Suspicious Mom

alwayswantedto©

All characters are 18 years or older.

I can't say I've had a bad marriage. Over twenty-three years it has had its ups and down but mostly ups, although, for the past seven it's been neither. In fact, you could say it had become boring. At times, I became concerned about the bland nature of our marriage but not enough to do anything about it or even discuss it with my husband. Perhaps that was the crux of the problem.

We had a comfortable existence. Stefan was well established in his job as a regional sales representative for a national medical supply company. Sales increased steadily if not rapidly and held their ground in bad times. Once a month, he did his route collecting orders and introducing new products to customers via visits and small seminars. Personal touch was key, which meant Stefan had to travel for a week to ten days but both he and I had come to enjoy our time apart instead of dreading it, though at one time I had hated being left alone with two small kids and a job to do.

My own business, once mail order but not web-based, was just as stable if not as remunerative. Still, it had allowed me to work at home for the past eighteen years which let me spend a good portion of my day doing things I liked, such as gardening. If I

got behind, I simply worked nights; a small price to pay for enjoying the day.

My time was reclaimed when our kids became teenagers. Life actually became enjoyable again when Julia got married. Unfortunately, she moved away just when she became human. Jeff was still at home attending the local college. He never fought with me like his sister did. Instead, he had always kept his distance, for safety I always thought, avoiding the battleground occupying his sister and me. Thus, I had nobody to console me when my suspicions concerning Stefan's extended trips became too depressing.

Not that I would have voiced my suspicions to my son. *Heaven forbid*! But neither could I confess to my girlfriends who, more femininely perceptive, would likely deduce my problem. I didn't want to become the focus of gossip; I had seen that too often in our town. So, when I ran into an old school friend in a Pittsburgh mall one day who expressed surprise that Stefan and I were still together, my mind started running overtime but I kept my conjectures to myself. That may have been a mistake for my suspicions quickly transformed into convictions, jealousy and anger.

It was about that time I first began getting very tired. I thought there was something wrong with me but the doctor couldn't

find anything. Of course, I didn't mention a word about my fears. I was convinced that I was low in iron but my health was good, likely due to my diet, exercise room, and gardening (relaxation and a natural source of vitamin D).

Nevertheless, I often grew tired in the early afternoon and sometimes slept right through dinner until late at night or even into the next morning. Several times, Jeff had to carry me upstairs to my bed because he couldn't wake me after I'd fallen asleep on the couch.

I blamed it all on my husband. I had the feeling Stefan had met a younger woman, probably an employee of one of his customers. I didn't have any specific evidence, just some funny expressions he made when I asked him about staying an extra day on each of his last three trips. I should asked why but at first I didn't want to appear jealous and then I started rationalizing to myself that it didn't really matter enough to disrupt my otherwise idyllic life. If we divorced, we wouldn't be able to afford our nice house or the international vacations. What did it matter if he had a little fling? Should we lose our comfortable life over a mid-life crisis? It was pathetic, really, a middle-aged man chasing after some young thing, thinking it was true love.

That thought got me to stewing. What if she wasn't so young, maybe just five or eight years younger than me, and seriously after my husband? He wasn't a bad catch for his age, especially for a single mom tired of struggling every step of the way. Was my tranquil life in jeopardy, my comfort facing imminent demise? I thought about it a lot, especially when Stefan was gone.

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When Jeff came home the first day of Stefan's next trip, I was ironing, so deep in thought his entrance startled me and sent the iron clattering to the floor.

"Jesus Murphy, Jeff. You scared the hell out of me," I cried, belatedly scrambling to catch the iron. "Don't sneak around like that."

"I wasn't sneaking. You must have heard me drive up," my son defended himself.

"Well, I didn't," I snapped.

That was almost impossible. Jeff was still driving his first car, the one we bought him when he turned sixteen. The first thing he'd done was to put a set of "pipes" on it. Drove his father nuts but whenever he complained about it, Jeff would just look at me and roll his eyes, waiting for the tirade to subside.

"You would have if your mind was on planet earth," Jeff replied. "What's wrong with you lately, Mom? You always seem to be thinking about something. Is anything bothering you."

"No. Why should anything be bothering me?"

My testiness confirmed that something was indeed bothering me but Jeff shrugged it off and sauntered into the kitchen. I heard him getting something to eat but didn't bother chiding him that it wouldn't be long until supper. I couldn't believe I'd let the afternoon slip away. It was almost five and I hadn't even started dinner. I felt a little guilty about not getting dinner ready and joined Jeff to start getting the food ready. I didn't make a comment about the sandwich he was already stuffing into his face. He was still a growing boy with quite an appetite. There would be plenty of room for dinner.

Jeff didn't help. He sat at the kitchen table and watched me. That was also something that only happened when Stefan was away. Jeff spent time with me, hanging around in the evenings and even on the weekends. When his father was home, Jeff was almost always out with his friends. Was I different when Stefan was gone? More approachable? I suddenly felt bad for snapping at my son.

