Son Rise

It was a beautiful, sunny morning. Despite the pull of the sun's hazy rays filtering through the blinds, I couldn't bring myself to get up. Not yet anyway. Saturday was my day to sleep in, even the first one of the month when my husband Ken celebrated his brief moment of manhood.

He had forgotten last month. No matter, I had been given to pleasuring myself regularly on Saturday mornings, and even on Sundays — such a delicious sin — and now preferred it. Even when Ken graced my sanctuary with his presence, I always continued after his triumph, sometimes starting before he had even left the room though I was careful not to be too obvious: I was old enough to know that the so-called stronger sex had certain sensitivities which were easily bruised.

On this particular morning, I was lying in bed waiting for my husband, resigned to tolerate his fumbling and so refraining from actually touching myself. Still, a pleasant glow was spreading between my hips in anticipation of my own slow, teasing manipulation. Why didn't he come in and get on with it?

I had heard him leave his room and go downstairs. Wistfully, I remembered the days when he wanted to fuck first and then eat. Now, fifteen minutes later, I was beginning to get more than a little impatient, I was becoming quite irritated.

Just come up and put your silly thing in for five minutes and get it over with, I thought, so I can pleasure myself before having a nice long bath.

The front door closed. I couldn't believe it. I twisted around on my elbow to look at my closed bedroom door, listened intently until I heard the sound of Ken's truck starting, then flopped down in exasperation. In his haste to get to his precious boat, he had forgotten me again, for the second time in a row. Two months!

I was so angry I bit my lip but gradually relaxed. Who needs him? I don't. Women can get along just fine without men. I scrunched up in the bed until, lying on my side like I was, I was almost in a fetal position. Pulling my legs up like that forced the hand dangling over my right hip between my legs. I straightened my legs a bit so I could retract my arm but the pressure of my hand reminded me of what I'd been thinking about before Ken's departure.

So who needs him? Now, where was I?

My hand nestled between my legs as I let my mind settle on that well-built young man who had given me the once over last week in the dress store while he was waiting for his pregnant wife to come out of the fitting room. We had exchanged smiles and I noticed him checking me out while I was appraising myself in the mirror. I don't know what had surprised me more, the fact that he was looking at a woman in her mid-forties, or the sudden tightening in my chest when I saw his eyes roving over my ass and legs.

I should have been offended but I wasn't. In fact, I liked it. I primped and preened in front of the mirror until his wife came out. When his

wife began searching for another dress in the maternity section, I misbehaved. I picked out a daring little number and took it to the fitting room. I changed quickly but didn't exit until I heard his wife enter the cubicle next to me. Oh, what a bad girl.

I made quite a production in front of the mirror. I couldn't believe how obvious I was being, flaunting myself so outrageously, but he didn't seem to twig to what was going on. Just as well. Otherwise he probably would have approached me and made a proposition, just in time for his wife to come out, see it, and make an unpleasant scene.

His young eyes were glued on my body and I was simultaneously proud and relieved that I looked after myself. When the girl came over, smelling a sale, I stretched and twisted in front of her, discussing the dress, all for his benefit. It was really enjoyable, an absolutely delicious feeling. I hadn't had so much fun by myself for a long time. The young man's eyes kept straying back to me even after his wife appeared so I decided to leave before she discovered his indiscretion. I didn't want to hurt her feelings in her sensitive condition. I knew how she felt.

I bought both dresses. After all, if I looked good enough in it to attract the attention of a good-looking man fifteen years my junior, it must look good on me, right?

My mind flicked easily from memory to fantasy. The young man was magically in our living room. Somehow, I had let him in and he was admiring my body which for some reason was clad only in a nightie though it was the middle of the afternoon. My finger had been

circling my pubes as my imagination ran wild, encouraged by my thumb brushing over my clit. Oh, that warm feeling was spreading already.

Too quick, Patricia. Take your time. You've got all morning.

Despite my reverie, I heard the faint noise of the door knob twisting. I slowed the pace of my finger but didn't stop it completely. I was sure Ken had left, why was he coming back? Had I mistaken Bill's truck next door for his? He hadn't been downstairs all along, had he?

Well, yes dear, he could very well have been. You think you would have heard with your finger twiddling yourself and your eyes devouring a young man's healthy body?

The door clicked open and was discretely pushed closed with the knob being carefully released to minimize any disturbance. Ken was sneaking in, trying not to wake me. Maybe he needed something in my room that he had forgotten and was trying not to wake me. But why would he shut the door if he was just fetching something?

Oh Ken. Please, just go.

I didn't want his impatient hands fumbling around with me, not now when my dream was just getting good. As my mind began to lose the image of the young man my senses refocused and became more acute, so much so that I could tell Ken was barefoot. The gentle lift

of the covers behind me and the weight easing onto the bed confirmed my husband's intention. The last wisp of the young man disappeared from my thoughts.

Ok, Ken, but please get it over with quickly, I sighed to myself.

I pulled my hand away from between my legs and rested it on the outside of my hip. My nightdress had been dragged up to my hips but it was too late to do anything about that now. Anyway, if he found me bare and ready, maybe he'd get it over with even quicker than usual and leave me to my own devices all the sooner.

Yeah, right, I thought.

The morning was ruined and I knew it. I would probably just get up after Ken left to polish his boat, or whatever it was he did all weekend at the marina.

What the hell was he up to? He had shifted near me under the covers but not close enough to touch. Was it possible he was going to be super considerate and warm up before pressing his cold limbs against mine? No, don't be silly. That's not my Ken.

Now that I thought about it, I could tell he was holding the covers up and looking at me. What could he possibly be finding new to look at? The young man had looked at me but this wasn't anything like that. I didn't feel a tightening in my chest or any thrill zinging down

my spine to warm my pelvis and tickle my womanhood. Nope, this just felt weird.

Come on, Ken. Shove your little thing in there like you usually do, huff and puff for five minutes, and be done with it, for Christ's sake!

But Ken remained still, just looking at me. I was about to 'wake up' and spoil whatever game he was playing when I finally felt the tentative caress of his fingers in the crook of my waist. They waited there, as if seeking permission to stay, or to move. I didn't know what to do, so I stayed still as if I was really sleeping. This was so different. Ken was usually quite matter-of-fact and just got on with satisfying himself. I was intrigued. What had brought this on? Had one of his boating buddies said something about how you have to treat a boat like a woman, gently, to convince her to do your bidding and bring you safely home, or some such nonsense? What the hell was this?

