Mom's Christmas Dress

I was looking forward to Christmas at home. I'd been away for two and a half years, but the last time had been just a short two week visit between finishing college and leaving for my summer job. I was eager to leave home then because it was the last time I would be able to see the friends I'd worked with for several summers in the small surfing community on the west coast. After that, I was off to graduate school in Europe. I did stop at home but only to pack my bags; I was gone the next morning.

When I first arrived in Europe, I missed my parents but as I settled in to my new life my responses to Mom's emails soon dwindled in length, detail and frequency. I hardly paid attention to Mom's casual references about Dad's slowly declining health, or her comments about his growing reliance on his wheel chair, which had been more a convenience than a necessity when I left. Mom's emails became increasingly gloomy in contrast to the growing excitement in my life.

I was under too much pressure at school to return home for Xmas and it was far too expensive anyway. That summer, I won a spot on a research vessel in Antarctica so I didn't go home. My parents understood. At least, Mom did. Dad didn't exchange emails though Mom said he was on the computer a lot. Mom wished me the best and said how proud she and Dad were. I felt a twinge of guilt and berated myself for not emailing more often, promising to engage in more substantial conversations rather than the periodic and brief reports about my activities. But the guilt was soon superseded by other, more pressing tasks. The summer passed and before I knew it, I was back at school with a whole new set of priorities. My thesis beckoned.

Of course, I just couldn't refuse another summer in Antarctica followed by a four month stint at much better pay. I submitted applications to start my PhD the following fall. I was confident that my grades, thesis, and the

contacts I had made in Antarctica would land me a spot in any of a dozen good departments in Europe or America. I wasn't worried. So it was that I returned home in the fall, two and a half years after leaving home, proud of my accomplishments but feeling a little burnt out.

I changed planes in Newark and caught a domestic flight home. In the airport, I saw Mom before she saw me. A pretty woman with dark brown hair pulled back and pinned in a roll along the back of her head, just as I remembered her—almost. She looked tired and worn, but that her face brightened the moment she saw me walking toward her through the crowd. She was beaming by the time I passed through the glass doors into her waiting arms.

"Ryan, oh Ryan," Mom cried. I was surprised at the strength in her arms as she hugged me tight. "Oh, Ryan. It's so good to see you." Tears filled Mom's eyes. "I'm so happy. Oh, darn. I knew I'd start crying."

We were carried along with the rush of people flowing toward the baggage area. Mom fell in step beside me, reaching into her purse, hand emerging with a tissue which she used to dab at her eyes, smudging the trace of make-up there. She smiled up at me and pushed her arm through mine. "It's so good to have you home."

Her joy made me ashamed of how seldom I had written her. I felt even worse when I counted the times I had actually called home. Twice. In two years. I vowed to make up for it.

Mom insisted that I drive. It was snowing but I was fine until we entered our subdivision. Then I promptly got the car stuck. Several futile attempts to get us free brought my frustration to the surface but Mom just laughed.

Nothing was going to upset her today. She seemed to be actually enjoying herself and her humor lightened me up. I was almost in a good mood as I grasped the rear bumper in one hand and put my shoulder into it, preparing for a giant heave to free the car. But after a few gentle rocks back and forth, Mom simply eased the car forward and drove ten feet down the road, leaving me crouched in the street. The tinkle of her laughter through the window mingled with the sparkly lights adorning the houses on the street. I ran up to the car and got in the passenger seat where I belonged. As we drove down the street, I felt reconnected, but even more pained by what I'd missed while away. We didn't speak about Dad until Mom pulled into the driveway.

"How's Dad?"

"You'll see," Mom's voice dimmed though she tried to remain cheerful. "He'll be glad to see you."

"He's still up?"

"Of course. His boy is home."

"Oh. I thought..."

"I know. He wants to be alone almost all the time, but he's up at all hours. He'll be waiting for you. You go up and see him while I make us a nice snack before going to bed."

I walked up the stairs with trepidation. Would my father be angry? I knew Mom would forgive me but would Dad?

Dad wasn't in my parent's bedroom. Re-entering the hallway, I noticed a new door at the end, beside my room. Then I remembered Mom telling me about Dad moving into a huge new room they had built above the double carport.

Dad was sitting in a wheelchair beside his desk, pleased to see me. He held out his hand as I strode toward him. He pulled me down and curled his other arm around my shoulder. Unlike Mom, Dad's hug was feeble. He wan't nearly the still vibrant man I had left behind two short years ago, still strong despite part time confinement to a chair. His arms were still beefy if not muscular but they lacked strength. I sensed that his spirit had waned. I sat down in the desk chair and we talked briefly about Antarctica and Europe. But Dad cut our reverie short.

"Let's save this for tomorrow. It's not fair to keep you away from your Mom. She's been just beside herself waiting for you to come home." Dad paused, as if thinking about Mom pining during my absence. I was just about to apologize for failing to keep in better touch when he continued.

"Thank God for email. Your mother's told me all about your adventures. Thanks for keeping in touch with her and letting her be part of your world, son. God knows, I haven't been much of a companion for her."

Dad shook his head and I, mentally, shook mine. Dad's mistaken praise for being the good son made me feel even worse but I didn't own up to Dad how rotten I'd been. Obviously, Mom had covered for me and I didn't want to spill the beans on her; at least, that's what I told myself.

"I have a favor to ask of you," Dad said.

"Anything, Dad." I was eager to make up for my neglect.

"I'd like you to stay close to the house from now until Christmas. Can you do that for me?"

"Sure, Dad. Any particular reason?"

"No. I just think it would be nice if you hung out with your Mom. She really has missed you."

"Sure, Dad," I reiterated my commitment.

"That's great, son."

"No problem."

"Ok. Don't keep your mother waiting any longer." I was dismissed.

I left, trying out the elevator that had been built while I was gone. It descended into the garage, right next to the door leading into the house. Mom was surprised to see me come in that way. We ate our snack, or rather, I did. Mom talked excitedly about her plans for the holidays now that I was back, interspersed with questions about Europe and Antarctica,

which I answered truthfully most of the time. I did get caught a few times telling her about places I'd obviously been to on little holidays; times I probably could have used to come home. Mom didn't catch me out on any of them.

A large parcel arrived just before noon the next day. Mom answered the door but called me because the package was in my name and I had to sign for it. Mom insisted on staying while I opened it.

