you want her, Curtis? I mean, right now?" Lady Alexandra demanded in a husky, urgent whisper.

"Carol!" Mom protested again, but she didn't open her eyes.

I nodded, my throat as constricted as my pants were congested.

"And even if she was your Mom?" Lady Alexandra persisted.

"Carol!" Mom's eyes flashed open.

"Yes," I croaked, my eyes briefly meeting Mom's before darting away.

"We have to go," Angrily, Mom shook her arms free of her friend's grasp.

Lady Alexandra laughed. "I was joking, Lisa. Don't be mad." She caught Mom's arm. "Curtis, go outside now so your mother can get dressed."

In the hallway , I could hear Mom's anger subsiding as Lady Alexandra talked to her in a soothing voice. My ears perked up when she said how lucky she was to have a son like me, so much like her own, and that very few mothers are blessed to have such a close relationship with their sons like she and Mom did. The voices lowered after that and I couldn't make out what was said. Then the door opened and Mom emerged.

Lady Alexandra was finishing a sentence, "…dance for us next week, you promised."

Mom replied, "Uh huh," but didn't sound like she meant it. She smiled at me and said, "We should get home, Curtis."

"Stop and take in the view of the city before you go home," Lady Alexandra suggested. "The lights are beautiful at night."

"We don't have time," Mom answered.

"You should make time for life."

"Oh, all right. Just so you don't nag me next time."

Lady Alexandra laughed. "Don't be rough on the costume, it's delicate," she called as Mom turned to lead us away.

"Good bye, Curtis. You're a true gentleman," Lady Alexandra said.

As I started to follow Mom, Lady Alexandra reached out to stop with a pull on my right hand. I looked back at her and she smiled as she tucked something into my hand, then pushed me onward. I looked down to see what it was and immediately blushed, glancing around to see if anyone had seen, and was glad Mom was walking purposely to the door. I stuffed the contents into my pocket. Lady Alexandra had pressed Mom's tiny panties into my hand.

At the car, Mom waited for me to open the door and turned to look at me when I didn't. I was struggling to get the keys out of my pocket, buried beneath Mom's panties, without her seeing what I was doing. Mom quickly looked away. My face went red as I realized she probably thought I was having difficulty because of the physical condition that had been so evident when she was dressed in only the three veils.

I finally got the door open and Mom got in without displaying any leg. On the way home, I took a detour through Fox Hill as suggested by Lady Alexandra, passing by the upscale houses in the sweeping arc to the summit, and pulled over in the little park there overlooking the city. Mom was surprised by the turn but didn't complain. We gazed over the city without talking and, gradually, it's soothing beauty softened the mood within the car.

"She's right. It is beautiful," Mom said.

"Mom…"

"Don't talk."

"But…"

"Shhhhhh."

For the first time ever, Mom slid across the seat toward me and cuddled up to my side, leaning her head against my shoulder.

"A lot has happened the past week that should just be left alone, and best forgotten."

Mom tried to get comfortable but had difficulty with the raised floor in the middle of the car so she put her feet into the well on my side. I worried about ominous portent of her words paired with the unusual comforting snuggle. It seemed like Mom was about to tell me playtime was over. Resigned, I put my arm around Mom's shoulder and bent down to kiss the top of her head. I still loved her, no matter what.

However, my breath caught in my throat when I saw that Mom's coat had pulled open and the green dress had been dragged high up on her thighs. Mom's panties, now stuffed in my pocket and pressed against her hip, silently informed me about what lay hidden and unprotected in the dark shadows of her skirt.

As Mom gazed out the front window over the city, I looked down between her slightly parted legs and peered into the darkness, seeking the faint outline of her uncovered womanhood. I knew I couldn't do any more than look, and then only with the greatest discretion, but in

my mind I reached inside and slid my hand along the soft inside of Mom's legs until my fingertips touched the origin of my being.

I jerked my head up, afraid of losing control, and breathed in deeply, which was a mistake because I immediately kidded myself that I had caught a whiff of Mom's musky scent. I started to look down to confirm my suspicion but in the dark caught Mom's eyes in the mirror, glinting from the city lights.

"It smells sweet, doesn't it?" Mom asked.

"What?"

"The spring air. You can smell it, can't you, even with the windows closed?"

"Uh, yeah. Through the vents, I guess."

"Open the window so we can smell it better."

I turned the key on and opened the driver's side window. The dash lights partially lit the interior of the car and the radio bloomed with a gentle song. Startled, I turned the key off, but not because of the sound.

The brief flash of the greenish dash lights had been enough to sear the image of Mom's lightly haired pussy onto my retinas. I was afraid that even that minimal light would call Mom's attention to the condition of her dress and she would push it down to a more chaste position near her knees. I hazarded another glance into the depths of Mom's skirt, knowing what was there and painting the image of it onto its proper place in the darkness between her legs. I fixed it with a mental kiss and inhaled its scent through flared nostrils.

"I like that song," Mom whispered, oblivious of my discrete worship.

She wiggled her head deeper into my shoulder and I pulled her closer, twisting her upper torso until her left breast pressed against my chest. With Mom facing down, I was free to gaze into the depths of her skirt without fear of detection.

"Do you want to listen to the radio?" I asked, my desire for the revealing dash lights overcoming the fear that Mom would adjust her dress.

"Yes," Mom replied.

I turned the key back on. The car filled with soft music and the extra light bathed the inside of Mom's legs in a greenish glow perfectly matched to the color of her sexy dress. Deep inside, I detected a hint of the dark groove I had witnessed through the mini-skirt veil, but

mentally I shook my head. In this light it should be impossible to see; it had to be my imagination.

"You'll always be there for me, won't you, Curtis?"

It was a strange question and I didn't know where it had come from or where it might lead.

"Of course I will. You know that, Mom."

"Carol said she doesn't know what she would have done after her husband was gone. I think I'd be at a loss too."

I kissed the top of Mom's head.

"They were very close."

"Hmmmm."

"Really close."

"How do you mean?"

I immediately regretted asking but at the same time waited eagerly for Mom's response. The way Mom said it had caused a strange sensation to spread through my chest and loins.

"I'm not sure. There just seemed to be something odd about the way they were together, the way they spoke and looked at each other."

"What was he like?"

"I don't know, really. I only met him a few times before he moved away with his wife."

"You think there was something wrong?" As soon as I said that I wished I could take it back. If Mom said 'yes', she might realize there was something wrong about the way she was cuddled up to me.

"Not really. Anyway, it was good for Carol and she loves her son more than anything."

"Well, that can't be wrong."

"No, I guess not. He loved her too." Mom was quiet for a few seconds, then added, "I love you more than anything, you know."

Mom turned her face up and waited for me to acknowledge what she'd said. Instead, I leaned down to kiss her on the forehead but missed and hit her nose. Mom laughed and so did I before trying again but she turned her face up more and I landed squarely on her mouth.

We froze for a second, lips pressed together, unmoving, knowing this was unintended and both of us a little shocked. I was about to pull away when Mom's lips moved slightly on mine and I reacted, rubbing against hers. Several more furtive brushes turned into a kiss.

When it ended, Mom whispered, "Well…"

I leaned down to kiss her again, hoping to choke off a potential rebuke.

It never came. After the second kiss, Mom whispered, "I'll always love you, no matter what," and reached up to kiss me again.

We pressed our lips together more firmly but there was no still tongue action. I turned Mom further toward me and twisted myself so I could bring my other arm around to hold her. When we renewed the kiss, my hand slid down Mom's arm and onto the outside of her right leg. It landed half on her dress and half on bare skin because of the extent the skirt had ridden up Mom's thigh but her only reaction was to push her

lips harder, and more actively, upon mine. I negotiated my hand under Mom's dress and inched it upward, between her legs.

Too fast, Curtis. Too fast.

The kiss took on a life of its own, partly fired by my desperation to keep Mom busy while my hand slid along her inner thigh, so soft yet becoming warmer and rubbery as my fingers crept deeper, nearing their goal.

Too far, Curtis. Too far.

But it was too late. Mom's hand clamped down upon mine, her legs squeezed together, and her lips pulled away. She squared her shoulders against the back of the seat.

"Whew, those city lights are intoxicating," Mom sighed.

The tip of my longest finger had just managed to brush the fine hairs covering that magic groove for the fleetest of moments but now Mom's legs relaxed and her hand eased my arm away.

"Yes, they are," I responded.

It was an awkward, disappointing moment.

"I guess I got carried away," I continued, belatedly realizing Mom was trying to ignore the transgression, to let it go without discussion as she had hinted earlier.

As I spoke, I used the opportunity to pull my hand the rest of the way out of Mom's dress and turned away from her as I made an excuse for kissing her. Since I had commented on the situation, I thought it would be better to openly acknowledge what had happened and make an excuse for it.

"I forgot who I was with," I laughed. "It kind of felt like a date. Sorry, Mom."

"I didn't mind," she replied. A pregnant silence followed and I digested the fact that the other thing that almost happened wasn't going to be mentioned.

"I got a little carried away myself," Mom said, flirting with the barrier of silence that had been erected around what we both knew was too strange to discuss.

"Do you think Carol and her son kissed," I blurted, steering us back onto the course that had originally led us onto such dangerous ground.

We were now both facing squarely out the front of the car. Mom pushed the shiny green dress toward her knees.

"Yes. I actually saw them once when they thought they were alone. I've never forgotten it."

"Wat happened? Was it something wrong?"

"Not wrong. Well, maybe a little bit, but they only had each other." Mom paused, then added quietly, "They loved each other."

"I love you, Mom."

"I know sweetie, and I love you too."

"Even though it was an accident, I liked kissing you," I admitted sheepishly, unable to leave well enough alone.

Mom didn't look at me but she answered right away, "I liked it too."

"I don't feel bad about it," I persisted.

"I guess it's alright…the kissing, I mean."

The awkwardness returned.

"Yes, of course, I meant the kissing."

It hung in the air between us that there was something else but we weren't going to talk directly about it. Now I knew Mom had felt my touch.

"We could kiss again, sometime," I ventured.

"Yes," Mom replied quickly and I sensed she welcomed any topic that veered away from where we were on the verge of going. "But not where someone can see us. People wouldn't understand."

"I know."

My hand found Mom's and squeezed it. I was elated that permission to kiss Mom in the future had been granted.

"We should go now," Mom said.

I tried to kiss Mom before we left but she turned her face away. I started the car. It was a long drive home. I was wondering why Mom didn't want to kiss before we left. Mom sat beside me all the way home and right into the driveway but I typically kept imagining the worst case scenario that it wouldn't really happen again despite the reassuring warmth of Mom's presence.

- -

To make things worse, Mom didn't dance the next week. On Tuesday, I arrived home to an empty house. Mom didn't come home for hours and when she did the car was full of groceries, something she always shopped for on Mondays to avoid the weekend crowds. On Thursday, I didn't know where she was but she didn't come home until after Dad arrived. Other than that, Mom treated me the same way she always did, except there were no teasing dance moves in the kitchen when we were by ourselves.

One night I heard Mom deep in a hushed conversation on the phone in the kitchen. I couldn't hear what she was saying but I knew who she was talking to. It was Carol. Dad was in the living room so I couldn't stand out of sight by the kitchen door to listen. I made an excuse to go back upstairs and went slowly, trying to catch as much as I could as I went by the kitchen doorway.

"I know it isn't fair on him, Carol, but it's getting out of hand. I'll just have to quit."

Shit. Mom was going to stop dancing for good?

"I know, but your situation was different."

"Why?" Big pause. "Well, maybe, but I'm not going to do anything like that."

"Well, I'm just not, that's why."

That was all I could get because I had stopped and Dad looked my way. For the rest of that week I fell asleep wishing I had never put my hand up Mom's skirt. Why had I done that? Why?

There were no soiled pajamas left around for Mom to washthat week.

- -

To my pleasant surprise, Mom started dancing again the following week. I sauntered in and casually sat on the couch though I had been super eager when I heard the music as I approached the house.

Mom was wearing the third costume that Carol had given her. I was a little disappointed that it wasn't the one with the veils but was thankful that Mom was dancing, and letting me watch, period. She could have danced in a big terry cloth robe and I would have been happy.

The first dances were a mix of fast and slow ones with no floor routine and I wondered if Mom was specifically avoiding doing that but then she did some dips and even a bit of floor stuff. It started kind of milktoast but ended quite sexy.

When she was done, Mom did a startling thing. She got onto her knees and crawled across the carpet toward me. It was very arousing. When she reached the couch, Mom rose up on her knees and threw herself forward onto my lap, curling her arms around behind me in a loose hug.

"I missed dancing. I love it so much," she gushed. "Thanks for watching, Curtis," she added, giving me a squeeze.

"No worries, Mom."

Tentatively, I put my hands flat onto Mom's shoulder blades and tried not to move. I was extremely conscious of the fact that Mom's head was

on my lap and the left side of her face was lying squarely upon my boner.

"That feels nice," Mom said, wriggling her upper back.

I couldn`t agree more. I moved my palms around in a small circle on Mom's upper back and barely stifled a groan when her face shifted on my cock. Mom sighed, lifting her head and settling it back on my lap, wiggling as if she was enjoying the back rub and trying to get more comfortable. Flashes of pure pleasure, mixed with fear, scorched through my groin and up to my brain. If Mom kept doing that, I was going to come and I wouldn't be able to hide it. Mom wiggled her head again and I stifled another groan. I was saved by the sound of Dad's car in the driveway, but unlike before, Mom didn't jump up to run for the stairs.

"Oh darn. Your father's home already." Mom sounded disappointed. She gave her head a final wiggle and lifted it off my lap. Leaning back on her knees, Mom smiled at me as her hands slowly slid from around my back and traced a path along the top of my thighs.

"Thanks, sweetie."

Mom spoke as if I had done something really special. I nodded, not quite sure what was going on and concentrating on keeping my pelvis from convulsing. I'm sure the grin on my face looked more like I was

gritting my teeth. The drag of her fingers down my thighs was almost too much to bear. I was surprised that Mom made it all the way up the stairs before Dad came in. She didn't seem to be in a hurry.

Later that night, I excused myself to go to bed early. I couldn't get Mom out of my mind and I hadn't had a chance to do anything about it. Given the previous week's abstinence, my balls were almost blue. I left Mom and Dad watching a movie and went upstairs. I was in the bathroom brushing my teeth, already changed into my pajama bottoms and robe, when the door opened and Mom slipped inside. She turned and closed the door quietly but firmly, giving me the impression that we were about to have a private discussion that couldn't wait.

"Mom," I mumbled, surprised, toothpaste frothing out of my mouth.

"Keep brushing your teeth," Mom replied, stepping behind me.

I looked up in the mirror as I bent over to spit out and saw Mom standing behind me, smiling, but with a strange expression on her face.

"I was talking to Carol last week…," she began.

Oh, oh. I filled my mouth with fresh water and started brushing. I wanted to have an excuse for not answering whatever she was about to ask. Mom put her hands on my back, rubbed them in a big circle and

brought them down my sides on the outside of the thick bathrobe. She leaned her head onto me and laid her face sideways, left side down, like she'd done earlier on my lap.

"Carol thinks you're a lot like her son."

Mom's hands rubbed my sides.

"Actually, she thinks you and I are a lot like her and her son."

Mom's hands rubbed my sides again and pushed around to my stomach, then tightened to give me a squeeze.

"She says you're making a big sacrifice watching me dance, like her son did, and I have to agree."

Mom hugged harder but, far from being pleased, it made me nervous because I was convinced she was about to explain how that wouldn't be necessary any more. I tried to say that it wasn't a big deal, that I enjoyed watching her, but the words came out in a frothy set of bubbles. Mom ignored my gargle.

"Carol said she used to make it up to her son, and she thinks it's only fair that I do the same for you."

This sounded like the conversation I had overheard between Mom and Carol before she stopped dancing for a week. I braced myself for a lecture about how things were getting out of hand and had become inappropriate. The tension in Mom's voice also filled me with an apprehension that couldn't be ignored even with the distraction of the hugging and the press of her breasts into my back.

"She thought her son was probably bored so, without really thinking about what she was doing, she spiced things up a little. She thought it was pretty hard for him, being almost a man and having to watch her."

Mom paused to let her meaning to sink in, then continued. I was glad she wasn't looking into the mirror.

"Carol's a pretty good looking woman, especially back then, and a guy would tend to forget, for some of the dances, that it was his mother dancing for him."

Mom's hands were still and I had the feeling she was waiting for me to acknowledge what she had said. I nodded, and started brushing my teeth again. Evidently, Mom felt my acknowledgement.

"Well, that's what Carol said anyway."

I nodded again and mumbled my understanding for good measure. There was a long pause where Mom hugged me and I kept brushing my teeth, though they were well past done.

"So, do you forget, sometimes, that it's me dancing?"

Was this was the trick question? Was all this a lead into a discussion about what I had tried to do, in the car? I didn't know the best way to answer, so I kept quiet and mentally kicked myself for shoving my hand up her skirt. Why the fuck had I done that?

"Like you did in the car…when you kissed me?"

I still didn't know what to say. I was pondering which way to go when Mom's hands started rubbing my stomach outside the bathrobe. It seemed a gesture of acceptance and I felt less threatened.

"Do you?"

I nodded, hesitantly, so I could act like I meant to shake my head instead if Mom got mad, but she pressed her head more firmly into my back and I felt I had said the right thing.

"That's okay, sweetie. I understand. I's just means I'm dancing well."

Mom paused as if expecting me to respond so I nodded again.

"I know it's hard on you, being young and virile," Mom's voice went hoarse on that word, "and I shouldn't ask for your help but I really am relying on you."

Mom was quiet for a few seconds, then added, "Carol says I'm mean."

There was another long pause.

"I could make it up to you. Would you like that?"

I looked at my reflection in the mirror. Mom was still rubbing my stomach through the robe which was starting to have an effect on me.

"You don`t have to, Mom. I mean, there's no need to…"

"I can't do what Carol did with Mark, but I can do something else for you."

There was another long pause. I didn't nod because I was wondering what Carol did that Mom couldn't do. Then I thought about what she could do. Kissing?

"Curtis?"

"I guess, but you don't have to, Mom. I like watching you dance."

Mom's hands suddenly slipped inside my robe and landed on my bare stomach, paused briefly, then slid down until they bracketed the sides of my hard cock, the tip of which had pushed up through the waistband of my pajamas when Mom first pressed her breasts into my back.

"Carol suggested I do this for you," Mom whispered.

She rubbed the front of my pajamas, her fingers curling down to cup my balls, then sliding up the full length until her palm slipped onto the bare tip.

"Mom!" I cried, blowing a frothy mixture of saliva and toothpaste into the sink. I was genuinely shocked.

"Shhhhhhh, your father…"

Mom used her left hand to pull the waistband of the pajamas out and down. Her right slid inside and its thumb and index finger encircled my root while the rest of the fingers curled down to cup my balls again.

"Don't you want me to?"

I shook my head, then nodded, and Mom laughed softly at my confusion.

"Let me know when you make up your mind," she said.

Mom slid the circle of thumb and forefinger up my shaft, barely tickling the sides until she ran into the head, then tugged it over and squeezed almost shut to tease my tip. She started stroking my cock, delicately sliding the thumb and forefinger up and down my shaft, making it harder with each stroke. I gripped the side of the sink and hung on, using my arms to help my legs prop me up. Mom gradually stroked faster and faster, like an old fashioned train working up a full head of steam as it left the station except the sounds weren't chugs of steam but rather cooing sounds from Mom.

"Close your eyes, sweetie, so you see me dancing."

Immediately, I started breathing very harshly. I was already close to coming.

"Aim for the sink," Mom cried, pulling the bathrobe to the side with her left hand. "I have enough laundry to do," she teased.

I moaned and Mom whispered, "Can you see me dancing, baby?"

I groaned and started spurting all over the sink, the taps, and way up onto the mirror.

"Oh my," Mom exclaimed. "All that, for me?"

I groaned and looked down to watch the last drops squeeze out of my cock.

Mom turned on the hot water and washed her hands as if nothing had happened. As she dried them, she said, "So I guess we're on for Thursday."

The door closed behind her and I stared at myself in the mirror through the splatters of my cum. Had this really fucking happened? That night I said a prayer for Lady Alexandra.

- -

Thursday saw a repeat. I ran home after school and watched Mom dance for almost two hours. The best part was when she crawled toward me, her face a strange mixture of saucy smile matched to sheepish eyes. This time, Mom didn't just rub the side of her face on my boner, she turned into my lap and I felt the softness of her nibbling lips, even through my jeans.

After supper, Mom slipped upstairs after I made it fairly obvious I was going up to have an early shower. I was waiting by the sink in my pajama bottoms and nothing else when Mom came in. In the mirror, I watched her approach me from behind. At first, she averted her eyes when she saw me looking, then she met and held my gaze.

As Mom circled the root of my cock with thumb and forefinger, she pressed her face against my bare back and peered over my shoulder. She watched me closely as the slipped her improvised ring up and down my shaft and when her ministrations first made me suck in my breath, her eyes twinkled with satisfaction.

There were many more sudden inhalations after that and the first time I closed my eyes, Mom nibbled the back of my shoulder and grasped my shaft firmly in her whole fist. Despite squeezing my dick hard, Mom's slippery steel grip felt absolutely wonderful all the way up and all the way down. The tender palm of Mom's hand felt magnificent rubbing the topside of my shaft while her massaging fingers strummed the veiny underside, and not all of those incredible sensations were due

to the warming magic of Vaseline, though Mom worked it into my meat so well it felt like she was larding me with Vicks VapRub.

After a dozen or so long and hard squeezing strokes, Mom's hand began to pick up speed but, in conrtast to the slow steam engine build up she had executed before, the pace increased rapidly. I opened my eyes to see Mom's eyes peeking over my shoulder with smoldering intensity as she yanking my cock hard and fast.

"Do you think Lady Alexandra is hot?" Mom whispered tensely.

I nodded, gasping for breath.

"Does she have nice breasts?"

I nodded vigorously.

"And an awesome ass?"

"Yeah."

Mom jacked my cock faster.

"Would you fuck her?"

"Yeah!"

Mom squeezed my shaft so hard it almost ripped out of my body. Just before I came, she lifted up on her tippy toes, pressed her whole body against me, and alternated between whispering in my ear and tickling the crook of my neck with her tongue.

"Think of me, baby," she said, over and over.

I blasted the mirror with even more spunk than the first time Mom jacked me off. Mom washed her hand in the same matter-of-fact manner she had before, dried them on a hand towel, and left without saying anything or looking at me. It was as if she had finished doing a household chore. I wondered if she really felt like that or whether it was the only way she could rationalize her behavior. I hoped it wasn't the former because the thought left me feeling kind of empty inside.

- -

Mom and Dad went out for dinner again on Friday night and returned tipsy and in a good mood. As before, they went upstairs shortly after getting home and I lurked in the hallway to listen to the muffled sounds

of their love-making. I don't know why I did that to myself. Thank God it didn't last long.

Mom didn't ask me to take her to Milo's on Saturday so it was a long stretch to Tuesday.

On Tuesday, I recognized the dance Mom was doing as part of the Dance of the Seven Veils and realized she really was practising for her promised performance at Milo's. I watched every move with renewed interest, imagining Mom in the veiled costume amid the shifting lights of the restaurant dance floor. I could hardly wait for her to crawl toward me across the floor when she was finished and she didn't disappoint me. This time, when she turned her face into my lap, her lips nibbled up and down the length of my shaft through my pants.

I was further blown away when Mom lifted her head and whispered, "Let's get you started a little early."

Mom unbuckled my belt, unzipped my pants, and fished my cock out with some difficulty because it was so hard and bent up. She looked at it as she jacked me off, glancing up periodically to flash a smile but quickly returning her attention to my cock, and her toy. Mom seemed to be genuinely playing with it.

"You'd better come upstairs before something happens," Mom said, looking critically at how stiff and erect my shaft was. "I guess this

wasn't such a good idea," she said when she looked back and saw how awkwardly I was walking up the stairs. Mom finished me off quickly in the bathroom and I had just bathed the sink and mirror when Dad's car pulled into the driveway.

Later that night, Dad went upstairs to have a shower and read in bed. I pulled a reluctant mother up the stairs.

"But you've already had your treat," she complained.

I pleaded and wheedled, all the time pulling Mom closer to the bathroom, and despite her reluctance, she let me. I wondered if it was an act because once behind the bathroom door Mom played with my cock with relish. She got some Vaseline out of the cupboard, rubbed it into the palms of her hands, and then really gave my guy a good working over. Dad must have been long out of the shower by the time I erupted but I didn't hear the shower stop.