Ken's hand suddenly moved, briefly upward until his fingers met the swell of my breast, then down, along my waist and up onto my hip where it stopped as soon as it slid off my nightdress onto the bare skin of my upper thigh. There was a long pause, as if it was seeking permission to move again, then did, caressing the outside of my leg all the way down to my knee, leaving a strange, excited tingle all along my outer thigh. This was so unpredictable. His familiar but strange touch was very exciting. Frozen and inert on the outside, inside I was a seething cauldron of intrigue. What would he do next?

The hand dipped down behind my knee, swirled a finger around the soft, pulpy tissue there, then trailed up the underside of my thigh to

the bulge of my buttock. There, it was joined by its brethren and, together with a palm, formed a cup which closed lovingly around my right cheek. He held it for a moment, as if sampling its weight and taking its measure, before slipping up to grasp it more firmly, culminating in a gentle squeeze. The jolt of that sensation was still bursting through to my tummy when the hand journeyed outward with a rubbery, clasping drag that pulled my cheek behind it, forcing my buttocks apart. He held me spread like that for several long seconds before casually allowing the upper half of my ass to slump back to meet its sister. His hand rested again, inert on my hip.

The slow, deliberate fondling of my ass raised the temperature in my whole pelvic region and set it aglow. Ever since we had first tried the spooning position years ago, Ken liked to enter me from behind while I was lying on my side, but he never played with my ass. I think the only reason he liked doing it that way was so he could avoid eye contact because he became excited so easily and finished so quickly. But this morning, he had definitely found a new game to play.

Ken's other hand squeezed under my waist. It startled me but I managed not to react, in keeping with my pretend sleeping state. The hand pushed further until it's fingers were able to curl up to encompass my left breast, clutching it in a gentle grip. The hand on my hip moved down but surprised me when it reversed direction and returned, underneath my raised nightdress. The surprise and the fact that I wasn't wearing panties sent a jolt into my juncture which, already sensitized by my own ministrations, twitched uncontrollably and when the fingers on the hand holding my breast closed around my nipple which immediately stiffened in response.

Oh, God Ken. Don't start too soon. Keep doing this for awhile, I prayed.

Ken's right hand slipped past my secret area, teasingly skirting the outside of my mound onto my belly, then up until his fingers pressed between my cleavage and closed around my other breast. He held my tits without any further massage but my nipples still became rock hard pinnacles in his fingers.

Pinch them, I begged in my mind. Roll them around and stretch them out. You never do that and I've always wanted you to.

I almost cried out when his fingers pinched my nipples and I bit my lip when they were rolled and tweaked. Was he reading my mind? I couldn't help but release a long, soft sigh when he pulled my nipples out, stretching my tits away from my chest, and held them there, the tension sending bolts of ecstasy through my breasts to careen off my ribs and dart up to my throat where they congealed in a lump that transformed into a low growl. Oh God, how I loved my new Ken's hands.

Ken backed away then. I wanted him to stay but his right hand slipped off my tit and slid around to my back, barely brushing the skin that formed a shallow dish in the small of my back just above my bottom.

Yes, play with my ass again. Slip your hand down through my crack and scratch the bottom of my cheeks, then push through my legs and cup my pussy.

I pictured the young man from the mall sliding his hand over my ass but forced it out of my mind with a vengeance. Such thoughts now seemed a vile betrayal.

I didn't mean it, Ken, my mind screamed. Do it, push your fingers in me from behind.

Ken's hand remained still until my yearning eased and curiosity once again ruled. When it moved, it went up rather than down, following my spine up to my neck, and then back. Up and down, like a tickling caterpillar, his plucking fingers delving into the top of my crack but only far enough to tease before retreating up my spine. I don't know how long Ken did that but my urgent yearning softened and I began to relish the feel of his platonic caress coupled with the more erotic pulping squeezing of my left breast and tweaking of its nipple. This was fine; I knew more would come and I loved the suspense.

Ken's hand had likely been pressing me forward for some time before I yielded to its urging. As I leaned forward, his other hand, which had slipped unnoticed from my breast to grip my hip, pulled me back toward him. Ken must have slid back in the bed too because my rump never felt him, never encountered the little stiffy that I expected to be waiting to eagerly shove inside me.

Come get your reward, I thought. You've earned it this time.

Lying almost doubled over on my side, my back parallel to the headboard, I tensed my cheeks, trying to twist my ass up and back, offering my pussy to my newly endeared hubby. I was wet and I wanted to be good for him. Later, after he left, I would treat myself to a good, long one, but it was his well-deserved turn now. I arched my back and purred, actually purred!

His hand was on my upper cheek again, spreading my ass apart, stretching my pussy lips wide. The action was so blunt it was almost vulgar, and so different from everything else he'd done today; but it felt great. Ken always simply pushed his cock against my ass, bumping around until he slipped in or more often, I reached back to guide him in. But this time, I knew there wouldn't be a problem. I was so wide open, he couldn't miss, and the confidence in his approach warned me be ready for an immediate entry, a first-time bull's-eye.

Oh yeah, he was there, right in my slit. Pushing, pushing. Oh God, oh Jesus. He was so big, so thick! What the...? Was he wearing something? I started to turn my head but his hand had slid up onto my neck and was holding my head so all I could do was look straight ahead.

He was pushing in, stretching me like he never had before. It felt so good, so good. The head of his cock popped in, slightly relieving the

stretching strain but filling me with wonderful sensations. Had he shoved a dildo in me? I reached back to feel but his hips were close to mine, not apart like they would be if he was pushing something into me. Was he wearing something? I slipped my hand between us and my fingers curled around the base of his cock. I couldn't feel anything but real cock. There was no telltale edge of anything slipped over it. This was a real cock. A big cock., and it wasn't my husband's!

He lunged forward, pushing my head over the edge of the bed and closing the gap between us, trapping my hand. God, he was so far inside me it felt like he was up to my belly button. Lunging again.

"Unnnggghhhh," I cried, unable to keep my joy inside.