"Would you like me to make pork chops and apple pie tomorrow?" I asked as I pulled stuff from the fridge. It was one of his favorite meals. He didn't answer so I turned my head to look at him. Jeff was looking right at me with a funny look on his face but smiled when he noticed me waiting for an answer. He had been looking at me like that a lot lately. I needed to give my suspicious mind a rest lest my son think I belonged in the funny farm.

"Yeah, that would be great, Mom."

Jeff hung around while I made dinner but, as was typical of our relationship while his father was away, we didn't talk much. It was comforting, knowing my son enjoyed quiet time with me. He watched me more closely than usual. I suppose he was trying to figure out what was bothering me. I tried not to look at him, smiling the few times I did catch him observing me to let him know I was okay. The last thing I wanted to do was

transfer my anxiety to my son. I tried to appear more relaxed and happy than I was.

After dinner, Jeff helped me clean up and then made me some tea, a habit he had developed in the last six months, but again, only when his father was away. I guess he thought I needed a little treat when we were alone. That's when it dawned on me that all my extended sleeping bouts happened when Stefan was away. I never tired to the point of falling asleep when Stefan was home, only when he was away. That was strange. Maybe thinking about what Stefan was doing stressed me out too much. I needed to find something to keep my mind occupied.

I must have dozed off not long after that even though it was the first night Stefan was gone. I awoke with a mild headache, as usual, and felt groggy. I was lying on top of the bed, not even under the covers, still wearing my dress. I turned my head to look at the clock. After nine. Jeff would already be gone to school.

I sat up and swung my legs over the edge of the bed and was surprised to see my panties on the floor. I must have started to undress but had been unable to finish before crashing on the bed. Shaking my head in self recrimination, I promised myself to eat more regularly to get my energy levels up.

I reached behind my back to unzip the dress and eased my weight off the bed to make it easier to pull it under my bum and over my head. Tossing the dress to the side, I was very surprised to see that I was still wearing panties. I looked at the ones on the floor and the ones I was wearing. This was very odd. Why would I put on another pair of panties before getting on the bed, especially when I was so tired? Well, of course I wouldn't. The ones on the floor must have already been there which made me feel worse. I was a bit of a neat freak and the thought of leaving my panties strewn around bothered me. Good grief, I was really losing it.

My drawers were almost empty so I had to put on a pair of fancy panties retrieved from the back, the kind I used to wear to arouse Stefan in years gone by, when he still paid attention to me.

Jeff came home early and chatted to me while I prepared dinner. We ate our dessert in the living room: warm apple pie with French vanilla ice cream. We didn't watch TV. That was one blessing when Stefan was away. Jeff and I typically read and listened to classical music after dinner.

I nestled low on the couch with my feet stretched out, resting my head against the arm. Jeff was sprawled along the love seat

with his feet hanging on the opposite arm. It would have made more sense for us to switch couches but we always sat the same way and he never used his father's chair, even while he was away. Every once in a while, I looked over at my son, a warm feeling enveloping me each time. Sometimes he glanced back and we smiled but didn't speak. We didn't need to.

Once I looked up to find Jeff regarding me intently. His eyes were on my legs but I knew his mind had to be elsewhere. He was probably thinking about something he'd read and just happened to be looking my way. My knees were raised up to rest my book upon and my knee-length, pleated brown skirt had fallen part way down my legs. The backs of my thighs were probably showing. Damn, I had put on those skimpy panties that morning. I hoped he didn't suddenly focus his attention on the real world while he was looking my way. It would be so embarrassing. I stayed absolutely still, afraid any movement would catch Jeff's attention.

Strange, how the mind works. While worrying about inappropriately displaying my legs to my son I was simultaneously thankful for all the exercise I did to keep my muscles well-toned. There was no cellulite on my legs and I was proud of it. My concern about Stefan reared its ugly head at that moment. I know that men like to look at other women regardless of what they have at home, but, was I still attractive? Would other men look at me? I tried to recall whether or not

men had cast glances my way the last few times I had been downtown but couldn't remember any specific incidents. When my mind returned from that excursion, I noticed that Jeff's nose was back in his book. Obviously, he hadn't even been aware of my legs and, while relieved, I felt strangely disappointed. Was I really not worth checking out?

Jeez, Erica. Are you so desperate to confirm your attractiveness to the opposite sex that you'd seek confirmation from your son? Why would he do that anyway, his own mother? Get a grip on yourself woman.

Without thinking, I dropped my hand under my skirt under my bottom and smoothed it up my legs. Yes, the hem was low but not enough for my panties to show. I hadn't been in any danger of exposing myself at all. I waited for Jeff to look my way again and smiled when he did.

"You know, I really enjoy our time together when your father's away."

Jeff returned my smile and let his book fall onto his chest.

"So do I Mom. More than you know."

I didn't quite believe my son enjoyed being with his mother that much but it was nice of him to say so, even if he put it an odd way. I nodded and turned back to my book.

"Would you like me to make you some tea?"

"Not tonight," I replied, not looking up.

"Are you sure?" Jeff asked, sounding concerned.

I regarded him, noting that his expression didn't match his voice.

