Moms Tag Along

"YOU WHAT?" Scott's mouth dropped open as he turned upon his friend.

If he didn't feel stupid already, Lenny certainly did now. "Well, she really wanted to go so I said I'd take it up with the other guys."

"I don't fuckin' believe it!" Scott yelled. "You fuckin' moron!"

"Hey, take it easy. I'll tell her she can't come."

"Fat lot of good that will do."

"Tommy and Erik can't go so their Moms won't want to either."

"Yeah, and that means their kayaks are free too, pee brain, so your Mom will ask their Moms if she can borrow them for you and her."

"But I was going to use your Mom's."

"Not now. She'll want to use it herself so she can keep your Mom company."

"Oh."

"Yeah, Genius. Oh, YEAH!"

"Your Mom's not bad. I don't know why you're so pissed at her all the time."

"I told you I want to get away from her for a while."

"It's not her fault your old man left. Anyway, Mom said they'll probably get back together."

"You don't know fuck all about it!"

"They've been friends since high school and…"

"Fuck, Lenny!"

Scott gritted his teeth and looked skyward. Lenny cringed, realizing how pissed his friend was.

"Sorry, Scott. I guess I wasn't thinking. Mom was just so excited and, you know…"

"I know. Your Mom's a good shit."

"Sorry."

"It's okay."

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Scott insisted on driving his TJ which meant the mothers had to follow in his Mom's Honda Pilot. He ignored Lenny's pleas to slow down on the back roads knowing the gravel might chip the paint if his old lady tried to keep up. Occasionally, when the dust settled, he saw her in the mirror, close behind, and was pissed because he hadn't lost her. Two hours of rough road later they arrived at the launch point.

"Lenny! Why were you guys driving so fast?" Rita demanded.

Lenny tried to cover for his friend.

"Sorry, Mom but if we start too late, we won't get to the first campsite before dark."

Rita looked at her watch and asked, "How far is it?"

"A few miles," Lenny answered.

"We can do that easy. It's only just past noon."

Rita was about to ask Laura if they should have lunch because she was feeling kind of peckish but Scott's Mom was already pulling gear from the Pilot. Scott was busy taking the inflatable kayaks out of the Jeep and Lenny was helping him. With a shrug, she went to help her friend, resigning herself to a hungry afternoon. To be safe, she stuffed some protein bars into the pockets of her lifejacket.

Lenny helped his Mom inflate and load her Advanced Elements Expedition kayak after doing his but Scott didn't assist his mother. Although she was quite capable of doing it herself she enlisted the help of two young fathers whose kids were paddling plastic toys nearby. Scott gritted his teeth and launched as soon as his kayak was loaded. Laura left soon after and tried to keep up with her son but tired after half an hour and slowed down.

Lenny caught up and kept her company. He had been following close behind, admiring the lithe body of his friend's mother. He had always had a crush on Mrs. Bento and her skin tight kayak suit kept his mind busy while she chased her son. He looked back to check on his own mother and smiled, knowing she wouldn't catch up too soon.

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Scott had the tent pitched and a small fire going when the three of them caught up at the first campsite. Two other groups were already there; a guy with his girl friend and two other guys on their own. The couple seemed relieved to see the two women. Scott rolled his eyes when his mother dismounted her kayak with feigned awkwardness to draw the attention of the two men. She kicked at the kayak with pretend feminine clumsiness and then stretched, lifting her arms to smooth her hair down her arched back. Lenny was also captivated, staring at her legs and taut ass, while the girl friend jabbed her boyfriend in the ribs and the two guys jogged onto the beach to offer their services.

That night Laura got the group to join around a single campfire to sing songs. Everyone enjoyed themselves except Scott who went to bed early. When the flap of his tent opened later that night he got up on his elbow and spoke as he turned.

"Did you believe that? Did you see…What the hell are you doing here?"

"Rita and Lenny wanted to share a tent."

"Yeah, sure."

"They did. That's why Rita wanted to come. She and Lenny have some things to sort out."

"Yeah, right."

"And I think we do too."

"No, we don't."

Laura kept quiet while she unrolled her mat and sleeping bag. Scott had turned to face the wall of the tent and pulled his bag up around his neck even though it was hot.

"What were you going to say when I came in?"

"Nothing."

"You were going to say something but you changed your mind when you saw it wasn't Lenny."

"No I wasn't.

"Tell me."

"Oh for Christ's sake. I was going to say something about the production you made getting out of your kayak."

"What production?"

"You know what I mean."

"No, I don't."

"Acting like a helpless little girl so those guys would fuss over you, just like you did with those two fathers where we launched."

"I did not."

"You did so. You always do. You're always showing off for men. No wonder Dad left."

"I do not, and that's not why your father left."

Scott rolled his eyes.

"We need to talk about that," his mother snapped.

"No we don't."

"We do, but we'll wait 'til tomorrow when you've settled down."

"You can talk all you want. It doesn't mean I'll listen."

"Don't turn around. I'm getting undressed."

"Who cares? If you haven't noticed, there's no audience here."

Scott's nonchalance wasn't matched by his thoughts. He'd secretly watched his mother disrobe a few times and knew she'd leave the kerchief covering her tightly curled hair until last. Then, totally naked, she would tip her head and pull the hair down her back, raised arms lifting her small but still perky breasts. In his hiding place, Scott always started to come when he saw her nipples pointing skyward and had to cover his mouth leaving only one hand to massage his dick. Despite his current anger he pictured his mother undressing behind him in the darkness and his cock stiffened into a full erection.

"Goodnight."

Scott didn't answer.

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The next day, in defiance of her son, Laura did a full yoga routine in front of the two single men. They delayed their departure until she had finished and seemed reluctant to continue their journey.

Laura didn't try to keep up with her son that day, choosing instead to hang back to talk to Rita and Lenny. Lenny paddled behind the women so he could observe Laura discreetly. Twice, when his mother pulled ahead, Mrs. Bento stopped paddling to smooth her hair back and Lenny glided quietly off to the side to improve his view of the innocent but erotic act. When Rita turned to look her friend was paddling again.

Lenny was still sporting a huge erection when they stopped for lunch. Drifting offshore, he watched Laura get out of her kayak, focusing on the long legs that were so unlike his mother's. Not to say Rita wasn't attractive. She was short and petite with a narrow waist that made her hips and behind seem bigger than they were but she was attractive. If anything, she was prettier than Mrs. Bento but Laura had an innate ability to exploit what she had and that endowed her with a built-in sex appeal. Men had always been drawn to her and she used their expected attention to her advantage. Unable to leave his kayak, Lenny announced that he was going to explore downshore. He didn't return until his erection had subsided.

Later, after lunch, Rita held her son back.

"They have things to talk about, and so do we," she said.

Up ahead, Laura asked her son, "Why do you think your father left?"

"Because you're always flirting with other men."

"That's because your father likes to be with the woman other men want."

"You do more than flirt."

"What do you mean?"

"I saw you with Uncle Tony."

For once, Scott's mother was silent.