Again.

"Unnnngghhhhh."

I wanted it. I needed it. I pulled my hand away and he lunged into me again, forcing another groan from my throat.

Fuck me, whoever you are, and I'll scream after.

Heave, heave, heave. My head was lolling over the edge of the bed and the hand, not Ken's hand I now knew, was gripping my shoulder

to keep me on the bed, to keep my pussy mashing against the root of his wonderful, big cock. He was moving faster but not frantically, increasing his pace, but steadily, like a steam engine gaining speed as it slowly chugged away from the station. I fit into his growing attack, uncomplaining, even relishing each new thrust. This wasn't a rape by any means. My acceptance denied that interpretation. I met every lunge as best I could, angling myself to take as much of him as I could.

I had never been fucked so well. His snowballing pace was sufficiently measured to bring me along, or more accurately, push me ahead. I gasped and moaned and relished the sound of his own efforts as they were expelled behind me and knew that they were enhanced by my own reactions.

I felt like screaming but all I could do was moan and groan. He seemed to know exactly what I wanted and how to give it to me. Oh, and how he was giving it to me. For how long now? It seemed like forever. He was moving so fast and hard even though he had increased his pace so gradually. It seemed wild and ferocious but at the same time, controlled. His hips were slapping against my ass now, loudly, and thrusting my ass back to meet him couldn't muffle the noise. Christ, I hoped Jamie wasn't home. I hoped he'd gone with his father to help polish the boat or tinker with... whatever. Nobody could mistake this sound. A woman was getting roundly fucked in this house, and she was loving it!

He was coming! His cock was blasting his seed inside me and the pressure triggered my own overdue orgasm. I clenched around his

ample rod, moaning even louder than before. The grip of his hands on my shoulders was intense and I knew they would leave marks. Gasping, my climax subsiding, I felt him soften inside me and made a note not to wear anything that would show the marks.

I waited for him to slip out of me, like Ken did, but though his cock was limp it didn't fall out. He had to pull back before it oozed out of my soaked pussy, its sliding retreat making me want to keep it inside. I desperately wanted to turn around but I didn't. I don't know why.

He was off the bed and walking quickly away. I turned just as the door swung shut. Quickly, I leapt out of bed and rushed to the door. I wanted to see him again and I wanted to make sure that it was him, that young man at the mall. How had me found me? How could he so brazenly come in and do what he'd done? What if I had screamed?

I yanked the door open and stepped through the door, turning right toward the stairs, running to the edge to catch sight of his dark, curly hair before he got through the door. Then I would know, and I would go to the mall, to signal my need for more, as if he didn't already know I wanted him desperately, despite his poor pregnant wife. Afraid I would miss him before he left the house, I spoke for the first time.

"Young man," I called. Young man. Really? I almost laughed at myself but it was stifled in my throat as I realized he was already gone. I was too late.

That's when I heard the door click softly behind me.

I turned and stared in shock at the bedroom door at the far end of the hall, on the right, opposite the bathroom.

Jamie's room.

My son's room.

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I don't know how I got back to my bedroom. I can't remember if I walked or crawled. My mind was blank.

Feelings and thoughts — so tangled and intense — pure, raw... anguish.

I first became aware of my surroundings on my bed where I must have thrown myself. I wondered why I wasn't crying. Then I rationalized that it wasn't true, that I'd simply had a disgusting dream, but the heavy spunk oozing out of my pussy put that fairy tale to rest. I ran to the shower and scrubbed myself in steaming hot water but instead of feeling cleansed, I became excited again and that unleashed another torrent of recriminations and feelings of unworthiness.

What had I done to make my son do this?

Nothing. I couldn't think of anything I had done to encourage Jamie to do such a thing. Was my need so great, so apparent? Is that why that young man had surveyed me so daringly, not because I was attractive but because I looked like I really needed to get fucked? Did I look that desperate?

I ran the water so long it started to get cold. The shock made me realize I couldn't wash this away so I got out of the shower and toweled myself dry. I moved around the bedroom in a trance, dressing, fixing my hair, and applying the little bit of makeup that I typically used. Everything I did was normal but in random order.

In the end, I sat on the bed, unmoving, but eventually realized I couldn't hide there forever. I had to go out and face my son.

Then a thought struck me. Maybe it hadn't been Jamie at all. Maybe the young man had simply made his escape through Jamie's room. Of course, he wouldn't just walk brazenly out the front door. Jamie's window opened above the bay window at the side of the house. He must have jumped down onto it and made his getaway. That would explain why Jamie hadn't come with all the noise I was making. He wasn't even home.

I burst out of my room and stared at Jamie's closed door. Uncertainty settled over me. What if I was wrong?

With great hesitation, I walked down the hall to my son's door, took a deep breath, and knocked.

"Jamie?" I called quietly. No answer.

"Jamie?" I knocked again.

Silence. I opened the door a couple of inches.

"Jamie?"

Nothing. I pushed the door open. Jamie's room was empty. I went downstairs but he wasn't there. I was alone.

I was deluged with relief. My pseudo-rape was still a private affair, my own little secret. I decided I wasn't going to go back to the mall to see the young man. I was done with it. If I saw him again, I would tell him if he ever came here again I'd call the police. The stress draining out of me made my legs weak and I had to use the handrail as I descended the stairs. To think, for a minute there, I thought had made love with my own son!

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It turned out that Jamie hadn't gone to the boat with his father. He came home just before noon. I couldn't breathe when he came in the house and yelled 'Hi Mom' as he took off his shoes. I was standing in the kitchen, face ashen, when he burst in and made a beeline directly for the fridge.

"I'm starved," he said. "Are you making something for lunch?" he asked, grabbing a container of juice and a large block of cheddar. He looked at me when I didn't answer.

"Ah, y...yes. Sure. ... What do you want?" I stammered. Why did I feel so guilty? Jamie didn't know what had happened that morning. Did some part of me think he did, or was it that fleeting thought when I first heard the click of his door closing, that it was Jamie that had been in my bed, and despite the horror that welled up inside me, there was a tiny part of me that didn't mind. That thought had nagged me ever since and it terrified me.

"Anything. I don't care," he answered, getting a sharp knife out of a drawer while opening the cupboard to grab a glass at the same time. "A sandwich, maybe. Not soup."