"Yes," I confirmed. "I think tea makes me restless at night."

"Not the stuff I make. It's herbal; no caffeine. It should actually make you sleep better."

"Knock me out is more like it."

"Maybe you need the rest. You're really antsy when Dad's away."

I looked back at my book. "Maybe later."

A few minutes later, I sensed Jeff looking my way again. I kept my eyes focused intently on my book but this time, instead of freezing like a statue, I turned a page and let my hand slip onto my knee, my finger slowly scratching the side of my leg before dropping to my side on the couch. After a bit, I squeezed my hand under my skirt, but instead of smoothing it up my legs, I casually trailed my fingers up and down the bare underside of my thigh several times. I admonished myself but still repeated the same action each time I changed pages. Ignoring the commands from my brain, my fingers moved anyway. Thank goodness I was a slow reader so it didn't happen too often.

What on earth was wrong with me? I was trying to attract my son's attention to my legs. Why? To prove that a man other than my husband would find me appealing? I needed to tease my son to do that? I chastised myself properly. If you need attention that bad, put on a short skirt and go shopping downtown.

I let my feet slide out, straightened my legs and lowered my knees until they were flat on the couch. I put my book down and stretched. Jeff got up and went into the kitchen. I picked my book up again and started to read. A few minutes later, he reappeared with two mugs of tea and handed one to me.

"Jeff," I protested.

"It's good for you," he insisted.

It was no use arguing. My son had always been persistent. "Yes, sir," I submitted, laughing.

I drank slowly while I read. The tea was cold when I took the last sip though I hadn't read much more. I was feeling drowsy and my mind had been wandering. What was Stefan up to now, I wondered? Was he at some woman's home, in her bed? I pictured Stefan walking up to a seaside cabin, a young woman dressed in a revealing negligee waiting for him, body pressed seductively against an open doorway. I had been riding by on an ancient bicycle but had stopped to watch this adulterous scene unfold, my pain relieved by the lust-filled faces of two young farm boys working on the other side of the dirt road, eyes drinking in the long expanse of bare leg and hip exposed as my skirt rested on the pedal. I leaned forward to

peer at the cabin as the girl's arm encircled Stefan's neck, my bottom lifting from the old, leather seat.

"Mom? ... Mom?"

I opened my eyes. Good grief, I had drifted off. It was a dream.

"Maybe you should go to bed," Jeff suggested.

"Yes," I agreed, struggling to get up and blushing.

"Do you need help?" he asked.

"No, I can make it." I got up and stumbled to the stairs. "Goodnight," I called back toward the sounds of Jeff picking up our mugs and taking them to the kitchen.

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It was early. After dawn, but still early. The room was softly lit by the sun streaming through the blinds. Yet again, I had not made it completely into bed. Lifting my head from the pillow,

I looked down at myself and sighed. I was still wearing the white blouse and dark brown skirt. My hand, pinned between the back of my head and the pillow, felt numb so I pulled it out and propped myself up on my elbows.

I had obviously tried to get into bed but I was a mess: blouse haphazardly done up with some buttons in the wrong holes; bra pushed up over one breast, skirt flipped up onto my stomach and my legs cocked wide open. Thank God I was still wearing panties, albeit the skimpy ones I'd put on yesterday morning, but they were pulled to one side. Lord Jesus. Had I been playing with myself? What if Jeff had come in to check on me while I was doing that, in my sleep no less?

I got up, fixed my bra and buttoned my blouse, then removed my panties and fetched a new pair from the fresh laundry I hadn't yet put away. I splashed some water on my face and went to Jeff's room to wake him up and tell him I would make him some scrambled eggs for breakfast. I startled him when I entered his room. He was already dressed and on his computer but got up and came to greet me right away. He seemed flustered.

"That's awesome, Mom," he said in response to my suggestion. "I'll be right down," he added, hurrying me out and pressing his door closed.

I made him breakfast, packed a nice lunch, and then sent him off with a motherly smooch. He was a good kid to look after me like he did. After he was gone, I got a coffee, even though I was trying to quit, and worked online for a few hours processing my backlog of orders. After that, I went downstairs and worked out for an hour and then had a late lunch. I didn't feel much like working so after just two more hours I went upstairs to put the laundry away. After doing mine and Stefan's, I carried the rest into Jeff's room.

As I put his underwear away, I bumped his desk with my hip and the screen lit up on Jeff's computer displaying the login page for one of those social network programs. His username was displayed and a row of asterisks filled the password field. I position the mouse over the button and clicked. Feeling guilty — I had never, ever snooped on my son before — I sat down and started reading the messages from his friends. As I did, I both scolded and defended my behavior: You're bad news, Erica, you need to get a life. and I'm just making sure he isn't doing any drugs.

I scanned over the messages until I came across a weird one from a member of some group Jeff belonged to. I pushed her a little further last night, it said.

Curious, I clicked on a link that popped up a window with more messages from that user with replies from other members of the group. I was curious to see what this guy had done to his girlfriend.