"You were kissing him."

"Tony kisses all the women, me included."

"You especially because you flirt with him so much."

"Tony has always been jealous of his younger brother even though he has the sports trophies and the business. Hell, he even married the prom queen."

"Yeah, well he got rid of her when she got too old. I liked Aunt Rose and now he's got that douchebag Rachel."

"Don't call her a douchebag."

"Slut then."

Laura laughed. "Okay, slut."

"Like you."

"Watch your mouth, mister."

"Why? Ever since she came along you've been letting Uncle Tony kiss you and touch your ass when Dad's not looking."

"You don't understand. Your father has worked for your uncle for years. He's paid very well and feels he owes him. A come-on from his older brother when he's had a few isn't a big deal."

"Yeah right. Dad thinks he owes his bigger brother so he turns a blind eye when he feels up his wife? Is that what you're trying to pass off?"

"Something like that. We're all adults and…"

"Bullshit! If that's true, then why did Dad leave?"

"Because…"

"Bullshit. It's because you're a slut and that's all there is to it."

Scott dug his paddle in deep and pulled away. Laura wanted to call him back but bit her lip. What he'd said was partly true but it wasn't the whole story. She hadn't realized he knew about Tony and that made things harder. Despite what he thought she loved her son and didn't want to lose him but was afraid to lose him if she told him the whole truth.

Farther behind, Rita was talking.

"Do you wish I looked more like Laura?"

"No, Mom. I like you just the way you are."

"I'm too short to have long legs like hers."

"Mom. You look fine the way you are."

"I think we should split up. They have things to sort out."

"About Scott's Dad."

"Yes. That's part of it."

"What else is there?"

"Never mind. It's none of our business."

"He's my best friend."

"Best friends don't have to know everything about each other."

"No, but…"

"Does he know everything about you?"

"No."

"I hope not."

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That night the four of them camped alone. It was hotter than the previous night and they stayed up to avoid the stuffiness of the tents but eventually Rita went to bed and dragged Lenny along. Scott thought his mother would start nattering at him again but she went to bed too. He finally succumbed and stretched out on top of his sleeping bag. It was so hot!

In the middle of the night he got up to take a leak. He re-entered the tent with his flashlight still on. It flickered across his mother but he managed to shut it off before she woke up. He settled down on his sleeping bag and faced the wall of the tent. A few seconds later he got up on his elbow and twisted around. He turned the flashlight on.

His mother was lying on top of her sleeping bag wearing nothing but a pair of white panties. She was lying on her back with arms stretched up behind her head, as if to smooth her hair back. Scott kept the light away from her face to avoid waking her but close enough so he could see her tits. It was much better than those times, long ago, when he used to spy on her. She was so close!

Her nipples were a dark, reddish brown and even while sleeping they stood up almost half an inch. Scott turned the light lower, revealing her tummy and navel, and lighting up the white panties. Her prominent mound protruded beneath the slight pout of her belly like a firm mole hill. Her legs were slightly parted and that produced a hint of a cleft running down the lower center of the panties. Scott leaned closer for a better look, his free hand automatically covering the bulge in his shorts.

"Scott. Turn out the light and go to sleep."

Scott was startled but too mesmerized to immediately comply. Oblivious, Laura turned onto her side and twisted halfway onto her stomach without opening her eyes. The light now shone directly on her ass, only half covered by the white panties. Scott gawked at the crack emerging from the waistband and the intriguing meeting of bulging cheeks and thighs. He loved the way the panties stretched tightly across the divide between her buttocks.

"Scott," his mother repeated. "Go to sleep."

Scott clicked the flashlight off but continued to stare into the darkness at his mother's ass. He hadn't realized how perfect her ass was, rising up to form two over-ripe pears and then diving down into the dark gap between the thighs that hid her pussy. He stayed up on his elbow until it trembled, unable to hold his weight any longer, and slumped down onto his side. His hand clutched his cock which had somehow fallen out of his shorts. He could still visualize the twin pears and that drove his hand to lazily stroke his cock. No wonder men always turned to look when she walked by.

Scott sighed and turned onto his back. He had always thought his mother took Uncle Tony's constant flirting in stride but he couldn't deny what he'd seen two months ago.

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Scott had descended the stairs unannounced. Obviously his mother didn't know he was home because she was on her knees in front of Uncle Tony giving him head in the kitchen. He was so shocked he stopped breathing. They were too caught up in what they were doing to see him. His fat uncle's cock was bigger than Scott's own meat. He felt sick watching it slide in and out of his mother's mouth, a big left hand resting on top of her head urging it on and preventing it from slipping off when she pulled back to gasp for air.

"That's it, baby. Take it all. Rachel can't but that big smile of yours makes it a snap, doesn't it?"

Uncle Tony threw his head back and laughed. Scott's mother gurgled something unintelligible and that made him laugh again.

"That raise for Nick was worth every penny. You got some mouth, babe. Too bad he doesn't know how to use it but then I guess he'd be kind of lost in a big mouth like yours."

Uncle Tony laughed loudly and Laura gurgled angrily. She tried to pull off but he put his other big mitt behind her head to stop her.

"I was just kidding. Come on, now. You know I love Nick. He's my favorite little brother. Hell, if you take it all I'll give him another raise to boot. Another ten grand. Shit, with that you can get Scott started in med school."

Another gurgle from his mother.

"Hell yeah I mean it. Give it a shot. Just relax your throat and push it on. I'll hold still for you."

Uncle Tony dropped the hand holding the back of Laura's head to hold the root of his prick and she pushed forward, gulped, drew back, sucked in air, and pushed back onto his meat, her head quivering as her lips nibbled their way down his shaft.

"Oh God, Laura, that's great. Don't stop, hold still. Ahhh, Jeez."

Scott gawked and his jaw dropped. His mother's nose was buried in his uncle's thick pubic hair and her head shook on his throbbing dick until he let it go. She sprang back and gasped for breath, drool seeping over her lips.

"Do it again, babe."

Scott couldn't believe it when his mother pushed her head back onto his slippery, gooey dick.

"Oh yeah, that's great. See it's easier now. Once you've done it…Oh sweet Jesus, mother fucking Christ that's good."

"*Ohhh*, *ahhh*, mother fucker, uh, uh, Jesus. Yeah baby, you got it. Another ten grand for Nick, just don't stop, don't stop."

For a minute the room was filled with loud slurping sounds and then his uncle yelled.

"Oh GOD!"

Scott jerked back, out of sight, but stayed within earshot.

"Sorry, babe. I didn't mean to do that." He laughed. "But you brought a huge load on. I couldn't help it. You're the best, the absolute best! I can hardly wait 'til next time."

Scott's mother said something he couldn't make out because it was drowned out by water splashing in the sink.

"No way. A deal's a deal. Five times and that's only twice. Nick will get the full twenty grand but I get three more times and it's down the throat from now on baby."

Laura mumbled something that sounded like assent.

"Don't take it like that baby. Admit it, you liked it, I could tell."

Another unintelligible, more aggressive mumble.