"Who's it from?" Mom asked, her curious green eyes glinting in the flash of the Christmas tree lights which were on from the time she got up in the morning. Mom loved Christmas.

I said I didn't know as I removed the heavy manila paper from the package but Mom asked several more times anyway. Inside was a box about 4 inches high by two feet wide and three long. It was wrapped in high quality Christmas paper and ribbon with a very fancy bow, obviously professionally done.

"Who's it for?"

"I don't know."

Mom pointed at the small card attached to one of the ribbons leading away from the bow. She leaned forward and opened the card with a finger.

"For me?" She was surprised and excited.

"From who?" I repeated Mom's first question.

"It doesn't say."

"Well, let's just put it under the tree," I said, moving that way. I laid the box down and returned to gather up the brown manila wrapping paper. Mom kept looking at the present.

"I'm hungry, Mom. What are we having for lunch?"

Reluctantly, Mom pulled her eyes away from the tree and followed me into the kitchen.

Several times that afternoon, Mom looked at the mystery present but didn't say anything about it. Finally, late in the day, she couldn't help herself and queried me further.

"You must know who it came from." she said, not bothering to say what she was talking about.

I denied any knowledge of it.

"But it was addressed to you," Mom persisted.

Again, I pleaded ignorance. Mom asked the same question several ways, searching for people I thought might have sent the package, but finally gave up, dissatisfied with my answers. Still, she kept glancing toward the tree, her gaze fixing precisely on the new gift.

Mom handed me a tray and asked me to take it up to Dad. I was suspicious that she would open the present while I was gone and kept my eye on her as I climbed the stairs. She laughed and shooed me along when she turned and saw me looking at her.

"I won't touch it," she promised.

I asked Dad if he had sent a secret present to me for Mom but he denied it and from his expression and follow-up questions, I was convinced the whole thing was news to him. I returned downstairs to eat dinner with Mom. As soon as we finished, Mom made a couple of eggnog drinks, from scratch, the way she did when I was little. Unlike then, I got a shot of rum, just like she and Dad used to have, telling me it was cod liver oil, which I hated, and offering me some if I wanted. She led the way into the living room and sat looking at the present while I put more logs on the fire, her childish curiosity shone in stark contrast to the conservative manner of her dress and prim hair style.

"There's only one way to find out, and that's to open it," I said, breaking the silence.

"No, presents should be opened on Christmas day." She paused and added, "Except maybe a special one on Christmas Eve."

I shrugged and selected a DVD, one of Mom's favorite movies. I paused half way through to make some hot chocolate with whipped cream. When I returned, Mom was eyeing the present again. She had the curiosity of ten cats. Several times through the rest of the movie, Mom looked at the tree, each glance longer than the last. When the movie ended, Mom broke.

"I can't stand it," she cried. "I can't wait until Christmas."

"Santa will be mad if you peek," I mimicked the stern voice Mom had used when I was a kid, warning me not to get up in the night and sneak down to handle the presents.

"Oh, you," she waved me away. Impulsively, she jumped to her feet, surprising me with her agility.

"Bad Mom," I teased as she knelt down and pulled the big present toward her, resting it on her knees.

She played with the ribbon and the bow, then flicked the card with her fingernail.

"You won't tell on me, will you?" Mom asked in a mischievous, little girl voice.

"Not if you make us another one of these," I waved my empty eggnog glass at her.

"Deal," Mom said, her fingers starting to slip the ribbon toward the edge of the box.

"Drink first, present after," I laid down the rule.

Mom protested but pushed the box toward the tree and got up. The eggnog was made in a flash without the flourish of the first batch. Mom was generous and made enough for two glasses each. When she was done, I added the rum.

"Hey, easy does it. That's enough for two glasses."

Mom took her glass and quickly returned to the living room and the tree. She sat on the floor in front of the present.

"After we finish our first glass," I set out another rule before Mom could retrieve the gift.

"Don't gulp," I said a moment later, again reversing our parent-child relationship.

Mom pouted and a strange feeling flushed through me at the sight of the frothy eggnog painting her lips, a little dribble trickling down her chin. That was weird, I thought to myself. When Mom turned to look down at the present, I noticed how her twisted torso emphasized her breasts and narrow waist, and the thrust of her hips and buttock behind her. I couldn't help tracing the length of her outstretched leg and admiring her small and

delicate bare foot. I shook my head just as Mom turned back and downed the rest of her drink. I was only half done mine.

Mom looked at me in anticipation, as if waiting for my permission to proceed. I smiled and nodded. Immediately, she turned away and pulled the present onto her lap, folding her outlying leg and twisting around to face me as if to share the discovery of the contents as soon as they were revealed. I leaned back in my chair, eager to know myself. Who could have sent this mystery parcel to Mom, through me, one that my Dad knew nothing about.

The ribbons slid away. Mom found the edge of the paper and ran a finger underneath, deftly breaking its seal. Gently, she pushed the paper away. It was a clothing box, made of thin grey cardboard. Mom glanced up at me, then looked down as she opened the box with the practiced hands of an experienced shopper.

A smile broke over her face as she lifted the expensive, dark green material, pleased by the exceptional quality of whatever it was. It appeared to be a dress, by its bulk, a long evening gown. Mom sighed as she lifted it higher, above her head. It still fell in folds in the box. It was long indeed. Mom stood, lifting the dress with her. Suddenly, her face turned to shock and she gasped.

"Oh, my God," Mom cried.

Her face flushed and she turned to me.

"Are you sure your father knew nothing about this?" she demanded.

"Positive, Mom. He seemed quite surprised, but not particularly interested."

"Hmmmm. Well, he hasn't been interested in anything I do for years now. That's not new." There was a trace of bitterness in Mom's voice that was new to me but it was quickly covered up. "I'll just go up to get his dinner tray."

I examined the dress while Mom was gone but couldn't see anything that would have triggered such a reaction. The dress looked expensive, there was no doubt about that. It was very tasteful and conservative, exactly the kind of thing I could see Mom wearing. It certainly wasn't the kind of thing a secret admirer would send. Yet, she had been suddenly surprised, almost shocked. By what? Did she think someone would send her a conservative dress through her son? No wonder she suspected Dad. But why had she seemed upset?

It was beyond me, so I sipped my eggnog and rum and waited for Mom's return. I didn't have to wait long. Mom was back in less than fifteen minutes carrying Dad's tray.