There was a pile of messages from various members of the group. Most of them had pictures attached: photos of women lying on their backs on beds or couches, some on the floor, skirts pushed back and legs open, almost all showing their panties. Several depicted the women with their blouses undone, bras sometimes intact and other times not. Some were dressed in nightgowns that were pushed up but others were wearing skirts or dresses and one was wearing slacks that had been pulled down. The women weren't posing. Their eyes were closed and their body language indicated an unawareness of being photographed. There was a deceitful feel to all the pictures that made my skin tingle.

Good God. Don't tell me Jeff belonged to some kind of pervert group that shared clandestine pictures of women my age. I searched for messages from my son, hoping to find none. Where did they get these pictures? Did they find them on the web and pass the good ones around? Was Jeff sharing pictures too? My heart sank when I found a message from Jeff. I opened it. There were several pictures attached.

What a weird feeling, looking at a picture of a woman's wide open legs that my son had found sufficiently alluring to share with his friends. Her panties covering a prominent mound, its swollen nature suggesting that it had been 'prepared' for the photo. My inspection was interrupted by the sound of Jeff's car rumbling into the driveway. Quickly, I backed out of the group and retraced my steps until I was on the screen I had started on, as best I could remember. I leapt up and started down the hall, glancing back as I walked, trying to will the screen saver into action. I ran down the stairs and just managed to step into the kitchen and twirl about as if that's where I'd been when Jeff opened the door. The wily woman in me rose to the challenge of keeping my son occupied long enough for the screen saver to kick in, probably far longer than necessary.

That evening, my mind didn't stray to my suspicions about Stefan even once; I had more than enough to think about with Jeff and his group. I should have been mad, I should have been horrified, and to some extent, I was. But I couldn't deny that the thought of my son sharing pictures of mature, well-cared for women with nice figures in various states of undress, fascinated me. Women my age. That realization retrieved the memory of Jeff looking at me as I lay on the couch worrying about whether my loose skirt had left me inappropriately exposed. Did I remind him of the women in the pictures? Had he really been looking at my legs?

As we sprawled out on our respective couches that night, I let the book drag my skirt farther down my legs than would normally feel comfortable. I made a distinct effort not to look up and, though I couldn't be sure, I thought I felt Jeff's eyes on my legs, warming them from my knees to my bottom. I tingled with an odd delight from my daring exposure. As before, but this time with distinct purpose, I trailed my fingers up and down the underside of my thigh. Both the sensation in my legs and the conviction that Jeff was watching grew stronger. I was now certain it wasn't just my imagination.

I protested again when Jeff offered to make tea about nine o'clock. I was enjoying displaying my legs and teasing Jeff with my languid strokes, so deliciously naughty, but he was very insistent. I pouted like a little girl but reluctantly went along with his wishes. It felt dumb but at the same time exciting to be playing such a girlish role. Half an hour later, I let Jeff help me to my room, for some reason acting more drowsy than I really was.

I woke up the next day, fully dressed as I expected. My skirt was only partly flipped up but my blouse was incorrectly buttoned again, as if done in haste. My panties, the normal kind this time, were still on but they weren't pulled all the way up. I guess I'd had another restless night. In testament to that, I'd slept in very late. It was almost noon.

I was halfway to the bathroom when I suddenly stopped and pulled my skirt up to examine my panties. They weren't the ones I'd worn yesterday! I was sure of it. I walked to my dresser and opened my underwear drawer. All my panties, so neatly folded and placed there the day before, were bunched into a messy pile!

I stumbled back several steps until the back of my legs hit the edge of the mattress and I sat down on the bed. Could Jeff be taking pictures of me at night for his group? How could that be. Surely I wasn't so tired I wouldn't wake up with the flash of a camera? Was he putting something in the tea?

I felt suddenly nauseous and bent over, hand on my stomach. When the feeling passed, I got up and half ran to Jeff's room, sat down, and shook the mouse. The screen lit up; the program was still running. Quickly, I clicked on the links until I found the history of exchanged messages. I scanned through them until I found the one from Jeff, the one with the woman with the wide open legs and the puffy panties. I stared, and stared.

Numbly, I got up and went back to my room. I rummaged through my drawer until I found them. Carrying the evidence back to Jeff's room, I compared them to the picture on the screen. Pale blue panties with a darker blue floral design on the

front. They were a match! Those were my legs, wide open for all to see, including the little mole on the inside of my left thigh just outside of the panty leg.

Rage surged through my veins. How could shame me like this, his own mother?

Angrily, I scanned the messages, opening every one sent by Jeff. Not all held pictures. Some, especially the early ones, simply described my appearance. It was all very flattering. I was beautiful, Jeff informed the group. He wished they could see my face but the strict privacy rules forbid it. Soon, he promised, he would contribute pictures showing my body. In subsequent exchanges, several members of the group reminded him of his promise. In fact, he was required to do so or he would face eviction from the group. Membership was based upon mutual exchange.Be patient, he responded. My Mom has an amazing body. You won't be disappointed, he explained, but I can only get pictures at certain times of the month.