"Bullshit. You can't suck cock like that if you like it. And I'll tell you something else. The last time I'm putting the full load on your face.

This time the answer was clear.

"No fucking way!"

"Hey baby, this time was an accident but you tried to renege on the deal and for that you gotta pay. On the face or Nick doesn't get the twenty."

Back to mumbling again.

"What's that? Speak up."

"I said OKAY!"

"That's better. Hell baby, if you let me into that little honey pot of yours I'll pay for Scott's entire tuition. You'll like getting some real meat into you for a change. I'll make your toes curl, you can bet on that."

"No way!"

"Just think about it. Scott could be a doctor instead of a mousy accountant like his Dad."

"Get the fuck out, Tony!"

"Okay, okay. I'll see ya next Thursday. Hey, you really ought to think about working for me on Fridays."

"Just go, Tony."

"Okay. Thursday. Hoo yeah!"

Scott had withdrawn to the top of the stairs just in time because Uncle Tony exited the kitchen and whisked out the door, whistling. His mother came upstairs right after and the shower started within a minute.

Shit! His mother wasn't just a cheat or a slut. She was a whore!

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Scott's eyes snapped open and he shook his head. He had fallen asleep remembering that first time when he caught his mom and his uncle. He

didn't know why he hadn't told his mother what he'd actually seen instead of saying he only saw them kissing. Though it was still pitch black his mother's breathing indicated she was asleep. He fumbled for the flashlight and turned it on, being careful to hold the lens in his hand so it wouldn't spill too much light.

She was on her back. Carefully, Scott let enough light spill to reveal her tits. He pointed the flashlight lower and removed his hand, watching her face for reaction. Her breathing remained even. He had to agree with his uncle about her full, pouty lips and big smile. He pictured his cock slipping between those lips and his hands holding her head until her nose smashed into his pubic hair instead of his uncle's. He groaned and grabbed his cock, dropping the flashlight.

He had missed the Thursday meeting for his uncle's next scheduled blowjob and therefore didn't know when the next one was. So he waited upstairs, quietly, every night for a week until his uncle finally came. As promised, he unloaded his thick creamy jism all over his mother's face.

It made Scott sick to his stomach. He hated her guts! To do that to his Dad, and herself. But, sick as he was, his cock hardened, harder than it had ever been. He couldn't sleep for two nights for thinking about shoving his cock into her mouth and he hated her for it. What a slut she was!

Now he shone the light on the white panties, holding steady on her mound. Just like her ass, tits and legs it was eye-catching. If her face was as pretty as her body she could have been a movie star.

Scott held the flashlight close and ran it up and down her legs, slowing to execute a U-turn on her panties. He repeated this six or seven times, turning slower and slower at her panties, until he simply stopped there. It had to be his imagination but he was sure her breathing had changed, becoming slower but shallower too.

Keeping the lens close to her body to avoid flashing her eyes, Scott trailed the flashlight across her abdomen, circling her tummy in concentric circles until it centered on her navel. He imagined his fingertips replacing the light. On a sudden impulse, he flicked the light up to her tits and circled them until the light held steady on her right nipple. He waved the light back and forth, flicking it with luminescence.

Her breathing had definitely changed! And the nipple was hardening! Score!

Her right nipple tightened and extended past half an inch. Scott moved the light to the left nipple which was still relaxed and repeated the light play. It took a couple of minutes but then that nipple began to visibly stiffen. Scott was thrilled.

He played the light up and down his mother's body, all the way to her toes and back to her breasts, swinging from one nipple to the other. He circled her navel and then brought the light to bear on the white panties again, on that gorgeous mound. He wiggled it from side to side, then moved it slowly up and down where the crevice between her lips should be, somewhere underneath. Her breathing softened and her thighs trembled, then quivered. She sighed deeply and Scott snapped the light off. She remained still and her breathing continued so he turned it back on and shone it on her mound again.

For five or ten minutes Scott was fixated on moving the light around and around on his mother's white panties. It was a while before he noticed the odor. He leaned close and sniffed. She was creaming!

Scott drew back and looked at the light. Sure enough, he could see the definite outline of her pubic lips beneath the white cotton panties. They had become damp and now outlined the pussy underneath, the cleft visibly defined whereas before it was muted by the thick gusset.

On another impulse, Scott moved the flashlight away and then closer, keeping the beam centered on his mother's damp cleft. He repeated this twenty or thirty times and was rewarded by almost imperceptible movements. Her thigh muscles tensed and relaxed which caused her hips to flex and that in turn moved the white panties up and down, all in time with the movement of the flashlight.

As Scott fucked her with the light her hips and thigh muscles responded, her mound thrusting to and fro in concert with the light. Her breathing quickened and the tent filled with the smell of her musky odor. Her upper lip, covered in beads of sweat, folded tensely over the lower one. She sighed and emitted soft moans. Occasionally her mound snapped up hard and the moans gave way to sharp grunts which started to happen more often. Shortly after her breathing became very ragged her hips jerked frantically and his mother's hands, which had been tucked behind her head, flew down to cup her mound. Scott snapped the light off.

"Ohhhh, my God. Ohhh, ohhh, uhhh, huh, huh, huh, ohhhhhhhh."

The sounds dwindled until the tent was blanketed by silence.

"Scott?"

"Scott? Are you awake?"

Scott breathed as evenly as he could in the tense, musky air.

"Thank God. Jesus, Laura."

Scott heard his mother turn over but he remained still, breathing evenly until he heard his mother doing the same. He didn't have the courage to turn the light on again even though he knew the sweat-dampened panties would reveal much more of her luscious ass.

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The next day, Rita ripped the hull of her kayak on the sharp, stubby branch of a sunken log. Fortunately, they were close to shore and the nice white sand beach that was their destination for a lunch break.

"How the hell did you hit that? The water's crystal clear," Lenny complained.

"I didn't see it," Rita answered.

"How could you miss it?"

"I just didn't see it," his mother snapped.

"Jesus, Mom."

"It's no problem," Laura said. "We'll patch it and move on after it dries. We can stay here tonight. It's nice."

"No," Rita objected. "You and Scott go on. Lenny and I will catch up."

Lenny looked disappointed.

"We'll wait for you and go on together," Scott said.

"No," Rita insisted. "Lenny will stay with me and you go on. We'll catch up."

Scott started to argue but his mother interjected. "Okay, Rita. That's what we'll do."

They had lunch and then Laura patched the kayak.

"Hold it here for at least fifteen minutes," she told Lenny. "It should be set well enough to use in a couple of hours." She looked at Rita. "Maybe more. We'll wait for you."

"Okay," Rita said. "We'll catch up."

Scott and Laura pushed off and paddled away.

"Why didn't we just wait?" he asked his mother.

"Because Rita obviously wants to be spend some time alone with Lenny."

Scott didn't argue. Yesterday he hated the idea of being alone with is mother but after last night he had warmed up to it. He trailed behind her, watching, as Lenny had done. When she stopped to take a drink, she lifted her arms to squeeze her hair back and Scott appreciated the lift it imparted to her breasts. He remembered how her nipples had stiffened under the light and could hardly wait to get to the next campsite and into the tent. He was eager for another light show.