"You're right. It wasn't your father. Now I'm really stumped."

Mom disappeared into the kitchen. I got up and followed her, picking up her empty glass on the way.

"You're sure you don't know anything about this?"

"Nope," I answered nonchalantly, filling our glasses with the last of the eggnog and adding another healthy dose of rum. "What's the big deal, anyway? It's just dress. A little fancy, but fairly prudish."

"Prudish? It's not prudish."

"Come on, Mom. It stretches across from shoulder to shoulder, and then goes down almost to your ankles. It's not exactly racy."

Mom picked up her glass and took a long sip. "I'll have you know, sir, that your father bought me a dress just like it years ago and he thought it was very sexy. He never let me wear it outside of the house."

"That dress?" I was incredulous.

"One just like it. Exactly, as far as I can tell. That's why I was so surprised. If it isn't from your father, it must be from someone who saw it and it never left the house. Anyway, there couldn't be two dresses like that. It was custom made according to your father's instructions."

"That may be, but that doesn't make it sexy. Nothing could."

"Really?" Mom raised her eyebrows.

She stalked out of the kitchen, stooped to pick up the dress in one hand, and walked upstairs, carrying her drink.

I sat down on the couch and started searching for a good movie. A few minutes later a sound, perhaps a light cough, drew my attention to the stairs in time to catch Mom halfway down, descending precariously in the green gown, stepping carefully so she overstep the short stride permitted by the dress circling just above her ankles even though she was trying to tug it up with a hand on her thigh. Her other hand held an empty glass.

Mom looked awesome in that gown. Although it did cover her from her head almost to her feet, it clung to her figure which I seemed to be seeing for the first time. Despite her age, and despite being my mother, she was a very striking woman, a sexy looking woman. My mouth went dry, and opened.

Mom walked up to me and stopped, reached behind her head and loosened the bun behind her head. With a couple of shakes, her hair shook loose, spilling onto her shoulders. Mom placed her hand on one hip, cocked it, and glared down at me.

"Well?"

"I take it back. It's...awesome. You look stunning."

Mom smiled. "And sexy?"

"Yes," I finally closed my mouth. "Very sexy."

Duh! The full coverage of the dress somehow emphasized rather than hid the soft roundness that couldn't be suppressed under the bodice. It was as if the dress contained its own push up bra. The slight looseness that appeared as the material dipped into her waist disappeared as it stretched tight over her hips and then clung to her legs, making them look longer than they were. The brief expanse of bare calf through a slit on the left side and her feet was quite erotic for some reason. I mean, what showed was mostly ankles. It was a bizarre proof that scarcity does increase value.

Mom held her empty glass out toward me, shaking it. "You owe me a drink."

She turned and walked slowly, necessarily, to the kitchen. The sway of her tightly clad hips accented her buttocks which literally thrust against the dress, one at a time, in an exquisite rolling motion. Mom had an ass!

I leapt out of the chair when she passed through the doorway and threatened to remove that undulating bottom from my sight. Very briefly, she did, but I managed to reach the door in time to catch the last few feet to the counter. Mom stopped and set her glass on the counter, but she didn't turn around. I wondered if she sensed my need to look at her without feeling guilty. Half a minute passed before she spoke.

"Come on. Pour me another one."

I walked haltingly toward her.

"I don't know how to make eggnog."

"We'll just have some rum, with a little water."

I poured the drinks and Mom walked back to the living room. I followed slowly, watching her every move. She stopped in the middle of the room and I did too, several feet behind her so I could easily see her whole body. She turned her head to the side but didn't look back at me. Even so, I knew she was aware of my gaze.

"I don't think I can sit easily in this dress." Mom took a long pull at her drink, though I don't think she actually drank much.

"No, I 'spose not," I replied.

"Your father used to love dancing with me in this dress."

There was a long pause, partly brought on by my attention to Mom's backside as she shifted her weight from one foot to the other.

"Would you like to dance?" I belatedly asked.

"Why yes," Mom said. "How nice of you to ask."

She directed me to a CD to play and when I turned toward her, she held her glass out for me to take. The music had already started by the time I set it down. It was very slow, artsy blues. Mom held her arms out and I folded mine around her. As the song wore on, Mom pressed closer and closer, until her head was resting on my shoulder, her arms circled around my back, and her breasts pressed against my chest. We barely moved,

mostly just shifting our weight from one foot to the other, and we didn't talk.

One song turned into another. We didn't stop 'dancing' between songs. On the fourth song, Mom rubbed her head against my shoulder and turned it in, pressing the other side of her face against me, huddling close under my chin. She squeezed me tighter and her hips pressed closer to mine. I had an erection but Mom didn't seem to be aware of it. I guess I wasn't as big as I thought or, at least, it wasn't as enormous as it felt. That was odd because Mom's tits fell much larger than they looked.

When the CD ended, Mom drew partly away, looked up at me, and gave me a soft kiss on my chin.

"Thank you sweetheart. I haven't danced like that in ages. It felt nice."

"I'll dance with you anytime you like, Mom."

"That's ok, you don't have to. The dress just brought back memories."

"No, I mean it, Mom."

Mom smiled. "That's sweet of you. I'm feeling a little tipsy. I think I'll go to bed."

I watched Mom walk slowly upstairs, holding one side of the dress up as high as she could. After a long while, I went to bed and spanked the monkey.

The next day was uneventful until, just before lunch, another package arrived. This time it was a small box but it was addressed to me again. I unwrapped the manila wrapping paper to reveal another meticulous example of gift wrapping. I handed it to Mom who set it under the tree.

"Let's eat lunch," she said.

Nothing happened all afternoon and Mom ignored the new parcel. I didn't catch her looking at it, not even once. After dinner, I took Dad's meal to him and stayed for several minutes to chat but was soon chased off. When I came downstairs, Mom was waiting for me. There were two drinks on the coffee table and Mom was sitting on the floor in front of the tree. I took my place beside her and she pulled the new present onto her lap as soon as I sat down. Without a word, she began to unwrap it. I noticed that she had let her hair down. I reached out and straightened a few tangles as she worked on the present.

Shoes. Satin, emerald green shoes to match the dress.

"Wait here," Mom said, getting up.