I got some tomatoes and mayonnaise from the fridge and watched my son slice up some cheese. He was a good-looking boy. More of a man really, now that he was almost twenty, and just as strapping as the young man I had met at the mall, and this morning in my bedroom. I blushed furiously.

"What's the matter, Mom? Mental pause?" Jamie laughed.

Thankfully, his teasing put me at ease. This was so typical of him. I knew then for sure that it couldn't have been him this morning. There was no way he could act like this if it was. I would know. There would be some sign. And that guilty feeling, well, it was just that. I had never felt it, not really. I was just trying to make myself feel even worse than I already did for what I had allowed to happen. I put on a cheery face.

"Away with you. Go on. Get out of my kitchen while I make your sandwich, brat."

I shooed him out. Darling boy. He laughed and did as he was told.

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Doubt infiltrated my mind several times that afternoon but I banished it as soon as I felt its debilitating presence. Dinner conversation consisted of listening to Ken reliving what he had done with his boat that day. He had been monkeying around with his bow thruster. The word thruster made me blush but Ken didn't notice. He blathered on about how he should have spent the money to get the one with twin 135's instead of the single diesel, and blah, blah, blah. Somehow, it seemed like my fault that his back was sore from fixing his boat. Jamie noticed my condition but attributed it to my age, a heat flash.

"Mental pause," he whispered.

"Eh?" Ken asked.

"Nothing," Jamie replied. "I was talking to Mom."

"Oh." Ken continued on, despite the obvious evidence that he didn't really have an audience.

Jamie smiled, amused by both his father and me. I scowled at him, smiled, and barked, "Eat your dinner before it gets cold."

Several times after supper, I found myself gazing at my son. He was ruggedly handsome, taller though less robust than his father but that would probably change over the next few years. I shook my head after the third such incident, suspicious of my own motives. Yes, Jamie was a good-looking young man, like my morning visitor, but my mind had no business going there. Now that I knew it hadn't bee him in my bed the thought didn't terrify me anymore. The last thing I wanted to do was turn my son into a fantasy. God, I hoped my thoughts didn't turn to him in the morning after Ken had left for his boat and my mind, and fingers, began to wander.

I stayed up late, reading in bed. Ken came in to say goodnight before going to his own bedroom. Sadness fell over me as I watched him go. Why had 'a good night's sleep' become so important that we needed separate bedrooms, let alone beds? I knew I had to take the lion's

share of the blame for it. I was working then and had tired of his constant movement during the night and his evening 'noises'. Ken, fourteen years my senior, didn't put up much of a fight. Perhaps he had been relieved of the pressure to rise to the task when I went to bed early and waited for him with the lights on, reading a book I wasn't really interested in. When I looked back, it hadn't taken long for the weekly visits to become bi-weekly then monthly, and now sometimes less frequent.

"Did you bolt the front door?" I asked.

Ken turned and looked at me oddly. "Of course," he assured me. "I always do."

That was true, I thought. Ken was very consistent and thorough with everything he did. He had looked at boats for three years before buying the Gypsy Lass. I could have strangled him near the end. Silly me. I thought once he bought it I wouldn't have to listen about boats any more. How naive is that?

"Thanks. Goodnight, dear."

"Night," he replied, quietly closing my door.

Jamie knocked on my door half an hour later. He popped his head in and said goodnight after I answered. He didn't pull the door completely closed. I started to call out for him to close it but thought

better of it. I'll just get it myself, I thought, and continued reading. Sometime later, I put my book down and turned off the light. I forgot to close the door.

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My eyes popped open. It was dark, very dark, and I couldn't see a thing, but I knew someone was in my room. I lay very still, listening intently, trying to locate the intruder. I didn't want to run into him when I bolted for the door, or alert him to my awareness. It was him again. It must be. Why wouldn't he come back after the welcome he received this morning? I hadn't expected him until next Saturday, or at least until morning, but he was a man, a young man, and he had needs. If there was a reasonable-looking woman that was willing and able, why not partake of her? I think I understood the young male mind well enough.

I also understood the adventurous thrill of sneaking into my room. It wouldn't be so scary now that he knew how accepting I was. In fact, it might be more thrilling. I bet he was brimming with anticipation at the imminent prospect of another illicit fuck.

There was a rustle next to the bed, on the door side. I couldn't escape that way but all I had to do was speak. I wasn't afraid. He hadn't hurt me this morning and I was surehe had no intentions of doing so. All I had to do was tell him it wasn't going to happen and that he should leave, right now, or I would call out.

But I didn't say a word. I simply listened to the rustling and tried to figure out what it was. He was taking his undershorts off. I smiled. Had he already taken the rest of his clothes off before coming in or were they on a pile on the floor. I bet they weren't. I bet he'd taken them off and in his eagerness to sample my wares again, he'd forgotten his shorts.

Would your wife be so exciting as to let a strange man sneak into her room and fuck the daylights out of her? No, I imagine she wouldn't and you know it. You're intrigued, just like I am.

The covers were lifting. It was now or never.

His weight sank into the mattress and he carefully turned toward me. As in the morning, he lay still. Several minutes passed without a touch but I could feel his silent breath disturbing the air. What was he doing? I could feel his excitement, even over the tingling of my pussy.

I wanted him. Could I still feign sleep if I turned over onto my side? He must know I wasn't really asleep, or wouldn't be for long. Would it ruin it if I moved too early to show my acceptance? Did he want to savor the feeling of being in a strange woman's bed without her knowledge or permission? Was he waiting until he couldn't stand it anymore, until he just had to touch me? Unsure of what to do, I did nothing.

Another minute passed before I felt a tentative touch on my hip. It was just a single finger pressed against my side, unmoving, for at least a minute. I found it hard not to react but managed to control my breathing with some difficulty. The finger became several before sliding up onto the front of my hip and then down, onto my thigh to my knee. Circling my kneecap, his hand retraced the same path back to my hip, following just inside the bone, paused, and repeated the journey.

I had almost moaned aloud at his touch because it was only then that I realized I hadn't put a nightdress on or even panties. Why I hadn't was beyond me. The young man was unable to stifle his own reaction and sucked in his breath, a sound that was music to my ears. To be wanted so much was very satisfying.