On Thursday, Mom started me downstairs despite saying on Tuesday that it had been a mistake to do so. I bent her face forward and tried to get her mouth onto me but she yanked her head back and glared at me.

"I am not Carol! I appreciate your help but this is it. Take it or leave it!"

I was taken aback by the vehemence with which Mom spoke her piece and apologized profusely. Mom accepted my apology but was still angry. She stroked my cock a few more times but then got up and walked briskly upstairs. I followed as best I could, trying to yank my jeans up, but Mom strode into her room and shut the door firmly behind her. I guess I now knew what Carol did for her son.

Bozo!

I fumed at myself through dinner and made a production of going upstairs to go to the bathroom after supper and, later on, about getting a shower. I waited both times, but Mom didn't come.

Fucking idiot!

I awoke late that night to a faint click. It was my bedroom door closing. There was a rustling noise and then Mom turned the lamp on beside my bed. She was wearing a thin nightgown and had something in her hand. The tube of Vaseline!

"Move over," she whispered.

I threw the blankets back and shuffled over. Mom slid into the bed on her back.

"Pull your pajamas down," she instructed, squeezing a dab of Vaseline into her left palm.

I yanked my pajamas right off and looked eagerly back at Mom's moon-lit face. One hand grasped my hardening shaft and the other squeezed my balls. It was amazing the way she could make her hands feel like I was slipping through her own slippery channel. I had the audacity to close my eyes and imagine I was doing just that. It didn't take long for Mom's delicate, slippery hands to have me on the verge. Just as I was wondering where it was all going to go, Mom squeezed my balls hard and I stopped worrying about it.

"If you want this to continue, don't try anything fancy like that again," Mom warned.

She didn't have to specify that she was referring to me trying to pull her mouth onto my cock; I knew what she was talking about. I was an obedient servant after that and gritted my teeth in silence three more times. The next time brought nirvana and I was more than ready by then. My cock, although loving every stroke and tease, was sore and my balls were dying to release their load. Mom kept my cock nearly flat against my stomach and steered my spunk up my chest and even onto my chin. She waited quietly while I captured my breath.

"Are you going to behave yourself from now on?" she asked.

"Yes," I mumbled.

"Good," she said. "You can take me to Milo's on Saturday."

- -

On Friday, Mom and Dad went out again. They weren't in as happy a mood when they came back but nevertheless retired early. I swore I wouldn't but ended up standing outside their door again. Surprisingly, they were already finishing. I quickly beat a hasty retreat to my room and barely got there before my parents' door burst open. Mom stomped down the stairs and then dishes started banging about. I closed my door and went to bed.

Dad must have finished early and she didn't get her rocks off. Either that, or he tried to do something she didn't like. If she comes to my room, I thought, maybe I could take another stab at getting her mouth on me.

Don't be stupid, moron. She's not going to put her mouth on your cock just because she didn't get it off with Dad.

Well, maybe I could take another crack at getting my finger in her. I'll insist on comforting her instead of getting my rocks off and just slip my hand between her legs, under her nightgown, and see what happens.

Yeah, right.

Mom didn't come to my room that night. Best laid plans and all that. Oh well.

- -

Dad slipped me another C note for dinner at Milo's late Saturday afternoon.

"Are you sure Mom wants to go?" I asked. "She hasn't said anything to me."

I was wondering about that because Mom had said she wanted to go and that was after my boo-boo so I was a little worried that she hadn't said anything more to me, especially since it was already after four.

Don't get me wrong. I was keen to take Mom to Milo's. I liked being the man having dinner with Mom. In that green dress, she was real eye candy. Watching Lady Alexandra dance wasn't a hardship either and

the visits to the back room, when they happened, were the best of all. Plus, there was always the possibility of seeing more of Mom than she wanted to show. Carol was my side-kick in that regard. If it wasn't for Carol, I knew none of this would have happened. Ever since she put Mom's panties in my hand, I knew she would push Mom to have sex with me like I was now sure she did with her own son. Carol was my friend, and I definitely wanted Mom to remain hers.

"I think she does," Dad replied. "She likes going out for dinner, and dancing," Dad frowned.

I pocketed the money and went up to my room. When I came downstairs again, I heard Dad and Mom talking in the kitchen. He asked Mom if she was going to let me take her to Milo's. I lingered near the kitchen door to eavesdrop.

"Why? Did he say something?"

"No, but I think he really likes taking you."

"You do? I would think he'd be embarrassed being seen with his mother."

"You hardly look like his mother."

Mom's voice lowered. "Don't try to butter me up after last night."

"I'm not babe, but you know you haven't aged as fast as me. You look more like a woman out with a boy toy than a mother."

"Oh God, now I really feel good."

"Why not have some fun with it? Play around with people's minds a bit, just for the hell of it. Remember how we used to pretend?" Dad's voice changed, adopting a sexy edge that seemed out of place with him. "Then come home and tell me all about it."

Mom laughed loudly. The stair creaked and I walked into the living room as if I'd just come downstairs.

"What's so funny?" I said as I passed by the kitchen doorway.

"Nothing," came the joint reply.

"Are you taking your mother out?" Dad called.

"Does she want to go?"

"Hell yes," Mom said.

She was walking up the stairs when I emerged from the kitchen. When she disappeared down the hall, Dad pulled out another C note.

"Buy a really nice bottle of wine to have with dinner."

"Mom likes ouzo."

"Really?" Dad asked.

"Yeah. It's a Greek restaurant, Dad."

"Even better," he said.

Mom didn't call me to fetch her coat upstairs. When she came down, I couldn't quite suppress a gasp. Nor could Dad. Mom was wearing a very chic black dress that hugged her figure and, though it closed together just below her neck, it gapped open below to provide a peek-a-boo window on the inner swells of her pushed together breasts. The skirt wasn't short but it had a slit on the left side that reached way up Mom's thigh above matching velvet black high heels.

"Wow," Dad whistled, looking very pleased. He winked at me as I closed the door, rubbing thumb and forefinger together in a reminder to spend money on a few drinks. I guess I wasn't the only one hoping to get lucky with Mom. The thought bothered me a bit. Not that Dad didn't have a right, but rather that I didn't. I also didn't like the feeling of wanting to use her, by him or by me.

Lady Alexandra's dance was exceptional. The restaurant was very busy so she didn't have time to meet with us in the back room. She only sat long enough to extract a confirmation that Mom was practising the Dance of the Seven Veils. I was very disappointed to hear a visit to the back room wasn't on the menu.

"How's she doing, Curtis?"

She laughed before I could respond. "Don't bother. I can see the answer in your face."

She got up, still laughing and stooped to give Mom a womanly kiss on the cheek. "I hope you're having fun too, Lisa."

Mom blushed. I found that very endearing and encouraging. After Carol was gone, Mom asked me to dance with her and we spent quite a bit of time on the floor. I had one drink but Mom had quite a few more

and it was late when we finally left. I drove straight for home but Mom told me to turn off.

"Let's go see the lights," she said in a husky, drink-worn voice.

"Won't Dad be waiting up for you?" I asked cheekily, making an obvious reference to expected extracurricular activities between my parents.

"Is that why you insisted I have more ouzo?"

I shrugged, not wanting to spill the beans on Dad, but Mom knew him too well.

"He can wait a while longer," Mom chuckled.

"Okay, if you say so."

"I say so."

I drove up the winding hill and parked in the little pull-off. I rolled the front windows down about a quarter of the way before turning off the engine and putting the key in the accessories position so we could listen

to the radio. Mom turned it off when she slid across to sit next to me. I regretted the loss of the green dashlights but was glad when that Mom moved closer because I wasn't sure until that minute she would. Lately, I had been finding her quite unpredictable. The choice between dashlights and the warmth of Mom's body next to me was a no-brainer. We sat for about five minutes before Mom broke the silence.

"It's so soothing, looking at the lights and watching the cars, taking people here and there. It makes you wonder what's going on in their lives."

"Yeah, it's hard to know what people are up to. For all we know, old Mr. Jensen across the street could be an axe murderer."

"I was thinking of something more benign," Mom giggled.

"Like what?"

"Oh, I don't know. Like, maybe, that nobody would suspect the hijinks Carol got up to with her son after her husband was gone."

I was in the process of putting my arm around Mom but hesitated and let it hover over her shoulder. Mom grasped my hand and pulled my arm down, snug around her neck.

"It doesn't seem like she was too bothered by his absence," I observed.

"You couldn't be more wrong. She was absolutely devastated."

"Really?"

"Yes. Carol's a pretty good-looking woman but she didn't go out with anybody, even after a couple of years."

"Oh, I thought she moved on right away. She seems happy enough."

"Yeah, but at first Carol took it pretty hard and for a while she hit the bottle. If it wasn't for Mark, I don't know what she would have done. He talked her into buying the restaurant."

"Uh huh. At least her husband didn't leave her strapped."

"No, she was quite comfortable, financially, just lonely."

"So, how did it all start? She said she danced for her son. Was that it?"

"Are you trying to find out how far they went?"

"I guess," I admitted.

"A lot farther than it will go between us, if that's what you want to know."

"I thought you might have wanted to come up here to talk about it."

Mom turned her face up to study my face.

"You're older than you look, sometimes."

"So, are you going to lay down the law?"

"No. I think we have an understanding."

"Is that it, then?"

"No. I don't know quite how we got to where we are. No, that's a lie. I let it happen. I didn't mean to, and I let Carol push me, but I knew what I was doing to you and I kept it up. It made me feel like…well, like I

haven't felt for a long time, but I can't let it go any further than it already has."

"You mean not go on any longer, or not go any further?"

Mom thought for a moment.

"No further than it has."

I was pleased, very pleased. I didn't comment but I tightened my arm around Mom's shoulders to express my gratitude. I stared out the window at the lights and picked a car to follow, wondering what the people inside were like and how they got along with each other. I was on my third car when I felt Mom's fingers on my belt.

"Dad's waiting for you," I said.

"I know," Mom replied.

I pressed back into the seat and let Mom undo my pants. She fished my cock out of my underwear and slowly started jacking me off. It was all very casual and I felt we could have been talking and having a coffee together like a couple who had been together a long time. I mentioned a car down below and said I bet there was a good-looking woman in it.

"I wonder if she has a son my age and how they get along."

Mom didn't say anything.

"I wonder if they kiss and stuff."

Mom still remained silent and I told myself to stop talking and just enjoy what she was doing. I was quite hard now, so some part of me was paying close attention. Mom spit on her hand and began stroking me harder, holding my cock more firmly, but not faster.

"I wonder if lots of Moms do stuff with their sons."

"Curtis, I don't want to talk about it."

I looked down. Mom was concentrating on what she was doing, seemingly mesmerized by my shaft and the movement of her small fist up and down its length. She spit on her hand again and applied the saliva to the tip of my cock.

I turned Mom's face toward me and leaned down to kiss her. We necked for a while and I soon had Mom twisted toward me with her right leg thrown over mine. I teased her lips with mine, in no hurry and

wondered how she managed to deftly parry my nibbles without loosing a beat on my cock when it took all of my concentration to kiss her the best I knew how.

My left hand found its way between her legs and started moving up her skirt but my lips faltered. I didn't have Mom's multi-tasking skills.

"Curtis," Mom admonished, pulling away.

"That's not fair," I complained.

Mom didn't say anything and I withdrew my hand a bit. We started kissing again. After a minute, when I thought she was back into it, I pushed my hand deeper into Mom's skirt but I didn't get any farther because she tightened her thighs.

"Stop being a brat," Mom said when the kiss ended.

"You could unzip your dress instead," I suggested.

"I don't think so."

We started to kiss again and I wiggled my hand deeper between Mom's tightly clamped thighs. Just when I thought I wasn't going to get anywhere, Mom slid her right foot down my leg a little and loosened the hold her thighs had on my hand. I pushed it deep and gasped when my fingers collided with the gusset of Mom's panties.

"Is that the big thing you were hoping for?" Mom teased, her voice soft and sexy, yet amused.

"Yes," I gasped, the delight of discovery robbing me of breath.

"Good grief," Mom sighed.

My hand dug deeper and the edge of my index finger slid along the groove below the front of Mom's panties until the thumb notched into place, stopping further progress. I lowered my thumb and scratched it across the mounded gusset of Mom's panties.

"You shouldn't do that," Mom husked.

"Why?"

Mom didn't answer. Her lips sought mine and we buried ourselves in a long kiss and both our hands and fingers continued the tasks on

which they were currently engaged. I was surprised when we finished the kiss to find Mom panting, as I already was. I didn't ease the pressure applied by the edge of my wiggling fingers in her groove, or the caressing brush of my thumb across her mound, and I was pleased that Mom continued to stroke my cock lovingly, though she did it more slowly and squeezed with a firmer grip.

"Curtis?"

"What?"

"Maybe we should stop now."

In answer, I covered Mom's mouth with mine. My lips really worked hers hard and at some point my tongue slipped into her mouth. Mom groaned and twisted her face hard upon mine and I responded by squeezing her pussy and flicking my thumb with greater pressure on her swollen lower lips.

The kiss ended and Mom turned her face downward. I pressed down on the back of her head and this time, instead of yanking it back and chewing me out, she let me guide it down until her I felt the puff of her hot breath. Mom resisted the pressure then, her mouth hovering over my cock and bathing it with hot air from her sexy mouth until, at last, it lowered and blessed my tip with the caress of her moist lips.

"Ahhhhh God, Mom."

Mom sucked the head into her mouth and closed her lips behind the helmet like she was tightening a collar around it.

"Oh Jeez, Mom, Jeez."

Mom pushed her mouth down the shaft, wiggling her head until her lips mashed into my pubic hair. It was awkward, but I pulled my hand up and slipped it under the waistband of Mom's panties, then reached below to cup her bare pussy. Rather than fighting me, as I expected her to, Mom did something with her pelvis that provided greater access and my fingers abruptly slid through her groove and into her hole. Mom's head started sliding faster up and down my cock.

I helped Mom's head with my free hand and she grasped my wrist and steered my other hand to the position she wanted it to be in. I had two fingers deep inside Mom but she twisted my wrist until my thumb was digging into the middle of her mound on the outside and then began bucking against me. For my part, I pushed Mom's face back onto my cock every time she lifted it.

We thrashed around like that for several minutes, or maybe less, and then we were both coming. I was spurting into Mom's mouth and she

was convulsing around my fingers and thumb, legs and feet jerking. When we were both done, Mom withdrew to her side of the car and we both straightened our clothes.

"We should go," Mom spoke quietly.

I started the car, backed out, and started down the hill. Mom was looking out her window and, from the slight jerk of her head, looked like she was swearing at herself.

"I shouldn't have let you do that," Mom said out loud.

I didn't answer.

When we got home we found Dad asleep in his chair. I went upstairs while Mom woke him up. After changing into my pajama bottoms, I went to use the bathroom but heard them through their bedroom door.

"No, Ted. I'm too tired."

"Ted, no."

A few minutes later, "Jesus Ted."

That was followed by my father huffing and puffing and the bed creaking.

Mom didn't make a sound.

- -

The next Tuesday, I was home early as usual but was surprised to find no music playing and Mom in the kitchen baking. She had an apron over an old housedress, a summer print, with flour all over her hands but also on one cheek and her forehead. She certainly didn't look like she was about to practise belly dancing.

I was disappointed but didn't say anything. I went up to my room, dumped my backpack, and changed into a t-shirt and sweatpants. Then I went back downstairs, made myself a snack and poured a large glass of milk, and watched Mom bake.

At one point Mom turned and looked at me and laughed.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"Your face," Mom answered.

She walked over to me and reached out with her index finger, rubbed it across my lower lip, and showed me the milk on it. I laughed and reached up to wipe Mom's face, then showed her the flour. We both laughed again but Mom stopped pretty quickly and rubbed her fingertip across my upper lip and than back across my lower lip.

"You're pouting like a little boy whose been told he can't have any treats."

I stood up and rubbed both of Mom's cheeks. She took my hand then and turned, leading me into the living room. She took me to the couch and pushed me down onto it, then walked over to the stereo and turned on the CD player. The music for the Dance of the Seven Veils burst forth.

With her back to me, Mom reached behind herself and untied her apron, then let it fall to the floor. I expected her to start dancing after that but instead she reached up and unzipped the housedress, pushed it off her shoulders one at a time and then over her hips. The dress fell to the floor with a soft rustle. Underneath, Mom was wearing a bra made of thin material that couldn't hide the features of her breasts and a pair of panties that featured a triangle in front and not much else. Neither matched the simple, home-maker house dress.

Mom started to dance. I watched her perform the entire thing, faking the toss of invisible veils, until she ended up on the floor. I waited for her to sit up and crawl over to me but Mom stayed where she was, lying on her back, legs a'kilter.

I waited, but Mom didn't move. I was about to go to her when she sat up, crossed her feet and wrapped her arms around her knees, then sat and smiled at me. I opened my legs in a gesture of welcome and that brought a wider smile from Mom but instead of crawling toward me she sank backward on the floor, her legs unfolding smoothly as part of the larger motion.

I crawled over to Mom. She watched me approach, an expectant expression on her face, breathing quietly but in a way that suggested it was barely under control. That excited me, knowing she was excited too.

When I tried to stretch out alongside her, Mom drew her legs up and squeezed them together. I sat beside her and pushed her knees, thinking they would straighten out but was surprised when they fell apart but remained still bent and up off the floor. I was looking right at Mom's panties, focused on the white expanse covering her prominent mound. It looked alive.

Mom started to get up but I pressed her back onto the carpet.

"No, Curtis."

"Lie still just for a minute."

"We shouldn't," Mom protested, but she didn't try to get up.

I leaned around Mom's right knee and settled in between her legs, lowering my head until my face was hardly an inch from her panties. Taking a page from Mom's book, I blew hot air on the panties and was thrilled when I saw them quiver in response. I blew again, and again.

"Curtis…"

I lowered my face until it contacted the panties, found her groove with my nose and nudged it up until my lips pressed across it.

"Curtis…"

I opened my mouth and covered as much of Mom's mound as I could fit, then munched with a gentle squeeze. Mom's thighs scissored up beside my face and I thought she was about to buck me off until her hands closed onto the back of my head and pulled me harder onto her muff.

"Oh, my God," she gasped.

I knew then that no matter what Mom said, she needed it, even if she didn't want it. I pushed my face hard onto Mom's swollen panties. Her fingers caught in my hair and I endured some pain as she tugged my head about while I worked my mouth on her panties, knawing at her puffy lips.

We struggled like that for a couple of minutes until Mom's hands gradually stopped trying to pull my head away and I began moving it around on her panties. Her legs opened to make the task easier and I settled in to kiss and munch Mom's musky underwear. When Mom arched her back and moaned, I took the liberty of sliding her panties down her thighs until they were above my head and slipped between her legs until the panties were stretched behind my neck.

My tongue found Mom's hole and that sent her into a writhing frenzy but nothing like a few minutes later when I slid my nose up through her groove to flick my tongue over her clit and pushed a couple of fingers into her cunt to frig it while I kissed and licked her pussy and flicked her clit. Mom exploded into a loud orgasm that was so frantic I wondered when or if she had ever come that hard. Dad was obviously too selfish a lover to do his duty properly.

I moved up beside Mom and kissed her lightly on the lips. She pushed my face back and used both hands to smooth my face, wiping her juice

away. Then she moved her hands down to my sweatpants and started to push them down but, with our usual timing, Dad's car sounded in the driveway. Mom got up, pulled her panties up, and started putting her dress on. She looked at the huge tent in my sweatpants and said, "Sorry baby."

"That's alright," I said.

"You'd better get going. You don't want to be standing around with that thing sticking out when your father comes in."

"Right," I laughed nervously, looking at the front door.

Later that night, Mom woke me up. Groggily, I looked up at her as she slid into the bed beside me, propped a pillow up and leaned back against the headboard. When I twisted around and tried to kiss her, she pushed me off.

"Get up here," she said.

"What?" I asked, my head still full of cobwebs.

"Get up here," Mom repeated, her hand snaking into my pajamas and grasping my still sleeping, flaccid cock.

Mom pulled and I followed. By the time I was straddling her hips, my cock was gaining strength and when Mom pulled the tip up to her lips, it was ready to gallop. I slid easily into Mom's mouth and worked my cock gently back and forth but, with Mom's urging, I soon quickened my pace. It wasn't long before I was fucking Mom's face with her full permission, her hands grasping my hips to urge me on. When I began unloading my spunk in Mom's mouth, I wondered if she would let me spew some on her face but decided I didn't want to test that hypothesis. Not yet, anyway. We had come a long way and I didn't want to blow it.

When I was done, Mom slipped off the bed and, with a smile, said, "Saved your pajamas from the laundry."

I blushed at the reminder that Mom had known all along that I was thinking of her and jacking off at night every time she danced for me during the day.

Thursday was similar to Tuesday. Mom wasn't baking but she was wearing an ordinary house dress when I came home. This time, as soon as I arrived, Mom pulled me into the living room and sat me on the couch. After starting the music, she stripped off the dress to reveal an even skimpier set of bra and panties. When the dance was finished, I prepared to crawl over to Mom but she beat me too it, crawling toward me like a lioness stalking its prey.

Mom leaned over my lap and immediately began caressing my cock, rubbed her face over my pants for a few seconds, then quickly fished my hardness out to grace the afternoon air and her sweet mouth. Despite Tuesday night, I thought about the difficulty I had getting Mom's mouth on my cock the first time and was surprised how easily she dispensed with jacking me off and moved straight to sucking me. Not that I was complaining.

I held Mom's head down after she got going. It made it better if I could hold her head and pretend I was forcing her face to stay deep on my cock. I think Mom instinctively knew that because she didn't complain. Needless to say, I was soon coming in Mom's mouth and thinking about spewing on her face, but chickened out. Two days before I would never have thought this could happen and already I was thinking of going further, getting more. I waited for Mom to slide away to lie on the floor so I could eat her out but instead she stood up, stepped onto the couch to straddle my hips, and lowered her pussy to my face.

"Stick out your tongue," she rasped.

I did and Mom found it with the center of her panties, spreading her legs out along the couch beside me so she could grind herself on my mouth. She wouldn't let her panties down her legs for quite a while but when she did, she was so far gone she could hardly stand up. I put my hands under Mom's ass for support while she braced her hands on my shoulders to keep aloft. I had to hold my neck stiffly to stop it flopping

from side to side as Mom ground her soaking wet pussy on my face. I did my best to keep my tongue stiff inside her, partly to dampen the side-to-side twisting action of her frantic pelvis. I guess I did a good enough job because my neck didn't break and Mom came with a vengeance that doused my face a good one.

"Gosh," she said afterward, stroking my cheek with a gentle hand. "I didn't mean to do that to you but you made me so wet. Oh Jeez, I can't believe I'm talking to you like that."

"It's alright Mom. I owe you one."

Mom looked at me with a funny expression and I wished I'd kept my mouth shut. I still couldn't predict how she would react to anything I said or did.

Mom put her dress on and we walked upstairs together, arm in arm. When Dad came home, I was standing at the top of the stairs, kissing Mom, my hands under her dress and on her ass.

"We don't have to do this just when you dance or we go out for dinner, Mom. I don't think I can wait until next Tuesday."

"You'll have to, son, because those are the rules, and after I've done the Dance of the Seven Veils for Carol, we're done."

I was too stunned by what Mom said to answer. How could she say that, how could she stop, after how far we'd gone, when we were just beginning? This wasn't a trade. Didn't she know I loved her?

- -

On Friday, Dad took Mom out for dinner and then to the same club they had danced in before. They were tipsy when they arrived home but I wasn't downstairs to see it. I ran up to my room as soon as I heard their car pull into the driveway and listened to their giggles and muffled voices. Later, I heard muted sounds of lovemaking. I didn't hear any indication of a disagreement like had happened last time but, like before, their love-making was very brief. Dangerously, I lingered by their door. It wasn't long before Dad was snoring.

I went to bed then and soon dozed off myself but woke up while shifting positions and noticed a light in the hallway. I looked at the clock and saw that I had actually been sleeping for almost two hours. I got up and peeked into the hall. It was dark so the light must be coming from downstairs, probably the kitchen. I walked warily to the end of the hallway and confirmed my suspicion. Someone had left the kitchen light on. I descended the stairs, now relaxed and scratching my nuts. I was a little hungry anyway so I might as well have a snack now that I was up.