Ten minutes later, I turned at the sound of a light cough to see Mom walking slowly down the stairs, wearing the dress. I watched her all the way. I didn't look away once and she seemed comfortable with that. In fact, she seemed to expect it. Mom stopped behind me, reached down for her drink and took a long sip. Setting it down, she moved over to Dad's unused chair and sat down. She crossed one foot over the other—the dress was too tight for her to put one leg over the other—and waited, arching the toes on her upper foot and the eyebrows above one eye.

Comprehension sparked in my brain. I grabbed the shoe box and scrambled around to kneel in front of the chair. Lifting one shoe out of the box, I brought it close to her foot. Mom shook her head. What? I thought...

Mom pointed at the other shoe. Of course. I had picked the shoe for the other foot. I set the one down and picked up the other shoe. Carefully, I grasped Mom's ankle and slipped the shoe onto her foot. The feel of her skin was like a series of electric shocks. The shoe felt tight and I slid my hand higher up Mom's leg to get a better grip. My fingers wrapped around her leg just where the meat of her calf started to flesh out. I snapped the shoe home and asked her how it felt, keeping my hand wrapped around her leg.

Mom flexed her foot and my hand slipped higher up her calf, inside the dress. The shoe fit snugly but Mom continued to flex her foot and my fingers slipped around, tickling the backside of her calf. Finally, Mom was satisfied and nodded at the other shoe. I repeated my shoe-fitting regimen, being sure to slip my hand up and down the lower calf of Mom's other leg. When her foot was finally still, my fingers kept massaging her calf.

"That feels good," Mom said. "Your father used to do that for me after we danced."

I stopped, then pulled my hand away. Mom smiled, then glanced at the stereo. I grabbed the remote, started the CD, stood, and held my hand out, lifting Mom when she put hers in mine. I pulled her to the middle of the room to dance.

"Can you turn the lights down, sweetheart? This is mood music, after all."

I turned all the lights off. Only the light from the kitchen and the Christmas tree lit the room. Mom pressed against me as soon as I returned. Something of my own was pressing against her before the first song ended. I couldn't help it. Her soft and gentle movements couldn't be ignored. On the third song, my hands slipped down her back onto her the rise to her buttocks.

"Sorry, Mom," I whispered quietly, trying not to intrude on the mood enveloping the room. I pulled my hands back up to Mom's waist.

"S'alright," Mom murmured. "It's just dancing."

A minute later, my hands slipped again, though not entirely by accident this time. I was about to pull them back when Mom snuggled closer and worked her nose into the crook of my neck. I kept my hands in place, resting on top of her buttocks, and even managed to press her closer a few times. Near the end of the last song, I allowed my fingers to drape over the rounded edge of her twin slopes, stretching out in a feathery caress across Mom's butt. When Mom snuggled even closer, I couldn't resist kissing her temple and then the corner of her closed eye. Mom answered my hug with a squeeze of her own.

When the CD ended, Mom turned away and sat down in Dad's chair. I kneeled before her to slip her shoes off, one by one, in no rush.

"Play the CD again," Mom said.

I started it and turned back to see Mom stretching her feet out. I slipped my hands under them and up the back of her ankles, then onto her calves. I started my massage and Mom leaned back, closing her eyes and murmuring something about how soothing the music was. I caressed Mom's feet and legs for a long time before summoning enough courage to venture higher up her legs. It was all I could do to reach the back of her knees. Up to that point, Mom seemed to be sleeping but she giggled like a schoolgirl when my fingertips traced small ovals in the tender skin there. Startled, my face reddened as I looked up to see Mom gazing at me with soft eyes and realized that my secret caresses had not been so secret after all.

"That was very nice, Ryan. It was very thoughtful of you."

I nodded, feeling guilty but elated that I'd been caught with my hand in the cookie jar and wasn't being punished.

"Time for bed," Mom yawned.

I watched her climb the stairs. All the way.

The next day no package arrived. Mom wasn't surprised and, unlike me, didn't seem to be disappointed. I asked if I could use the car and left alone, despite Mom asking me if I'd like company. I went to the mall and found myself in a ladies' store looking for a gift to give Mom. I must have looked overwhelmed because an attractive woman in her late thirties spoke to me.

"Looking for something for your wife?"

I started to say no, then changed my mind a nodded.

"Pretty late," she admonished me. "I'll bet my husband is out looking too." She laughed. "Would you like some help?"

I nodded vigorously and she laughed again.

"Come on," she said. "I'll help you pick some things out that will keep you out of the doghouse."

Later that afternoon, I was sitting in the kitchen with Mom, talking about my time away when the doorbell rang. I leapt to my feet but Mom, who was sitting closer, said, "I'll get it."

Mom was very surprised to see a delivery man with a package. It was addressed to me, like the others. Mom brought it to the kitchen and put it on the table and regarded it skeptically before opening it to reveal another present. This one wasn't quite so professionally wrapped.

"Open it, Mom."

"No, let's leave it until after dinner like the others."

"But I'm taking you out for dinner and we probably won't be home until late."

"What do you mean, you're taking me out for dinner?"

"I made a reservation at Pedro's. It's a surprise."

"It certainly is. What time?"

"Seven."

"Oh my gosh. I barely have time to make your father's dinner and get ready," Mom cried. Dad never went out.

"I'll make Dad's dinner. He barely pays attention to what he eats, anyway. Open it."

"After dinner."

"No, now. Whoever your secret admirer is, I'll bet they bought something to go with the dress. Expensive perfume, or maybe even jewelry."

"I doubt that," Mom laughed.

"Quick Mom. Open it so you can wear it with your dress at dinner."

"You want me to wear that dress to dinner? It's so formal."

"I insist," I said, pushing the present toward Mom on the table.

Mom opened the gift and gasped. It was a set of very sexy, pale green lingerie that matched the tone of the dress perfectly. Mom picked up one of the sheer, shimmery green thigh-high stockings, then put it down and held up a contraption the woman at the store had explained to me as something that would hold the stockings up. There was a matching pair of skimpy panties to finish the set.

"I can't wear these."

"Why not. Nobody will see them, they'll be under your dress."

"I don't know...,"

"Hurry, Mom. We'll be late."

Mom picked up the box up and hesitantly walked upstairs. I set about making Dad a basic, man's dinner.