He strummed my thigh for several minutes while I strained to see him in the dark. I turned my head, in tiny increments each time his fingers circled my kneecap when I thought his attention would be drawn away but I couldn't see a thing in the black night. I wished I hadn't closed the blinds. I would have loved to see his adoring face in the moonlight and wanted him to be able to see my body which was straining so hard to feel more of him.

His hand had stopped at the top of my hip again, folded over the bone. Absolutely still and then, his fingers began lightly scratching, as if his nails were trying to gather my skin in toward him. His dragging fingers pulled my skin, imposing a delicious tension that ran like a river of lava from my hip bone to my pussy, stopped by the yawning crevice there, but only briefly before the electricity of it

vaulted the gap to the other side of my labia. He wasn't even close to touching me there and I was already lubricating.

Who was this man?

I could no longer hide; my breathing betrayed my excitement. The only sound in the room was the sound of our breaths intermingling. I imagined I could see it, a ball of sex-laden mist hovering in the air above my face.

His hand was moving, dragging his fingers onto my tummy, over the pout I had been trying so hard to get rid of, an impossible task. He circled around my navel, around and around but he never dipped into it. Then, he moved up to the underside of my bare breasts, his fingertips tracing the line where they sagged onto my stomach while his knuckles brushed across the swelling underside of my tits. This path was retraced again and again, like he had done with the knee to hip excursion.

After about the same amount of time, his hand moved between my breasts and quickly blazed a new path around each breast, a path that teased across each nipple. This new trail was traced repeatedly but this time, not always in the same way. Every once in a while he paused to flick a nipple several times. I tried to predict which one he would do, and when, but I couldn't.

I shouldn't have been surprised but I was. I gasped when his fingers suddenly closed around my left nipple and tugged it and my whole

breast off my chest, much like he'd pulled on it that morning. My God. Was that only this morning? I could hardly believe it. I was so ready to be fucked again. I whimpered quietly to signal my desire.

He wasn't to be hurried. He continued encircling my breasts, pausing randomly to pinch a nipple and tug its tit up, lengthening my nipples to their greatest extension ever. I couldn't see them but I imagined they were sticking up like short little pencils, begging to be touched.

Suck them, my mind begged.

Could I say it out loud? Could I stop myself?

As if I had actually said it, his lips suddenly folded over my right nipple in a dry kiss. I lifted my hand to pull his mouth onto my tit but he pushed it away and held it down. His mouth opened and I felt the hot, moist dart of his tongue over my nipple. I moaned my delight.

"Mmmmmmmm."

The other one. Do the other one too. Please.

But I arched my back, pushing my mouth farther into his mouth, reluctant to let it go, even to grace my other tit. His mouth switched breasts and I groaned when he sucked its nipple into his mouth,

louder this time, because at the same time, his finger teased my clit. It brushed sideways across the top of my pussy, flicking, flicking, then dipped into my slit and hooked upward.

Oh God.

Did I say that out loud?

His finger worked its way through my slit. I was so wet. He was pushing in, finding my hole, slipping in, here it comes... the push, the big push... oh, yes. I scrunched my hips, pushing up, helping him to bury his finger deep inside me. Oh Jeez, he was flicking his finger inside, curling it up, like a dog's lapping tongue, up and down, again and again, oh, so good, so very, very good.

He kissed me. I wanted to put my arms around him but I obeyed his early wish and stayed submissive. His taste was so sweet, somehow familiar but different. Who did he remind me of? I reached back in the dim memories before my marriage but I couldn't pinpoint that sense of deja vu. Who cared? He was a good kisser, a very good kisser. Was I surprised?

He put a second finger inside me while we kissed but he was still gentle, not moving too fast or pushing in too deep. He knew how to be inside a woman's cunt. How could this young man be so accomplished while my husband, twice his age, was such a novice? Maybe he got around, and maybe it was the internet, a source of so

much information, useful information for those inclined to use it. Oh, shut up Patricia and just enjoy it.

He had moved up on one elbow to kiss me. He broke the kiss and pulled back. I knew he was looking at me even though he couldn't see me in the darkness. I preened on the bed, loving his blind admiration, and sensed his smile, his pleasure at my desire to please him. His hand left my pussy and I responded with a disappointed purring sound and a heaving tummy.

His hand under my knee urged my leg up and I raised both because I knew he wanted me to, pulling each thigh way back, exposing myself lewdly in the darkness. He was so gentle but I could feel his power. After all, he was here in my bed, with my son and husband only tens of feet away in nearby rooms. This was not the act of a weakling.

I knew the power of his cock and I wanted it inside me again, way inside. Now. I opened my legs so wide my knees pushed against his chest. Finally, he got up onto his knees and moved underneath me. His hands found and gripped my ankles. I had seen this done on the internet but had never experienced it. I could hardly wait. He pushed my ankles way back, holding them over my head. I felt like a bow-legged cowgirl lying on her back, open and ready for a long, hard ride.

His hands urged my knees together. I wasn't sure what he wanted at first but then closed my legs, holding them as straight as I could. He pushed my feet even further back, lifting my ass right off the bed. He

lurched and I knew he had shifted onto his feet and was squatting over me, over my lewdly offered pussy. His hands pressed hard on my ankles. He was leaning forward. His cock slapped onto the length of my pussy.

"Mmmmmmm," I moaned.

He sawed it back and forth, teasing me, but only for a few seconds. He pushed his tip into my slit, lifted higher and pushed, slowly inserting until the head popped inside. Oh yes, so thick, so deliciously thick.

"Fuck me," I whispered.

His cock slid in, pushing down, down, until he was all the way in. I couldn't breathe, he had pushed all the air out of me and the pressure of his cock in my twisted, curled up position made it hard to suck in air. He lifted, pulling out, paused, then sunk back inside, deliberately, deliciously. What a marvelous cock. He ground himself in this time and I felt the tickle of his heavy balls on my ass. I groaned.

"Ohhhhhhnnnngghhhh, fuck me."

He started then, the slow, chugging departure. Slow and hard, gouging, digging, gorgeous fucking cock.

"Ohhhhh, God. I love your cock," I rasped.

In answer, his hands dropped from my legs and grasped my tits, squeezing them them hard but allowing the nipples to poke through his fingers.