I cringed. Jeff had waited until his father left town. That's why I was so tired when Stefan was away. I wasn't suffering from stress, my son was drugging me so he could take pictures to share with these little web weasels.

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The next few hours were a nightmare. I couldn't get the pictures out of my mind, or the thought of those little creeps drooling over them, probably beating their little pricks in front of their computers while their own unsuspecting mothers were nearby, unaware of what the little sneaks would get up to at night.

I pondered how to put a stop to this and teach Jeff a lesson at the same time. Somehow, I had to catch him in the act, as unpleasant as that would be. I'd have to switch my tea but make him think I had drunk it, then act drugged and wait until he snuck into my room, camera in hand. And then I'd let him have it.

I began to feel better, in control. I smiled at a new thought. I'd egg him on tonight, make him really eager to get started and hopefully less cautious in case my acting wasn't a hundred percent. It might even make the shock of getting caught more devastating. I went downtown shopping and was waiting when Jeff arrived home, early again.

"Hey, Mom. What's cooking?"

Lot's, I thought but simply answered, "Stew."

"Stew?" his face contorted into a grimace.

"You can't have your favorite meal all the time. I like stew."

"Okay. I guess it isn't that bad."

I stirred the pot, keeping my back half-turned toward my son. I could feel his eyes on me, like little heat rays. I was wearing a new pair of jeans, the stretchy kind the young girls wore that dipped low in the front to show off their bellies and the curve of their bare hips. They were short-legged, revealing half of my tanned calves, accented by the height of the heeled sandals that reached up to wrap around my ankles. These shoes did a marvelous job of tensing the muscles in my legs and that's why I had bought them that afternoon.

To top it off, I wore a blouse knotted underneath my breasts, leaving a wide expanse of exposed tummy. Thank the Lord for all those crunches and yoga and the many years that had elapsed since bearing my last child. The material of the blouse, while not sufficiently transparent to see through, was nevertheless flimsy enough to define my upper assets quite

well, especially with the help of the delicate, black push-up half bra underneath.

"Are you going out tonight?" Jeff asked, his voice abnormally thick.

"Nope," I replied. "I just felt like shopping for some new things before your father gets home."

I knew exactly when he discovered the bags I'd left on the chair at the far end of the kitchen table. His breathing changed and his eyes returned to me almost right away. I felt them heating my bottom. He'd obviously recognized the name of the lingerie store.

Wicked tendrils slithered through my brain. As I monitored the stove, I tensed the muscles in alternate legs, shifting my weight from foot to foot, then cocked one hip while I stirred, allowing my rear end to sway slightly in reaction to my swirling arm. You're going to regret this, young man, I thought, as I considered the lesson I would confer upon my son later that night.

I had considered telling Stefan but decided against it. He wouldn't understand. He'd fly off the handle and banish Jeff from our home. Certainly, he'd been sneaky and had done a bad thing but he was, after all, just going through a phase. Yes, he had gone beyond the oedipital crush but that was probably because of his age; most boys went through this as teenagers, not when they were twenty like Jeff. I struck teasing poses for a while longer, then asked Jess to watch the pot while I went upstairs to get changed for dinner.

"You don't need to get changed Mom, he protested. "You look great."

I laughed to myself at that. Obviously, I had displayed my wares well.

"Watch the pot," I insisted. "I've turned it off, but it needs to be stirred."

I walked slowly away, giving Jeff's eyes time to follow my swaying form. I didn't look back as I climbed the stairs but I was sure he poked his head out the door to watch me from below. I felt deliciously wicked. This was kind of fun. Why shouldn't I enjoy this part, especially since the confrontation

later tonight wouldn't be any fun at all. I waited two minutes, then called downstairs.

"Jeff. Can you please bring my bags upstairs?"

Jeff appeared at my door less than a minute later. I acted surprised to see him, though I had just called him up. My jeans were in a pile beside the bed and my blouse was unbuttoned almost all the way. It was a long one and the tail hung low, just covering my ass. I turned toward him as he entered, so he could see the half-bra stretched between the open blouse underneath my breasts and a glimpse of my panties below the single button holding my blouse together. I turned away, my legs tensing more than could be explained by the heeled sandals alone.

"Oh," I said. "Just put them over there." I waved my hand at the bed.

As Jeff walked to the bed I entered the walk-in closet and his eyes followed me inside. He turned away from the bed reluctantly, seemingly loathe to leave. Just before he reached the door, I called out to him.

"Jeff. Be a dear and get me the dress in the grey bag."

I walked out of the closet just as he pulled the new dress out of the bag. His eyes were glued on my body, especially my bare tummy and the black panties. I kept my eyes averted, fixed on the dress he held in his hand so he didn't feel embarrassed about me seeing him look. That would come later when he was guilty of more than just sneaking a peek.

Excitement surged within me. I really had him. He was sure to incriminate himself tonight. For good measure, I turned with the dress in hand, not quite fully away, and stooped to slip my feet into it. Jeff stared as I wriggled it up over my hips, then paused to take my blouse off. I thought his eyes would bug out of his head when we got his first ever close look at his mother in a push up bra. I took my time, pretending to have difficulty getting the sleeves off.