The restaurant was fancier than I had expected. Mom was maybe slightly overdressed and I, significantly under. All the way there in the car I couldn't stop thinking about what Mom was wearing under the dress. Had she put the sexy stuff on? We were shown to one of the semi-circular booths overlooking the harbor. The meal was fantastic and, contrary to my expectation, was more than ample. Mom ordered a sampling plate for two for dessert, and fancy coffees. She explained to the waiter that she and her 'date' —to which the waiter winked and smiled expansively,

figuring me for her son—were going to share everything. After he left, Mom excused herself and I watched her swaying body all the way to the restrooms, my mind flickering from the very real movement of the dress to fantastic images of what she would look like dressed only in those underthings.

The dessert arrived while Mom was gone. There were half a dozen interesting creations that were so intriguing that I failed to see Mom until she was halfway to our table. I was stunned. The corner of her dress that had been buttoned in front of her left shoulder had been undone and was now fastened just above Mom's right hip. I remembered thinking it odd to find a button there while we were dancing and figured it must be there to hold a belt and that the one on the other side was just missing.

At first glance, it seemed that Mom's entire front was visible but there was a semi-transparent green material, surprisingly close to the color of the lingerie I had purchased that afternoon, covering the large open 'V' that would otherwise expose her cleavage. Mom's smile widened as she saw my reaction.

"What's for dessert?" she asked, sitting down beside me instead of on the other side of the booth where she had been, pushing me over with her thigh.

Mom busied herself selecting a dessert to try first and I spent the time freely examining the swelling sides of her breasts, barely visible under the shimmery green veil. My eyes were cast down when she surprised me by turning toward me with a dessert fork, offering a delicious morsel. We finished the entire plate that way, Mom alternating between me and herself, feeding us both. She didn't seem to be upset when she caught me looking at her breasts. In fact, her thigh seemed to pressed more firmly

against mine when she turned to feed me. If it had been up to me, I would have ordered another dessert. I might have even suggested it, but, sooner than I wished, we were on our way home.

At home, Mom made some tea and asked me to take it up to Dad. When I returned, the lights had been turned down and Mom was waiting in the living room. She waved her hand toward the coffee table where an open bottle of red merlot and two glasses waited, backed by a bouquet of red roses. It was my turn to be surprised.

"You really shouldn't have, Ryan. It's too much."

I was about to deny any knowledge of the flowers or the wine when a little voice inside my head said, Just go with the flow. Take the credit.

I shrugged and moved toward Mom, who raised her arms to hug me. My eyes strayed down her chest. I just couldn't help it. After the hug, Mom stepped back, picked up the remote and started the CD. To my disappointment, the music was fast. I didn't want to really dance, I wanted to feel that body against me. Mom's hips were rocking and she was smiling.

"You can't dance to this in that dress, Mom," I said, my hopes resurging, confident she'd agree and revert to the slow music I had enjoyed so much last night.

"This is an amazing dress, wouldn't you agree?"

"It certainly is. Awesome, but it does have its limits."

Mom bent to her side, her fingers searching for something behind her knees. The twist of her body made her breasts arch, revealing the press of a perfectly formed tit against the sheer veil. I failed to see what she was doing with the dress until her hand passed in front, unzipping the dress above her knees. There was a seam there I could only now discern. Mom's hand passed around behind her knees again and a large chunk of the dress fell to her feet. Mom stepped out of it and kicked it to the side. Lifting her foot, she slipped her shoe off, then repeated with the other foot.

"Come on," she laughed, getting into the music.

Mom and I danced the rest of that CD and then she changed it and we danced to that one too. Between songs, we drank the wine. The music on the third CD was slower but still not meant for close dancing. With only two songs left, Mom put her arms on my shoulders and pulled me close. Finally, a slow one.

One thing the shimmery, semi-transparent veil couldn't conceal was the feel of Mom's breasts. Without the thickness of the dress intervening, I could feel their shape much better, and their warmth. Mom snuggled close and I immediately moved my hands to her hips, and shortly after, onto the upper slopes of her behind. Mom allowed them to rest there but when I stretched my fingers out to fondle more she gently grasped my hands and pulled them higher. A few seconds later, I allowed my hands to fall again. They were allowed to settle but when I stretched my fingers, they were pulled up again. I laughed softly and was answered in kind. I let my hands fall again but kept my fingers from stretching out onto Mom's cheeks.

"That was a lovely dinner. Thanks, Ryan."

"Thank you, Mom. I really enjoyed it."

"Especially the dessert."

I stretched the fingers of one hand out onto Mom's right cheek.

"Yes, especially the dessert."

We moved slowly. I kept my fingers still, but in place. They were allowed to stay. The song ended but we kept moving. I was hard and knew Mom had to be aware of my state.

"That was a very nice touch," Mom murmured, nodding toward the coffee table.

"The wine?" I asked.

"Yes, the wine," Mom said.

The music started playing the last, slowest and longest song.

"And the flowers," I said.

I stretched the fingers of my hand over Mom's left cheek.

"Especially the flowers," Mom whispered.

Mom turned her face inward and nuzzled my neck. As we moved slowly to the music, I tentatively moved my fingers over her cheeks. Emboldened by her acceptance, I pulled her closer, cupping her ass and pressing her against my hard cock. Mom's lips alternated between nibbling and kissing my neck. I wanted to pull back and kiss her and I dearly wanted to grind my cock into her, but I was afraid; afraid that if I moved too fast, I would lose her compliance.

The music eventually ended but we kept moving, gently swaying and softly rubbing our bodies together.

"It's late. I should get to bed," Mom whispered.

"Don't you want to dance some more?"

I desperately did not want this to end despite the fact that I was near coming in my pants.

"No. It's late. I should go to bed."

Mom began pulling away. My mind scrambled. Think of something, you idiot. Don't let her get away!

"I'll do your feet before you go."

"No. That's nice of you, Ryan, but I really should go."

Something in Mom's voice told me she wasn't all that sure herself. I persisted.

"Mom. Your muscles will tighten up if you go to bed like this. Let me fix it for you."

I pulled Mom toward Dad's chair. She resisted, but came, half stumbling.

"No," she murmured.

I ignored her, turning her around and pushing her back into the chair, lowering her gently. Mom sank back into the chair and raised her foot.

"No," she whispered.

I held her foot in two hands, one massaging her instep and the other rubbing beneath the balls of her foot with a thumb while the fingers massaged her toes.

"No," Mom whispered, closing her eyes.