They had been paddling for about an hour when Laura suddenly stopped and leaned forward in her kayak. When Scott came up beside her he saw she was crying.

"What's wrong?"

Instead of answering, she sniffled. Normally, Scott would have paddled on but now he wanted to make up for being such a prick. He put his arm around her and asked again what was wrong. He liked holding her.

"Nothing."

"It looks like something's bothering you."

"No, it's just that, well…Do you really think I'm a slut?"

"What? No. I was just mad and wanted to hurt your feelings, that's all."

There was a pause in the sniffling.

"Really?"

"Yeah."

"Cause I would really hate it if you thought…"

"Don't even think about it, Mom. I didn't mean it."

"I know I flirt and show off but your father really does encourage it. He always has, too much, and that's why we've split up for a while."

"I understand."

"No, you don't, but if you knew the truth you might hate me even more."

Laura straightened up and shook Scott's arm off. She pushed her kayak away from his and paddled away, leaving Scott staring after her, confused.

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They reached the end of the lake and threaded through the grassy banks of the narrow channel leading to the next lake. Scott was glad they didn't have to portage. An hour later they reached the small island which had two campsites, one on each side. They made for the one on the right.

His mother must have still been upset because she floundered getting out of her kayak and fell in the water but got up on her own. Scott climbed to the ridge dividing the islet and, looking over the rail fence dividing two campsites, was pleased to see the other side was empty. He returned to inform his mother.

"Should we leave one of our kayaks on the other side so they'll know we're here in case they go the other way?" Scott asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because they know this is where we'll be."

They set up camp in silence. Afterward, Laura changed into an old one-piece bathing suit she only wore around the house for tanning. The material was worn and thin with a tiny hole near the bottom of the left buttock, unsuitable for public use but good enough for camping. The back was open to the small of her back and clung to her buttocks, doing more to advertise than disguise their alluring shape.

Scott watched his mother. Even here, alone on the island, her movements were languid and seductive. She lifted her arms to pull her hair down her back and walked with an extra kick to her hips despite the fact he was the only male present. He decided that he had been unfair to her. She wasn't a hopeless flirt after all. Her movements were natural; it was just the way she was.

When she began eating protein bars instead of preparing dinner, Scott did the same. She climbed up to the ridge and hung her kayak suit on the rail to dry and then continued on to sit on the shore of the other campsite to watch for Rita and Lenny. Scott followed her, wanting to

continue their earlier conversation, consumed by the way the flesh of each buttock alternately bulged out of the bathing suit with each step.

It was a beautiful and peaceful evening and the sun was beginning to set when they sat on a log near the water. Scott didn't know how to renew the conversation they had started in the afternoon so he just blurted out what was on his mind.

"I wouldn't hate you," Scott broke the silence.

Laura knew what he was talking about even though several hours had passed since the topic had been dropped.

"You would."

"No I wouldn't."

"Yes, you would."

"This is silly. Look, you'll never know unless you tell me. I'm a grown up now, so tell me, even if I might hate you."

Laura sighed.

"I guess I've opened the can of worms, haven't I?"

"Yeah."

Laura sighed.

"Okay. There's more to your father leaving than meets the eye."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. You know your father has always encouraged me to look good and to flirt with other men?"

"So you say."

"Well, he has, from the beginning. It made him feel good to be the one going home with the woman getting all the attention."

"You never seemed to mind."

Laura nodded. "No, I didn't. We're both at fault but I'm not the one who pushed it too far."

Scott couldn't believe this. Was she really going to blame his father for her affair with Uncle Tony? Of course, she didn't know he knew about it and he wasn't sure he would admit knowing just to call her bullshit. But, wait a minute. Was she working up to confessing? Scott began to feel distinctly uncomfortable.

"Your father used to fantasize about letting some of the more eager suitors come home with us to party, and for us to have, you know, a threesome."

"Mom!"

"I know. Old people having sex. Yuk! You think we're so square but we were young once. Anyway, we never did anything but the thought spiced up our sex life in our thirties when we needed a boost."

"Mom, I don't…"

"If you want to know the truth, just listen."

Scott shrugged, folded his arms over his bent knees, and stared at the lake.

"By the time we turned forty the fantasies had pretty much been forgotten, along with our sex life, but after your father turned forty-five he started in on me again. He was more serious this time. He wanted me to really do it with someone so he could watch."

Laura paused, as if expecting Scott to say something but he remained silent.

"I don't know if it was because I was doing yoga and looking better than I had for years or what. Anyway, he always needed me to prove my love and I thought that was what it was about so I played along. I suggested different guys, some we knew and others we just happened across when we were out for dinner or the bar or even going to a show. I was sure it was just a game we would play up once we got home but we didn't and our lovemaking as boring as usual which was disappointing because I was really worked up. All the talk about doing it with strangers had been put me on edge and I started getting urges to do it with strange men I saw in stores, on the street, even in the bank. I even started having thoughts about guys we knew."

Laura stopped, out of breath, and peered at her son but his gaze remained fixed on the horizon.

"Anyway, your father kept talking about it and when I said it would bother me to do it with someone else in front of him he said he didn't have to actually be there, we could make a video. I asked if he wouldn't be jealous and he said hell no, it was his idea. I said I really didn't want to do it but he pleaded with me. Life is passing us by, he said, and he was tired of being a boring accountant. Of course, I said he wasn't boring and I loved him and he said if I really loved him I would do this little thing for him. I said it wasn't a little thing and we argued about that but in the end I said I'd do it. To be honest, talking about it so much made it seem like not such a big deal and I was starting to get excited about doing something different, something—bad."

"Whew, that was a mouthful. Do you want me to go on or is this too yucky for you?"

Scott didn't answer.

"So I tossed out some names, thinking it would make your Dad angry and jealous and that would be the end of it. I didn't think he would really go through with it anyway but he took it seriously and considered each one. Still, he came up with reasons why they wouldn't do and that convinced me it was just a game. So I asked him who hell he thought it should be. Some stranger? And that got me thinking about the urges I'd been having. That's when I starting thinking for real that maybe it wasn't such a bad idea. Your father had started an itch and I needed to scratch it."

"Anyway, he said no. Well then, who, I said. And then he said it."

Laura paused, gave Scott a hard look, and then followed his gaze out to the horizon.

"He said, how about my brother?"

"I said, What, Ricky? He'd have a heart attack. He could never go through with it. No, he said. Not Ricardo, Tony."

"Tony! I said. Why Tony? Did he put you up to this?"

"He said no, it was his idea. Tony hadn't said a thing."

Scott was dubious. He remembered his uncle asking her to work part time for him on Fridays and three weeks ago his mother had started working Fridays to help clean up the sales records.

"So Dad left because you refused to do it with Uncle Tony?"

Laura's reply was muted.

"No."

"So why'd he leave."