"Oh, thank goodness you're here," I said in a breathy, frustrated voice, as if surprised by his presence. "Help me get this thing off, will you?"

Jeff dutifully grabbed each sleeve and pulled while I slipped my arms out but he wasn't looking at my arms. As best they could from his rearward angle, my son's eyes moved in concert

with the motion of my breasts as they jostled about while I struggled to get my arms free. Finally, I was loose and pulled the dress up. For the finishing touch, I asked Jeff to zip me up.

"Thanks, sweetheart. Why don't you see if the stew is ready and I'll be right down."

I should have been shocked by my behavior but I had already convinced myself that I was doing it for my son's benefit. Discipline-wise, that is. Applying a lesson in life though I was a little vague on what, exactly, the lesson was.

I was incredibly excited. I felt so alive. It was shameful, I know, but I hadn't had a man look at me with such desire for a long, long time, if ever. I felt a little evil, partly because I was punishing my son for his sin but also because I was enjoying it so much. That dark feeling made me feel warm down there, more than it should.

As I walked down the stairs I paused to adjust my dress. My hand scraped firmly and unnecessarily over my front. I laughed softly as I continued down the stairs to have dinner with my son. He'd be begging me to drink his tea by the time I was done with him. And later tonight, I'd really give him what for. I dished up a couple bowls of stew and put them on the

kitchen counter where I'd already set some warm buns from the oven.

"Do you mind, honey?" I asked. "I don't feel like setting the table tonight."

Jeff shook his head. I could see he was trying not to look at my legs displayed in all their glory as I hitched my bottom onto a stool. As soon as he sat down, I picked up one of the magazines I'd set on the counter earlier.

"Do you mind if I read?"

"No, not at all," he gulped.

Jeff picked up a magazine from the stack on the counter. I pulled my bowl near, swung my legs toward Jeff, and lifted the magazine high to hide my face. I ate slowly, always maintaining the magazine in place. After several minutes, I sought the lower rung on Jeff's stool to rest my feet, first drawing his attention by slipping my sandals off and letting them clatter to the floor. Within minutes, I sought out the higher rung, knowing full well it would force my knees higher,

so high in fact, that my son would be able to see under my skirt, maybe even all the way to his mother's lacy, black panties.

That is, if she opened her legs.

Which I did.

I ate slowly, allowing my knees to drift apart, then close, only to separate again. Back and forth, my thighs waxed and waned.

I actually never read a word, changing pages only as an after thought, but Jeff didn't notice. His mind was elsewhere. My own mind was focused on what I should do next. I was torn between two paths. On the one hand, I could carry on with the plan to fake drinking the doped tea and catch Jeff taking pictures of me while I was supposedly in a helpless state. How vengeful that would be, but the aftermath would be just as traumatic, for us both.

Or, I could outright refuse to drink any more of my son's concoction. Instead, I would flaunt myself in front of him, tease him mercilessly, but never give him the opportunity to sneak another picture. I'd make his balls blue and force him out of that disgusting group by depriving him of the entry

requirements. I could either find and delete the pictures he'd taken or leave them there to remind him of what he'd once been able to see, and touch. That last thought sent a jolt through me and my thighs twitched in response. Revenge was truly sweet, at least in the planning.

I couldn't decide, though I was leaning toward the role of evil, teasing bitch. There were so many merits to that fun approach without the stress of confrontation.

Despite the initial thrill, I tired of the kitchen stool game. I dropped my magazine on the counter and turned to finish my stew. It was cold. Jeff was clearly startled and I took joy in his surprise. My sideways glances confirmed that my naughty display had worked. I think Jeff would have had difficulty standing right then. The observation spurred me to quickly finished my dinner and put my bowl in the sink.

"Come and keep me company in the living room."

"Uh... I'll be there in a minute. Just let me finish this."

He took a suddenly intense interest in his magazine which I don't think he'd paid any attention to until then. He probably

didn't even realize it was a woman's magazine. I smiled, gloating over his inability to stand.

"Okay," I complained. "I guess I'll just have to read all by myself."

I sashayed saucily out of the kitchen, making sure that the skirt stretched tightly over my buttocks with each step. When Jeff finally joined me I kept my book in front of my face, in the same manner as I'd held the magazine in the kitchen, so he could enjoy my legs without fear of being caught. I had let my dress fall higher down my thighs and assured myself that, from his vantage point on the love seat, he would be able to see just a hint of my panties.

I trailed my fingers lazily up and down the underside of my thigh and, several times, traced a line onto the top of my leg and down the inside. The more excited he got, I thought, the bigger the fall when I lowered the boom. Moreover, I had no idea how long he usually waited after giving me the tea before he felt it was safe to play his devious game and I didn't want to be waiting long. The hornier be became, the sooner he would come upstairs. The use of the word, though just in my thoughts, rang loudly through my skull. I curled my feet and splayed my toes wide. For the next while, any slight movement

or adjustment of my body that would attract Jeff's attention, I did.