I rubbed Mom's foot for several minutes, then switched to the other foot. I moved back and forth between her feet, slowly working my way higher up her legs until I was stroking and massaging from her heel to her knee. I shifted closer to her so I could massage her calves better, and in so doing, I pushed her knees up and the skirt of her dress slid halfway down her thighs, baring the skin above her stockings.

I stared. The stockings really emphasized the tenderness of her skin and my mind leapt to the pale green panties that I suspected lay above, hidden in the darkness of Mom's skirt. My hands moved. I tried to stop them. Too far, too far. But they moved under their own control. My fingers reached the top of the stockings and started undoing the delicate clasps that held them from falling down; the lady in the store had shown me how they worked. Mom stirred but didn't open her eyes.

"What are you doing?" she whispered.

"'Just taking your stockings off so I can massage your feet properly."

"I don't think that's a good idea, Ryan."

"Why?" I asked, immediately rebuking myself for begging a response.

But Mom didn't answer. Slowly, and carefully, to cause as little disturbance as I could, I released each clasp. I wished I could follow the delicate straps to their source but knew that would ruin everything. Gently, I tugged Mom's stockings down her legs, carefully working the material over each knee and off each foot. As soon as I was done, I began

massaging Mom's feet, repeating the slow pattern I had employed earlier until I was working Mom's upper calves.

I had pushed Mom's legs higher and further apart. My eyes weren't on my work but were peeking up Mom's skirt. Her legs, now wider apart, had forced the skirt higher and I could see a hint of panties. My cock was super hard. I raised my hands and started caressing the inside of Mom's knees, then ventured higher, lightly scratching up the first few inches on the inside of her thighs. Mom's knees widened in response and her panties suddenly came vividly into view, the penetrating light revealing contours previously been hidden by darkness.

The front of the panties now bulged toward me. They were so delicate I could see the press of Mom's pubic hair and a dark vertical slit between parallel protuberances. I could feel her heat. I could smell her. It was too much; I started coming in my pants, hips thrusting uncontrollably. When I was done, I sank back on my feet. Mom opened her eyes and looked at me.

"Done?" she asked.

I nodded. Mom got up.

"Thanks, sweetheart. That feels much better. I'm glad you talked me into it."

Thankfully, Mom didn't linger. She moved away.

"Goodnight, Mom."

"Sweet dreams," she called back.

I didn't watch Mom go up the stairs. I waited until I heard her door close before getting up. Her stockings lay where I had dropped them on the floor. I turned and climbed the stairs. Twin trails gouged into the rug leading down the hallway stopped me dead in my tracks. They led from Dad's door to the top of the stairs, then turned into the small alcove at the top of the landing. I stepped into the alcove and knelt down until I was looking about a foot over the railing, about the height I would be if I was sitting in a chair, a wheel chair.

Fear pierced my chest. Had Dad been there? Had he seen me fondling Mom? No. He would have said something. Wouldn't he? He must have come out while Mom and I were at dinner. I went to the bathroom to clean myself up.

The next day was Christmas Eve. Again, there was no package before noon. I slipped out to do some more shopping and was back by two. Mom was in the kitchen, listening to the radio and sipping her afternoon coffee. I joined her.

"What's for dinner tonight, Mom?"

"What? You're not taking me out?" she teased.

"Whoa," I laughed. "I can't afford that too often."

Mom laughed with me, then said, "Well, I hope it was worth it. I certainly enjoyed it."

"So did I, Mom," I said, turning serious. "It's a memory I won't forget."

"Listen to you, Mr. Serious."

The doorbell rang. I ran to get the door. Another package. I returned to the kitchen where Mom still sat. She hadn't moved.

"For you."

"Yes."

I opened the package. There was a small, gift-wrapped box inside.

"What do you think it is?" Mom asked.

"I have no idea."

"Mmhmmm."

"Really, Mom. I don't know who's sending this stuff."

"It might not be for me. There's no card this time."

I cursed myself. I'd been in such a rush.

"You know," Mom said, "your father once had a dress made for me that was identical to the one that came in the mail."

"I know, Mom. You already told me." That was why Mom had queried me about Dad's reaction. Clearly, that dress had played some important role in their relationship.

"That's right. He...no we...loved that dress. We used to play together after supper. All night, sometimes."

Mom paused, looked wistfully at the ceiling as if she could look through it so see Dad, then went on, "I never wore it outside. That was the first time, at dinner with you."

I guess she forgot she'd told me that too.

"It's a different dress, Mom."

"Not really," Mom said.

I didn't know what to say, so I remained silent.

"I think your father sent the dress. Who else could know how it was made?"

I didn't answer. Mom wasn't really speaking to me. She was thinking out loud.

"Let's just have a light dinner tonight. Is that OK with you?"

"Sure, Mom."

"You've turned into quite the dancer. I suppose you'll want to dance after dinner."

"If you insist." I grinned.

"I do," Mom grinned back.

After taking Dad's dinner upstairs, Mom and I ate in the kitchen. The present was set in the middle of the table. After we finished, Mom made some tea and only after it had steeped and was poured did she open the gift.

Perfume. I can't say I was surprised. Mom didn't seem taken aback either. She dabbed some on her wrist and smelled it.

"Nice," she said. "I guess I better get my dancing clothes on."

The thrill of anticipation swept through me at the sound of those words. I could hardly wait.

"Why don't you get out of those jeans and put on some nice slacks?"

"These are my best jeans," I protested.

"They're too rough," Mom complained.

I was shocked. That was the first reference Mom had made about how close we 'danced'." Mom seemed to realize what she'd said, blushed, and spoke again, probably more to distance add distance to her words than anything else.

"Anyway, jeans don't match a fancy dress."

"Ok, Mom. I'm convinced. I'll meet you back here."

I was downstairs waiting when Mom began descending the stairs. I had the music already playing. I had stacked several CDs of slow music. The deck was stacked, so to speak. I gasped when Mom reached the bottom of the stairs. She was wearing the dress but as she passed under the hall light I could see that the shimmery covering in front of her dress had been removed. Mom moved toward me, the inside swells of her breasts clearly visible, jiggling slightly with each step. She stopped in front of me, glanced at the stereo, then smiled.

"I see you're ready."

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. Mom looked at the stereo again, perhaps to give me time to ogle her breasts, or, more to the point, to get hold of myself and stop ogling them. She had to prompt me into action.

"You can't see perfume, you know. You have to smell it."

"What?," I cried.

"You seem to be looking to see if I put the perfume on."