He didn't miss a beat. He was like a metronome in a positive feedback loop, gradually getting further and further out of whack. I sighed and moaned and purred. Nothing altered his pace. I tried to fuck back, churning my hips as much as I could, which wasn't much the way he was holding me. It had no effect on this fucking machine. It didn't matter so I relaxed and concentrated on taking it.

I'm getting fucked, and I love it.

He was really heaving into me now. I knew what was coming, how virulent he would become, and I was glad I had a solid, expensive, relatively new bed. I didn't know how much noise I was making until his hand covered my mouth, careful not to block my nose. The sound of my breathing doubled as I wheezed through my nostrils but my moans were muffled by his palm.

He was fucking me so hard now. I couldn't believe we weren't disturbing anyone, even with my mouth muzzled. I could understand Ken. He slept like a rock and was half deaf, but I worried about Jamie. If he couldn't hear, would he feel the trembling of the floor? It didn't matter. Nothing mattered now. I was going to come,

and come hard. It was only our second time but already I could sense his impending orgasm. It was unstoppable.

His fingers were in my mouth. Soon, it was coming soon. I sucked them and he moaned. I was close too. The first tickle of his hot seed would set me off. I knew it and relaxed. I wasn't worried, I was going to make it, together, with him, my secret lover.

"Oh yeah, yeah... ungghhhh, unghhh, uh uh uh, huh, ohhhhh, ohhhh, ahhhhh, ahhhhhh."

He was flooding me. Squirt after squirt sent me into spasm after spasm as his spend emptied into me like a high pressure hose bursting with a violent eruption that quickly passed and then slowly ebbed away.

Quiet. He let my legs go and hovered over me, our heaving, sweaty bodies barely touching. His mouth found mine and we kissed, a long, slow, tender kiss. Sometime during that kiss, he pulled his slick cock out of me. He was pulling away, stepping off the bed before I realized he was leaving. I wanted to say 'stay', I wanted to say 'goodbye, see you next Saturday' but I didn't. We had made love in silence, twice, and it seemed wrong to speak now. I heard the door open and gently close. I couldn't hear his footsteps. He left as silently as he had come.

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I couldn't sleep. I turned on the light and went to the bathroom. Quietly, I soaped myself and sponged myself off. Clean and refreshed, I returned to bed to read. I propped up the pillows and leaned over to get my book from the side table, and saw them. My lover had left his shorts on the floor. I got up and picked them up. Best not to leave these for Ken to step over when he came in to kiss me in the morning. Not that he'd see them. He would literally step on them and not see them.

I laughed but it was an awkward chuckle. Evidently, my secret lover wore the same kind of underwear as my son, those tight, stretchy black boxers that looked almost like cycling shorts, very flattering for the young but not so much for older men. I stuffed them under my pillow to throw away in the morning. I didn't need any souvenirs lying around.

I wasn't able to read more than half a page. I couldn't concentrate so I shut the light off and turned over.

- -

I awoke horny. An amazing feeling that I had never actually experienced before, in the morning that is, upon awakening. I was lying on my side, facing the bathroom. My thoughts immediately turned to my lover's visit the night before and how I would make it through the week until he came again. I looked at the clock. After ten! Wow, had I ever slept in. I didn't remember Ken coming in though I'm sure he had before leaving for the boat. It was Sunday, and weekends were for the precious boat.

I turned onto my stomach and my hands found themselves underneath my loins. Surprise, surprise. I was still naked. I placed my palms on either side of my pubes and used them to pull myself apart, the way my lover had teased me last night. I wished he was here to fuck me now. Crap, what a horny old bag I was. Mmm. I pressed myself into my hands and pictured him behind me, an almost faceless man with rich, dark hair, hovering above my ass with his nice big cock dangling down between my open legs.

Faceless? Why was that? True, my memory of his face wasn't perfect but I could remember well enough to recognize him if I saw him, so why was his face featureless in my dream? Whatever. I shifted my attention to his strong young physique hovering over me, ready to...

Jesus Christ! I whirled around, or I tried to. A hand was holding me down, pressing firmly into m back. I tried to turn my head but the hand moved up to hold my head. It was him!

My panic subsided, for a moment. What about Jamie? I tried to lift my head again but gave up under the firm but gentle pressure to stay still. He didn't want me to see him. He must know I knew who he was, why else would I succumb like this? Of course he did, but it was part of the game, an integral piece of our seductive adventure. Jamie must have gone out or my lover wouldn't be here. Sneaking in to fuck me in the dead of night was one thing but the middle of the morning was quite another. No, I'm sure he had seen Jamie leave, just like yesterday. I relaxed.

Be careful what you wish for, I thought. You just might get it.

I chuckled at my joke. I was so amusing. My lover was pulling the covers off. He threw them over the end of the bed. I was completely naked before him and my lungs filled with air and excitement. I was so ready for him.

He straddled my legs and slid a piece of cloth under my head, a black kerchief, placed it across my eyes and pulled it around my head to tie it off. Blindfolded, huh? Alright. I squiggled into the mattress, barely able to contain myself for what was to come. I awaited his first tentative touch, to be followed, I was sure, by delicate tracings all over my back and legs and ass. I shivered.

I couldn't have been more surprised when my lover's hand plunged between my closed legs, high up just under my bum, and dug through the fleshiest part of my legs to my pussy. Without ceremony, and certainly without delicacy, he shoved his fingers into my admittedly moist pussy, right into my cunt.

"Oh God," I moaned, lifting my head.

"Shhhhh," he barked, pressing my face back into the pillow.

He was twisting his fingers inside me and, God forgive me, I was reacting, almost instantly becoming very wet. He grunted in satisfaction when I lifted my ass for more. I couldn't open my legs

wider with his knees on either side of them but I pressed my tummy into the bed and pushed my ass up. He started finger fucking me then, starting slow but steadily working faster. He didn't go deeper, but his thrusts were firmer, and harder, and he paused each time he reached the end of a thrust as if to emphasize the intrusion. I didn't think I'd like it but it felt surprisingly good, much like the way he fucked me.