Eventually, I set my book on the coffee table. Slowly, so I didn't surprise him. I closed my eyes and stretched, arching my back and pushing my breasts up, trying to appear, accidentally, wantonly sexual. Relaxing back into the couch, I looked at Jeff and smiled sweetly.

"Would you make me some of your special tea, honey?"

"Sure Mom."

He almost tripped in his eagerness to get up. I noticed with great satisfaction as he stumbled by that his interest clearly showed in the front of his jeans.

When Jeff brought the tea, I stalled and only took a very small sip before asking him to get a box from my room. He was reluctant to leave me.

"Please, honey? I bought a new pair of shoes and I forgot all about them. I want you to tell me if you think Dad will like them. Pretty please?" I cooed in my teenage girl voice.

He capitulated.

"They're right by the bed," I called as he strode firmly up the stairs.

As soon as he was gone, I took a sip from his mug. Tea, and it tasted the same as mine except it was strangely lukewarm unlike my hot mug. I was sure he hadn't added anything to his but I couldn't just switch; our mugs were different. I ran into the kitchen, dumped my mug into the sink and refilled it two thirds from the pot. There, now we both had clean tea.

Evidently, Jeff had difficulty finding the shoes. Not surprising, since I they weren't where I told them they'd be. I waited several minutes after reseating myself before he came downstairs, holding the box and complaining about my directions. His voice trailed off when he saw me waiting on the couch, dress still lying very high on my thighs. You'd think my uncharacteristic behavior would have flashed huge warning signals but apparently not. I held out one foot and Jeff eagerly sank to his knees before me, fumbling in his hurry to get a shoe out of the box.

I teased him some more, twisting my leg this way and that, lifting it so I could see, making sure my legs parted just enough so he could peek along my shanks right up to my panties. A sudden rush of guilt swept over me but not because of what I was doing to my son. It was due to a memory, long ago, of how I had once teased a shoe salesman that obviously thought I was attractive. He was cute and I was mad at Stefan for some reason. I'd done it on the spur of the moment and, thinking back, I had enjoyed that same, slightly evil feeling that rushed through me as his eyes locked on my open legs.

Enough. I held my other foot out and gulped my tea while he fitted the remaining shoe. I knew from experience how long the onset of weariness would take and, after an appropriate delay, began feigning excessive tiredness. I was quite an actress, I thought proudly. My act was so accomplished, I even convinced myself that I was falling asleep. My eyes and limbs actually did feel heavy, just as they did when I drank the doped tea. I should win an award for this, I thought dreamily, lying back against the couch, eyes closed. I felt so calm and relaxed and it pleased me to hear my son's gentle voice as he continued to play with my foot.

"Mom... Mom?"

He didn't need to be so quiet. We were alone. No one else was home. There was no need to whisper. Should I be limp in his arms when he carried me upstairs, I wondered, or would a drugged person still try to hold on? Jeff was calling from farther away now. I could hardly hear him. I hadn't heard him go. Why was he standing so far away?

It was morning. Oh God, I had fallen asleep and hadn't confronted Jeff. My dress was all disheveled but more demurely positioned than it had been while I'd toyed with my leg on the couch. However, my panties were stretched across my legs halfway down my thighs. I sat up and swiveled my legs to the floor. I felt a draft and reached around to find my dress half unzipped. As I pulled it up, I made another discovery. My bra was missing!

Mother of Christ. Did he think I was stupid that he would leave my panties halfway down my legs and take my bra right off? Was he trying to send me a message? Did he want to get caught? I'd heard about people doing that, or becoming careless when they repeatedly got away with things. Or maybe he had just gotten carried away after all my teasing and forgotten to cover his tracks?

Wait. Wait a minute. How had I fallen asleep? I wasn't tired last night. Quite the contrary. I was excited about trapping Jeff. I had dumped the tea, got new stuff. How... oh jeez... he must have doped the whole pot, made his earlier and hidden it.

To hell with the tea. I just wouldn't drink it anymore. Nor would I tease him. I'd just let this get behind us and pretend it never happened.

Lord, what had he done last night? He must have taken my dress off, maybe everything. He could have taken pictures of me completely naked. Would he post pictures of me like that, without panties, my pussy bare for all to see?

I jumped up, awkwardly pulling my panties up as I half ran to Jeff's room. I checked for new messages from Jeff but there weren't any, nor could I find new pictures on his computer. I searched for his camera but couldn't find that either. If he hadn't uploaded them yet, I had to get them before he did.

Thankfully, Stefan would be away for another night. I had one more chance to confront my son with his illicit late night deeds and, this time, I would have my own stash of fake tea.

* * * * * * * * * *

"What's that?"

"What's what?" I replied.

"The bag on the couch."

"Oh, I went shopping again." I continued casually scrubbing the potatoes in the sink, belying the tingling jump in my blood pressure sparked by Jeff's query.

"Oh yeah. What did you buy?"

"Nothing." I was coy.

"Nothing? There's something in the bag."

"Well, it's not for you."

"There's no need to get testy. I was just curious."