I shook my head and felt my face reddening.

"Here," Mom said, reaching out to pull me toward her. "Here's proof that the present didn't go to waste."

Mom pulled my head down to her shoulder, turning my face into the crook of her neck. After a few seconds, she moved my head lower, under her neck, tilting her head back to make room. I was looking straight down between Mom's breasts. I was in heaven. I could smell the perfume but I also sensed a musky odor beneath it. I can only describe it as, woman.

"Let's dance now," Mom said, pushing me away.

I took her into my arms, reluctant to block the view. Another surprise. As my arms folded around Mom's back, I found bare skin. Exploring with

my hands, I discovered that most of Mom's back was bare, right down to her waist, even starting up the rise to her buttocks.

"I think you like this dress as much as your father did," she whispered.

"I do," I whispered back.

Mom nestled into me and we began to dance. I mentally thanked her for talking me out of my jeans, feeling a new appreciation for her soft warmth. Mom's lips gently probed my neck and my arms tightened around her.

The first CD finished. We swayed together, silently, while the second clicked into place. As soon as the music started, Mom reached behind herself to grasp my hands which had behaved themselves since the first note fell on our ears. Gently, Mom pressed my hands lower, then released mine and returned to my shoulders. My fingers were soon playing lightly over her ass, unhurriedly, as I was confident that they could stay.

We danced the whole CD that way. Mom's hips swayed gently to the music and I stayed still, letting her move ever so lightly against my rock hard cock. Periodically, I pressed her ass closer, but not hard. Just a subtle pull. When the CD finished, Mom suggested we make ourselves a drink. I followed her into the kitchen, marveling at the smooth, unblemished skin of her back. Not a single mole to be seen.

I stood beside her while she made us drinks. She didn't hurry and never looked at me, giving me the confidence to investigate her partially visible breasts without worrying about being caught. Several times she reached

for a glass or ingredient, managing to let the dress gap forward, briefly revealing a full, naked breast. She had wonderful tits and I had ample time to see that her experienced nipples were as stiff as my young cock. I wondered what kind of game we were playing here, then pushed such negative thoughts out of my head. I wanted to touch her tits. Would she let me?

Mom turned to hand me my drink, then leaned back against the counter, arching her back and pushing her tits against the dress. My eyes were drawn down and lingered. Mom just smiled, then took a drink. a long one that didn't end until the drink was gone. She wiped the back of her hand across her mouth and laughed. I downed my drink in a single gulp and grasped her hand, tugging her toward the living room, her throaty laugh spurring me on.

I didn't look at the top of the stairs. I pulled Mom into the middle of the living room and folded her into my arms. My hands slid down her back and onto her ass. The throaty laugh played again. We began moving against each other. I moved my hands up to Mom's waist and then up her sides, brushing the sides of her breasts. At first, I moved tentatively, as if accidently caressing her tits, but when she didn't object, it became a regular part of our dance. My hands moved lightly over the dress, from Mom's ass to her waist, up her sides to brush the sides of her tits, then down her back to start over.

Mom laughed softly from time to time, nibbling my neck, and murmuring soft words I couldn't make out. But I didn't miss the first press of her pelvis against my cock, the first tiny thrust not initiated by my pressing fingers. It only happened once that song, but the next it happened twice, and the one after, that three times. I allowed my hands to pause as they

brushed by her breasts and couple of times I even briefly cupped the sides of her almost hefty swells.

While we waited for the next CD to start, Mom pressed against me again. I pulled back, triggering a sound of surprise. When she pressed forward a moment later, I retreated again. The song started and we began a periodic game of chase and retreat. Between the first and second song, Mom tried to surprise me with another attack but I surprised her instead by pressing forward to meet her charge. We mashed together and Mom slumped in my arms, moaning softly. I reached down and clutched her ass, holding her firmly against my raging cock. Mom's arms circled my neck, squeezing tight. I thrust myself firmly against her, my hands separating her cheeks as I pulled her tight. There was no pretense of dancing now. We were dry-humping each other.

Suddenly, Mom pushed my chest hard, forcing me back. We stood, separated by inches, panting. My eyes delved into her heaving chest and Mom's searched for and found my bulging pants.

Without looking up to meet my eyes, Mom gasped, "I think that's enough dancing for tonight."

"Yes," I agreed, though I didn't want to stop. "Should I do your feet now?"

"Yes," Mom replied, turning away without hesitation me and walking to Dad's chair.

She sat down and raised her feet from the ground, legs held primly together. I stepped toward her, pointedly avoiding meeting her eyes and

also being careful not to look upstairs. I didn't care if anyone was watching, I didn't want anything to prevent this from happening.

Mom raised her knees higher as I knelt before her causing her skirt to slip higher up her thighs. Her eyes followed its fall, then closed. I took Mom's feet into my hands, immediately pulling them forward and apart, opening her legs. The backs of her thighs were almost completely exposed. I could see far beyond the end of her stockings. I started my massage.

I moved more quickly than the night before, unafraid that Mom would stop me, at least until after I passed her knees. I was gentle, stroking and caressing with newfound skill. I simply reached her knees more quickly than before. There I removed her stockings, which were not held by any clasps. I paused only briefly before continuing my caressing path beyond Mom's knees and onto the inside of her lower thigh, stroking underneath her leg up to the point where her leg thickened. The intake of her breath made me withdraw but I soon returned. This then, was the new boundary. I was confident that I could stroke her to my heart's content to this point. I slowed down and concentrated on making it feel as good to her as I possibly could.

I was surprised by how much time went by before I discovered what lay before me. I had been concentrating so hard on Mom's thighs and how far along their length I could go that I completely missed the prize. It was the faint odor that triggered my brain to review the observation that Mom's stockings had been unclasped. My gaze followed a path up the inside of her thighs. There, before me, as it had been all the time, was Mom's bare pussy.

Mom had been dancing without panties, and here she was now, spread before me. She wasn't sleeping. She had to know that I was looking. My

hands had stopped. I gazed at her uncovered muff and as I did, her lips seemed to part, showing just a hint of pinkness before closing again, as if winking at me. I waited to see if this marvel would be repeated. It was.

She was moist. Her odor was strong.