"I said I would never do it with your uncle but your father insisted, said that Tony had always wanted me, and that he owed him."

"Because he got some big raises lately?"

"Partly. How'd you know about that?"

"Dad mentioned it," Scott lied.

"Oh. Well that and all the years he's been paid better than he should have been, along with the new cars and other perks. So, anyway, I said I'd give it a shot and see what happened but I wouldn't do a video. If it happened I would tell him about it and that would have to do."

"So you did it with Uncle Tony?"

"No, I thought we could pretend it happened to make Nick happy so I took a job Friday nights helping Tony at the office. That would set the stage for something to happen in a location under Tony's control. I talked to Tony and he agreed to go along with the pretence."

"Uh huh. I still don't see why Dad left."

"It seems there was more to it."

"Like what?"

"Rachel has been trying to get out of her pre-nuptial agreement with Tony. He's suspicious about her motives and so got her to help your Dad with some of the bookkeeping on Thursday nights."

"Thursdays?" Scott asked.

"Yes, Thursdays."

Scott nodded. Things were becoming clearer.

"So why'd he do that?"

"I guess Tony knew his brother was restless. He asked him to try to get Rachel in a compromising position so he'd have the goods on her for a divorce if he ever needed it. Your father leapt at the chance to be with a big-busted, younger blonde like Rachel. He asked her if she was

happy and she said she was but the pre-nup bothered her. She said if Tony really loved her he would nullify it and asked Nick to help her convince Tony it was the right thing to do. But Nick held back and the next thing you know Rachel was showing him her plastic tits. They had been drinking and things got out of hand. To make a long story short, he and Rachel did it, just as Tony had planned."

"How do you know? Did Dad tell you?"

"No, Tony did."

"And you believed him?"

"He had a video. Several of them, in fact."

"So Dad left because he got caught doing Rachel?"

"Not quite."

"Mom, this is way too complicated."

Laura laughed and said, "The worst is yet to come."

"Go on."

"I got mad. Nick and I played games but we had never cheated on each other, at least, to my knowledge. Your father talked about getting someone to do me so he could watch and here he was doing his brother's wife. I was pissed, jealous, and hurt."

Scott thought she was playing it a little thick given she had been giving Uncle Tony blowjobs and probably before any of this had happened but he said nothing.

"So, what did you do?" he asked.

His mother didn't mince words.

"I fucked your uncle. I actually did it."

Laura's voice caught and she hung her head, then lifted it and gazed at the lake.

"I let him fuck me," she repeated, more accurately. "One night we were working and Tony put this video on in his office. It was Nick and Rachel. I couldn't believe it. Clearly, they had been doing it for weeks and your father was absolutely fascinated with her big tits. I wish my

wife had a set like these, he said. If you lick me, I'll let you fuck them, she answered. It was like a cheap porno flick. Every week, your father fucked her tits and she let him come on her face. Nick was ecstatic. Laura would never let me to anything like this, he said."

"Asshole!" Laura exclaimed.

"Asshole," Scott agreed.

Laura looked at her son and smiled but he didn't meet her eyes. Encouraged, she went on.

"Anyway, before I knew it Tony had his big thing inside me and I have to admit I liked it. I didn't want to. I've never liked him but he knows what he's doing and he's got the equipment and, of course, I wanted to get back at your Dad so I really gave him a wild ride."

"And I did. I did it any way he wanted it, again and again. He was insatiable and, God forgive me, so was I. I was so loud. It's so embarrassing, the things I said, the sounds I made. Oh, God."

Laura hung her head and put a hand to her forehead.

"Did Uncle Tony tell Dad?"

"Worse. He had a video."

"A video?"

"Yes. Your uncle recorded the whole thing. I should have realized, the way he kept positioning me, and especially after he showed me the ones of Rachel and Nick, but I thought it was just the way he liked to do it. He arranged me to get good shots for the camera, grabbed my hair to hold my head up from the desk to show my face. He showed it to Nick and, oh God, he could see how much I liked having Tony's big dick in me. That's why your father left. He could never make me come like that, could never get a look on my face like that, and the jealousy broke him. He ran away."

"Of course, it all worked out for Tony. He's got the evidence to divorce Rachel cheaply and he knew the video would break his brother. In his mind, I was left for the taking. He admitted he always wanted me but never knew what a good fuck I was, even better than Rachel. He said I'm the best he'd ever had and he wants me every night, not just on Fridays. Can you imagine, talking to a woman like that?"

Scott shook his head.

"So now you know the whole sordid story. Your father's a philanderer, I'm a slut, and we're both fools. We've ruined our marriage and should be ashamed of ourselves."

Laura looked at Scott as if realizing for the first time who she was spilling her guts to.

"And now I'm a shitty parent too for talking to you like this."

"So why did you tell me? So, I wouldn't hate you?

"No. I'm sure will if you don't already. Tony said if I won't be with him, he'll show you the video. I'm not going to do that so I wanted you to hear the truth from me, and I don't want you to watch that fucking video!"

Disgusted with the whole thing and knowing Scott now had good reason to hate her, Laura got up.

"I'm going to bed," she said.

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Scott stayed up for another hour trying to digest what he'd heard. He believed her. Sure, she hadn't told him about sucking Uncle Tony's cock but she hadn't spared herself any blame. Furthermore, she had sucked Uncle Tony to benefit him and his father, not herself.

Despite the pain of it, Scott couldn't help picturing his mother getting fucked by Uncle Tony. He imagined himself in his uncle's place, positioning her the way he wanted, and her complying willingly. His hand rubbed his cock. Abruptly, he jumped up.

"Fuck!"

Scott took a leak in the bushes and climbed over the ridge to hit the sack too. He crawled into bed in the dark and lay quietly until he was sure his mother was sleeping. When he turned on the flashlight he was disappointed to find her sleeping in the one-piece bathing suit.

Then he realized she had slipped the thin straps off her shoulders and the suit was in danger of leaving his mother's breasts bare like they'd been the night before. Also, the worn material was too thin to disguise what was previously covered by the thick gusset of the white panties.

Scott satisfied himself with looking at his mother for several minutes before fishing his cock out of his shorts and lazily stroking himself. His gaze flipped between the nipples poking through the worn bathing suit and the camel-toe residing between her legs.

He retrieved the LED penlight from his dry-bag and turned it on. A pencil-thin beam of bright light pierced the dull glow inside the tent. Scott focused the light on his mother's left nipple. It seemed to respond more quickly than the previous night and he congratulated himself on his ingenuity. Perhaps the effect wouldn't be just quicker but more intense too.

Scott tested the narrow light beam on the right nipple and was pleased with the result. He traced a line down, circling her navel, and then on to the treasure spot. The camel-toe was explored thoroughly and then the inner thighs tickled with light before slowly urging them apart by pushing the light closer. Success!

The light traced up and down the inside of Laura's legs for quite a while, always pressing outward, and always pausing to tickle the camel-toe. Her legs opened wider and the tip of Scott's exposed cock nudged the skin of her outer thigh. He concentrated on her mound, tracing the light over the bathing suit, and rubbing the underskin of his cock against her thigh. The light slipped off her mound and he tried to peek inside the legholes of the suit but quickly returned to explore the cleft. Laura began breathing more rapidly.