At the bottom of the stairs, I turned to enter the kitchen but was startled by a motion in the living room.

"Dad?"

There was no answer, but someone or something had moved. I peered into the half-light, the hair on the back of my neck standing up, until I saw a woman's figure, body still but arms moving in a fluid motion by her sides. I put my hand above my eyes to peer more intently, trying to see Mom's face but her expression was hidden in the shadows. All I could see was the light from the kitchen reflecting from her eyes and bathing her arms in a translucent glow. The tingling in my neck spread down my arms and body to stimulate my groin.

I moved into the living room and stepped sideways toward the couch. As I did so, the light from the street backlit Mom's figure and I saw that she was wearing the costume for the Dance of the Seven Veils. The silhouette of her figure underneath was starkly lit against the backdrop of the living room window. Mom's hips twitched, shook, and rolled with an obvious reaction from me. I sat down to watch her dance, the house dead silent except for the sound of the music in Mom's head and mine.

Mom's movements gradually became more lively. I took in every twist and shimmy, every lunge and kick, even the individual movements of her fingers. The dance went on and on and was so consuming that I

barely noticed when each veil was individually discarded but, when she was down to three, Mom slipped onto her back on the floor and lay still for a full minute.

Mom started the floor routine just as I leaned forward to get up, thinking she was done. I sank back into the couch and after a moment my hand found the hard cock tenting up the front of my pajamas. I slipped it under the waistband and wrapped my hand around my meat. It was impossible not to touch my cock.

Even if Lady Alexandra was ten years younger than Mom, instead of the other way around, she couldn't have been as sexy. Mom was fantastic. She moved when she should move, stayed still when time was needed to appreciate the beauty of her form, and stretched with fluid but excruciating slowness when a tease would have its most devastating effect.

Mom ground her pelvis in the air, rolled her hips from side to side and alternately opened and closed her legs. She spun around to face the rug, stretched her legs up high behind her, bent her knees and pushed out her behind, but only allowed such presentation for a brief, teasing flash.

I was startled to see that Mom had somehow sprung to her feet without me noticing, for she was dancing nearer to me now, her snake-like arms teasing, beckoning. I started to get up but she quickly retreated, hands

warding me off, as she smiled mischievously, crouching, thigh muscles bulging in a convincing demonstration of feminine power.

Mom now stood her ground instead of whirling and twirling around. Her hips no longer kinked and twitched and her tummy rolled rather than convulsed above her legs and under her chest, always beside or behind or in front of her constantly moving arms. And always the eyes, the teasing, laughing eyes.

Suddenly it was over.

Mom was facing me on widespread knees, body flung back, breasts thrusting upward over a sharply arched back, hair dangling on the floor behind her, balanced by bare feet stretched alongside and out from sweat-glistened thighs.

Again, just as I was about to get up to go to her, Mom rose up and stretched her hand out in the universal signal to stop. Her teeth flashed briefly in the kitchen light then disappeared and the glint of two seemingly coal black eyes, rather than her normal green ones, fixed upon me.

Mom was moving. She pushed herself fluidly onto her hands and knees, lowered her shoulders, and crept toward me like a panther. The clash of the faint but cold light from the street with the warm rays from the kitchen made the muscles in Mom's back ripple ominously, even

through the veil. Mom looked like she was about to pounce on her prey. The hair stood up on the back of my neck. I leaned away, pressing my back into the couch.

"Mom?" I whispered, nervously.

Mom reared up and threw her upper body onto my lap, flinging her arms around my waist and digging between it and the couch until her hands clasped together in a tight hold. Her chest heaved on my knees as she gasped for air and I realized how utterly exhausted she must be. I put my arms on Mom's back and rubbed behind her shoulders.

"You were awesome."

"Shhhhhh," Mom hissed.

I complied, looking down at Mom lying with the left side of her face squarely on top of my hard cock, throbbing and sticking out of my pajama bottoms. I started to speak, to say that I wasn't trying to do anything, that I didn't just want her mouth, but Mom shushed me again.

"Shhhhhhhh."

I tried to lift Mom's head. It came free of my lap but she turned to look straight down and then forced her face lower until it regained contact with my pajamas. Her nose skidded along the right side of my hard cock and the puffiness of her lips pressed against its root, just above my balls. Mom's head twisted up and her lips and nose followed, past the waistband, and onto bare skin. The feel of Mom's soft, moist lips scraping up the underside of my cock was too much to bear. I groaned.

"Shhhhhh."

Oh my God. Mom's tongue was dragging up behind her lips. She neared the tip, licking, head moving, adjusting, opening…shit, she was pulling me in, completely inside her warm, wet mouth. Oh God, Mom, oh Mom. She slid right down, all the way, filling her mouth, licking and munching on my root. God, her head was moving up, all the way, and off…Jesus, she was licking it, her tongue swirling around, then her lips closed over the tip and her mouth slid down my shaft again.

I started coming before Mom even reached the root. Can you imagine, two sucks and I was gone? Spurting, my hips lunging involuntarily, completely out of control, my hands holding Mom's head in place as I thrust frantically into her mouth, many times, convulsing, gasping and desperately trying to breathe. Then I was still, spent, but Mom kept sucking, licking me clean as she slowly pushed her lips tightly down my shaft and rubbed the underside with her raspy tongue, like a cat's.

At first, I didn't care. It felt nice but I was spent. Then I did care. It felt more than nice; it felt great and then, fantastic. My hands found the back of Mom's head again and I began steering it around my cock and trying to hold it down, all the way down to my root. Mom let me, staying all the way on and only coming off in a loud pop to gulp air before capturing my hard rod and shoving her mouth onto it again. When I was as hard as ever, Mom pulled her face off my cock and raised her head.

"Ready?" she whispered.

For what?

Mom's hands, still curled around my waist, grabbed the back of the waistband for my pajamas and yanked. I lifted my hips to make it easier and they slid down my legs. Mom pulled them below my knees and then off my feet. Then she stood up and, smiling down at me, removed the upper veil. Mom's naked tits bounced into view above me, full and heavy, nipples jabbing into the semi-darkness that my eyes now penetrated with ease.

The skirt veil was next and then Mom was standing in front of me wearing only the mini micro-veil that barely covered her pussy. A lift and a snap and it too was gone. Mom allowed me to stare at her bare pussy for a few seconds before kneeling on the couch, straddling my thighs to align her slit above my wavering cock, then slipped it inside.

I enjoyed a moment of extreme bliss which I thought couldn't be surpassed but Mom proved me wrong when she slid slowly down my shaft, her inner walls clasping my rigid spear, squeezing and massaging all the way down until she sat upon my root and the soft, wet gums of her lower lips caressed the skin around the base of my cock.

"Don't you dare leave me hanging," Mom whispered. "I've had my fill of that."

"I won't, Mom. I promise," I gasped.

An image of Mom lying frustrated beside my satisfied, sleeping father filled my head and I laughed out loud. I thrust upward, shoving my cock even deeper inside Mom and she grunted in appreciation as I lifted her off the couch, the first of many times to follow.

Thereafter, I limited myself to such movements because it was Mom's turn to wrench enjoyment out of me and oh, how she did. There was a lot of pent up, frustrated desire in Mom, the result of too many nights being left hanging by my worn out, prematurely aging father. I wished I could say I fucked my mother good that first time but actually it was the other way around. Mom fucked the shit out of me.

When Mom was done, she sagged limply upon me. At first her arms circled my neck but they soon loosened and fell to the side. I nuzzled

and kissed Mom's neck and was surprised to learn that my hands held two meaty handfuls of tits. I massaged them but Mom pulled away and fell to the side to lie lengthways on the couch.

I followed Mom, leaning over her, grasping her legs behind the knees and pressing them back to her shoulders. As Mom shook her head slowly from side to side, belatedly realizing what I was up to, I plunged my still hard cock deep into her wet pussy. I looked down upon her in triumph and Mom looked back, but not in submission.

"Kiss me," she said.

A few minutes later she turned her face away and cried, "Squeeze them hard."

I reached around Mom's thighs to grab her tits and started fucking her in earnest the way only a young man can do. Thank God my father was a heavy sleeper because I put that couch through its paces, the top of my thighs slapping loudly upon the back of hers. When we were done, had caught our breath and stopped kissing each other, Mom got up. I tried to pull her back onto the couch for another round but she pulled away, silently mouthing, "No, go to bed." It was just as well because I probably couldn't have managed it anyway.

Mom gathered the veils and walked up the stairs naked in front of me without the slightest hint of awkwardness or shame. I stopped her

before she entered her room and pushed her against the wall for a final kiss and a proprietary clasp and exploration of her wet pussy, sliding my hands from her ass to finger her from behind.

Mom whispered, "No more," and twisted away from me. I was left in the dark hallway with only my wet fingers and hard cock as evidence that I had bedded my mother despite all the signs that it would never happen.

What had changed? It was as if Mom was like that picture of the old hag or the young girl. As you stared hard at one perspective, it suddenly became the other. Mom had said that after she danced at Milo's our special relationship was over, yet she had just consummated our relationship in a way she implied would never happen. I had achieved my dreams, somehow, through no effort of my own but tomorrow night Mom would perform the Dance of the Seven Veils and, in her own words, our special relationship would not continue beyond that performance. But how could it not, after we had gone all the way?

- -

Mom's cool and indifferent attitude the next day granted me no assurance that things were going to stay the same between us; there was no confirmation that we had crossed a one-way boundary and that things could never be the same. There were no secret glances or smiles, no sashays across the kitchen floor when Dad wasn't looking. Nothing,

nada. In fact, Mom seemed perturbed whenever I approached her closely, however subtlety.

I read up on incestuous relations between mothers and sons—it sounded ugly and I hated to admit that it described us but that's what it was. Still, I felt what happened was beautiful—not the crap on the sex story sites but in the case studies of real relationships. These weren't as rare as one might think and though they weren't described in flattering terms, I saw a glimmer of beauty hiding within each case.

I also found out that a mature woman could be released from, often self-imposed, sexual inhibition in an explosion of sexuality. So why was Mom, having done that last night, now exhibiting the opposite effect? Sure, it had only been one day but the tension between us had been building incrementally for weeks and this was the second time she had cooled toward me. I hoped she just needed some space.

So I played it cool. That lasted for all of two hours and then I got the brush off when I tossed a hint in as low key a manner as humanly possible. Even so, Mom seemed angry and flashed a nervous glance in my father's direction, and he wasn't even in the room. I left and angrily went upstairs to my room to sulk. Fuck! Women were so fucking frustrating.

I didn't emerge until Mom yelled for me to come down for dinner. I didn't shout back lest my father get involved so I went downstairs. The

dining room table wasn't set and Dad was sitting in the living room already eating on a TV table. Mom had changed into a frilly white blouse and a sleek black skirt. Her hair was done up like she was ready to go out.

"We're going to be late. Why haven't you changed?" she asked, frowning as she regarded my sloppy attire, sweatpants and a t-shirt.

"Changed? For what?" I mumbled.

"Milo's. You promised to take me to see the special show Carol told us about."

Dad looked up and winked at me. "Ahhh, so you're into the older ladies?"

I rolled my eyes.

"You'd better go and get ready, son," Dad added more sympathetically.

I turned and started back up the stairs.

"You'd better hurry," he said. "It looks like you're already in trouble."

I sprang up the stairs but my mind raced way ahead of my body. Dinner, then a drive up to see the city lights, and maybe some…whatever, then back home and hopefully Dad would be in bed by then so we could…Yeah, oh yeah. I knew it!

But wait. Mom wasn't wearing the green dress with the little bra underneath. She was wearing a staid, well a little frilly, but still conservative-looking white blouse and a plain black skirt, not even a short one, it was down to her knees for crying out loud.

Yeah, so? She still looks nice in it. It shows her figure nicely and her legs are great. You can see she's still got a dynamite body.

But it's so conservative. If she was going to get wild, wouldn't she be wearing the green dress or that sexy black number, or something else she had to hide under her coat so Dad wouldn't see?

Maybe, maybe not.

I quit talking to myself and got busy dressing. I had just tucked my shirt into my pants and was about to do my tie when Mom knocked on the door and pushed it open.

"That looks better. Here, let me help."

Mom started doing my tie and while she concentrated on it I carefully regarded her for any sign that things were going to get back on track, or keep going off track depending on your perspective, but I couldn't fathom her mood.

Mom looked pretty with her make-up all done. I inhaled her aroma, a mix of her core scent which I now easily recognized and that of the perfume she was wearing. I looked at the delicate curve of her neck, which seemed so long with her hair up, and leaned forward a tiny bit, propelled by the urge to kiss it.

Mom pulled away. "There," she said, surveying her handiwork. "Put your jacket on and let's go."

I got my sports jacket from the closet and put it on, then went to the door and waited for Mom.

"Aren't you going to put on your dress shoes?"

"Oh yeah."

I retrieved my shoes from the closet and started toward the bed so I could sit down when I put them on, remembered that Mom would admonish me if I didn't use a shoe horn, returned to the closet for it and bent over to put my shoes on. I kneeled down to tie my shoes but my eyes surveyed Mom's legs, at least, as much as they could with my head tilted down. When I stood up, ready to go, Mom spoke.

"You understand we must act like nothing unnatural has happened between us, don't you Curtis?"

I nodded. I hated the sound of that word, 'unnatural'. It described what happened between us in prejudical terms as if it was wrong and was now over. There was an air of finality about it . Deflated, I nodded and walked into the hall and waited for Mom to come out of my room. When she turned out the light it felt like hope had been extinguished inside me.

However, as Mom walked ahead of me and I watched her carefully descend the stairs in her high heels, I decided that the white blouse and sleek back skirt was quite edgy and not at all conservative. Perhaps I had misread her mood. As long as Mom was near, my hope would never die.

Mom asked Dad if there was anything else he needed and then reminded him to give me some money so she didn't have to pay for dinner. While Dad got his wallet out and gave me the money, Mom

went into the hallway to put her coat on. I joined her after Dad gave me the dough; this was becoming quite a profitable tradition.

I waited for Mom to do up her coat before opening the door in case it was chilly outside. While I did, I thought about how naturally it now came for me to be courteous and considerate toward Mom, opening doors for her, seating her at the restaurant, that kind of thing. I liked treating her well.

I put my hand on the door knob but Mom's coat was still partly unbuttoned and she wasn't making any move to do it up. I started to say something but Mom put her finger to her lips to shush me. She beckoned me closer.

As I stepped near, Mom let her hands fall to the front of her skirt. I looked down and watched her fingers curl up, bunching together two handfuls of black skirt. Mom's hands slid upward, pulling the skirt higher.

Fear drove my eyes away. Fear of being discovered by Dad sitting just around the corner watching TV. I looked back at Mom, saw the mischievous smile and sparkly eyes I had been missing so much, then looked down at the skirt's hem which was now stretched tightly across her upper thighs. Mom started to say something but I couldn't hear so I stepped really close and put my ear close to her mouth.

"I'm already wet," she whispered, and pushed her lips against mine for an instant.

I was so stunned I almost fell backward into the door. Mom followed, whispering.

"Go upstairs and get my panties, the ones you hid under your pillow."

"What?" Dad asked.

"Nothing, dear," Mom answered. She looked at me. "Quickly," she whispered, and then in a normal voice, "I'll wait for you in the car."

I bounded up the stairs and back after retrieving Mom's panties. I had the presence of mind to wave my wallet at Dad as I passed by him on the way to the door. He shook his head.

I ran to the car. Mom was waiting by the passenger door, keys in hand. She gave them to me and waited for me to open the door. When she swung her legs into the car, I was treated to a long expanse of slender leg visible through the open coat and skirt that was still not completely smoothed down. I banged my knee on the fender running around to the driver's side of the car.

Dinner progressed at an agonizingly slow pace. Mom made a meal out of ordering and savored every bite after it came. The process was repeated for dessert. After that, we had coffee and Mom ordered a second cup.

I have since learned that it's one thing when you're out on a date with an alluring woman, hoping to get lucky, but quite another when she implies at the outset that sex is assured. Hope makes the evening pass quickly but anticipation of a virtually sure thing is pure torture unless you have the maturity to savor it, which I didn't yet have. I was too worried that I'd do something to ruin a sure thing and that's why I tried to suppress thoughts about Mom's panties in my pocket and wondering why she had told me to fetch them. Did she not have panties on under the black skirt, did she want me to put them on her, later, in the car?

Every gesture, the shape of Mom's mouth and the way her lips moved when she spoke or smiled, the crook of her neck, all drove me nuts. My cock was already hard from my lecherous thoughts and Mom's unintentional teasing made it tingle many times during the evening. I watched her every step of the way to and from the lady's room, and when I made the trip myself, I found it difficult to walk on the way back when I saw Mom, twisted sideways in her seat with her legs crossed, one foot tapping to the music, as she watched the belly dancer.

It wasn't Lady Alexandra but after the dance she showed up, thanked the dancer and announced that Milo's had a special treat in store for everyone. She stopped by our table to ask Mom if she was ready.

"No, Carol. I'm not going to dance here tonight."

"But Lisa, you promised to do the Dance of the Seven Veils. Didn't you practice?"

"You know I did," Mom replied. She looked at me and added, "But now I know I can't do it for just anyone."

Lady Alexandra looked at me. "You mean, it's only for your son?"

Mom gazed steadily at Lady Alexandra. "I think you knew that when you first asked me to do it."

Carol just smiled.

"I'll give the costumes back after dinner."

"There's no hurry. Bring them around whenever it's convenient."

"They're in the car."

"There's no rush," Lady Alexandra insisted.

"We'll bring them when I'm done my coffee."

"Suit yourself. I'll be waiting."

The waiter came round not long after with some licorice candies and said the dinner was on the house, compliments of Lady Alexandra. Mom sent me out to the car with instructions to bring the bags in the trunk to Lady Alexandra's room. I fetched them but Mom and Carol weren't in the back, they were sitting in one of the two alcoves on either side of the entrance to the restaurant. Carol took the bag with the costumes.

"Can you give me a minute alone with your mother?" she asked.

I answered affirmatively and she motioned for me to wait in the opposite alcove so I went there and sat down, watching the two attractive women speak quietly to one another in confidence. At first, I thought it was just background babble from the restaurant but then I realized it was the conversation taking place in the opposite alcove, reaching me via the curved roof.

"I thought you had decided against it," Lady Alexandra said.

"Oh God, Carol. I'm all over the map. First I'm cold, then I'm shamelessly coming on to him. It's ridiculous. It can't go on like this."

"It is hard."

"I just don't want to put Curtis through the same things you said Mark went through."

"It was different for Mark. When he got married, he was leaving me behind, alone again. Curtis will just leave you with your husband again."

"He knows that will be leaving me alone. He's a smart boy."

"Yes, well, would you rather break his heart now? He loves you, as a woman. I can see it every time he looks at you."

"I know."

"You can't just stop after giving him such a tasty mouthful. He'll never forget and will always wonder what it would have been like."

Mom looked away from Carol and she leaned toward Mom. "Oh my God, Lisa. You haven't?" There was a shocked pause. "You have!"

Carol straightened up and glanced toward me while Mom was still looking away. She looked pleased.

"Then you must continue, Lisa, for his sake. Think of him. You can't break it off. You must let him tire of you. You understand that, don't you."

"Yes, I guess so. But it's so dangerous."

"You're a grown woman. You can manage it."

"I don't know, Carol."

"Yes, you do. Now go. Your son is waiting to take you home."

Mom looked across the entrance at me and smiled. I smiled back and got up when she did. As Mom walked toward me, Carol looked over

her shoulder and smiled, a secretive, knowing smile. Years later, when my wife and I were visiting the cathedral in Avignon, we overheard the conversation of another couple standing opposite us at least fifty feet away as if we were standing right next to them. I wondered then if Lady Alexandra knew I could hear the conversation between her and Mom. I'm almost positive now she did.

Mom didn't want to see the city lights on the way home but the house was dark and Dad had already gone to bed when we arrived. My hopes surged but Mom began removing her earrings as she headed for the stairs, already getting ready for bed.

"Stay downstairs, Curtis. I want to talk to you."

There was an air of finality about Mom's voice.

"Can't it wait until tomorrow. I'm kind of tired."

I wasn't sure I was ready to hear what Mom had to say. At least, not tonight. Her tone made me think she had changed her mind about Carol's advice. If she waited for another day, maybe she would change her mind again. Like she had said to Carol, she was all over the map. Tomorrow was another day and might be sunnier than this one.

"Well, get changed and then come back downstairs. What I have to say can't wait until tomorrow. It has to be said tonight."

I really didn't like the sound of that. I followed Mom up the stairs and she seemed irked that I wasn't staying downstairs as she asked. I watched the sway of her hips and the muscles tensing in alternate calves as if it was the last time I would be able to savor their grace. I wanted to touch her, to grasp her waist and tell her not to be silly, that she should let me hold her and kiss her. Instead, I went meekly to my room and changed out of my good clothes. I put on my pajamas and, expecting the worst, wrapped a bathrobe around me and went downstairs to wait for Mom.

I was sitting in Dad's chair so I didn't see Mom until her bare foot negotiated the last stair, seeming to pause in mid-air as if to allow me to appreciate its elegance one last time. My breath caught in my mouth when I noticed Mom wasn't wearing a robe like I expected. Her hair was still done up and she was wearing the green dress!

"Stand up, Curtis."

I got up, apprehensive and wishing I had remained in my good clothes, yet eager. Mom took my hand and led me out of the living room and into the dark kitchen. Once through the door, Mom pulled the pocket door closed, providing a sound break from the rest of the house. Did she expect me to cry or react angrily to what she had to say?

Mom walked to the breakfast island and put a foot up on the bottom rung of one of the stools.

"You need to understand something about me, Curtis."

"I already know, Mom."

Mom was annoyed by the interruption.

"No Curtis, you don't," she snapped.

I shrugged. This wasn't going to be good, green dress notwithstanding.

"I'm going to be frank."

If Mom had smoked, I would have pictured her taking a long drag on a cigarette and blowing smoke at me before her next words.

"I loved your father very much. At least, I thought I did, but after a few years I realized I was more enamored with the thought of being married than the act. I had been playing house and I was too uptight to enjoy myself…in bed. I didn't like the things your father wanted to do. I

thought they were lewd but might have gone along if he wasn't so clumsy. If he'd been more sensitive and I'd been less prudish…but I wasn't and neither was he, and then he quit trying. By the time I realized it, we had killed what little passion there had been in our marriage."

Mom paused to let her words sink in, then continued. I almost coughed in the imaginary smoke.

"You father and I lived for years, with fondness, but basically just going through the motions. Your father sought satisfaction elsewhere and I pretended not to know. I was a disinterested wife but a happy mother who was glad he was distracted."

I nodded sagely as if I knew where Mom was going with all this.

"Then I met Carol. She had lived a completely different life, consumed by a passionate relationship with her husband, but then he was gone, dead from a sudden heart attack. Her life became empty and she was ready to end it but her son saved her."

"I thought her husband left her?" I blurted.

Mom looked surprised by my ignorance.

"No, he died. Anyway, Mark was beside himself with worry and started doing everything as Carol became more and more depressed, cooking, cleaning, even dressing and undressing her. She relied on him for everything and one night, while he was putting her to bed, he reacted to her as a woman rather than his ailing mother."

Mom took a deep breath and I wondered if she paused to let that last bit sink in.

"Nothing happened, of course. Mark didn't actually do anything, but they both knew what each other had felt and it made Carol feel like a woman again. She said it felt like magic."

"Anyway, that's when Carol began dancing for Mark. She told him it was to provide affordable entertainment for the restaurant and even believed that herself, at first, but things started to happen and, in the end, Carol couldn't stop herself from making them happen."

Mom took another deep breath.

"So…I think you know how that story applies to us. I was in a rut, looking for something that could inject some excitement in my life. I started belly dancing because Jenny said it was really good exercise

without being boring. So I tried it. One day, Carol was the special guest for our class and she asked me to join her for a coffee later."

Mom paused.

"She saw something in me, she said, that would make me a great belly dancer. I wanted to believe her because I needed something new in my life so I leapt at the chance when she offered me private lessons."

"I improved quickly under Carol's tutelage but the time came when Carol said to get better I needed to perform. I loved dancing with others in class but was afraid to do it for people who were just watching. Carol said she had felt the same but her son, who had been so helpful with everything else, came to the rescue and she thought that would be the best option for me too. I explained that my situation wasn't the same, that I had no restaurant I needed to provide entertainment for, but Carol suggested I simply let you 'discover' me practising."