I raised my eyes to look at the inside swells of Mom's breasts. I leaned forward and slipped my thumbs underneath the lapels of the dress. Gently, I lifted and pulled them apart, baring Mom's tits. They rose and fell on Mom's chest and I could see that she was struggling to contain her breathing. She was letting me see her, legs spread to show her pussy, tits thrust into the air, topped by stiff nipples. How far could I go? Would she let me touch her pussy? Kiss it? Could I squeeze her tits and flick her nipples?

I reached forward and grasped a tit in each hand, curling my index fingers around her nipples.

Mom's eyes flew open.

"Ryan! What are you doing?" she shouted.

I jerked my hands back and fell back onto my heels.

"I...I... uh."

"My God. I don't believe it."

Mom leapt to her feet and brushed past me, knocking me over onto my side. I turned to see her running up the stairs, holding her dress together.

"My God, my God."

Her door slammed.

I was lost. What had just happened? She all but asked me to touch her. What had I done wrong?

I got to my feet and went upstairs. Thankfully, Mom had gone to her own room. She hadn't gone to see Dad and I was relieved to see no light shining beneath his door. With heavy heart, I went into my room and closed my door. I stripped quickly down to my boxers and climbed into bed. I was near tears. How could I face Mom in the morning? I had read her all wrong. I actually sobbed a couple of times while reviewing the evening in my mind.

There was tap at my door. It opened and Mom was standing in the door, lit from behind by the hallway light. She had a robe tightly wound around her.

"Ryan?"

"Yes?"

"Can we just forget what happened?"

Relief flooded through me. If I had been standing, I probably would have fallen.

"Yeah, Mom. Sure. I mean, I'm really sorry...,"

"Shhhhh. Let's just forget and not talk about it, Ok?"

"Ok, Mom."

There was a long pause.

"You forgot to open your present."

"My present?"

"Yes. You know we always open a special one on Christmas Eve."

"Oh. That's ok, Mom. It doesn't matter."

"Yes, it does. It's a tradition. Come to my room to open your present. I've been hiding it. Be quiet so you don't wake your Dad."

She was gone, ending any argument. I got up and searched my drawers for some pajamas. Under the circumstances, I couldn't go into Mom's room in my boxers. I dropped them and pulled the pajama bottoms up, then headed for Mom's room.

Mom was lying in bed, the covers pulled up to her neck, hiding her body. I cringed inside but she smiled at me pleasantly.

"Shut the door," she instructed.

I did, then walked to the foot of her bed. I looked for a present but didn't see one. Mom waited, smiling. Finally, I gave in.

"Where's my present?"

"Right here," Mom said, nodding at the bed.

"Where?" I asked.

"In here." She nodded at her bed again. "Under the covers."

God, she was going to really rub it in.

"Mom,"

"You have to get it yourself."

"What is it?"

"Come and see. Don't worry. I'm all wrapped up."

I walked around to the side of Mom's bed, reached down to grasp the covers, and started to peel them back. Mom had a very strange smile on her face. I pulled the covers back far enough to bare Mom's neck and shoulders which were bare except for a red ribbon, about an inch wide and made of cloth rather than the hard stuff ribbons are normally made of. The ribbon wrapped around Mom's neck, then disappeared under the covers only to reappear in loops over her shoulders.

I pulled the covers further down, to the tops of Mom's breasts and baring the side closest to me. The ribbon coiled around her arm and was wrapped around her chest, even as far down as her waist which I could see on this side. Throwing caution to the wind, a hard thing to do given what had happened downstairs, I yanked the covers down to Mom's knees.

"Merry Christmas, son."

Mom was naked except for the red ribbon wrapped around and around her body. It snaked in and around her bare breasts and coiled around her thighs. I looked and confirmed that her pussy was covered by a single strand of ribbon.

"This might take you a while to unwrap," Mom said, clearly amused and pleased with her humor, delighting in the shock evident on my face.

"But, but...," I stammered.

"Take your pajamas off. I want to look at you while you free me."

I dropped my pajamas and was pleased to hear Mom gasp as my cock bolted from its cotton prison. I climbed onto Mom's bed.

"Take your time," Mom said. "And no cheating. You have to completely unwrap me before you can play with your gift."

That was very hard to do. Mom didn't help me at all. In fact, she deliberately made it difficult. Having to pull the ribbon off her gorgeous tits without squeezing them was hell itself. It must have taken me more than fifteen minutes to get the ribbon completely off her. Only then did Mom let me play.

"Kiss me," she insisted, her voice revealing an impatience as great as mine.

I moved on top of her, aligning my legs with hers, pushing my cock onto her soft, moist, puffiness. For the first time in my life, my tongue slipped inside my mother's mouth. What a duel. Our bodies writhed together as our tongues twisted around each other. Try as I might, I couldn't slip my eager cock inside her. She laughed when our lips finally parted.

"You're going to have to work harder than that."

She pushed my head down, forcing a nipple into my mouth.

"Suck me," she cried.

I did as I was told, filling my mouth with the tits I had so desperately wanted to touch only an hour before. They were wonderful. I moved from one to the other, massaging the free one with my fingers until I realized there was only one way to get control of this woman. Latching onto Mom's right tit, I moved my left hand down, underneath her thigh and around between her legs. I found her pussy and pushed my fingers inside.

"Ohhhhhh, God. So long...so long," she sighed.

I moved my fingers rapidly in and out, clamping down tight on her nipple with my lips. I sucked hard and twisted my fingers in her cunt. Mom moaned in response. I pushed my fingers in and shook my hand rapidly, mimicking the motion of a vibrator.

"Ohhh god, oh god, oh god."

I released Mom's tit and dragged my mouth over her skin, lower and lower, kissing and biting all the way until my lips covered her pussy. I pushed my tongue inside, atop my fingers. Lap, lap, lap. I licked and shook my head, wiggling my tongue about, then moved up to tease her bud with the tip of my tongue, flicking side to side, swirling round and round, then back to lick and slurp. Mom's hands wound tightly in my hair, alternately between pulling me tighter and pushing me away. She moaned constantly. Finally, her legs closed tightly around my head and her hands tried to pull me inside. She shuddered violently, hips thrusting

up, grasping, clutching, then suddenly she collapsed and pushed my head away.

I rose up and looked down to find a sated woman, smiling lazily up at me.

"Where did you learn how to do that?" she asked.

"I wasn't always studying in Europe," I lied.

I pushed Mom's legs apart, and lined my cock up with her garish, pink slit. I leaned forward and let my tip part her lips.

THE END