Scott chanced waking his mother by pulling the loosened front of her bathing suit down to expose her breasts. Her nipples stood up stiff and proud and his cock lurched in response. He didn't want to move the

light away from her pussy so he did an incredibly stupid thing. He crooked an index finger and curled it around the nearest nipple!

He couldn't believe he'd been so ignorant but when Laura's eyes didn't open and she sighed he uncurled the index finger and pinched the nipple between it and his thumb, rolling it back and forth. Laura sighed and her back arched. Scott quickly released her nipple and turned off the penlight but forgot about the larger light which bathed the tent in a musky glow.

Fortunately, his mother didn't wake up. Mustering his courage, Scott brought his fingers near the camel-toe and, after a deep breath, brushed against it with the second knuckle of his index finger. He held his breath while his mind belatedly scrambled for an excuse should her eyes flash open. How could he explain why her breasts were bare and legs wide open? But luck shone upon Scott again.

Bolstered, his finger returned to the camel-toe. This time it was the tip's turn to explore the cleft. How warm it felt! A soft purr emanated from his mother's lips, adding to his excitement. He rubbed it as if rolling a dollop of dough, pressing lightly down and mashing it round and round, evoking a low, soft moan from his mother's throat and a strong lurch from his cock.

Scott rubbed his finger up and down his mother's cleft and from side to side, picturing her lips parting under the suit. He pressed on it with his

thumb and cupped it with curved fingers. It didn't matter what he did, she liked it. Her hips moved and her mound twitched with every rub and scrape. He lowered his head to taste her nipple but chickened out, and probably for the better. A deep dip through the camel-toe set his mother's thighs off on a series of clenches and he barely managed to extract his hand before her legs snapped closed. Amidst her moans he fumbled with the light and managed to turn it off but when her legs opened again and scraped across the tip of his cock he began to erupt. Before he could cover it with his shorts two spurts had unloaded, one on the outside of her thigh and the other on his sleeping bag.

This time, when his mother finished coming, she didn't wake up. Or, at least she didn't say anything. Scott didn't turn on the light until half an hour after the last time he heard her change positions. She was lying on her stomach with the bathing suit twisted down to her hips but he didn't have the moxy to pull it all the way down to fully expose her wonderful ass. He did, however, rub himself to another come, this time inside his shorts.

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The next morning Scott watched his mother do her yoga routine in the worn bathing suit. It was just exercise but her movements were unintentionally, incredibly sexy. After that, she draped the sleeping bags over the rail on the ridge and started wiping the outside of his with a wet cloth. She was cleaning up his dried spunk! When she was finished he approached her.

"I think we can fix everything, Mom."

"And how are we going to do that?"

"If you get Dad back, I'll take care of everything else."

Laura smiled at her son's youthful confidence and asked, "And how will you do that?"

"Will you try to get Dad back?"

"He doesn't want me."

"You know that's not true. Will you try?"

"Yes, but I think it's a lost cause."

"What if he thought you were faking it because you knew you were being filmed and you just wanted to get back at him because of Rachel? Do you think that might salve his ego?"

Laura regarded her son thoughtfully. "Maybe."

"Okay, then all you have to do is make him believe it."

"And what about Tony?"

"You know where he kept the video?"

"In his desk."

"Okay, I'll get it."

"He might have more than one copy, and anyway, your father's already seen it."

"Doesn't matter. You'll convince him you faked it and one copy is enough evidence for Rachel to break the prenuptial agreement."

Laura's respect for her son deepened.

"That's right. I see."

"Yeah. Uncle Tony backs off. Dad gets his raises and my tuition for med school is paid for. And because he was such a prick, he buys a condo as an investment that I can use while I'm going to college. If he doesn't agree, to anything, we give the video to Rachel and that will cost him way more."

Laura smiled. "You're bad news, my boy."

"Yeah, but you have to promise to control your urges. No more Uncle Tony, or anyone else for that matter, whether Dad wants you to or not."

"Okay. I'll control myself but what if the urges don't stop."

"Maybe it's just a phase and they'll disappear as fast as they started."

"What if they don't?"

"I'll think of something to help but you can't act on them. Deal?"

"Deal."

Scott and Laura high-fived each other.

Later that day it became quite hot. After a swim, Laura gathered up the sleeping bags and said she was going to get changed. She didn't emerge and after a while Scott peeked in the tent. His mother was sleeping on her stomach in a sleeveless blouse and panties with a short black skirt discarded nearby. Evidently, she had taken off the bathing suit and fallen asleep before getting completely changed.

Scott peeled off his t-shirt and lay down on his sleeping bag. He turned on his side to admire his mother's long legs and the buttocks bulging out of the tiny panties. It was dim inside the tent compared to outside but not dark enough for a flashlight to be useful. He sighed. Just as well, he thought, because she was only having a nap and could wake up anytime.

Still, she was breathing like she was in a deep sleep. Scott thought about the effects of the flashlight over the last two nights and his cock hardened. Decision slipped from his control. He moved his hand up and down about two inches above his mother's legs as if he was holding the penlight. At the top of her legs his palms hovered lovingly over her ass, molding their shape now only an inch away.

Scott moved up her back and noticed the top was loose, so loose that it must not be buttoned in front. Chest constricted, he pinched some of the material on the side bearing less of his mother's weight and pulled. It came came free easily. He took a deep breath and slowly peeled the blouse off his mother's arm until progress was stopped. Gently, he prodded her to ease her weight off her left side and then peeled the

blouse off that arm. Five minutes of careful work back and forth left his mother naked above the waist. Scott tossed the blouse on top of the black skirt. With luck, she might forget having put it on.

Scott surveyed the prize for his effort, his mother's breasts bulging from her sides, back completely bare exposing the curving groove of her spine. His cock tingled.

For ten minutes Scott moved his hand all over Laura's body, not touching, but able to sense the erotic energy radiating from her skin. He focused on her buttocks, the inside of her thighs, and eventually the special place where they joined. Completely immersed in her feminine mystique, he was caught completely by surprise when she turned onto her back and his hand briefly contacted her buttocks. He was lucky to yank it back before she turned completely over.

Scott didn't do anything for several minutes, shook his head and decided to quit, but the urge was too great. He began air-molding her body again. She turned completely onto her back and twisted her body, trying to settle into a comfortable position without success. His hands immediately air-caressed her beautiful, firm and excited tits. How could his father ignore such perfect nipples?

Laura remained still while her son's hands swirled around her breasts, skimmed over the pout of her belly to circle her mound, dipped between her legs, and rubbed, all without contacting her flesh. Five

minutes later, she became restless again and turned onto her stomach but her hips were slightly twisted, presenting her ass in perfect raised relief.