"I didn't want to but I did. You came home much earlier than I expected and I was truly was surprised. I was very nervous. I thought you might laugh at me but your reaction made me feel so good about myself. I felt alive, like a woman again, and that's a powerful drug for a woman, one that's very hard to control. It wasn't hard to convince myself to let you surprise me again and, after that, I was hooked. I pretended it was just a little harmless flirting to wash my guilt away."

"Carol and I became friends and we confided in each other. She told me more about her relationship with her son. I was shocked but intrigued. I talked you into taking me for dinner because I wanted to go on a 'date' with you the way Carol said Mark did with her just to get her out and about. I lost control but now I've come to my senses."

Mom looked at me and I waited for her to go on but she didn't. Her eyes welled up with tears.

"Being a good mother was all I had and I threw it away on a middle-age crisis. What must you think of me? How can you remember me as your mother rather than a desperate slut?"

I started to go to her but Mom shook her head and stiffened, holding her hand up in an emphatic gesture to stop. She dropped her foot from the rung and straightened up.

"So, I've come to a decision."

Shit, she wasn't even going to let me argue my case. I spoke up anyway but Mom shushed me.

"Come here," she said.

I stepped close to Mom but as soon as I got near she turned her back to me.

"Put your arms around me," she said.

I put my arms around Mom's shoulders but she pushed my hands down and pulled them around her waist and snuggled them around her belly. I tried not to think about the weight of her round, unrestrained breasts sagging on my forearms.

I shook my head and told myself to smarten up. Mom was obviously upset and this couldn't be easy for her. I told myself to give her a nice hug and to comfort her with soothing words that demonstrated my understanding. Don't be selfish, for Christ's sake. I leaned forward to nestle my head against Mom's and hugged her tight.

"I don't think I can dance for you anymore, Curtis."

"That's okay, Mom."

I nuzzled the back of her head.

"You like my hair done up, don't you?"

"Yes," I agreed. "Your neck is so graceful."

It was the truth but it didn't hurt to compliment her on something so fine as the delicate beauty of her neck.

"I'm trying to think of what we can do that will be proper but still allow us to remain close. I think wearing dresses that you like, and doing my hair the way you like it, would be okay, don't you think?"

"Sure, Mom. I don't see why not."

"And you can hug me like this. That should be okay."

I squeezed Mom tighter in silent agreement but pulled my hips back because there were already rustlings down south due to the soft impact of her behind.

"And you could kiss me on the cheek."

Mom tilted her head to the left and I dutifully applied a light brushing of my lips to her right jaw.

"And my neck, since you like it so much."

I hesitated for a second or two, partly because that caught me off guard and partly because I was afraid to kiss the nape of Mom's neck because she was right, I did love her neck, but it was more sensual than I cared to admit at that moment.

"You can kiss it, if you want to," Mom whispered.

I tilted my head forward and tentatively dropped my lips onto the crook of Mom's neck. I kissed it briefly.

"Don't be shy. It's one of the things you can do."

I nibbled Mom's neck and quickly withdrew.

"You can do it as much as you want, when we're alone," Mom giggled.

Her light-heartedness encouraged me and I brushed my lips the full length of Mom's shoulder, back and forth several times. Mom reacted as if tickled, flinching and pushing her behind against my groin. I pulled away.

"Don't let me fall," Mom complained. "That makes me a little weak in the knees."

I nestled up against Mom's back, renewing contact with her behind.

"That's better. Kiss the other side."

I caressed the other shoulder, then switched back to the right without waiting to be asked. I also kissed both of Mom's cheeks and even nibbled her right ear.

"Oh. You haven't done that before but I guess it's okay."

I nibbled Mom's left ear, kissed her shoulder, and returned to the right. Mom flinched several times from the lightness of my lips and pressed her behind against me each time.

"You know what your father used to want me to do?"

I didn't want to know but I also wanted Mom to keep talking so I could keep doing things with her.

"What?" I murmured.

"He always wanted me to turn over."

"Turn over?"

"Yes, so he could get behind me, like you are now, except we were lying down."

"Oh."

"Press against me."

"What?"

"Press against me."

I pressed firmly against Mom's behind."

"Harder."

I pressed harder and my bulge nudged between Mom's cheeks.

"That's it, like that. I always wondered why he wanted to do it that way. I thought he didn't want to look at me anymore and it made me feel bad about myself."

"Oh."

I wondered why Mom would have thought that. Women think differently than men.

"Carol thought that was hilarious."

"You told Carol?"

"Yes. I told you, we became confidants. Keep pressing."

I pulled my robe open and pressed my bulge into Mom's ass and she rolled it against my pajamas.

"It feels nice the way you do it but your father was too rough."

I rubbed too hard and my arms slipped up above the counter, pressing directly onto the front of Mom's breasts.

"Oops, sorry Mom."

"That's okay. Maybe if your father had done that, it might have turned out differently."

"Why?"

"Because…you know, my breasts are so sensitive."

"Right, I forgot."

"You can touch them if you want to."

Had I heard that right?

"Touch them," Mom said.

I opened my arms so I could get my hands on Mom's dress. Carefully, I pressed my open palms lightly against the front of her dress.

"Not just the dress, silly."

I found Mom's breasts and squeezed.

"Oh yes. Maybe if your father had done that, I might have stayed on my tummy for him."

I squeezed Mom's breasts again, found the bumps her nipples under the dress, and let my fingers bunch the material around them. I can't describe how exhilerating it was to feel the round weight of Mom's breasts. I swept away the nagging feeling that I wouldn't be strong enough to handle the disappointment when I reached the point where Mom would draw the line. After all, I was already past where I thought it would lie.

"Try it inside."

Despite the surprise of already advancing further than expected, I didn't wait for Mom to repeat the instruction. I crossed my arms and slipped my hands inside the deeply cut bodice of the green dress, right hand on left tit and left hand on the right. I squeezed and this time, when I pinched, I found her erect nipples and tugged them outward. Mom sucked her breath in hard, and I ground my groin into her ass, finding a pleasing, rolling acceptance.

"Ohhh baby, if your father had done this I definitely would have let him turn me over."

I was annoyed by the mention of my father again so I pulled and squeezed Mom's tits and teased and tugged her nipples while grinding my cock into her accommodating ass and nibbled on her neck and ears, trying to make her forget about him. Mom raised her hands, pulled her hair apart, and shook it out. It was a simple act of abandon and the thrill of it jolted me into more fervent rubbing of her behind, rocking her forward onto the counter.

Abruptly, Mom pushed against the counter and shoved me off. I stood, shocked and opened-armed, wavering two feet behind her, the tent in my pajamas now huge. Mom turned toward me but didn't look me in the face.

"I'm sorry, Curtis, but I just can't," she cried, scurrying to the kitchen door. She yanked the pocket door open and ran through the door, but into the living room rather than upstairs.

I followed. I felt terrible about what I'd done, even though Mom seemed to have encouraged it, and wanted to apologize. She said herself that her feelings were hard to control. I saw her in the darkness, standing in front of the couch, facing the wall. Her shoulders shook. She was crying. I stepped cautiously toward her.

"Mom? Are you okay? I'm sorry, I didn't mean to…"

Mom didn't answer but her shoulders shook as if my presence caused her further grief. Nevertheless, I quietly approached her and put my hands on the outside of her shoulders to steady them, hoping to constrain the sorrow welling up inside her.

My knees bumped the back of Mom's. She kneeled on the couch and leaned braced herself with her hands against the back of the couch. Her head tilted forward until it touched the wall. Her shoulders were racked with another bout of grief and the pain of it stabbed me in the heart. A huge urge to console Mom overwhelmed me and I was about to kneel behind her, to gather her into my arms, when she did something that stopped me in my tracks.

Mom reached back and put her hands on her supple buttocks, then pulled the green dress up until her bottom was half bare, clearly showing in the muted light the lack of panties to contain her quivering cheeks. What the hell?

Mom was laughing, her shoulders quietly heaving. She was laughing! Her head swiveled around to face me and I saw the sparkle of mirth in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Curtis. I couldn't help myself. You were so serious it was funny."

Mom's smile faded and her eyes turned apologetic.

"But it really is true that I've never had it from behind. Is it really good that way?"

To say I was dumbfounded is an enormous understatement. Mom had been playing with me the whole time. I picked my jaw up from the floor. Though her expression was apologetic, I sensed she was still teasing me.

"Unzip my dress, baby."

I reached out to the back of the green dress to search for the zipper while looking down as Mom's hands slid higher, baring all of her buttocks. They swept out from her waist to form two slightly sagging yet supple half pears of flesh surrounding the most inviting divide. I fumbled for a ridiculously long time with the zipper, not sparing a single glance to find it. Eventually I succeeded and pulled it down.

"Hold my tits, baby," Mom demanded more than asked but I defied her, grasping two handfuls of meaty buttock and squeezing harder than I should have, especially after hearing her complain about how rough my father was. I grunted my appreciation for her quivering flesh and spread her cheeks.

"Don't worry about being noisy, baby. I gave your father a sleeping pill before we left for Milo's."

I didn't care. Nothing could stop me now, not even if my father came down the stairs at that moment. I slapped each cheek, then slipped my hands inside the green dress and around the front to cup Mom's bare tits. They fell into my hands, firm and alive, with hard, fiery nipples. Mom moaned as my fingers closed around them and her hands reached beyond her ass to pull my pajamas down, freeing my hardness which sprang lustfully against her cheeks with an audible smack.

"Is it so wrong of me, baby, to want you so much?"

"No," I gasped.

"To want your love inside me?"

"No," I rasped.

"To feel your cock?"

I grunted.

"From behind?" Mom gasped.

I pushed into Mom's ass, between her cheeks, felt my tip slide down until she widened and I fell into her puffy lips, settling on her groove and pushed in, skidding through her wetness, finding her hole and slithering inside, sensing squeezing resistance. I pushed, forcing her channel to accept my swollen penis as Mom moaned and hung her head. I thrust upward until I was buried, pressing her ass flesh forward, and dropped my mouth onto the nape of Mom's neck, biting. Mom reared her head up and I withdrew my cock, then slammed it up it a forceful thrust that lifted her off her knees.

"Take me hard, baby," she cried.

I launched into her, out of my mind, feverishly banging her behind, oblivious of the slapping sounds that should have alarmed us both. I grasped Mom's poor tits and squeezed hard, but she seemed to enjoy the roughness despite what she had said. At some point, we fell sideways. I tried to turn Mom up to face me so I could take her the way I had before, pushing her knees back to her shoulders, but she twisted onto her stomach and pushed her ass up so I straddled her and buried myself to the hilt in her from behind again, and pounded on her like I was riding a bucking filly until we were both done.

I was too wrecked to have Mom a second time. By the time the thought occurred to me, she was gone.

- -

The next day was Sunday. I woke up to Dad's yell to get up. I wandered down to breakfast to find Dad alone.

"Where's Mom?"

"She isn't feeling well. You don't look so hot yourself."

"Yeah, I don't feel very good."

"Maybe you got food poisoning from that Greek place," Dad said, looking almost pleased by the suggestion.

"Yeah, maybe. I don't think I can eat. Maybe I'll just go back to bed, like Mom."

"Take that up to her then," Dad said, nodding at a mug of coffee. "I'm going out to the shop."

I took the mug upstairs, acting sick until I was out of Dad's sight. I wondered if Mom was really feeling sick or if she was just tired, or maybe feeling too guilty about last night and wanted to avoid me again.

I peeked in Mom's room before entering. She was lying on the bed, facing away. I bumped the door open wider with the mug and quietly approached her but she heard me and stirred. She raised her head and half-looked behind her, smiled when she saw it was me, and pushed the covers down to her hips. I was relieved but almost spilled the coffee when I noticed how narrow Mom's waist looked compared to the inviting, upward jut of her hips.

"You better put that down," Mom laughed.

I did.

"Where's your father?"

"Downstairs. He said he's going out to the shop."

Mom pushed the covers over her hips, revealing a nightgown bunched up above her hips. I stared at Mom's bare bottom. Her eyes met mine and then she turned flat onto the bed and slid her right knee up, parting her thighs. I climbed onto the bed, turned to look back at the open door,

then pushed my pajamas down and fed my hardening cock into Mom's waiting, aready moist slit.

"Slowly, baby, until we know he's out in his shop."

"Okay, Mom."

We fucked slow and easy for a while. It was the hardest thing I had ever done, to not let myself go, but Mom seemed to love it.

"It feels good slow," she murmured.

When a saw finally started up in Dad's shop, I urged Mom completely onto her tummy and straddled her thighs, kicking her legs together with my feet, and sat upon her, my cock buried to the hilt and my hands grasping her cheeks. Mom let me position her however I wanted, as long as it was from behind, and seemed to love it fast or slow, rough or gentle, whatever I wanted to do.

I pushed down on Mom's back, lifted her hips off the bed and crouched over her, got her up onto hands and knees, pushed her flat on the bed, pulled her head up by her hair, pushed fingers into her mouth—anything I could think of, went. I especially liked holding her little waist in both hands, emphasizing the flare of her ass and hips. In the end, I sat astride her thighs, watching my shaft slowly appear and

disappear, until the urge overcame me and I rode her hard and fast, bucking furiously and rocking the bed noisily. I finished her slowly, letting my cum ooze into her like a tidal pool filling before a surging tide.

I later found out Mom loved it best when I bent her legs way back and squatted over lewdly upturned haunches. On that afternoon, hearing Dad's tools still buzzing in his workshop, I flipped Mom over and did her a second time just like that.

When we finished, Mom whispered, "Like I tried to tell you last night, I'm not dancing for you after school anymore."

"No?" I responded, too exhausted to argue.

"No." Mom confirmed. "We won't have time."

I laughed with her.

"Now go away and let me rest. You've worn me out and I might not be up to more hijinks this week anyway."

Yeah sure. Late that night, after falling asleep and sure in the knowledge I would never want to make love to any other woman, Mom

woke me up. Seems she wanted to be on top. I loved the sound of her soft laughter and tongue in my ear as she worked her hips up and down, ensconcing my shaft with her clasping tunnel.

"I love you, Mom."

"Of course you do."

Her tongue slipped into my ear and she gripped me tight. I was coming again but I knew she wasn't finished and would soon have me hard again. I almost hoped she would dance for me again. I needed the break. However, I was disappointed when the opportunity for a break presented itself within two weeks.

"Your aunt and uncle are coming to visit for a few weeks," Mom announced at breakfast one morning.

Mom almost laughed outright when she saw the disappointment oozing from my face. How could we be together with Dad's sister around the house. Not only that, how would I be able to hide my new feelings around another woman? As Mom saw the fear rising in my eyes, and realized what it was, her expression became less amused. She knew she could hide her feelings from Dad's sister, but could I?

I liked Uncle Tom and Aunt Beth. She was a lot like my father. His kid sister was stiff and proper just like he was but she was quite attractive in her own way. She ran the show at home and her affable husband pretty much knew it. If the past was any guide, he would want Dad to take him fishing and golfing, anything to get away, and that would leave Aunt Beth at home with us. I was looking at a sexual desert for the duration of their stay.

- -

I couldn't have been more wrong.

Mom and I had just a few days to revel in our new, unrestrained relationship before Uncle Tom and Aunt Beth arrived. I guess I should say Aunt Elizabeth which is what I had learned the hard way to call Dad's younger sister in her presence.

Aunt Elizabeth was slim, pretty and uptight. She was a top legal secretary when Uncle Tom arrived at a neighboring firm in the building where she worked. Securing a date with my aunt was a local challenge for the young lawyers working in the building and, even if won, getting anywhere was an impossible task. However, Uncle Tom managed a date in his first week and married my aunt within three months, proving that he was a whiz kid in more than the law.

Uncle Tom didn't want Aunt Elizabeth to work so she retired within the year and led the life of a young lawyer's wife who was on the fast track to partnership. It was a blur of fancy lunches with other lawyers' wives, shopping, holidays, golf and, of course, partying. They bought an expensive house with a large mortgage and two cars—his racy and hers showy—that they couldn't really afford, but Uncle Tom's compensation package was increasing by twenty percent each year so they didn't worry about their debt.

Then everything changed. Uncle Tom was fired almost a year ago. Mom and Dad didn't know the details except that he hadn't been able to secure a new position and was looking for something in a smaller town like ours.

Almost a year without work.

"Thank goodness he made so much money for so many years," Mom commented.

My aunt and uncle's arrival in a low-end Chevy rental car hinted that things were perhaps a little tougher than Mom thought. They had visited us several times before and Uncle Tom always rented a BMW, Mercedes, or Lexus.

Nevertheless, Uncle Tom appeared to be the same affable and outwardly confident person I had always known. Aunt Elizabeth

looked the same too, getting out of the car in her usual uniform, a dark blazer over a white blouse, well-filled for her small frame, and a black skirt. The only variations I had ever seen on Aunt Elizabeth were black pants in place of the skirt, or a black dress. She was wearing the same lipstick that was too red for her pale face and her black hair was swept up in a tight fold behind her head. Her legs were just as shapely as I remembered and covered by black stockings, as usual—something that had always made me wonder if she had varicose veins or some other blemish to hide. Aunt Elizabeth was a woman who could always be recognized by her clothes alone. Once she had found the look she desired, she stuck with it.

Uncle Tom did look older and after a while the affability seemed a little strained. For her part, Aunt Elizabeth was distracted and subdued. She normally ran the show and Uncle Tom was always game to get away with Dad for a game of golf, fishing, or whatever. That hadn't changed. In fact, Uncle Tom seemed more eager than usual and in less than a hour Dad made an excuse for he and my uncle to get away. Mom and I were left alone with Aunt Elizabeth.

The two women were quite different in looks and personality. Mom has a soft body encapsulated within an average build. She is attractive rather than beautiful, with a face that always draws second looks, and is laid back. Aunt Elizabeth was lean and edgy and, although she was pretty, there was a plastic feel about her. With her, you didn't get the impression there was much under the outer shell and wouldn't bother to get to know her. Perhaps that's why she carried an invisible 'back-off' aura, a defense mechanism for being cast aside once people found

little inside to interest them. On the other hand, sensitive people were often intrigued by Mom and some tried hard to get to know her with equally little success.

Mom and Aunt Elizabeth's relationship was based on tolerance. She was Dad's spoiled younger sister and Mom had been a barely tolerated intrusion just as my aunt reached puberty. Often, Aunt Elizabeth made an excuse shortly after the men left to visit a friend on her own. Mom suspected she didn't have any friends in town but was relieved to be spared the awkwardness of her sister-in-law's presence. Neither woman brought up my aunt's visit with her supposed friend in Uncle Tom's presence. They had an understanding.

This time, however, things were different. Aunt Elizabeth hung around and seemed to want to talk. Mom asked her if she wanted some tea but she declined.

"How about coffee?"

"Do you have something to drink?"

"Uh, sure. What would you like?"

"Vodka, gin…whatever. Do you have any scotch?"

"Sure."

"Neat," Aunt Elizabeth said when Mom opened the freezer to get some ice.

Mom delivered two glasses to the kitchen table and glanced at me as if to say buzz off.

"I better study for my math exam," I said.

Mom smiled. "Okay Curtis. You've done your duty. You can go play your game now."

I laughed and Aunt Elizabeth managed a smile. I went upstairs and played a game on the computer, leaving the door open and turning the sound up to support Mom's reason for dismissing me. After a while Aunt Elizabeth's odd demeanor nagged at me. I sneaked to the top of the stairs and heard Mom and my aunt's muffled voices deep in conversation—an oddity in itself—so I crept down a few steps to listen.

Aunt Elizabeth was angry; her cracked voice testified that she was very upset and had likely been crying. Aunt Elizabeth, crying, displaying a human emotion other than steel determination and superiority? Never.

But it was so.

"And now the bastard wants me to go back to work." A gurgle of scotch was followed by the slam of a glass on the table. "Another."

"Do you think you should?" Mom asked. "You've had five already.

"Please," Aunt Elizabeth pleaded.

This was great. Stiff Aunt Elizabeth was getting drunk!

I sat down on the step, heard the clink of a bottle on glass, liquor pouring, a pause and more pouring, and then the bottle being set on the table. A gurgle and a swallow, then Aunt Elizabeth continued speaking.

"All these years I've worn these fucking padded bras so he can look like he's got the big prize and what do I get for it? The fucking prick! Every party, he gets drunk and stares at any woman with big knockers."

Gurgle and a swallow.

"Do you know what a target that made me for all his so-called colleagues? They're always trying to fuck each other's wives, you know. The big competition. Only the new ones chase the secretaries. The older ones know fucking one of those gold-diggers can get them in trouble if they if they trespass on a partner's territory."

I covered my mouth to avoid giving myself away. That was rich, coming from Aunt Elizabeth. This shit was great. I had never even heard my aunt swear before.

"Nope," Aunt Elizabeth slurred. "The wives are the real trophies."

Another gurgle and a glass slamming on the table.

"Then the new partner arrives from another firm. Nobody moves up, so everyone hates him. Not that the chickenshit pricks let on, but they're all pissed. Especially Tom, who should have been next in line. God knows, he's paid his dues."

Gurgle and slam.

"So what does he do?"

"I don't know, Beth. What did he do?"

Wow. Mom called Aunt Elizabeth Beth.

"Guess."

"I have no idea."

"He went after her."

"Who?"

"The new partner's wife. As soon as he saw the hooters on her, he was onto her like that."

There was a loud snap of fingers.

"Beth, are you sure?"

"He tried. She egged him on at parties, of course. The bitch liked the attention, but it was just a game to her and Tom thought it was for real. Probably thought she'd put in a good word for him. Then someone saw them at a restaurant—one of the new secretaries that didn't know enough to keep her mouth shut—so the bitch burned Tom; told her

husband he came on to her and she arranged a meet to tell him to stop. And that was that."

Gurgle and slam. "Another."

Mom didn't protest. A glass was filled, then another. I guess Mom was more or less keeping up.

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

"Are you thinking of a divorce?"

"Oh, God no. We can't afford that. No, but I'm not wearing these fucking things anymore."

I heard rustling, then a popping sound followed immediately by something small clattering on the table and then the floor. Further rustling.

"God damned things."

Something soft landed on the floor and a bit of it became visible in the doorway—half a bra with an empty cup! Well, not quite empty. It was stuffed with foam.

"I'm not dressing like a pumped-up doll for him anymore. He can get a job, any job, even if it isn't as a lawyer. Even better if it isn't as a lawyer."

"It's tough out there, Beth. It might be harder for Tom here than in the city."

"He dug his own hole, now he can get out of it."

That was more like the Aunt Elizabeth I knew.

"Oh, Beth."

Crying. A chair was pushed back, then I heard scuffling footsteps. I pictured Mom coming around the kitchen table to hug her sister-in-law. I wish I could have seen that.

"There, there. Why don't we run a nice hot bath for you?"

Someone tried to get up but stumbled. Aunt Elizabeth appeared in the doorway and hit the far door jamb. Mom grabbed her and I stood up just before she turned, arm around Aunt Elizabeth, and saw me. I walked down the stairs as if I'd already been coming but Mom frowned; she didn't buy it.

"Help me get your aunt upstairs," she said.

"Sure, Mom. What happened?"

Mom gave me a dirty look. "You know what happened."

I was surprised that Aunt Elizabeth looked so woozy and barely conscious when she had been speaking so clearly a minute before. Slurring, sure, but awake. Now she looked ready for bed rather than a bath. I got to the bottom of the stairs and put my arm around Aunt Elizabeth's waist, taking most of her light weight.

"Wait," Mom said.

She turned around and bent down to retrieve something from the kitchen floor. It was Aunt Elizabeth's bra, white and thickly padded—falsies. I looked down at my buxom aunt, or should I say, formerly buxom aunt. Through the lapels of her blouse, flapping open in the absence of two missing buttons, I saw her small breasts, each a small

palm-full and no more, capped by normal-sized nipples that looked slightly out of place.

"Take her up to my room and put her on my bed," Mom instructed.

I walked Aunt Elizabeth up the stairs and Mom passed by us. She was already running the water when I reached her room with Aunt Elizabeth. I sat her on the bed. She mumbled thanks as I pushed her onto her back and swung her feet up on the bed. Her left hand strayed up to cross over her forehead, covering her eyes, and she sighed heavily.