He kept his free hand on the back of my head to hold me firmly in place, though there wasn't any need. I had buried my face in the pillow of my own accord, perhaps ashamed of the way my body was responding, the way I wantonly threw my ass up at the end of each assault as he withdrew, begging for more, moaning my need.

Just when I thought I was about to come, when I almost didn't care about his cock because his fingers felt so fine, he pulled all the way out and left me hanging, literally, in the air, my ass arched way up. His hand grasped my leg, curling around my right thigh and pulled it apart. Shifting himself between my legs, he pushed the left out wide too. My legs were now spread wide, very wide.

He was looking at me, the way he liked to do, looking at the lewd display of my soaking wet pussy quivering before him, desperately in need of his fingers or his cock. I moaned, urging him to continue.

His hands grasped my cheeks and spread them open. I knew my asshole was open for his inspection and my pussy stretched wide so he could see my wet cunt.

Please, just fuck me now.

He moved one hand to my crack and dipped his thumb into it, rubbing over my dirty hole and pressing it with the heel of his thumb. Keeping it there, he pushed his fingers, how many I don't know but enough to make it feel like a thick cock, into my cunt. Grunting in satisfaction, he pulled both hands away.

I waited.

His hands slid down my legs, positioning them, lifting near my knees. I started to draw them up but he pushed them back into place and lifted just above my knee again. Unsure of what he wanted, I pointed my toes down into the bed and held my legs up, completely off the mattress all the way. His satisfied grunt was my reward. I tucked my elbows close to my sides to help with the strain of keeping myself up and waited, legs wide open and ass tilted up, offering my pussy.

He leaned forward over me, his legs bumping against mine all the way, thighs, knees, feet. He was straddling my entire body, legs and feet over mine, elbows digging into the mattress beside me, and his forehead nudging into the base of my neck. I could feel his hard cock dangling between my thighs and his tongue licking the groove between my shoulder blades. My pussy throbbed each time his cock bumped against it.

"Put it in," I whispered.

But he didn't. His cock scraped along the inside of one thigh or the other and unpredictably nudged my swollen pussy but he didn't try to get it in. He was teasing me. The bastard, the beautiful, wonderful bastard. It felt divine, exacerbated by the strain of keeping my legs off the bed, up on my toes. He put his mouth on my shoulder beside my neck and gently bit me, repeating his erotic chewing every time his cock bumped my slippery cunt. His breath told me he was as excited as me, so why didn't he put it in? I wanted it so much, so much.

"Fuck me," I begged.

"Not yet," he whispered in my year.

I froze, and for the first time in five minutes, stopped trying to stretch my pussy back in its vain attempts to suck him into me. Something was wrong. I didn't know what, but I sensed something was out of place. What is it?

My lover's thick cockhead pushed into my slit and all my doubt drained away.

"Oh, yes," I cried.

He pushed the whole head inside.

"Unnnngghhhhh," I moaned.

He started moving, in... out... in... out. Finally. I tucked my forehead down onto the pillow as his cock slowly rocked me back and forth. Give it to me, give it to me.

"Hurry," I moaned. Though I knew he wouldn't, I wanted to goad him into it because I sensed my need made it better for him.

"Harder," I urged.

Surprisingly, he shoved the next thrust into me with gusto and his pace increased.

"Hard," I rasped. "I need you."

Another violent shove, then even faster. The train was going downhill, too fast to stay up on my forehead anymore so I folded my arms under my tits and twisted my head sideways.

Fuck me hard.

Although it was only a thought, it was as if I'd yelled it out loud. His breathing became very ragged and his hips started bucking frantically. So good, so fucking good.

My mind stopped, stunned. I was facing the end of the bedroom, toward the closet doors that spanned the whole end of the room, the mirrored closet doors. I could see them. Rocking my head into the pillow, he had scraped my blindfold off.

My God. Oh my God!

I could see my lover, fucking me. Not his face, which was hanging low over my back, but I knew him just the same.

It was Jamie!

I guess I should have screamed and tried to throw him off. I should have done something, but I didn't. I just let him finish fucking me. Not that I had much choice, his hands had slipped under my thighs, holding my legs up and open, yanking me back onto his cock, impaling me with every thrust.

He spewed inside me, gasping, crying out, his head falling onto my back. For the first time, I didn't come with him. I thought, No wonder he's not worried about the noise. What a strange thought to have. I turned my face down into the pillow while he emptied himself inside me and kept it there while his gasps dwindled. He pulled out of me

and climbed off the bed, surprising me by not leaving right away like he usually did. Instead, he stood beside the bed while his breathing returned to normal, presumably looking at my body, still quivering from his assault. Suddenly self-conscious, I closed my legs.

Please go, I thought, before I start crying.

He left shortly after that and I sobbed into the pillow as soon as the door closed.

- -

The next week was horrible. At least Jamie didn't try to visit me during the nights but I hadn't expected him to. Our brief erotic history consisted of weekend mornings and nights. The days were hard enough to get through, especially breakfasts and dinners. It was extremely difficult to act normal as if I didn't know my son had been fucking me on the weekends but somehow I stumbled through.

In fact, the worst times were when I was alone with only myself to face. I recriminated myself in the bathroom mirror and really dressed myself down as I stood in front of the full height mirror in my bedroom. I even caught myself knocking the side of my head while having my morning coffee.

What had I done to make my son want to fuck me, or better yet, to think that he could? Surely, he must have thought about getting

caught. All I had to do was turn around. Why was he so sure I wouldn't, or that it would be ok if I did? He had never spoken except for those two whispered words near the end, 'Not yet', so he must have believed that he needed to hide his identity. Did he think after it had gone on for a while it would become a 'fait accompli'?

Even if he knew about my flirtation with the young man, had somehow observed it, how could he know I would think it was him and that I wouldn't start screaming the instant I felt him behind me? Did I look like I needed it so bad?

Maybe. I looked at myself in the mirror. Not bad, especially for my age, but there was a sad look about me. Face it, I thought, you've been horny for five years, at least.

There was no denying it. The feel of Jamie's thick cock inside me almost made me pass out. I crossed my legs, squeezing my pussy together, tightening my thigh muscles. Yeah, it felt good. The thought of it made me want it. Could I do it one more time?

No fucking way!

Just once? I clenched my thighs hard and dropped my hand to my front.

Not a chance. It's over.