The tiny panties had slipped down to the lower half of her buttocks. Scott's hand paused above them. Then, tentatively, the index finger of his right hand stretched out to hook the waistband, the sides of the first knuckle grazing the tender, firm, inner sides of each cheek. He tugged the panties slowly downward, his fingertip scraping through her crack, and the sides of the panties resisting only momentarily before slipping free of her hips, leaving his mother's buttocks completely bared.

He was staggered by their beauty even before he spied the naked nether lips beneath but once he had he couldn't look anywhere else. He had touched it but then it had been covered by panties. Now it was naked and he was afraid to make the connection.

Laura sighed and breathed deep, then expelled her breath in a long exhalation. Her feet twitched, sending a quiver up her long legs and a tremor through her pussy which stopped only when the wave was dampened by the heavier flesh of her cheeks. Scott assumed she was dreaming, fulfilling one of the recent urges awakened by his father that she now found so difficult to quell. He decided to help her.

With surprisingly deftness, his index finger sought and probed those tender lips, resting for a moment with the lightest touch, then pressing,

gently but with increasing pressure, until his fingernail disappeared. Laura sighed into the pillow and her hips lifted slightly, swallowing Scott's finger until the second knuckle was gone too. He pushed it in the rest of the way himself, waited until another sigh subsided, then twisted it to the left and then all the way to the right. A soft moan ensued as he dragged it back, all the way out, caressed each lip the whole length, then plunged back in.

Surprisingly, Scott was no longer afraid his mother would wake up. She was in a dream, exploring a primal urge, and was unlikely to attain consciousness until it was satisfied. And the only way that would happen was through the instrument of his finger, already slick and warmed by the byproducts of her dream.

His mother's hips were moving constantly now, though barely a twitch forward and back, but enough to expose and immerse his finger completely. There was just enough time between twitches for Scott to twist his hand once to the left and once to the right. Though the twitches increased in frequency, and he plunged and extracted his finger faster and faster, the pauses for the twists remained the same.

The sighs and moans, however, quickened apace with the back and forth movements of Laura's ass. Scott had leaned close and his cock, hard and bare, slid up and down the back of her left thigh. Near the end it skidded down the inside and several times the tip nudged into her ass above his busy finger.

Her orgasm was sudden. Suddenly, she was convulsing and her hips were jerking back and forth so hard he was afraid she would fracture a bone. His finger was expelled violently. He felt the sperm surging within himself and was barely able to contain it until he stumbled out of the tent, squeezing his cock to stifle the explosion. He lurched across the campsite, spewing cum as his mother's moans escaped through the flaps. He aimed to the side, at the bushes, proud that he had been able to think logically under fire, so to speak.

When he was done, he pulled his shorts up and sat on the log near the fire pit. He was there when his mother emerged from the tent, the sleeveless bouse and skirt properly arranged. Her face was flushed and she didn't make eye contact as she walked past him and up the hill to the ridge.

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Scott turned upon the muted gasp from his mother. She was staring over the ridge down at the other campsite. At first curious and then frightened that she had spotted some kind of wild animal Scott quickly ascended the slope as quietly as he could. He was almost upon her when she became aware of his approach and waved him back, then turned to push him away, but it was too late.

Scott stared and stifled a gasp of his own. A tent was being put up below, the material laid out in a neat rectangle but the poles not yet

erected. Rita was kneeling in the center of the tent, unbuttoning her blouse, and Lenny stood before her. She pulled the blouse away from her braless breasts and peeled it off her arms. They were quite substantial, bigger than Scott would have thought they'd be, and firmer. They hardly bounced when she tossed the blouse away. Scott looked at his mother but her gaze was fixed on the scene unfolding below.

Lenny stepped closer and Rita reached for him, her hands fumbling at the front of his shorts. His cock appeared in her right hand and she started stroking it, looking up with adoring eyes and a smile on her face. Lenny put his hand on top of her head and leaned his hips forward but his mother steered his meat to the side and it skidded off her cheek. She laughed and he pulled back, then thrust forward only be dissuaded again. Lenny laughed this time too and Scott had the distinct impression this was a game they had played before. On the third attempt, Lenny's cock disappeared into his mother's mouth and his buttocks tightened.

Scott and Laura watched, mesmerized, as Lenny plunged his cock again and again into Rita's mouth. She took it like a trooper and Scott was reminded by the skill his own mother exhibited when taking Uncle Tony's meat into her mouth. He glanced at her from the corner of his eye but her attention remained focused on their friends though he was sure she was aware of his scrutiny. Scott's eyes returned to the scene below and were soon as riveted as his mother's on the amazing disappearing act of Lenny's cock. She didn't even, he thought, have a big smile.

Scott was thinking about dragging his mother away when Lenny pulled out and stood with his slick cock hanging in front of his mother's face. Remembering what his Uncle Tony wanted, he expected Lenny to grab his tool and jack off until he flooded his mother's face. He grabbed his own mother's hand and tugged but she resisted, apparently too fascinated to leave.

Rita turned to the side and rolled forward until her forehead touched the ground. She raised her ass and waited. Lenny moved behind her and squatted, lowering his cock to line it up, and pushed it into her. Laura gasped as he immediately started fucking his mother, grasping her waist and forcefully driving his pole deep within her.

They watched the mother and son fuck for several minutes before Laura turned, slipped her hand out of Scott's grip, and walked down the hill. She went straight for the tent and disappeared inside. Scott took a last look, shook his head, and said out loud, "Fuck, Lenny!"

He followed his mother down the hill and crawled into the tent. He was about to speak but then noticed his mother's position. She was lying on her stomach, her ass twisted slightly to the side and raised a bit, like it had been when he fingered her. Her legs were parted and the short skirt couldn't hide the fact that her panties had been removed, whether after she returned to the tent or before she left it, he didn't know. What he did know was that she was the sexiest woman alive!

He started to speak, wanting to say something about what they witnessed, but words wouldn't come. All he got out was, "Mom."

Her ass pushed up a little as soon as he spoke. Scott stared at her bare cheeks, at the naked pussy his finger had so recently explored, and was now glistening. He found it hard to breathe and without thinking about it he pushed his shorts down, baring his cock. The picture of Lenny squatting over his mother, pushing his hard cock down to find her pussy, filled his mind.

Scott crawled forward, between his mother's legs, his knees scraping her ankles. She opened them wider and her ass tipped upward. Breathing raggedly, Scott grabbed his cock and aimed it at the glistening slit. He leaned forward, lowering his hips, and gasped when the tip contacted her dewy lips. Laura moaned and Scott pushed. The head split her slit and they paused, as if contemplating whether to proceed, but in fact the thought never crossed either's mind. Each was consumed with shock over how good it felt and an accompanying, demanding need to complete the act. Scott shoved and Laura tossed up and back. In an instant, they were completely joined.

The first strokes were slow and deep but as Laura's pussy accommodated his girth her panting grew louder and Scott's thrusts consequently quickened. He grasped her hips to keep her in place but the throes of passion demanded more so he leaned over to trap her bucking ass.