I looked down at Aunt Elizabeth's deflated chest. It looked odd, out of sync with all my memories. I focused on the place where the formerly prominent breasts had been and noticed only a pair of slight swellings with bumps that had to be nipples poking through the cotton blouse. Fuck me, they might be small but Aunt Elizabeth had hot little tits. I pushed her blouse apart with a tentative finger.

"Curtis!"

My hand jerked hand back and I looked up at Mom's angry face.

"She's out, Mom. No need for the bath."

Mom walked around the bed, pushed me aside, and confirmed my assessment. Then she leaned down and gently closed Aunt Elizabeth's blouse.

"Get a blanket," she said.

I got a blanket from the closet and Mom covered my aunt, then stood and surveyed her.

"Wow, she doesn't hold her liquor very well," I said.

"I'm don't think she's used to it…yet."

"Sounds like she has lots to drink about."

"I knew you were listening."

"Do you think they're going to split?" I asked, ignoring the accusation.

"I don't know. If they do, your Dad will want his sister to stay with us."

I looked down at Aunt Elizabeth. She had pushed the blanket off her chest and the blouse was parted again. Her nipples poked against the cotton.

"Jesus, Curtis," Mom jabbed me with her elbow.

I jumped away, moved behind Mom, and grabbed her arms. I only meant to restrain her to protect myself but pulling her arms back thrust her breasts against her chest. I nuzzled her neck and pushed my groin against her bottom.

"Maybe it would be good for Aunt Elizabeth to have someone around who appreciates her the way she is."

"Shhhhh."

"Mom, she's passed out."

"I don't care."

I rolled my hardon against Mom's ass.

"She's got little ones, but they're nice."

"Curtis, for Christ's sake."

"Okay, okay," I whispered.

I slipped my hands around to grasp the front of Mom's blouse.

"Her nipples aren't so little, though."

"Stop it, Curtis."

"Well, they aren't."

Mom looked closer and I pushed Aunt Beth's blouse apart.

"Curtis."

"Let's peek inside."

"Good God, don't be ridiculous."

I got another of Mom's buttons undone and slid my hands inside her blouse to grasp her breasts outside her bra. I massaged her tits and felt her respond. Despite her disapproval, she was aroused.

"Stop it. She might wake up."

"No she won't. Come on, let's see what Little Miss Uppity's got," I said, playing into all the times Mom had to hold her tongue in Aunt Elizabeth's haughty presence.

"Just a quick peek," I urged.

I rubbed my thumbs across Mom's bra-encased nipples and felt them harden so I squeezed her breasts and massaged them through the bra.

"Come on, Mom," I whispered. "Let me look."

My thighs pressed into the back of Mom's and my bulge nudged a slot into her skirt. I breathed onto the nape of her neck and kissed it, nibbling with my lips before pulling away to whisper in her ear.

"We could go to my room instead."

I was sure she would decline the offer with Aunt Elizabeth in the house so I was surprised when Mom pushed her backside against me and said, "Okay."

I flipped Mom's bra up to free her tits and grabbed them, capturing her stiff nipples between thumbs and fingers. "Let's look first."

"Do you have to?" Mom whispered, rubbing her skirt on me.

"Yes," I breathed thickly into her ear.

"Go ahead, then, if you have to, but be careful."

"Maybe you should do it."

I squeezed Mom's tits for emphasis and shoved my cock into her ass. Incredibly, Mom leaned forward, hovered over Aunt Elizabeth, and deftly slipped another button undone. She delicately parted the blouse to one side and revealed Aunt Elizabeth's left tit. When she straightened up, I undid another of her buttons.

"Stop it. Ok, you've had your look. Now let's go."

"I want to show her what real tits look like," I whispered.

I pulled Mom's blouse apart.

"Curtis! This is crazy."

Mom complained but her nipples were harder than I had ever felt them. I wondered if she felt a rare sense of superiority over her sister-in-law, with her more substantial breasts or was she, like me, just getting off on the danger of what we were doing?

"Curtis, really. We have to go."

Belying her anxiety, Mom arched her back and proudly thrust her tits outward.

"Okay, do her up then," I said, managing to work a disappointment I didn't feel into my voice.

I released Mom and went into the bathroom to shut off the water which was still running in the tub. When I returned, Mom had pulled the blanket up to cover Aunt Elizabeth and had presumably rebuttoned her blouse. She pulled the bra over her own breasts and started to button her blouse just as I stepped behind her. I stayed back a bit so she

wouldn't know what I was doing until it was too late. She had only one more button to do when she felt me raising her skirt.

"Curtis, no!"

"Come on, Mom. We'll laugh about it after."

Struggling, Mom nevertheless let me pull her skirt up to her hips. She protested half-heartedly as I pushed her panties down in the back to the top of her thighs, baring her ass. Quickly, I put my arms around her belly, squatted down a little, and brought myself close. In one swift motion, I brought my bare cock up between her legs, angled them over the waistband of her panties, and pushed in, striking the bulls eye and slipping inside an inch or so before Mom could react.

"Curtis!"

Mom hadn't whispered and Aunt Elizabeth groaned and turned halfway over.

"Shhhhh," I cautioned.

Mom tried to push my arms down and away but I held her firmly and shoved my cock deeper. I straightened up and lifted Mom up onto her tippy-toes.

I groaned. "I've missed you so much."

Mom relaxed her grip on my arms.

"Me too," she whispered. "But we can't do it here. It's too dangerous."

"If she starts to wake up, I'll just slip out," I panted. "You're still dressed so she'll never know."

I didn't mention that I would be caught with my pants around my ankles.

"Let's do it," I grinned into Mom's neck, pulling almost all the way out and thrusting slowly back in. "Right under her snooty nose."

"Don't be mean, baby. She's hurting inside."

I didn't answer. Instead, I thrust in and out of Mom several more times. She wasn't fighting me anymore and I think she was resigned to the fact

that it would cause less of a disturbance to let me fuck her right there in front of Dad's passed out sister. I pushed my hands up under Mom's blouse and grabbed her tits again.

"I love you, Mom," I moaned, moving steadily in and out of her.

I leaned forward, hugging her to get better penetration, and slipped my hands down to her hips. Mom gave way and as she bent forward I stepped back, pulling her hips tight against me so she her hair wouldn't fall over Aunt Elizabeth. After a few more strokes, my legs started to tremble and I stepped back again. Mom's shoulders dropped closer to the floor but my grip on her hips kept her close. Mom was almost doubled over now, hands pressing on the rug to brace herself, while I banged into her with a steady rhythm.

Aunt Elizabeth was forgotten now. Mom and I hadn't made love for several days and we missed each other. It didn't take long us to come. I came first and that seemed to trigger her release. Afterward, we retired to my room where we cuddled, whispered and laughed until we heard Dad and Uncle Tom arriving home.

Mom had been quite turned on by fucking in front of Aunt Elizabeth and getting away with it. Of course, she was a little tipsy herself which reminded me of Dad giving me extra money to make sure she had lots of wine for dinner. I'm pretty sure Mom wouldn't have done it if she

hadn't been loosened up by a few drinks. I shelved that bit of knowledge for future reference.

- -

The rest of the week went by without incident. Aunt Elizabeth showed up every morning with her falsies back in place. When she was around, I couldn't help focusing on the starched white blouse or light sweater, always pulled tightly into her black skirt or pants. I tried not to look because I knew that women are aware when you're looking at them that way but I couldn't help it.

I hadn't had a chance to get together with Mom, mostly, I suspected, because she avoided me when whenever there was an opportunity to be alone. I don't think she was punishing me. I think she just didn't want to risk getting caught and didn't trust herself not to let her guard down after what had happened in her room.

Uncle Tom and Aunt Elizabeth were having little success in their job search and the tension between them began to surface, not outright, but visible nonetheless in needlessly terse communications. The angst spread to me when Dad announced on Saturday morning that, due to their lack of progress on the job front, Uncle Tom and Aunt Elizabeth would be staying for at least another week and probably two or three. After assuring Dad that was fine with her, Mom glowered at the disappointment plainly displayed on my face, but when Dad looked

away, her expression became more sympathetic and she shrugged in empathy. I held my hand out to my side, palm up, looked at it, and shrugged back. Mom burst out laughing.

"What?" Dad asked, turning around.

"Nothing," we both replied at once.

He shook his head and wandered off.

After dinner, Uncle Tom suggested he and Dad take a look at the pub he had been talking about in the afternoon and maybe play a game of darts. Dad looked confused until Uncle Tom reminded him he had said it was a good place Dad to make contacts. So off they went, leaving Mom and I and Aunt Elizabeth alone.

"They're just going out to drink," Aunt Elizabeth said. "Tom's been doing a lot of that lately."

"I wish Ted would. It's a relief to get him out of the house."

Aunt Elizabeth looked at Mom and laughed. "Isn't that the truth?"

"Yeah," Mom replied. "Sometimes it's just so much easier without men around."

"Hey," I chimed in.

"You're an exception," Mom said.

"Maybe your generation is different," Aunt Elizabeth said.

She came over to me and gave me a bear hug, her challenged height forcing her small breasts into my stomach, accompanied by the faint stab of her nipples.

"Should we watch a chick flick?" Mom suggested.

"Yeah. How about Alien," I suggested. "It's got Sigourney Weaver in it."

The thought of watching Sigourney Weaver's lank frame with her great slingers jostling free beneath an undershirt with Aunt Elizabeth in the room turned my crank. Mom scowled at me, reading my mind perfectly.

"Deal, if you watch a real chick flick with us after," Aunt Elizabeth countered.

"You put the movie in," Mom instructed me. "I'll make some snacks, and you pour the drinks," she said, looking at Aunt Elizabeth.

Surprised at my quick-thinking suggestion and the fact I had gotten away with it, I put the movie in the DVD player and took a spot on the end of the couch. By the time I got through the trailers, Aunt Elizabeth had arrived with the drinks and set them down on the coffee table in front of the couch. I paused the movie to wait for Mom.

Aunt Elizabeth sat next to me but left more than a foot between us. Mom arrived right after with a plate of smoked salmon with crackers and dip and a bowl of chips. She looked at the three drinks.

"I think Coke would be fine for Curtis," Mom said.

"Oh Lisa. He's almost nineteen."

"Maybe we should have wine then. He can have some of that."

"Okay. First wine, and then scotch."

"Not for Curtis."

"Okay, just wine for Curtis," Aunt Elizabeth echoed.

"I'll get it," Mom said.

While she was in the kitchen, Aunt Elizabeth picked up one of the scotches and downed it in a single gulp. If was strange, seeing such a small, slight woman down a hard drink like that. She nodded expectantly at me.

"Get rid of it while the getting's good," she said.

I downed the glass the same way Aunt Elizabeth did but couldn't help coughing just as Mom returned with a bottle and three wine glasses.

"Curtis!"

"It's my fault. I made him," Aunt Elizabeth laughed.

"That was sneaky," Mom barked, frowning at me.

"Oh Lisa. Don't be such a hardass. Let him be."

"Okay," Mom said. "But don't do it again." She sat on the other side of Aunt Elizabeth, picked up the remaining scotch, and said, "I guess I better remove the temptation."

When Mom set her empty glass on the table I started the movie. As the film progressed, we ate the chips and the smoked salmon. The wine disappeared less rapidly and the undershirt scene with Sigourney was over far too soon. I knew there was another one near the end and hoped we were into the second bottle by then. For now, I was happy that Mom's constant visits to the salmon plate had pressed her close to Aunt Elizabeth and she in turn moved closer me.

We paused the movie about two thirds through to let Mom to select another bottle of wine. While she was gone, Aunt Elizabeth poured three shots of scotch and downed one right away, then passed the other one to me.

"Live a little," she said.

I shook my head but Aunt Elizabeth pushed it toward my lips. What the hell; I drank it. Mom returned with the wine, then noted the glass of scotch in front of her, the empty in Aunt Elizabeth's hand, and the other empty which I had replaced exactly where it had come from.

"Not for me," Mom said.

"More for me," Aunt Elizabeth said and grabbed the last scotch. She didn't down this one but held it while Mom poured three glasses of wine, handed one to me, and picked one up herself while Aunt Elizabeth continued to nurse her scotch. I hit play to start the movie.

Mom grabbed the last chunk of smoked salmon and stretched her feet out on the coffee table. Aunt Elizabeth grabbed a handful of chips, leaned back into the couch, and put her black-stocking feet on the coffee table too. Mom had stretched her legs out flat but Aunt Elizabeth braced her feet on the edge of the table. Her knees were thus raised but she could still see over them.

I sipped my wine and watched the movie. It was several minutes before I realized that Aunt Elizabeth's black skirt had slid quite a ways down her thighs, leaving a creamy white gap between the lacy top of the black stockings and the hem of her skirt. My gaze was repeatedly dragged down and to the left, more attracted to Aunt Elizabeth's legs than Sigourney's undershirt. I sipped my wine more frequently as an excuse to tilt my head forward for a look-see before tipping the glass up.

It was amazing how much the exposure of two inches of thigh aroused me. Aunt Elizabeth's legs thighs were slender and tapered out from her knees until they abruply widened in that two inch gap. I knew what they were widening toward and couldn't get it out of my mind. I kept

imagining the shape of her pussy and wondered if it was covered in wiry black hair or whether my aunt shaved it to please Uncle Tom, much the way she wore falsies for him. Was she wearing panties? Of course, you idiot. This is Aunt Elizabeth. Still, what if she wasn't? I had never seen her drink before. What else did she do?

My eyes glazed over as I feigned watching the movie while I pictured big Uncle Tom wallowing over tiny Aunt Elizabeth. I screwed up my face at the thought.

"Scared?" Aunt Elizabeth asked, jabbing me in the side with her elbow.

"No," I replied vehemently.

I returned my attention to the movie but my gaze soon slid back to my aunt's legs. I must have been too obvious because she leaned forward, put her almost empty glass on the table, and tried to tug her skirt down when she sat back. It resisted, however, and the magic gap remained. Aunt Elizabeth fixated on the movie but the rigidity of her gaze informed me she was aware of my glances at her legs.

I had been caught. So what the hell? I may as well look because you can't be burnt twice for the same crime. I appreciated the pale skin exposed by the gap and wondered what it would be like to slide my hand inside that skirt the way I had done with Mom in the car. Wouldn't it be awesome if I could simply place my hand on Aunt

Elizabeth's legs and push it under her skirt without her or Mom minding? Why wasn't the world like that?

The movie ended far too soon. I was glad I had agreed to watch a chick flick because I didn't want to leave the couch. I could easily spend another hour or so looking at, and thinking about, Aunt Elizabeth's legs.

"What should we watch now?" Mom asked.

"I don't know," Aunt Elizabeth replied. "I don't really feel like watching a chick flick."

"I don't mind," I said. "A deal's a deal."

"I'm not into it," Aunt Elizabeth said.

"Well, should we call it a night?" Mom asked.

Shit!

"Hell no," Aunt Elizabeth said.

"We could watch Aliens," I suggested. "If that's alright with Aunt Elizabeth."

"I'll watch it on one condition," Aunt Elizabeth said.

"Oh, oh. Here it comes," I said.

"Stop calling me Aunt Elizabeth."

"Okay, Elizabeth it is."

"Oh, I don't think so, young man. I'm still your aunt."

I looked at my aunt, confused. She smiled at some amusing thought in her head and said, "You can call me Aunt Beth. I like the sound of that better. Elizabeth is too uptight. Goodbye Elizabeth." With that, Aunt Beth picked up the scotch glass and tossed off the dregs.

"Hear, hear," Mom said, and took a swig of wine.

Aunt Beth got up and gave instructions like Mom had done at the start of the first movie.

"You get more snacks, you put the next movie in, and I'll get more comfortable."

Mom dug up some cheese and crackers while I put the movie in and filled the wine glasses. I took the empty bottle into the kitchen and Mom got another.

"There won't be a replay last week. You know that, don't you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I replied innocently.

"Your aunt isn't going to pass out again and even if she does, I'm not doing anything in front of her again, so forget it."

I tried to put my arms around Mom to give her a smooch but she pushed me away. I protested, saying if Aunt Elizabeth passed out I didn't see why we shouldn't take advantage of it.

"Let's cross that bridge when we get to it," I said, barely able to suppress a smile a being able to sling one of Mom's more irritating phrases back at her.

"No way," Mom said.

I returned to the living room and took my seat and Aunt Beth sat beside me when she came back, putting her feet up on the edge of the coffee table again. Mom sat with feet on the floor and busied herself putting cheese on crackers and handing a napkin full of them to Aunt Beth and then one to me. As I reached across Aunt Beth's knees it struck me that she hadn't changed, so what had she meant by 'get more comfortable'?

Mom filled her own napkin full of cheese and crackers and we all munched for a minute while staring at the paused screen because the remote was in my lap and my hands were full. Mom and Aunt Beth began talking and I took the opportunity to reacquaint myself with her legs, pleased to see that the band of bare skin was still there. If anything, it was wider, Aunt Beth's skirt having ridden higher up her thighs. She was wearing the same white blouse, the same black skirt, and the same black stockings. Nothing had changed.

And then I saw it.

A piece of cheese fell out of my mouth as my jaw went slack. A few flakes of cracker followed. Thankfully, neither Mom nor Aunt Beth were paying attention to me so I picked up the chunk of cheese and stared.

At Aunt Beth's chest.

The falsies were gone!

The phony, bloated swell of starched white blouse was absent, replaced by a sag of material over a more muted landscape, like snow covering a valley marked by two gentle landmarks. There wasn't any topological contrast between the white blouse and the 'V' of skin dividing the lapels diverging from two disconnected buttons.

"Start the movie, Curtis," Mom's curt voice broke me out of my reverie. It sounded like she was less happy with me than I thought.

Mom was looking at me but switched her gaze to the TV as soon as I looked up. She rolled her eyes and her face tightened. Aunt Beth was already watching the paused movie and continued to do so while I fumbled with the remote. I knew Mom had caught me staring and was sure that Aunt Beth knew what I'd been doing too, if only by Mom's reaction. My face reddened and as soon as I got the movie started I dropped the remote. I had to bend over to retrieve it from the floor when it fell under Aunt Beth's legs. I grabbed it and turned my head.

I couldn't help myself. I was out of their sight and just had to steal a peek up Aunt Beth's skirt. Of course, I couldn't see anything except black stockings but it still made me stiffen in my pants. When I sat up, the remote accidentally scraped across the underside of Aunt Beth's right thigh but she continued watching the trailers intently as if nothing had happened. For my part, I kept my eyes to myself and tried to be good.

We were a ways into the movie when Aunt Beth leaned forward to replenish her napkin. When she sat back, I noticed the V in her blouse was deeper. Evidently, there had been three unsecured buttons, not two. Evidently, the lapels had just been lying sufficiently close together to hide the liberal state of the third one.

Aunt Beth jerked forward, nibbling at a bit of cracker threatening to break away from the main piece. She managed to scoop it into her mouth but, in leaning forward to do so, her blouse gapped open and I had a brief yet clear view of her small, unencumbered left breast as it dangled off her chest, pert and larger-than-life nipple perched cheekily on top.

When Aunt Beth leaned back, my eyes strained toward her while feigning a forward orientation. Despite the difficulties of the challenge, I managed to fix the position of her left nipple under the blouse and quickly ascertained the likely position of the right. Thereafter, my gaze shifted, whenever it could do so relatively undetected, to roam across the axis connecting those two points with a periodic glance to the skirt-stocking gap.

Aliens proved to be a great movie. Unfortunately, before it ended, Dad and Uncle Tom arrived home. Mom asked me to put the scotch and wine bottles away before they came in, which I did. I returned to the living room just as Mom passed me with empty plates and discarded napkins and the door opened. I snapped a glance at Aunt Beth and

caught her doing up the buttons on her blouse. Both Dad and Uncle Tom immediately noticed the absence of her normally blossoming chest but neither said a word. I bid everyone good night and made my escape before anything awkward was said.

- -

The next day was Sunday. Everybody slept in and sauntered into the kitchen at different times. When I arrived, Mom, Aunt Beth and Dad were already there. Uncle Tom was still in bed, evidently with a sizeable hangover. Mom was dressed in a blouse and slacks but Aunt Beth, uncharacteristically, was still in a robe, a pair of black stockings extending below.

I consumed my toast and juice in a leisurely fashion. I had very much enjoyed watching movies with Mom and Aunt Beth the previous night and was keen to spend similar evenings with them. Aside from the erotic aspect, I liked hanging out with them. It had been quite different from interactions with girls my own age. These women were confident in their sexuality, including Aunt Beth who, despite her insecurity about the size of her bosom, was still aware of her power to attract men.

Anyway, I was enjoying waking up slowly, able to sit in the kitchen as part of the background while Mom and Aunt Beth chatted to one another—Dad was also silent but, unlike me, paid no attention to the women.

Eventually, Aunt Beth went downstairs to get dressed and to tell Uncle Tom to get up. All of my attention was then transferred to Mom until she decided to make me useful and sent me downstairs to bring up the laundry. As I passed by the guest bedroom I tried to peek through the door which was open about six inches, hoping to maybe catch Aunt Beth getting dressed, but I couldn't see anything except the end of the bed. I paused briefly to listen but only heard the deep breathing of my uncle. I was about to carry on when I heard someone in the laundry room so I stepped quietly to the corner and peeked around it.

Aunt Beth was in the laundry room facing left toward the washer and dryer. She was hitching a skirt up under her robe and kinking her hips from side-to-side to get a snug fit. When the skirt was in place, she turned her back more squarely toward me and shrugged the robe off her shoulders. It dropped to the floor in a pile but my eyes didn't follow it down because I was staring at the smooth white skin of Aunt Beth's bare back.

Completely bare, no bra strap. Her pale skin contrasted starkly with the black skirt and stockings covering the lower half of her body. As I watched, Aunt Beth turned and picked up a white blouse from the basket sitting on top of the dryer, exposing the front of her body in a sideways relief. Her small breasts were obscured by her arm except for the tips of her nipples but when she raised her arms to slip her hands through the sleeves of the blouse, the left breast was completely uncovered and thrust forward.

My vision rapidly telescoped in to focus on that little tit, and time seemed to slow down so I could appreciate the erotic nature of the moment. It was beautifully formed and I was surprised to note that it looked larger than it appeared when hidden under a blouse. I liked the relatively large size of the nipple compared to the rest of the breast and felt an urge to rush in and fix my lips upon it. My cock flexed as I imagined the feel of that elongated nipple sucking into my mouth.

I must have spent more time enjoying the fruits of my imagination than I thought because, when consciousness returned, Aunt Beth had finished buttoning the front of the blouse and was tucking it into her skirt. I realized she was about to leave and would discover me standing at the end of the hallway gawking at her. Should I turn and run?

I willed myself to move but forward rather than back. After all, I had a legitimate excuse—Mom had asked me to fetch the laundry—but felt I should at least be moving toward her and not standing in the dark end of the hallway, spying.

Nevertheless, my willpower proved insufficient to cause locomotion, but it didn't matter because Aunt Beth stayed in the laundry room. She bent over slightly and pushed the stocking on her left leg down past her knee, then did the same for the right. Lifting her foot at a right angle, she completed the removal of each stocking in turn, and tossed them into the open door of the washing machine. For the first time in my life, I was looking at Aunt Beth's uncovered legs.

I strained my head forward, trying to get a better view. From here, there were no discernible marks or blemishes that would warrant covering her legs. In fact, Aunt Beth seemed to have really nice legs. True, I couldn't see under the skirt so it was possible that her upper thighs had succumbed to cellulite but then they were under the skirt and wouldn't need to be covered by dark stockings anyway. So why did she always wear them? Were they really just a fashion preference?

I started walking toward Aunt Beth just as she grabbed the basket from the top of the dryer and turned to leave. I met her at the door and inadvertently blocked her way as I looked at her legs, still interested in them but mostly trying to avoid staring at her chest.

Aunt Beth chuckled. "Were you expecting scars?"

I looked up at her, blushed, then looked away. "No."

"It's okay. Everyone wonders why I always wear stockings." She smiled. "So what to you think?"

Behind the basket, Aunt Beth turned her feet this way and that, presenting a side view of each leg.

"Very nice," I gulped.

I hadn't meant to be so admiring but when Aunt Beth turned her feet, I noticed that her toenails were meticulously painted in a soft rouge that would have looked much better on her face than her usual bright red lipstick. Why would she take the time to paint her nails so carefully just to hide them?

Aunt Beth could see what was on my mind.

"I like my nails to look nice," she said, offering the explanation I hadn't outwardly sought.

"Oh."

"Are you a leg man, Curtis?"

I blushed profusely, looked at the floor and the wall, and started to stammer.