But how will I tell him?

You won't. You'll send him to the boat with his father in the day and lock your door at night.

Ok. That latch is still there that Ken used to use when Jamie was little so we could have privacy when we needed it. It wouldn't stop anyone but a little kid but it should give him the hint. Jamie will think I've come to my senses, that I've had enough of my mystery lover, that I've become a chaste mother again. Nobody ever needs to know what happened and we don't have to admit it to each other. Jamie will think he fucked his mother and she didn't even know it.

I scrunched my legs together again. He fucked his mother. He wanted me so bad, he really did it. I squeezed my thighs tight.

I maintained my resolve throughout the rest of the week. I was so strong in my conviction it was over that I allowed myself a few indulgences. I let myself look at my son, not as the boy I had born and raised, but as the handsome, virile young man he actually was. I was proud of him and, admittedly, proud of myself that such an attractive young man would want me that way.

I found myself adjusting my sitting position when Jamie was near to enhance the presentation of my legs or the profile of my breasts. I didn't realize it at first but when I did I gave myself only the mildest of mental spankings, and I didn't stop. Friday night was the worst. Jamie didn't go out and I found myself twisting about on the couch

and adjusting the hem of my skirt so often it was almost halfway up my thighs. I kept asking myself what the matter was with me, and what was I thinking, to no avail. I wanted my son's attention.

Attention, yes, but no more, my conscience warned. You get Ken to take your son to the boat tomorrow morning and tomorrow night, you lock your door before you go to bed.

I waited until Jamie left the room to use the bathroom before I approached my husband. I tugged my hem down until it was almost to my knees.

"Ken?"

"Yes." My husband didn't look up from the paper.

"You should take Jamie to the boat with you tomorrow."

Ken looked up. "He isn't interested."

"I think he is. He just thinks you want to enjoy it on your own."

"Really? He said that?"

"Not in so many words, but a mother knows what her son is thinking." I don't know how I said that with such aplomb after what had happened.

"Well, he's welcome anytime he wants to come along."

"I think you should ask him."

"I've asked him before."

"You need to insist. I'm sure he just doesn't want to intrude."

"You think so?"

"I do," I nodded in emphasis.

"Well, ok."

As soon as Jamie returned Ken asked him to help him on the boat the next day. Jamie tried to decline but his father was persistent and wouldn't take no for an answer. Jamie finally capitulated, quickly covering his initial resignation when he saw how pleased his father was. I had mixed feelings. I was relieved that a life-changing confrontation had been avoided. If Jamie had visited me in the morning, a showdown was inevitable and admission of our incest, and my knowledge of it, guaranteed.

On the other hand, my body was disappointed that his visit was canceled and let its yearnings be known. I shifted about uncomfortably. Feelings of relief began to wane, replaced by a curious anger that my son had so easily given in to his father. Did he not value the rub of my body against his, was the feel of my womb encompassing his manhood lacking in some way? I fiddled with my blouse until a button became undone and managed to return the hem of my skirt to its previously daring position. Just look at what you're missing, young man.

I swear, sometimes even women can't understand women.

- -

The morning broke. I turned onto my back and stretched. I looked at the clock. I had slept in.

I hadn't slept well, fidgeting most of the night, but in the predawn, I had fallen into a heavy slumber which I often did after a bad night. If Jamie hadn't gone to the boat with his father, he would have found a woman near dead. What did they call that, fucking the dead? Necromancy? Something like that. Is that what it would be, incestuous necromancy, or close to it, to fuck your own mother when she was so far gone?

I laughed out loud at my silly thoughts, a strange, almost evil sound. I listened intently. Nobody was home. I was alone. Disappointment

swept over me and I felt as empty as the house. Things were back to normal.

I dressed and went downstairs. As I busied myself with my Saturday chores, I half expected Jamie to come in the door, having found an excuse to get away from the boat. But he didn't sneak home to see me and that depressed me even more though it was exactly what I wanted. Jamie needed to know it was over, but did he have to see the light so quickly?

Ken was in a great mood when he and Jamie returned. They'd had a great day on the boat together and had even taken it out into the bay for a short run around the island. The way they talked, I was afraid another boat fanatic had been born. God help me. I did feel better at dinner, watching the two of them talking about the day, about the boat, and chatting knowingly about the pros and cons of other boats in the marina.

"You should come tomorrow, Pat," Ken suggested.

"No way, not on your life," I replied.

"But you might like it," Jamie chimed in.

"I promised to go for a cruise for a month this summer and that's enough boat for me."

Both of my men started to protest but I waved them off.

"And two of you gone for the whole weekend isn't fair."

I don't know why I said that. I guess I was expressing my true feelings.

"Anyway," I said before either could speak. "I think the two of you can do the dishes while I relax, for a change."

I got up and walked into the living room, exaggerating the sway of my hips, to what end, I didn't know.

I played a silly game with my legs again that evening but only caught Jamie paying attention once. I had a growing feeling that stopping our illicit affair was going to be hardest on me. It was over, and being over so quickly would prove best in the long run. I know, I thought, wistfully.

That night, as I reached up to flip the latch on my bedroom door, a hollow voice in my mind boomed, There's no need.

I left the latch and went to bed, consciously dragging my feet.

- -

My dreams were wild, realistic yet surreal at the same time. He was behind me again, spooning my body with his thick stump prodding between my legs. In the heaviness of my mind, confusion reigned. Everything was misty but though I could see his face clearly through the wavy haze I wasn't sure from one moment to the next whether it was Jamie or the young man from the store. Somehow in my dream I was aware everything was make-believe. I knew it was Jamie but saw him as the anonymous young man because that was acceptable, wrong, but not taboo. So it was the young man's face I saw when I loosened my legs to accept his prying tool but when it sawed back and forth over my slick, wet pussy, Jamie's darling visage burst through.

What the hell. It was all a dream. I arched my back and pushed my pussy lips over the top of his thick shaft. His arm encircling my waist, pushed up under my nightgown, felt so real. Grasping his hand, I pulled it up to my lips and kissed his fingers before sucking them into my mouth. If only I could be so wanton in real life, I thought, squeezing my thighs around his gorgeous, healthy young cock, think of all the wild, abandoned sex I could have enjoyed.

THE END