Laura twisted her head and slumped down onto her shoulders, her movements restricted but still active as she accepted the smash of this thighs against the back of hers. Her lungs were starved for air but she mouthed a constant mixture of gasps, grunts and half-formed words.

They never eased their pace but raced like a runaway freight train toward release. At one point Laura was in danger of being flattened by the force of Scott's weight but she braced herself with her hands and kept him at bay. Another time she seemed exhausted and incapable of meeting his thrusts but he pulled her up by the waist to keep her ass against his groin as he ground into her. At the end, chests heaving and hips barely humping, they reached nirvana at the same time and hunched, one atop the other, without an inch of separated flesh from neck to knees. They remained that way, gasping and wheezing, and swaying to and fro, in imminent danger of collapse, but they never fell over.

Instead, the slow humping, which had never completely stopped, gradually picked up momentum. Scott eased back and Laura's hips followed him. His hands slid up from her hips to her stomach and pulled her upright as he maintained thrusting from below. Her hands reached up to her hair and smoothed it down her back while his cupped her magnificent little tits and pinched her superhero nipples. Soon she was bouncing on his renewed cock and the sounds and half-words were streaming from her frothy lips.

Afterward, they sheepishly dressed and emerged from the tent, still arranging their clothing as they climbed to the ridge. Lenny and Rita were assembling the tent and they waved when Lenny looked up. He looked surprised but Rita didn't. They didn't know that when Scott had earlier turned to follow his mother down the hill Rita had looked up and spotted his receding back and the lime green kayak suit still hanging on the far end of the rail.

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Lenny and Scott packed the kayaks into the vehicles while their moms talked. A group of four young men in excellent shape were unloading their gear but Laura ignored them.

"I can't believe we almost missed each other," Rita observed.

Laura suppressed a smile. If only her friend knew what she had witnessed from the ridge. She remembered Lenny pushing himself into her mouth, then taking her roughly from behind and thought about the frantic way her own son had taken her in their tent immediately afterward. It was the first time in her life she had experienced multiple orgasms and to think that only hours later she would be blessed with them again.

That night they had tried to keep quiet until they remembered that a ridge separated their tent from Rita and Lenny and the last thing they

would be doing was listening to them. Still, their lovemaking was muted in comparison to the afternoon but no less intense. She was bored of the missionary position but loved doing it face to face with her son. That said, she was planning on getting it from behind as soon as they got home. She figured slipping her panties off in front of him would do it along with tossing a comment over her shoulder that they could unpack later as she walked to the door. Her legs and butt always attracted men's attention and her son shouldn't be any different. In fact she was sure that in this case familiarity would strengthen rather than diminish the attraction.

"You would have found us once you finished setting up camp."

"Yeah. I guess we were kind of busy when we first got there," Rita replied.

"We watched for a while but gave up. We couldn't figure out what was keeping you. Did you get everything straightened out with Lenny?"

"Oh, yes. Very straight."

Again, Laura suppressed a smile and so did Rita. Laura noticed and for a moment thought her friend might be getting off on playing with words.

"I guess next time we shouldn't split up."

"Next time? That's good. You do seem to be getting along much better with Scott."

Laura's eyes furrowed. There was definitely a hint of a smile on Rita's face and a flicker of amusement in her eyes. Did she know? Laura had been so worried about not exposing her knowledge of Rita and Lenny's affair that she might have slipped up herself. She racked her brain but couldn't think of a single instance where she might have given herself away. She had been careful to remain aloof from Scott and cautioned him to do the same. No, she was sure, Rita couldn't possibly know.

"Oh, by the way, I almost forgot."

Rita bent down and pulled a garment from her bag. She held out the lime green kayak suit.

"I found this hanging on the rail along the ridge."

Laura was speechless with shock. Rita smiled.

"Imagine, seeing that way up there and missing a big red tent not twenty feet beyond."

Her eyes twinkled and Laura blushed furiously.

"I think you and Scott should be on good terms for a long time to come."

Laura went beet red. She looked at the ground and shuffled her feet.

"I don't know what to say."

"There's nothing to say. I think we should make a habit of these bonding trips, don't you?"

Rita laughed and Laura did too, a bit too loud but then the tension flowing out of her body was palpable.

"Why don't you get Scott to drive for you? Lenny can drive me home in his Jeep."

Laura shook her head.

"It's new for you. Savor it."

Laura nodded. She turned and walked over to the boys who were packing the last of the gear in the Pilot.

"Scott, I don't feel well. Can you drive for me?"

Scott hesitated only for a moment before handing the keys for his coveted TJ to Lenny.

"Don't follow too close."

Lenny was thrilled.

"We'll go first," Rita said.

"Okay," Laura agreed promptly.

The TJ's dust had completely settled before Laura would allow Scott to follow. They hadn't gone five miles when she held a hand over her mouth and asked him to turn onto a small side road. Scott drove far enough that they would be out of sight and stopped the car. He turned and waited for his mother to open the door so she could get sick but instead she laid her head in his lap.

"I just need to rest for a minute," she said

She moved her head on his lap as if trying to get comfortable.

"Do you want to lie down on the back seat?"

"No," Laura mumbled. "I'm fine here."

The vibration of her voice stirred his loins. She spoke again but he couldn't understand her. She repeated it but he still couldn't get it. His cock began to unlimber.

"What?"

"Doo doo doo, doo doo, doo doo doo, dooooo," she trumpeted.

She laughed, his cock throbbed, and he groaned. Her fingers were busy undoing his belt and unzipping his pants. White undershorts appeared and she scratched them. Scott groaned again. She had difficulty getting his stiff cock out but as soon as she did her mouth was on it, quickly bobbing up and down, then slowing in a long drag upward before releasing it with a loud, wet pop. She looked up and laughed.

"I have an urge and I need to scratch it."

Immediately, she opened her mouth wide and dropped onto his cock. Scott's hands found her head and held it while his hips pushed upward. If she had an urge to get her face fucked, he was damn well going to oblige her. He gripped the steering wheel with one hand to give added force to his thrusts and soon add another since there was no need to hold his mother's head down. She kept his cock fully plugged into her mouth and vibrated her head while rubbing the underside of his shaft with her tongue. The only break came when she needed more air than she could get through her nostrils. Gasping while hovering over his cock, she drenched it in drool before dropping down to fully gobble it up.

Later, they clambered into the back seat and Laura pulled his head between her thighs.

"I was going to take my panties off but I thought you might want to do it," she panted.

"You guessed right."

A minute later she grabbed a handful of his hair and yanked his head up to her crotch, smashing her lower lips onto to his.

"Do me," she cried, as he paid his dues.

On the way home, braless under her T-shirt and lacking panties under the short black skirt, Laura stretched her legs out, arched her back and smoothed her hair down her back. She knew her nipples, still excited, were poking brazenly through the shirt.

"Honey. Do you mind if it takes me a while to convince your father to come home?"

Scott spared her a glance as he negotiated a sharp turn on the gravel road.

"Not at all, Mom. I know these things take time."

Laura smiled.

"They do," she said. "They sure do."

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THE END