Aunt Beth laughed. "I'm just kidding," she said, then added, "but seriously, do you think I have nice legs?"

She seemed serious, so I looked at her legs again. Strangley, now that I had been asked to look right at them, the color began to drain from my face.

"Yes, you do Aunt Beth. In fact, your legs are really nice."

"You're not kidding, are you, because I need something to help me in the job market now that I've, uh, well…anyway, are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure."

I met her eyes to show that I was sincere. It was strange how seconds ago I was completely flustered but now felt in control of the situation. Of course, as soon as I that confident feeling registered, I blew it by glancing down into the V of Aunt Beth's blouse which was open about halfway down. There wasn't much of anything to see but I knew exactly what was under there and it must have showed on my face. I jerked my head and caught Aunt Beth with a funny expression on her face. It wasn't until I looked away, flustered again, that I realized she seemed pleased.

I tried to get past Aunt Beth and we jammed up in the doorway, the basket between us, each working sideways to get through. As we struggled, I looked at Aunt Beth's blouse again. She twisted her body, presenting me with a white blouse with the outline of her breast

imprinted upon it. For someone used to hiding bloated falsies she sure knew the best way to present her limited charms.

As we broke free, Aunt Beth smiled and said, "I hope we can watch another movie I go. I enjoyed myself last night."

"Me too," I replied, turning away from her and discovering I was trapped in the laundry room.

"Don't tell your mother I showed you my legs."

"I won't."

"Promise?"

I turned to look at Aunt Beth. "Promise," I said.

She smiled and truned to walk slowly down the hallway, her bare feet moving silently through the carpet, and her very fine legs arching up to disappear under a nicely swishing skirt.

Yum.

Upstairs, I felt guilty, not about yearning for my aunt but for ignoring Mom. For the rest of the morning, I tried to make up for it by paying extra attention to her when I could. In the early afternoon, just before Mom effectively ordered Dad and Uncle Tom out of the house by suggesting they go golfing or anything to get out of her hair, Mom told me to stop trying to butter her up.

"I can see how your aunt has grabbed your imagination, at least, down there," she said, glancing at my crotch. "It is what it is and I'm not jealous, but be careful because we have a lot to lose."

I knew better than to argue with Mom's perception. I simply nodded.

"You've really been intrigued ever since you found out her big breasts were fake, haven't you?"

"Not really," I lied.

I don't know why I denied it because Mom could see I was and I knew I couldn't fool her. She was right but I had no idea why. I was indeed hot for Aunt Beth but didn't want Mom to know. I thought of the incident in the laundry room and wondered why my aunt had asked me not to tell Mom I had seen her legs, or rather, she had specifically said not to tell Mom she had shown me her legs.

Had she been aware of my presence all along, even while changing into her blouse, sort of putting on a show? Maybe so. I was now convinced she had been aware of me looking at her legs while we were watching the movies. Did she like teasing me right under Mom's nose? Was she just having a little fun giving a teenager a thrill or was there more to it than that?

- -

Uncle Tom didn't get up for another hour and, when he did, he wasn't in a very good mood. Several frowning looks at his wife's chest clearly indicated why, though he didn't say anything which was probably wise on his part. Nevertheless, his presence was like an elephant in the room.

When Mom pushed Dad and Uncle Tom out of the house, I wondered if she was condoning my infatuation with Aunt Beth or just trying to get rid of my uncle. She actually hadn't forbidden me to pursue anyhing with my aunt, she had only said I should be careful. Would she really let me have a go at her?

A comment from Aunt Beth put the whole notion to rest. As soon as Dad and Uncle Tom were out the door, she thanked Mom for getting rid of them. I guess it had been her idea and not Mom's.

"I'm so glad you did because I don't feel like shopping," she added.

This was interesting. The plan must have been for Mom and Aunt Beth to go shopping but instead she had asked Mom to get rid of Dad and Uncle Tom. Could this possibly have something to do with the laundry room incident? My nerves were on edge, in a good way.

"Well, if you're going to stay with your new look, we should get you some blouses that fit, and maybe even get a little color on you."

"I have a few old blouses. They're a little out of style but still nice."

"Did you bring any with you?"

"Yes."

That was surprising, unless Aunt Beth didn't wear them when she and Uncle Tom were home, or when she was alone. Or maybe she had been thinking about getting a fresh start in a new town where nobody had seen her in falsies? But then, why had she worn them for the job interviews? I swear, women are hard to fathom.

"Then why don't you put one on and get rid of that ill-fitting thing while we get a movie ready, something suitable for women to watch," Mom pointedly looked at me.

"Let's watch Alien Resurrection instead," Aunt Beth countered.

"Yeah," I chimed in.

"Fine," Mom replied, going down in defeat all too easily.

Aunt Beth left to get changed and Mom again cautioned me to be careful around her which made me think first, that she was possibly aware of potential hijinks between me and Aunt Beth, and that two, she really didn't want me to do anything.

When Aunt Beth returned, Mom and I were in the living room and had just set out a tray with tea and biscuits. Mom was sitting down on the couch and I was crouching in front of the DVD player.

"How about this?"

Aunt Beth twisted her upper torso from left to right a few times, modeling her new blouse. Though still white, at least it wasn't starchy. Rather, it was a silky affair that settled gently over her modest charms, being finely made with several quarter inch lines of shiny finish running vertically down the front over each breast. The blouse clung to

Aunt Beth's body and the lines emphasized the shape of her breasts, artificially augmenting their presence.

Like the starched white affair she had put on in the morning, Aunt Beth had left the top buttons undone. However, unlike the morning blouse, this one didn't billow stiffly open to offer unintentional glimpses of her bare breasts. Nonetheless, there was no mistake that Aunt Beth was going unholstered and the fine material of this blouse did little to camouflage her breasts, especially the nipples.

Mom said, "That's much better but it's still white. Can't we get a little color on you?"

Aunt Beth replied, "I like white and black together. What do you think, Curtis?"

She turned toward me, swiveled from left to right, and, unlike when she was showing Mom, tugged the blouse tightly over her breasts so the nipples almost burst through the silky material. I blinked.

"They look great," I said.

Aunt Beth smiled and Mom frowned but neither mentioned my blunder.

"Start the movie, Curtis," Mom said.

"Okay."

I started the movie and took my seat. Aunt Beth was the last to sit down and though Mom was sitting close enough to me that it made sense for my aunt to sit on Mom's other side, she squeezed in between. Immediately, she settle back and slouched down so she could put her feet up on the edge of the coffee table with her knees raised.

I was good for about twenty minutes before my attention began to stray. Since Aunt Beth's skirt wasn't as tight as the one she'd worn the night before it had slipped higher up her thighs to yield a wider gap. The memory of her legs, so briefly viewed that morning, pressed hard upon my mind, making me wish the stockings had been part of the change in wardrobe so I could examine the soft, bare flesh of her legs.

It was hard to switch between the stocking-skirt gap and the silky carpet covering Aunt Beth's chest. Each time I focused on one, the other pulled me away. My attention was stolen from one or the other whenever a scary part of the movie caused both Mom and Aunt Beth to squeal like little girls, or when a tea cup needed to be refilled but mostly I was left to choose what to enjoy within the limits of my attention span.

In the last quarter of the movie, while leaning forward to grab the last of the biscuits, I accidentally bumped the remote. It skittered from lying parallel between us to a position perpendicular to my leg and under Aunt Beth's raised knees. I finished the biscuits and reached down to get the remote, moving slowly so as not to distract either Mom or Aunt Beth from the movie.

The remote was for our older DVD play was a hefty affair. After retrieving it, instead of putting it back, I held onto it and casually swung the far end around in a small oval. This was a strange thing to do if I didn't want to distract the women from the movie but it was unintentional and, when I noticed, I wondered why I was doing it myself.

The end of the remote grazed the underside of Aunt Beth's thigh, just above the knee. Her eyes flickered but otherwise she didn't outwardly register the touch, so about thirty seconds later, I did it again, this time on purpose. Again, there was a slight flicker at the corner of her eye but nothing else. Aunt Beth probably realized that the first scrape may have been an accident, but not the second.

The thrill that boyish flirtation caused within me was surprising. I immediately began to react internally as if Aunt Beth had suddenly turned toward me and pulled her blouse apart. I swung the remote upward several times during the next few minutes, each time making the end contact the underside of her thighs. After a few such

connections, I was able to distinguish between contacting the black stockings and touching the bare flesh of Aunt Beth's legs.

Given my aunt's lack of response, I became more adventurous. I lodged the end of the remote between her stockings and let it slide until it met bare flesh. On the fifth such journey, I shifted my hand to allow the remote to continue its trip inside Aunt Beth's skirt, and this caused a reaction. Aunt Beth coughed. Startled, I lost my grip on the remote.

I stared at the couch, neck muscles rigid, bracing myself for an angry reaction from Aunt Beth, or even from Mom whom I had forgotten about in my reverie. Fortunately, nothing happened and after several long seconds, during which I dared not breathe, I hazarded a glance at Mom. She was enthralled with the movie and was obviously unaware of my activities. Thank God for that. For her part, Aunt Beth seemed equally oblivious which didn't make sense. How could she not be aware?

What to do? I couldn't very well leave the remote hanging in Aunt Beth's skirt. I had to get it back. Cautiously, I moved my fingers around the hem until I located it, being careful to keep my attention purposely fixed upon the TV. Unfortunately, I bumped the remote a couple of times before securing it in my grasp and sucked in my breath both times. However, Aunt Beth seemed to know what I was trying to do and tolerated my blunders. I suspect her only concern was for me to get it the hell out of her skirt without Mom finding out it was there, which wouldn't look good for either of us.

I finally got a solid grip on the remote and started to slide it out of Aunt Beth's skirt and that's when the devil gripped my soul. Instead of retrieving the remote, I raised it until the end established contact with Aunt Beth's inner thighs, and then I pushed it deeper within her skirt. My aunt's eyes widened but she remained silent so I kept pushing the remote until it met sufficient resistance to block further progress. At first, I thought this was due to the closure of Aunt Beth's legs but then realized the remote had been skidding along the underside of her thighs and not between them. Therefore, the remote might have been blocked when it made contact with my aunt's panties. The look on her face confirmed my suspicion.

The realization that Aunt Beth had tolerated me pushing the remote inside her skirt, without recrimination, caused me to unintentionally relinquish my hold on the wayward device. I was sure this was a sign she was desperate not to draw Mom's attention to our predicament, something that was also in my interest.

Okay, Curtis. Enough enough, I thought.

I tried to regain control of the remote so I could end my foolishness but failed and only managed to bump the end of it, tapping it gently against whatever was blocking it—I guess, Aunt Beth's panties. That knowledge made my cock painfully lengthen into full erection but I didn't want to move, even to relieve my discomfort, or do anything that

would call attention to this delicate situation. I didn't want to stop but I had to.

But, what if I could continue without Mom seeing? I had been careful not to attract her attention because I knew she wouldn't react kindly to this stealthy titillation after her warnings. I also knew Aunt Beth would be horrified if her sister-in-law knew she was letting her nephew touch her in such a way but, if Mom wasn't there, would she let me? The exchange in the laundry room hinted she would, as did the revealing exposition of her blouse just before the movie. If I was careful, would Aunt Beth let me continue? Would she have a choice? Even if Aunt Beth god mad, she wouldn't say anything until later and I had already done enough to catch shit. So, what the hell?

Again and again, I tapped the end of the remote, and each time I connected it sent a burst of tingles throughout my groin and zipping up my shaft to the twitching tip. The thought that my finger taps, through the remote, might be imparting similar pleasure to my aunt added to the bliss spreading through me.

Aunt Beth stiffened and that made me re-evaluate the situation. There was a difference between flirting and doing, and that awareness had made me cautious in my courtship of Mom. If Aunt Beth was restraining herself simply to avoid an embarrassing situation, the more I tapped, the more awkward she would feel and that might translate to greater anger and a diminished chance of carrying on when we were

alone. That thought dampened my enthusiasm so I stopped tapping the remote. The movie ended shortly after anyway.

Aunt Beth leaned forward and under the cover of dropping her feet from the edge of the coffee table, deftly slipped the remote out of her skirt and tossed it onto the couch between us to its original position.

"That was a great movie, she exclaimed. "Do you have others like that?"

I was encouraged that Aunt Beth wanted to watch another movie and wondered if simply tossing the remote between us and not saying anything was a signal of forgiveness. Or was she testing me to see if I would redeem myself with good behavior during the next movie and only then withhold punishment?

Mom interrupted my train of thought, jumping up to say, "I want to show you something, Beth. Wait here and I'll be right back."

Mom ran up the stairs. Aunt Beth looked at me, amused confusion at Mom's departure showing on her face. Her smile faded a little as she registered the apprehension on my mine.

"What's she up to?" she asked.

"I have no idea."

And I didn't. I was still digesting the fact that Aunt Beth hadn't laid into me as soon as Mom left. I had expected to really get it despite hoping that she didn't mind. The DVD was running the credits to the movie and both of us watched them roll by. Aunt Beth didn't get up or move away from me which surprised me. I wanted to turn to her, to explain myself, or even better, kiss her and maybe touch those little darlings on her chest.

Aunt Beth was fixated on the credits, aware of my observation but studiously ignoring it. Perhaps too studiously. I looked down at her chest and was surprised to see her nipples literally stabbing through the silky blouse. Wow! She was aroused.

Or, could anger make them stiffen up like that?

I was about to speak, had almost mustered the courage to twist around to take Aunt Beth into my arms, when Mom started down the stairs.

"God, you two look like zombies. You know the movie's over, don't you."

"Oh yeah."

I picked up the remote to turn the DVD off. My hand slid over the end as I picked it up and I was shocked to feel how warm it was and that, if not damp, it was clammy as if it had been through a thick fog. I managed to get the DVD turned off and looked at Mom, feeling that if I looked at Aunt Beth my new knowledge would be revealed.

Mom was wearing a robe and she was starting a CD. She was going to dance!

Aunt Beth looked at me and I shrugged. Mom removed her robe to reveal the green and gold costume and started to move. Aunt Beth gasped when she rolled her hips and put her belly into play.

"You should try this, Beth. It's really fun, isn't it, Curtis?"

I nodded. "Yup."

Aunt Beth tossed me a weird look and then turned to watch Mom, which she did in silence for the whole first song. At first just curious and surprised, in the end her expression registered appreciation for Mom's skill.

"Have you danced in public?" Aunt Beth asked.

"Oh no. I took lessons so I could do it for Ted but he wasn't interested."

"Oh shit. Men!"

"Yeah, that's what I thought." Mom agreed.

"Yeah, Men!" I put in my two bits.

Mom and Aunt Beth laughed.

"So who do you dance for?"

Mom nodded at me and Aunt Beth looked from Mom to me. I wondered what was going through her mind, given the liberties I had just taken within her skirt.

"He kinda caught me practising and, after the initial embarrassment, I asked him to watch to see if I was making lots of mistakes. I wanted to see if I was making a fool of myself."

"You're very good," Aunt Beth said.

"Thanks. You should see my friend, Carol."

"Lady Alexandra," I expounded.

"Yeah, Lady Alexandra," Mom said. "She's really awesome."

"Is she a professional?"

"Not really. She owns a Greek restaurant and puts on a show for her customers. This is one of her costumes."

"We'll have to get the men to take us there for dinner."

"No. Curtis and I go together. You can come, but not Tom, or Ted."

"That's fine with me," Aunt Beth said.

"Okay, we'll do that," Mom agreed but I sensed, on second thought, she wasn't pleased about it, probably in case Carol said something inappropriately revealing.

"Do one more," Aunt Beth asked.

"Yeah, Mom. Do another."

So Mom did another dance, one that was more erotic than the first. I tried to behave myself, I really did. I didn't touch Aunt Beth with the remote but when I picked it up, thinking to put it on the end table, my hand slipped onto the far side and I let the back of my fingers bump into Aunt Beth's thigh at the thick part where her leg met the cushion. Aunt Beth acted like she didn't notice but I knew she was aware of my hand's presence. When I pressed more firmly against her skirt, she put her hand atop mine to hold it still. I tried to wiggle my fingers against her thigh but she stymied the attempt by clamping down with amazing strength for such a small woman.

Aunt Beth was watching Mom with an intensity so strong it was clear she was entranced by every move Mom made. As the dance went on, Aunt Beth's hand relaxed but I didn't try to renew my bothersome flirtation, being intrigued myself by my aunt's fascination with Mom's belly dance. Could this be something she wanted to try herself, maybe for me and not Uncle Tom?

I think it was the shallow breathing that first clued me in. It seemed as if Aunt Beth was barely remembering to breathe, she was so capitated. I watched her depreciated chest suddenly expand before falling fallow again. The effect was a rapid intrusion and expulsion of air that hinted of contained excitement. Mom was lost in the joy of dancing and Aunt

Beth was watching her as if entranced. It was unmistakable; Aunt Beth was turned on.

After Mom finished the dance, she encouraged Aunt Beth to try it with her. She resisted, claiming she lacked the coordination to dance well and looked like a goof on the floor, but Mom insisted and pulled my aunt off the couch. Aunt Beth tried, she really did, but she truly was uncoordinated. At any rate, her slender body, hot as it was, wasn't suited for belly dancing. It wasn't the lack of heft upstairs; that was alright and I didn't mind looking there just as I suspect many men would. And it wasn't the legs; Aunt Beth had nice legs. She just didn't have the hips for it. In the end, she gave up, laughing, and tried to get Mom to do another number, but she wasn't into it so we called it a day and cleaned up. It wasn't long before Dad and Uncle Tom came home.

- -

"I don't care what you think. Just don't mention it again. Carol is very suggestive and Beth is not stupid. She'll put two and two together."

I could see the sense in Mom's words and said as much. She looked relieved.

"I'm just saying you have to be careful around your aunt. She's mixed up, vulnerable, and angry with Tom. She's unpredictable, to say the least."

"You're the one that mentioned Carol and agreed to go to Milo's for dinner, and then belly danced in front of her."

"I know. I slipped up. We were having such a good time watching movies. I've never been close to her before. She's always been a bit of a bitch but she was being so nice and…I guess I wanted to do something to pick her up. She's had such a rough time lately."

"Well, you certainly did that."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I don't know. She seemed pleased, is all."

"She did seem to like it, didn't she?"

"Yeah. I never liked her before but I sure do now. I get the sense she's more like who she really is."

"Yes, I think you're right."

"It's too bad she'll be going home soon. She needs a son of her own."

Mom had started to say something but then stared at me in shock.

"Curtis, don't you even hint about our relationship around your aunt."

"Okay, okay."

"Haven't you listened to a word I've said?"

"Yeah, Mom. Don't have a cow."

"And watch the way you look at me."

"You're the one that put the costume on. How can I help the way I look at you."

"Yes, well that was a mistake, and I'm talking about the way you've been looking at me before. Sons don't look at their mothers like that. Make sure Beth doesn't se you, or God forbid, Dad or Tom."

A car door closed. Aunt Beth was back with Mom's car. She had gone to two job interviews, one in the morning and one in the afternoon,

which had given Mom and I a chance to talk after school. The door opened and Aunt Beth came in.

"How did it go?" Mom called.

"Well, if I can still read men, I haven't got a chance."

Aunt Beth hung up her coat and joined us in the kitchen. I got up to put the kettle on for more tea and she took my chair. She was wearing the silky blouse she had worn on the weekend and a knee-length, pleated black skirt. The black stockings had been replaced with long black boots that clung to her legs like skin.

"Why do you say that?"

"First of all, I was the oldest woman they interviewed, and second, I was by far the least endowed."

Aunt Beth laughed and waved her hand down across the front of her chest. She wasn't wearing the enhancers. My gazed followed behind her hand and I liked what I saw. I would have hired her in a flash.

"Surely, they didn't day anything?" Mom said.

"No, but they were indifferent, which is quite noticeable when you're used to them fussing around you."

"Yes, I guess it would be," Mom mused.

"Well, I think they're stupid," I said.

Aunt Beth laughed. "Yay for the peanut gallery."

The kettle boiled and I filled the teapot. Aunt Beth turned sideways in the chair and leaned over to unzip her right boot, which immediately grabbed my attention. The sound of the zipper sliding down the inside of her calf was overloud in my ear. As the zipper lost its grip, the leather peeled back, exposing one of the perfect, creamy white legs I had seen in the laundry room.

"Ow," I cried, shaking my hand.

Watching Aunt Beth instead of what I was doing, I had managed to pour boiling hot water from the kettle onto my hand and overflowed the teapot to boot.

"Shit!"

Mom met me at the sink where I turned the cold water on and ran it over my hand. She offered me a dish towel which I wrapped around my hand as she grabbed a cloth to mop up the spilled water.

"Are you okay?" Aunt Beth asked.

"Yeah."

Aunt Beth pulled the boot off her foot, stretched out a leg, and ran her hands along it to refresh the skin. Her hands switched to the left boot and started to drag the zipper down. The left calf became exposed and I watched her refresh that leg too, noticing from the corner of my eye that Mom was watching too. It was a weird scene, Aunt Beth massaging her calf and both Mom and I mesmerized by that simple, supposedly nonerotic act.

Oblivious of her audience, Aunt Beth stood, picked up her boots, and carried them out to the closet by the front door. Mom and I watched, both of us looking at her smooth, nicely shaped legs—very nice ones with nary a blemish to hide. Why Aunt Beth chose to cover such beautiful legs all the time was a mystery.

When she returned, Aunt Beth smiled at us and said, "Too bad we don't have time for a movie…or a dance."

We all laughed, Mom and I a little nervously.

"Yes, but the men would come home and ruin it anyway."

"But the weekend's so far away," Aunt Beth lamented.

"We could watch one tomorrow," I suggested.

"Yes, Curtis has Tuesday and Thursday afternoons off."

Aunt Beth looked pleased. "Perfect. I can hardly wait."

We sat down to have our tea and were soon talking and laughing like old friends. I found myself wishing Aunt Beth would never go instead of wondering when she and Uncle Tom would be leaving. Mom had said to be wary but I wished we could find a way to bring her into our secret world. I guess in way we were, just not in a sexual way. We were becoming a trio and I decided then to stop my ridiculous, fumbling advances before I wrecked everything. If Mom was right, and I knew in my heart she was, I needed to make sure I didn't do anything to ruin the budding friendship between her and Aunt Beth, and me.

- -

That night at dinner Uncle Tom made an unkind remark. The only way I could make sense of it was that the financial strain, and his own lack of success in finding a new position, was getting to him.

"Well, if you dressed properly you probably would have got the job," he burst out while Aunt Beth was in the middle of describing her own lack of success seeking employment.

Everyone knew Uncle Tom was referring to the fact that Aunt Beth wasn't wearing falsies. Sitting at the ends of the table, Mom and Dad took a sudden interest in the food on their plates,and proceeded to demonstrate fine-grained skills in fork-handling. Uncle Tom, sitting across from his wife, blanched when he heard the words come out of his mouth, surprised that had voiced his thoughts, and immediately began to bluster an apology which quickly dwindled to a mumble as he cast his eyes down to his own plate, embarrassed and mortified.

Sitting beside me, Aunt Beth was at first shocked, looked down but then held her head high and glared at her husband, which is the point at which his outburst fizzled and he looked down. Her firmly-set jaw trembled with anger and the veins stood out on her neck, her face as red as her husband's was white. Just as she was about to speak, I reached for her left hand, which was resting on her thigh, and squeezed it gently. She remained rigid for a few seconds, then relaxed slightly and looked at me, the only one other than herself who wasn't looking at a plate. Aunt Beth didn't smile but the anger drained from her face and the flint in her eye receded. She looked at her plate and calmly

speared a piece of broccoli and raised it to her mouth. I did the same and, gradually, everyone started to eat again. A deeper crisis had been averted.

Uncle Tom went to bed early that night, as did Dad. Aunt Beth, Mom and I stayed up and watched a couple of shows. Mom suggested we watch a movie but Aunt Beth said she would rather watch it when the three of us were alone and free from interruptions. I couldn't agree more.

Before we went to bed, Mom gave Aunt Beth a comforting hug and said, "Things will get better."

"I know they will," Aunt Beth replied. "Maybe I should put those silly things back on, just to get some work."

"Not on your life," Mom objected. "If you do that, you'll feel compelled to keep wearing them. You're much more attractive as yourself, anyway. Any real man can see that."

"Hear, hear," I chipped in.

Aunt Beth laughed, hugged Mom and gave her a kiss on the cheek, which took the latter by surprise. They really were becoming friends. She turned to me then and also caught me off guard by throwing her

arms around me and lifting herself onto her toes to give me a kiss on my cheek. She settled back on her heels and slid her right hand up my arm to cup the side of my face in her palm and stretched her left out to place it on Mom's cheek.

"I love you both," she whispered.

With that, Aunt Beth turned and ran to the stairs. Mom and I looked at each other as her footsteps faded away. We walked toward each other until we were in each other's arms but didn't kiss for several minutes, and then it didn't become passionate. We simply held each other. After a whispered goodnight at the bottom of the stairs, I followed Mom up, wondering why, as the sway of her hips held my attention, I had passed up the opportunity to make love to her. My resolution not to mess things up by messing around with Aunt Beth was renewed; the last thing I wanted to do was lose what I already had.

- -

Everybody had left the next morning by the time I got up. I heard Dad leave early and after that Uncle Tom and Aunt Beth argued for a while. It sounded quite tense so I stayed upstairs until I was sure they had both left. I expected to see Mom downstairs but she was gone too so I couldn't ask her what was going on.

Wanting to know what had happened, I arrived home early that afternoon to ask Mom

just as Aunt Beth pulled into the driveway in Mom's car. The door opened and Aunt Beth swung her legs out, clad in the same long boots she had worn the day before. A different pleated black skirt adorned her hips and the same blazer covered her shoulders but underneath it, instead of a white blouse, Aunt Beth wore a delicately woven white sweater.

I was relieved to see she was genuinely pleased to see me. I had been worrying all day that I was part of the reason she had been arguing with Uncle Tom—aren't we all self-centered sometimes? It seemed that the interview must have gone well, so I asked, but regretted it when the pleasure drained from her face.

"Marginally better," was all she said.

Mom read Aunt Beth's mood as soon as she saw her. She had already made tea and snacks—biscuits, smoked salmon and sandwiches sliced into fingers—that were set out and waiting on the coffee table. Aunt Beth didn't say anything but the depth of appreciation conveyed in the look my aunt directed at Mom was considerable. These two women, once estranged, had quickly become good friends. My own relationship with my aunt had changed markedly in a short period of time—I guess I should say it had sprung into being since I one hadn't really existed

before—strange though it was, and its destination yet unknown. But that between Mom and Aunt Beth was obviously more advanced.

I wasn't so rattled not to notice that when Aunt Beth removed her blazer before sitting down, she paused with outstretched arms as she struggled to retrieve her hands from the sleeves. These inadvertent poses show-cased my aunt's sexy upper body clad in the fine-mesh sweater. And that made it hard to comply with my twenty-four-hour-old resolution not to mess things up any more than I already had. But boy, if I was in a position to hire someone that looked like that, there wouldn't be a need for further interviews.

We sat in our previous positions on the couch with me on one end, Aunt Beth in the middle, and Mom on the other. Mom sat so close to Aunt Beth there was room for a fourth person on her other side. Still wearing her knee-length black boots, Aunt Beth put her feet up on the edge of the coffee table and Mom didn't even flinch. The pleated skirt slid a ways down my aunt's legs but not enough to reveal any bare thigh because she was wearing her signature black stockings. I thanked the Lord above for that because my conviction to be good was definitely waning.

Mom started a movie she had saved earlier on the PVR. During a particularly exciting scene, Mom put her arm around Aunt Beth's shoulders, and she slouched down to make it less awkward for Mom to keep it there, thus triggering a further slip of the pleated skirt sufficient to bare a sliver of thigh above the lacy band at the top of her

stockings. When the commercials started Mom commented on the stockings.

"Those are pretty. Do you always wear such pretty ones?"

"Not always," Aunt Beth replied. "I just felt like it today for some reason."

I was going to fast-forward through the commercials but didn't when Aunt Beth lifted the hem of her skirt to examine the lacy borders of the stockings. Instead, I let them run so I could inspect Aunt Beth's thighs in detail. Mom had made them the topic of discussion, so why shouldn't I look too? With an extended index finger, Aunt Beth traced the lacy band as it curled around one sexy upper thigh, her flesh depressing as the finger dragged along.

"They are pretty, aren't they?"

"Have you ever tried different colors?" Mom asked.

I could have kissed Mom for dragging this out.

"Not really. I like white and black."

I pictured Aunt Beth's thighs encased in white stockings and almost groaned. My resolution was barely afloat and I didn't care much for saving it at that moment.

"What colors do you have in mind?"

"Oh, a nice, silky blue, maybe," Mom mused.

"Yeah, that would probably look nice."

"The movie's started," Mom announced.

Aunt Beth dropped the hem of her skirt and it landed closer to her knees, completely covering the black band of lace and the sliver of bare skin. I concentrated on the screen but, as before, my attention soon strayed from the movie to focus on Aunt Beth's legs. Gradually, slight movements caused the skirt to recede, at first re-exposing part of the lacy band and then more and more, until the full width was revealed on each thigh and a narrow slice of bare leg to boot.

Aunt Beth leaned toward Mom. As she cradled my aunt close, Mom's hand dangled over Aunt Beth's shoulder and her fingers grazed the upper right arm near the side of my aunt's breast.

"You had a hard morning, didn't you?" Mom asked quietly.

Aunt Beth nodded but didn't say anything.

"Just relax, sweetie. You're with your family now."

As if she had been awaiting permission, Aunt Beth closed her eyes, sighed, and sank deeper into the couch, despite the fact that the movie was far from finished. As the fingers on Mom's right hand brushed back and forth across Aunt Beth's upper arm, she squirmed and made herself more comfortable within Mom's embrace. The skirt slid farther up her thighs.

"Why don't you take your aunt's boots off for her?" Mom whispered, as if Aunt Beth was almost asleep and shouldn't be disturbed.

After all her warnings, Mom was sure making it hard for me to maintain a platonic perspective. Whatever. I found the zipper on the inside of Aunt Beth's left boot and dragged it down. Lifting her foot from the edge of the table, I removed the boot in one careful, smooth motion so as not to 'awaken' my aunt. As soon as I started to undo the zipper on the right boot, which was closest to me, I noted that the pressure pushed her leg toward me. I paused halfway down, realizing that the same thing had happened with the other leg.

Aunt Beth's knees had been close together but were now parted, forcing the pleated skirt to pile up on her upper thighs. Between them, I could see a hint of black panties within the shadow of the remaining skirt covering her legs. I jerked my eyes away, it suddenly dawning on me that while Aunt Beth had closed her eyes, Mom hadn't. She was looking right at me with the same smoldering eyes I had first witnessed in her bedroom during the early days of our affair, just scant weeks ago.

Disconcerted, I looked away and my eyes landed between Aunt Beth's legs again. It's amazing how captivating a pair of parted female thighs can be, especially when the sweet spot is just out of sight, concealed in shadows, yet framed by a pair of sexy, lace-topped stockings. I knew what was under there, just out of view, and imagined it pulsing, eagerly waiting for me.

Mom broke my reverie. "Don't stop," she whispered.

I re-started the zipper on its downward track but didn't watch its progress. Instead, I shifted my gaze to Mom and kept it there except for a single glance back into Aunt Beth's skirt. That was interrupted when, out of the corner of my eye, I noted that Mom's dangling fingers had failed to return along the two-way path they were grazing across Aunt Beth's upper arm. I found Mom's fingers reaching around to the inside of my aunt's upper arm, which was squeezed against her side, next to the side of the muted mound under her sweater. My eyes widened and my hand halted, stuck holding the zipper on the inside of Aunt Beth's ankle, while I watched Moms fingers rub back and forth several more

times before scraping onto the top of my Aunt Beth's sweater, just above her right breast.

I looked into Mom's coal-black eyes. Slowly, my eyes never leaving Mom's, I pulled off the right boot and placed Aunt Beth's foot back on the edge of the coffee table, for some reason became fascinated by the way her foot curled to fit over the edge. I kept her knee close to me and looked deep into her skirt.

"Why don't you take your aunt's stockings off for her?" Mom whispered.

I stared at Mom, seeking more than oral confirmation that this was really what she wanted me to do, but I found no answer in her expressionless face or those unfathomable eyes. My fingertips found the lacy band atop Aunt Beth's left thigh, trailed along its edge a ways, and then dug underneath so I could peel it off her leg.

"Gently," Mom whispered. "Don't wake her."

As if she was actually asleep.

Very slowly, I tugged the stocking down Aunt Beth's leg, afraid that she might open her eyes to accuse me of an outrageous transgression despite the permission granted by my mother sitting next to her. The

bare skin on her left thigh was incredibly soft and my cock lurched in my pants as the tactile sensations shivered up my arms into my brain.

It seemed like I was in a wonderful dream and, at the same time, enduring an ordeal. The thrill of discovery as Aunt Beth's bare flesh was revealed amid the fear of retribution that would follow if she opened her eyes and saw how much I wanted to fuck her. My cock was rock hard and I found it hard to breathe normally.

Mom's fingers continued to trail back and forth on the sweater above Aunt Beth's right breast and the hard nub that had arisen on top was witness to the effectiveness of the caress. Mom's left hand curled around Aunt Beth's other upper arm and the back of her fingers flicked out to press directly against the side of that breast. Mom watched Aunt Beth's face closely, seeking a reaction.

The stocking was down to Aunt Beth's knee. I peeled it to her ankle, gently lifted her foot from the edge of the coffee table, and slipped it off. Replacing her foot, I paused for a minute to seek Mom's permission to continue with the right leg nearest me. However, she was too busy watching Aunt Beth's face, her fingers barely grazing the sweater, one set caressing the right breast and the other flicking out to press into the side of the left.

Mom closed her eyes and started to hum a lullaby.

I nudged the hem of Aunt Beth's skirt back to make it easier to grasp the lacy band around the top of the stocking. The skin at the top of her inner thigh was also incredibly soft and I couldn't resist exploring it with my fingertips even before removing the stocking. I was much closer to Aunt Beth's panties and she became restless.

"Shhhhh," Mom whispered. "It's alright."

As Aunt Beth relaxed, the memory of the first brief encounter with Mom's panties that night in the car popped into my head. The next thing I knew the back of my knuckles were brushing against my aunt's panties but I quickly withdrew as soon as I realized what I had done. Luckily, neither woman seemed to have noticed the transgression.

I dug my fingers under Aunt Beth's stocking and drew it down her right leg. This time, I let the fingertips of my right hand splay out and dragged them all along the underside of her tender inner thigh. I reached the knee and proceeded down to her foot where I paused to let the stocking bunch up around my aunt's ankle. Gently, I raised her foot and slipped the stocking off, then dropped it to the floor.

I wasn't sure about what to do next. I waited, watching Mom hum the lullaby, and was surprised a moment or two later to see that I was still holding my aunt's right ankle. I set her foot on the edge of the coffee table and slid my hand up the underside of her calf, crossed over to the

top of her knee, and continued along the inside of her thigh, as if refreshing the skin the way I had seen her do in the laundry room.

I reached the hem of the skirt but Mom's eyes were still closed so I carried on inside the skirt and didn't stop until I started refreshing the tender skin where the top of the stocking had been. A moment later, I moved on even higher, until the edge of my index finger made contact with Aunt Beth's panties and, for a second time, she drew in her breath, became restless, and started to mumble.

"Oh, no…the movie, I don't…"

"Shhhhh," Mom whispered. "Just lie still."

I pressed the edge of my finger onto Aunt Beth's panties where it found a compatible topological feature to lodge into. Aunt Beth became more restless and, incredibly, Mom twisted toward her, shushed her, and then brushed her lips against my aunt's cheek, whispering to calm her down, but couldn't until Mom's mouth slid to the corner of my aunt's mouth.

Aunt Beth sucked in her breath and went very still. Mom's mouth moved right onto her lips and my aunt's thighs tensed up and her calf muscles became rigid. I stared, fascinated that my two favorite women, lips pressed together but unmoving, were on the verge of a taboo new beginning, or ending, of their recently evolving relationship. The

moment hung in the air for several tense seconds, then Aunt Beth relaxed, and Mom's lips pressed more firmly against hers. They kissed.

I waited several more long seconds until I knew the kiss wasn't going to end quickly, then wiggled my finger within its lodging. As the kiss continued I rubbed the finger, now securely embedded, up and down—more an intention than a real move but Aunt Beth responded nevertheless. She moaned and sighed into Mom's mouth which energized the meshing of their lips.

Mom's left hand moved from the side onto Aunt Beth's breast and closed over it. Her fingers squeezed and her palm pressed in before rotating back and forth in a twisting motion over the nipple. When Mom withdrew her hand briefly, I witnessed the rapid response and put my own left hand underneath the shallow rise of the other breast that Mom's dangling fingers were still teasing. I lifted the small mound of flesh until the bump under the sweater came into direct contact with Mom's fingers and watched it react in the same manner as the other had done.

Fucking awesome!

I pressed the length of my finger deeper into the groove in Aunt Beth's panties and wiggled it vigorously, my cock reacting to the damp heat I felt there. Swiveling my thumb above, I swept it across the top of Aunt Beth's mound several times before pressing down on the notch at the

top of the groove. Keeping my thumb in place, I pulled my finger out of the groove, curled all of them inwards, and brushed my knuckles firmly across the swollen lips pressing against the inside of my aunt's panties. Back and forth, pressing, then replacing my index finger in the groove and jiggling it hard, producing a set of short gasps and long sighs that sent further tingles through my cock.

She was going to let me do it! Mom was going to let me do her!

Then the phone rang.

Aw shit! Fucking shit! Ignore it! Let it ring!

But Mom stopped humming and opened her eyes. She pulled back and Aunt Beth, eyes still closed, stretched to maintain contact, lips searching, but Mom's hands fell away and I reluctantly pulled my own out of Aunt Beth's skirt. Mom got up and stepped around the coffee table, then made her way into the kitchen to answer the phone. Aunt Beth slumped into the couch, eyes still closed. I sat frozen, my right hand holding her leg inside the right knee and the left still lying against her abdomen, just under her right breast with its stiff nipple poking up through the sweater.

"Hello," Mom said.

There was a brief pause.

"Where are you?"

"Uh huh. … You're not driving are you?…He did? That's wonderful. Yes, I understand you want to celebrate but you know you won't have just one…I know you better than that, Ted. Promise me you won't drive. When you're ready to come home, phone me and we'll come down to get you guys and your car…Promise…Okay, have a good time. Uh huh. Bye."

Mom hung the phone up and returned to take her place next to Aunt Beth but didn't put her arm around her.

"Tom got a job," she said.

Aunt Beth nodded but didn't open her eyes.

"Did you hear me?" Mom asked.

"Mmmhhmmmm," Aunt Beth mumbled.

She opened her eyes and looked directly at me. I felt suddenly uncomfortable, holding her leg in such an intimate fashion but she turned to look at Mom and I didn't retract my hand.

"It doesn't change anything," Aunt Beth said.

She twisted toward Mom, her leg pulling away as her back turned to face me, swinging her arm up so she could grasp Mom's shoulder. She paused and they looked at each other, eyes flickering over each other's faces. Then Mom closed her eyes and Aunt Beth moved closer. They kissed again.

I watched, enthralled, as the kiss intensified, quickly surpassing the ardor of the last. Mom's arms closed around Aunt Beth's slighter frame. Within a minute, she had urged my aunt to straddle her thighs until she hovered over her lap, lips still locked together. Mom's hands slid down Aunt Beth's back onto her ass and each clutched a handful of skirt. Seconds later, Mom pulled the skirt up, exposing the type of panties that bury themselves between a woman's cheeks.

A strange feeling pulled my attention away from Aunt Beth's ass. Mom was still engrossed, kissing Aunt Beth, but her eyes suddenly opened and she looked right at me. I knew then what I was supposed to do, at least, what Mom wanted me to do.

I stood and calmly removed my shirt, unbuckled my belt and pushed my pants down my legs, then lifted each foot clear. I even took the time to take my socks off. Mom watched me undress, kissing Aunt Beth ardently the whole time, perhaps to keep her busy while I stripped.

Naked, I stepped behind Aunt Beth who was still fervently returning Mom's kiss, her own hands now exploring Mom's larger breasts. I cupped my hands around the sides of her cheeks to take the measure of her taut behind, slid them up to her hips and then back down, stretched my fingers toward the center, near the divide, and pulled my aunt's pretty little pears apart.

I knelt onto the couch, knees on either side of Mom's, and lined up my cock. I slid my hands up to Aunt Beth's hips and gently pulled her ass toward me, giving her every opportunity to object, but no protest ensued. I nudged the excited tip of my cock between my her cheeks and felt the rubbery resistance of her dampened skin. I slid my right thumb into the crevice to scoop out the rear thong of her panties, pulled it aside, and pushed forward.

My cock skidded along her wetness, coating the top of my shaft. I pulled back, ducked lower to get a better angle, and rose slowly until my tip felt the mushiness of her nether lips, wiggled to gain a hint of insertion, and then shoved, pushing in, attaining entry, warm, wet, glorious closure over the entire helmet of my cock.

I paused to let the feeling sweep through me, steadied myself by bracing my feet on the floor, then fed the rest of my pole into my aunt, thrilling to the feel of her walls closing over it, gripping yet failing to hold, resisting so sweetly, until I was all the way in.

I thrust upward, lifting Aunt Beth another inch or two above Mom and she adjusted, bending down to keep her lips on Mom's while simultaneously raising her ass to ease my attack. She moaned and in reaction my cock lurched within her.

She was so fucking hot and felt almost as good as Mom, tight and squeezing on my cock instead of wholesome and milking. I withdrew slowly and shoved back in, more quickly and forcefully than I intended, and pushed Aunt Beth's face off Mom's.

"Gently, Curtis. There's lots of time," Mom admonished.

The next few thrusts complied with her instructions. I tugged Aunt Beth's sweater out of her skirt and slipped my hands inside to cup her little tits and groaned when her nipples stabbed into my palms and slid up to slip through my fingers. I closed them, pinching the little stems, and triggered a cry that transmuted into a low moan. I thrust harder, rocking my aunt's ass forward, and Mom didn't complain.

Aunt Beth arched her back to keep her ass more firmly against me, or to receive my shaft more comfortably, or perhaps to maximize its

contact with the inner parts that craved the most stimulation. As I thrust in and out, she twisted about, rolling her hips and maximizing the sensations for both of us. She seemed to be really into it, as if she had waiting for me to fuck her all along.

That's why I was surprised when she suddenly pulled away and climbed up from her knees to half crouch on the couch. In her absence, my deserted cock felt orphaned and cold. Aunt Beth leaned forward, bracing her knees against the back of the couch on either side of Mom's head. If she had been a man, she would be in perfect position to feed her cock into Mom's mouth. It was obvious, really, what she was doing but I didn't clue in until Mom's hands cupped the pears of Aunt Beth's ass and pulled it onto her willing face.

Aunt Beth ground her pussy on Mom for about a minute. I looked ruefully down at my jilted cock, slick with my aunt's juice. It looked pathetic and lonely. I stepped onto the couch and crouched behind Aunt Beth, lowered my hips, and nudged the tip of my cock between her cheeks, and Mom's hands.

Although I didn't touch Mom, she sensed my presence and spread my aunt's cheeks for me, parting her puffy lips to make it easier for me to enter. I slid into Aunt Beth's cunt and pushed deep, quite easily this time, despite how tight she had been at first. Perhaps I had broken the trail but I suspected the ease of my entry had more to do with the magic of Mom's lips and tongue, the latter of which I could feel on the bottom

of my shaft from the second I slipped through my aunt's now frothy entrance.

So the three of us fucked on the couch. Mom ate Aunt Beth and licked the underside of my shaft while I slowly plied her pussy and played with her tits. Mom was the great giver. Aunt Beth became a little unsteady, which I wrote off to Mom's ministrations until I realized it was partly because my aunt had shifted one foot between Mom's legs and had a bare foot buried deep within her skirt. I don't know what was going on in there but Mom's hips were moving in rhythmic reaction.

I felt an incredible urge to start slamming against Aunt Beth's cute little butt but fear of hurting Mom kept me back. My orgasm therefore grew slowly, increasing steadily, helped along by the encouraging love mewlings, sighs and gasps emitted by both women. When my aunt's hands desperately grasped Mom's head, I knew the end was near. I could hardly hear Mom over Aunt Beth's moans, interspersed by ragged breaths and the occasional gasp. Her hips were jerking spasmodically on Mom's face and the frequency and unpredictability of her motions brought me along like a freight train. When Aunt Beth finally cried out and went rigid, I instantly spilled my seed within her.

I thought about pulling out before unloading but reasoned that, at Aunt Beth's age—at least fifteen or sixteen years older than me—she was probably fixed; otherwise, why let me inside bareback in the first place? Anyway, Mom never worried about me being bareback, so I figured Aunt Beth had taken care of business just like Mom did, or maybe she

couldn't have kids since she and Uncle Tom haven't had any after all these years of being married. So, while Aunt Beth shivered through her orgasm, I let my cock empty its cargo inside her, squeezing out more with each shudder from my aunt until I had no more to give.

I crouched over Aunt Beth, no longer stimulating her nipples but simply holding her breasts and trying to cuddle close to her while she stroked Mom's hair. I shuddered a few more times myself, squeezing more of my spend into my aunts slick heat but, eventually, my cock softened and slipped out so I stepped back and off the couch. Aunt Beth sank onto Mom's lap and started stroking her face, presumably trying to clean her juices from Mom's face. She kissed her every few seconds, gentle caresses that were more loving than passionate.

When Aunt Beth finally tried to lift herself off, Mom slid sideways on the couch and twisted onto her back, head landing on the inside of the couch's arm and hands holding my aunt's, preventing her escape.

"My turn," she whispered, pulling on Aunt Beth's captured wrists.

Aunt Beth followed Mom down, twisting to kneel over her and bending with her knees between Mom's legs to kiss the band of bare belly exposed under the blouse that had been torn out of her skirt. Mom's knees rose and the skirt slid down her legs but my aunt had already reached inside and was pulling her panties down her thighs. She slipped them over Mom's knees and somehow got them off her feet

without looking awkward. As soon as they were out of the way, Aunt Beth buried her face within the depths of Mom's skirt and she in turn leaned her head back, closed her eyes, and sighed loudly.

"Oh yesss. It's been so long since I've had a woman do this for me."

I was shocked. I mean, I had just watched Mom eat out my aunt and thought nothing of it but to hear her admit she'd done it before with a woman really took me by surprise.

"Oh yeah, baby. Like that&helllip;Ooohhh, yessss."

There didn't seem to be a place for me so I started to withdraw but as soon as I did Mom's head turned sideways on the couch and her eyes opened. She smiled, a very pleased and satisfied smile.

"Come here, son," she whispered.

I approached Mom but she straightened her head and rolled her eyes upward.

"Behind me."

I walked around the end of the couch and Mom reached over her head to find and grasp my cock.

"Soft already?" she laughed. "We'll have to fix that."

Mom tipped her head back and opened her mouth.

"Slip it in," she said.

I crouched and lowered myself until my floppy cock dangled over Mom's nose and bumped against her lips. It slithered down the right cheek and I pushed it back onto her mouth. Her tongue shot out and tickled the underside of the tip and I immediately started to lengthen. A minute of licks later, I had a hard time keeping my cock on Mom's lips because it was too hard so I pushed it down with my hand, angled myself above her by stretching my right foot around to the front of the couch, and slipped my cock into Mom's inviting mouth.

I slipped in and out for a minute, then reached down and tried to undo Mom's blouse but the buttons resisted. Impatiently, I ripped it apart and tore the bra open too. I felt Mom laugh through the various parts of her mouth massaging my cock.

After playing with Mom's tits and teasing her nipples for several minutes, I grabbed Aunt Beth's hands and pulled them up to place them

on Mom's tits. A muffled groan of pleasure sounded from deep within Mom's skirt as my aunt realized what I had done. Her hands and fingers plied Mom's breasts more delicately than I could so I straightened up to concentrate on satisfying myself in Mom's mouth.

We continued like that until Mom arched her back and tipped her head up, face contorting. I pulled my cock out until Mom had peaked and then pushed it back inside her mouth. My beautiful mother eagerly sucked my cock but it wasn't until Aunt Beth pulled her head out of Mom's skirt, and sat up to watch me pushing my cock in and out of Mom's mouth, that I started to come.

I didn't have as much left in me, not nearly as much, but I still managed to fill Mom's mouth and spill some onto her chin and upper lip, at least enough to drip down her right cheek. Aunt Beth reached out to take my cock in her right hand and stroked and squeezed until no more came out. She looked into Mom's eyes and they both giggled.

It was strange after that. Mom sat up and suggested she and Aunt Beth get a shower before driving down to the pub to fetch their husbands. Nobody worried about me. I tidied up the living room while they straightened their clothes and quietly disappeared in different directions to clean up. I went upstairs to have my own shower and, when I was done, came downstairs to find them gone. I returned to my room. I didn't want to be there when Dad and Uncle Tom got home.

- -

I didn't see anyone but Mom the next morning. Dad and Uncle Tom had slept in and Aunt Beth had already left for an early interview.

"I called in sick for your father," Mom said as I fetched the cereal from the cupboard.

"Oh yeah? How about Aunt Beth?" I asked.

"What about her?" Mom countered, looking up from the paper to look at me, chin on hand and an amused expression on her face.

"How was she dressed?" I asked.

"Very nicely," Mom answered. "I think you'd have liked what she was wearing, had you been up in time to appreciate it."

"Yeah?" I filled my bowl and put the cereal back in the cupboard, as I had been trained to do. I had opened the fridge before Mom responded, seemingly more intent on the paper than what she was saying.

"She wore a blazer over a plain white blouse and a nice black skirt."

"Ahh. The uniform, sans battlements, I presume?" I poured milk on my cereal.

Mom laughed and confirmed, "No enhanced defense works. I think that may be a thing of the past."

"Thank God for that."

"She did wear the boots, but no black stockings."

I perked up and turned to face Mom.

"But she might wear them tomorrow," Mom added.

"Why do you think that?"

"Oh, she might want someone to take them off for her."

Mom's smile widened and I nodded, then jerked the milk carton up.

"I think she rather enjoyed that," Mom continued, obviously tickled that I was so distracted as to overfill my bowl. "The blouse was plain, but the way she wore it…well, let's just say I'd be surprised if she didn't get an offer today."

There was a stirring in my groin and I was unable to walk straight when I crossed the floor to take a seat. Mom smiled, knowing exactly what was going on. Reading the paper again, she casually unbuttoned two buttons on her own blouse, in addition to the two that were already undone. She wasn't wearing a bra underneath and the inner swells of her breasts were clearly visible, as were the enticing creases where her tits swept away from her chest, my favorite part.

"Did you get an offer this morning?" I asked, getting up.

At first, Mom looked confused, then answered, "I did, but declined, though I can't remember when I've had such a lovely parting kiss."

I guess we weren't going to discuss what had happened. We were just going to accept it as part of our life, just as we had our new relationship. I got up and stood behind her, putting my hands on her shoulders.

"Mom…"

"Shhhhh." Mom put her hands atop mine. "I rather like having Beth around. I'm glad Tom found a job."

"You think they'll move here?"

"Of course."

"And you're okay with that?"

"Yes. Are you jealous?"

"No. I, uh, I thought maybe you…"

Mom's eyes were sparkled with mischief.

"Ha, ha," I said, pushing her away.

Mom stood up and turned around, then slipped her arms around me and gave me a bear hug.

"Don't be so sensitive. You've awakened a tiger and you might need help taming it."

"I'm not so sure she'll make the job easier."

"Who says I was talking about me?"

I pushed Mom back and slipped my hands inside her blouse, filling them with motherly tit.

"Don't get too excited, now. Your father and uncle may be dead to the world but they're still here."

"Who's getting excited?"

Mom chuckled hoarsely and pushed her hips forward, pressing her pelvis against my groin.

"Someone certainly is," she laughed.

If she didn't want me to get excited, Mom was sure going about it the wrong way. Instead of pushing my hands out of her blouse, she stretched up to kiss me and as soon as our lips met, I felt the palm of her hand on the bulge in my jeans. The whole time we kissed, Mom rubbed the underside of my shaft through my pants. When the kiss was over, I was already almost ready to come.

"Can you be a little late for school?" Mom rasped.

"You betcha."

"Good, because ever since Beth kissed me like that this morning, I've been thinking of you, and her, and tomorrow afternoon."

Mom had pulled my zipper down and was unbuckling my belt. She yanked my jeans apart and then backed up, eyes sparkling, smiling, and eyes on my crotch. She backed into the table, hefted her rump onto it and pulled her skirt up, then looked at me with a very raunchy look on her face.

"Beth wasn't wearing panties. She stopped at the door to show me," Mom teased, whisking her skirt high to demonstrate her own lack of protective clothing. She stretched her right knee out, opening her legs to provide an gaping view of her glistening slit shining through its surrounding pelt of neatly trimmed fur. I rushed toward her, flipping my underwear down to free my hard cock.

"Try to be quiet, baby."

I was between her legs in a flash, fumbling, trying to get my cock inside her. Mom curled her arms around her neck and half lifted herself off the table, spreading her legs and wrapping them around my waist. I found her hole, or rather, it found me, and I slid easily into her slick channel.

"Oh God, Mom."

"Shhhhhh!"

After that, the only sounds in the kitchen were our grunts, moans, sighs, and gasps. It was a quick, frantic affair for all of that. I released Mom's tits and concentrated on hanging on to her as I banged her hard. Toward the end, the kitchen table was slamming into the wall but neither of us was capable of slowing the pace of our colliding bodies. It was very intense and my whole body shook violently when I released my load. I was pleased, when I backed away, sated, to see my cum trickling down the inside of Mom 's left thigh. So that's a quickie.

Mom walked to the kitchen doorway near the stairs and turned around. As she buttoned up her blouse, she spoke loudly.

"Thanks for helping me move things around, Curtis. You'd better get to school, now. You're going to be late."

We both grinned. As I passed by her on my way out, Mom put her arm out to stop me.

"Beth says she wants to get together again."

"I'm game if you are."

"I want to watch you fuck her."

Mom's voice became excited as she mouthed those words and it transferred to me like a contagious disease.

"I can do that."

"And put it in her mouth," she breathed.

"Mom, you're going to get me all worked up again."

"I can feel you," Mom husked, "dribbling down my leg."

"That's not fair," I complained.

"I'm going to let it dry."

"Oh, Jeez," I cried, reaching down to adjust my stirring cock.

"Away with you now. Go to school and learn something."

I was still hard when I got to school and had to sling my backpack in front as I walked down the halls.

- -

That night at supper, Uncle Tom's old confidence was back. The new job didn't pay anything like his previous position but that didn't matter. He had a job and, anyways, it was a lot cheaper to live here than in the big city. I was amazed at the difference a job could make to a man, or perhaps it was better to say what the lack of one could do. Dad and Uncle Tom were boisterous, to say the least. Removal of the unemployment tension allowed positive emotions bubble to the top.

Aunt Beth was especially pleased and I wondered if it wasn't partly due to the fact that they would be moving here. I hoped it was because I was looking forward to it. At first I had feared that her staying might become an unwelcome intrusion on my budding romance with Mom. But after the session with Mom this morning I knew that Aunt Beth was bringing a whole new twist to the table and one that was welcomed by

Mom. I guess that shouldn't have been surprising since it was Mom that had initiated the final seduction of Aunt Beth. I was going to leave it alone but Moms always know best!

It was difficult, sitting at the table, to hide my thoughts. I wasn't worried about Dad and Uncle Tom because they weren't paying any attention to anyone but themselves, except to gather acknowledgement of how amusing they were. But I was sure both Mom and Aunt Beth were aware that they were on my mind. Maybe they couldn't see the detailed images in my mind of Mom feeding my cock into Aunt Beth's mouth, or of her sitting above my aunt's head on Mom's bed and holding her ankles while I squatted over her lewdly exposed haunches, slowly dipping my cock in and out of her hole. Then again, the more I thought about it, the more I figured Mom and Aunt Beth probably knew exactly what was written all over my face.

Uncle Tom had at least complimented Aunt Beth on her appearance when she came home, remarking on how chic she looked. Certainly, a woman who isn't well endowed should adopt the partly undone, plain white blouse. Making a point of what was under there, however modest, was an effective tactic. Most guys, despite making a big deal of huge hooters in public, prefer smaller ones and will basically chase after anything anyway. I had felt Mom's and Aunt Beth's and liked both. They were different, but both were great.

What really surprised me at the dinner table was that Aunt Beth didn't make her own announcement, that she had also been offered a job. She

hadn't told me but I saw her look at Mom when she first came in and I knew from the exchange of looks between them that Aunt Beth had got it. There were additional, more complicated messages conveyed in those looks but they were ones that, as a man, I didn't fully comprehend.

So I sat, waiting for Uncle Tom and Dad to settle down, so Aunt Beth could make her announcement, but the wine continued to flow and they never did shut up. I began to realize, after witnessing a number of glances between Mom and Aunt Beth, whether she was going to tell her husband at all. Maybe she just didn't want to steal her husband's thunder. Possibly. Women are more sensitive than men. As it was, it was Mom who finally spoke.

"So I guess you'll have to go back to put your house on the market and pack up your things?" Mom asked.

"The sale's all arranged. It's part of the deal, and the movers too," Uncle Tom waved his hand, pompously alluding to his abilities as a great negotiator in stark contrast to the humbled man who had left the house after breakfast just the day before.

"But your personal things. Surely, you'll want to pack them up yourself?" Mom directed her next question to Aunt Beth.

"Oh yes. I couldn't trust my personal things to strangers."

The exchange had the feel of a rehearsal to me but my uncle didn't notice.

"Why not?" he broke in. "It's just stuff. They're professionals. Let them do their job."

"Well, men's junk may be just stuff but a woman's things certainly aren't," Mom stated.

"Yes, I guess I'll have to go back," Aunt Beth said.

"Would you like me to come and help?"

"Oh no. You've done so much for us already."

"Really, I don't mind. I'd love to help you get ready to move to your new home."

"That's so kind of you," Aunt Beth gushed.

"We should go soon, before the weekend. It's so busy on the weekends."

"And on Friday, too."

"Why don't we go this Thursday and come back the next?"

"That would be great. It will give us lots of time to say goodbye to a few of my favorite restaurants. I'd love to take you to some of them."

"And we could go shopping. The stores here are so dismal."

"I know."

"Here we go," Dad said.

Close, I thought. There they go, leaving me here by myself, with my hand for company. Nice move.

"Do you think Curtis could help?" Aunt Beth asked. "I have a few heavy things to pack up."

I had to force myself not to jump out of my chair to shout with glee.

"Beth, leave the boy out of it. He doesn't want to pack boxes for his old aunt."

"I don't mind," I said, liking the way this was going.

"But he's got school," Dad interjected.

"It's spring break next week," I said, getting into the swing of it.

"That's next week," Dad replied.

"He's doing well at school. I'm sure he can miss a couple of extra days," Mom leapt in to my defense.

"Well…," Dad hummed.

"I guess it will be just you and me, batching it," Uncle Tom smiled broadly and winked.

Dad looked at him but wasn't reassured. Nevertheless, he said, "Okay."

It was a done deal. I would be spending a week alone with Mom and Aunt Beth. Dad and Uncle Tom were already discussing the football games that were on for the next week. Mom and I and Aunt Beth looked

at each other, slight smiles on each of our faces, and our feet stretched out to touch one another, like a piling of hands on a rugby field.

After dessert, we stayed at the dining room table while Dad and Uncle Tom moved to the living room to watch a game. We played cards while they switched to scotch. A couple of hours later, the game droned on while my father and Uncle Tom nodded off, each partly worn out from the night before.

I helped clear the table and clean up the kitchen. After starting the dishwasher, Mom stood by the kitchen doorway and divided her time between keeping an eye on the snoozing men and watching me feed my cock into my kneeling aunt's mouth.

I took my time as if there was no danger from the next room. In fact, I was relishing it, one hand holding Aunt Beth's hair and tipping her face up toward me while the other grasped my shaft to steer it in and out of her mouth. Remembering Mom's words this morning, I made sure that she had a good view and after my aunt had me well slicked up, I pulled my cock out and dangled it above to let a strand saliva trail onto her face. Then I rubbed it across her lips, adjusted the angle, and pushed in deep, pushing in slowly.

When Mom reached down to fit her hand under her skirt, I knew I had done well. Grasping both sides of Aunt Beth's head, I began fucking her face in earnest and switched between watching what I was doing and

looking at the feverish action under Mom's skirt. She wasn't watching the men anymore but I doubted either would wake up.

I knew both women would find their way to my bed that night after the men had been put to rest. We couldn't wait until Thursday, even though it was only two days away.

When I was ready to come, I pulled my cock out of Aunt Beth's mouth and blasted my semen all over her face. I was positive that neither of the women would have liked that if it was just the two of us but the memory of Aunt Beth's face when she watched me spill a little on Mom's face drove me to do it. I knew at that moment that she would not only let me, she wanted it. Not for me, but for Mom. She needed Mom to see her get her face creamed. I don't know why I knew that, I just did. I didn't look but I heard Mom start her own orgasm as soon as the first spurt landed on my aunt's forehead.

- -

My door opened and Mom and Aunt Beth entered without knocking, each wearing a full-length robe.

"It's late. I wasn't sure you'd be up," Mom said.

"Yeah. Dad and Uncle Tom got a second wind there for a while."

"It looks like you're waiting for something. Are you expecting something to happen?" Aunt Beth asked cheekily.

"Not really," I responded as casually as I could, given I was lying completely naked on the bed and my cock was standing straight up as only a vivid imagination could make it do. Mom and Aunt Beth removed their robes, revealing strikingly similar full-length, billowing nightgowns that allowed the outline of their bodies to show through.

They let their robes slip casually to the floor, a sexy act in itself, and began to untie the delicate ribbons that kept the nightgowns together in front. Once undone, they were open to the waist. Mom's breasts spilled out of hers while Aunt Beth's remained hidden but the thrust of her dark nipples were plainly evident beneath the thin cotton nightgown.

"No messy stuff tonight," Mom whispered. "We can't be having showers in the middle of the night, now can we?"

Aunt Beth giggled. "You're just saying that because it's your turn."

"Am not," Mom retorted. Regarding me more seriously, she said, "You've had more than a little fun today so tonight is for us. It's ladies night and we like it slow and gentle, kapeesh?"

I nodded. Whatever terms they specified, they got. I couldn't believe that I was going to spend a week with these two. Feeding off each other, they were already on their way to wearing me out. Who says older women aren't sexy?

Mom and Aunt Beth approached the bed, effortlessly drawing attention to every sexy nuance of their limbs and press of material against their bodies. Impossibly, I got harder, for I knew that this was but a foreshadow of what my life was to become.

Aunt Beth stopped beside the bed while Mom walked around to the end. As if on cue, both grasped their nightgowns near the knees and pulled them up to mid-thigh, freeing their legs so they could climb onto the bed. Each lifted the hems high enough for me to see that neither was wearing panties but I already knew that because the dark thatch of their pubic hair showed through the thin material of the nightgowns. Mom crawled over my legs until she straddled my thighs and Aunt Beth configured herself into a lounging position alongside me, propped up on her right elbow.

"What should be do with this, Beth?" Mom asked, cradling her hands around my cock but not touching it. Nevertheless, it twitched violently from the proximity of her soft palms.

"I don't know, Lisa. Shouldn't he get in trouble for having that in our presence, let alone showing it off. I mean, really, getting such a big boner for his aunt, not to mention his mother."

Aunt Beth giggled and Mom joined in but the laughter faded as Mom moved her cupped hands up and down, surrounding my cock in mock masturbation, but still not touching it. I strained my neck to tip my head up so I could watch, fascinated, as my cock twitched even though it wasn't being touched. When Mom's hands reached to bottom of their stroke, Aunt Beth leaned forward and brought her mouth close to my tip. She opened her mouth but didn't take me inside as I had expected, or hoped. Instead, she blew hot breath on my cock and I groaned.

"You're going to torture me?" I asked.

"Do you want us to torture you?" Mom asked.

"If this is torture, then yes," I answered.

"You haven't seen anything, yet," Aunt Beth promised.

Both women chuckled. For the next ten minutes or so, I was treated, or subjected, to many non-tactile strokes and heavenly breaths until my stomach and legs were a quivering mess of anticipation and my chest heaved with barely suppressed gasps.

"Please," I pleaded. "Touch it."

"You must earn it," Mom said.

"How?" I gasped.

"Beth?"

Aunt Beth rose to a sitting position and then, in one fluid movement, swung her leg over my chest and settled onto my stomach with her back toward me. Like Mom, she used her thighs to keep her weight mostly off me.

Mom pulled Aunt Beth toward her and seconds later, I could see her hands beyond Aunt Beth's back as she fondled her breasts. By the movements of Aunt Beth's elbows, I could tell her own hands were busy, presumably occupied with a similar task. They kissed each other slowly, languidly.

For several minutes, Mom and Aunt Beth kissed, ignoring me and my plight. I kept quiet, sure that if I disturbed them it would only prolong my agony. Finally, Mom peeked over Aunt Beth's shoulder during a break in their kissing.

"Oh, Curtis. Are you still there? We forgot all about you. Did you still want us to touch you?"

"Please," I cried hoarsely.

I was painfully aware that my hard cock was waggling between my two favorite women, each sitting astride me with their thighs open and pussies bare, one above and one below my aching cock. I imagined how slick they must be, titillated by their own teasing, the caressing of each other's breasts, and the slide of their tongues in each other's mouths, not to mention the mental effect of the brief whispers they exchanged between kisses.

"The poor dear. Let him kiss your pussy, Beth. That is, if you have any feelings for your nephew."

"I do," Aunt Beth said. "In fact, I love him."

"Then, by all means, let him worship you."

Aunt Beth skidded her bottom back until her pussy skidded onto my mouth. I was right, it was already slick with her juices. Dutifully, and thankfully, I pushed my tongue up to lick her pubes, the tip dipping

into her wet slit. My aunt, trying to help me I suppose, slid her ass back and forth, sometimes covering my nose as well as my mouth, but I didn't care. I almost didn't notice the moment when Mom's hands curled around my shaft, one at the tip and one at the root. Almost, that is. I groaned into Aunt Beth's pussy and pushed my tongue out hard, finding and entering her inner hole, and wiggled it to demonstrate my appreciation.

Aunt Beth leaned back, I guess to push her cunt more firmly onto my tongue, and her hands reached back to brace herself on the bed. I thought, I must be doing a pretty good job for her to relinquish Mom's tits. Aunt Beth squirmed, folding her cheeks over my nose and I gasped for breath. My hands reached up and curled around her ribcage, seeking and finding her little tits. She arched her back and her nipples became amazingly stiff and extended. I pressed them into my palms and rolled them around, them grasped them between thumbs and fingers and pinched, stretching her tits off her chest. I was rewarded with a series of frantic squirms and a satisfying moan from my aunt.

Mom slid forward, up my thighs, until her pussy lips mashed into the underside of my shaft. The moist heat of her labia and slit fit like a glove around my cock, especially when her hand pulled on the helmet to press my shaft into the groove between her lips. Her pussy began tiny fuck movements that slowly coordinated with the movements of Aunt Beth's pussy on my face, sending exquisitely time thrills along the entire length of my rigid member.

"Make him do it," Mom whispered, her voice as hoarse as mine when I had pleaded for their touch.

She was very excited. They had planned something. But what?

Aunt Beth kicked her ass forward, slipping her cunt off my tongue but keeping her ass on my face. I searched for her hole, sticking my tongue up stiff and hard, sure she was about to slide it back. Instead, my tongue found another divide, a darker crevice surrounding a smaller, more pungent entrance. The tip of my tongue fit into this smaller gateway but with a little difficulty and my aunt moaned loudly as soon as it did.

"Push it all the way in," Mom commanded.

I did as she said, trying so hard that I felt the strain on the muscles of my tongue and tried hard to stiffen it. Aunt Beth responded accordingly and I knew I had done well when I felt Mom lift herself off my thighs and was then treated to the hot sinking of her hole over my shaft. Heaven descended to bless me for my wickedness.

I wiggled my face and thrashed my tongue inside Aunt Beth's trembling backside, hoping, and receiving, an equivalent reward from Mom. She squeezed my shaft and massaged it with her hot and wet womanly muscle, milking my cock as if her channel had been genetically engineered to match it, nerve for nerve, as I guess maybe it was. No other woman could fit me as well as she. I started thrusting

upwards, demonstrating surprising strength with my ability to lift both Mom and Aunt Beth off the bed.

"Ride him, Lisa," Aunt Beth cried.

I bucked harder, striving to fulfill Mom as well as myself. I felt Aunt Beth plunge her fingers into herself and stopped jabbing my tongue in and out of her ass in favor of holding it rigidly in place. I could feel her fingers plunging in and out through the thin membrane that separated her cunt from the little room that housed my tongue. When they stopped retreating and stayed inside, like my tongue was, I knew my aunt was close and I renewed my efforts to find release for myself and Mom. It had to come soon before I exhausted myself. Thankfully, within a minute, I began shooting my load inside Mom and felt her own, longer release begin bathing my cock at the same time that Aunt Beth's juices flooded my chin and neck.

My bedroom was a cacophony of groans and moans and heavy breathing for a long time. Slowly, Mom and Aunt Beth climbed off me and took up positions on either side, each facing me and caressing my face, chest and stomach with a free hand. Nobody said anything for a long time.

Mom kissed my cheek and Aunt Beth copied her. Several more pecks followed, then longer presses on my cheeks and jaw line, slowly progressing to the corners of my mouth. Mom was the first to press her

lips to mine, then Aunt Beth. Gradually, the kisses became longer and longer but it was quite a while before a tongue slipped into a mouth. I can't remember who initiated it, Mom, Aunt Beth or me. It was longer still before Mom broke the silence.

"I think you should let your aunt ride you for a while."

"I don't think I can manage, Mom."

"Oh, I think you can," she giggled.

I felt her hand around my shaft and was surprised that I was hard.

Aunt Beth swung up onto me with surprising agility and began sliding onto my cock. She was tighter than Mom and didn't fit me as well but she could have eaten crackers anytime as far as I was concerned. She started slowly, barely moving her hips, but her inner muscles were continually active. It was the start of a pilgrimage to another holy place.

Mom kissed me while Aunt Beth pleasured herself astride me. Like a steam engine, she gradually increased her pace, sometimes falling back but always surging ahead to a higher level, until she was leaning forward over me, hands grasping my shoulders on either side of my neck to help thrust herself onto my cock as hard as she could. At the

end, she threw herself back, much as Mom had, and her body stiffened as her orgasm overtook her.

As soon as she was done, Mom ordered me to make room for her to lie down. Aunt Beth was still breathing harshly as Mom guided her onto her back, took a position above her head and told me to hand my aunt's feet to her. I lifted Aunt Beth's legs and pushed her knees toward Mom. She grasped both ankles and pulled them back.

"Hammer her good. She owes you."

I wasted no time in squatting over my delicate aunt and plunging my stiff cock into her gaping hole. She was so wet there was little resistance. Immediately, I began banging her hard, urged on unnecessarily by Mom. Like Aunt Beth, I increased my pace, but much more quickly. The bottom of my thighs slapped loudly against my aunt's upturned haunches and I was surprised that the violence of my attack didn't provoke a single sound from her. She bore it quietly, grunting, though I could see by the expression on her face it wasn't an ordeal. At the end, when my cock started spewing its second load that night, Aunt Beth cried out as another orgasm consumed her.

I was going to pull out but Mom threw her arms around my waist and held me down on the back of Aunt Beth's thighs, forcing me to spill all of my spunk inside her. I wouldn't learn until later that this was not an idle fetish of Mom's; it had a purpose.

- -

I was exhausted the next day, as you can well imagine, and would have liked to sleep the following day after we arrived at Aunt Beth's, but they wouldn't let me. I'm sure you can imagine the horror I had to go through over the subsequent week and beyond. Aunt Beth didn't accept the job and never told Uncle Tom she had been offered one. He seemed to like the notion that she was dependent on him and she fostered that feeling, feeding his false notion of manhood while I exercised mine regularly with both her and Mom for many years, often together, but not always. Each of us enjoyed pairing off.

It was the threesomes, however, that led to the wilder escapades. Mom had been intrigued by the tongueing I had delivered to Aunt Beth's behind and in that first week at my aunt's place, I had both women in the ass, something that probably never would have happened with just me alone. Being shared by two women who like each other. There's nothing better than that.

Oh, BTW. Uncle Tom's manhood received another boost with the arrival of their first child. The world is full of surprises, isn't it? Yeah, being shared by two mothers who like each other. Now, that's bliss.

THE END