"Well if you must know, it's for your father."

"From a lingerie store?"

"Yes," I responded in a lowered voice, as if suddenly shy.

"Oh. So Dad's going to get lucky tomorrow night." Jeff whistled.

Despite myself, I blushed.

"That's enough of that. Why don't you go do something useful until dinner's ready?"

Jeff left. Rustling a moment later confirmed my prediction that he was looking in the bag. I rushed into the living room just as he pulled the filmy negligee out and dangled it from one hand.

"Hey, mister. Put that back."

Jeff whistled, holding the nightie out for inspection. He shook it out and turned to line it up with me, whistling again.

"Whew, Mama Mia."

"Stop that," I feigned anger but my laughter gave me away. I grabbed for the negligee but Jeff pulled it away.

My laughter died.

"Put it back in the bag," I pleaded, trying my best to look embarrassed.

Seeing my face, Jeff did as I asked.

"I was just teasing, Mom. Dad's a lucky guy."

I relieved Jeff of the bag. "I'm not so sure he thinks so."

Now, why did I drop a hint about his father's wandering attention?

Jeff let it pass. "Any guy would love to see you wearing that," he countered.

Now who was betraying their thoughts? I was already walking back to the kitchen, a smile on my face. Now the hook was set. I knew that in his mind Jeff was replacing my shirt and jeans with the negligee. Tonight I'll catch him with camera in hand and demand every picture he's ever taken.

We sat kitty corner from each other at the kitchen table during dinner rather than end-to-end as we normally did. We talked quietly and I managed to put my hand on his forearm twice while I told him about my day. We cleaned up the kitchen together and then retreated to the living room to read. I played with my leg again, even though I was wearing jeans. I had the sense that Jeff found it just as sensual despite the lack of bare skin. I know I did and I had to reprimand myself to keep focused on the task ahead. It wasn't going to be a pleasant confrontation but it was necessary.

Jeff got up and made tea without asking and I simply thanked him when he set a mug down beside me on the coffee table. He sank into the loveseat, immersing himself in his book except for the odd sip from his mug and a glance at me.

"Aren't you going to drink your tea?"

"Oh. I forgot all about it. It's probably cold now."

"I'll warm it up for you."

"No, you stay." I picked up the mug and headed for the kitchen. "I need to stretch my legs anyway."

In the kitchen, I turned the microwave on without putting anything in it. Covered by its noise, I emptied the tea down the sink and refilled the mug from the juice container I'd hidden in the cupboard earlier. When the microwave stopped, I returned to read my book. During the next ten minutes I savored several long sips. Eventually, I put my book down and did a full body stretch, pointing my toes down, curling my feet, and arching my back to emphasis my bosom.

"I'm feeling a little tired tonight," I said, relaxing. I swung my feet to the floor and made a point of gulping the rest of my 'tea' before setting the empty mug on the table. "I think I'll try my new nightie on and go to bed early."

I stopped in the kitchen to get my shopping bag and sauntered wearily up the stairs. How long, I wondered, would he wait?

I asked myself that several more times over the next hour. I was dozing when I woke with a start. I gazed about, listening intently. The house was quiet, and dark. It must have been the lights going out that startled me. I could hear Jeff's footsteps treading lightly down the hallway, past my room and on to his. Two minutes later, they retraced their steps to my door, and entered my room. He must have gone to get his camera.

"Mom?" Jeff whispered.

I remained still, breathing lightly, feigning sleep.

"Mom?" he repeated several more times.

The light switched on. Not the bedside lamp, but the main ceiling light. Why...

"Mom?"

Of course. He needed the light to take pictures. It was all I could do not to smile. You silly boy. He was walking stealthily toward me, into the spider's trap.

"Mom?" a louder whisper.

A hand pressed down on the pillow beside my bed. It shook me gently.

"Mom?"

Satisfied, Jeff's fingers grasped the blankets which I had pulled up to my neck and carefully peeled them down, slowly exposing my sleeping form, clad only in the new pink negligee with matching panties underneath. He didn't stop when it was fully revealed. Instead, he pulled the covers down until they fell over the end of the bed, baring my feet. I felt goosebumps running up my legs and arms but they were more in reaction from Jeff's appreciative survey than from the slight chill.

"Ahhh, gorgeous," he whispered.

Pride and joy at the worship in his voice launched a warm wave throughout my body. There was no bra with the negligee

and I knew Jeff could see my unencumbered breasts through the filmy, see-through material. Modesty almost moved my hands over my breasts but the best I could do was will away the first trace of tingling sparks forming in my nipples. Stay focused. Wait for the first click, then pounce and stay on him in his shock until he admits having taken pictures before.

Jeff's fingers touched my shoulder, then traced a line back and forth several times to my neck and out to my upper arm. I prided myself on the control I exerted not to flinch. His fingers pulled the negligee's strap over my shoulder and then trailed down my arm and back several times before dipping from my shoulder to trace a line across my chest, above my breasts. Slowly, slowly, they ventured lower until they were sliding over the initial rises and down into the valley between. At some point, I felt Jeff's other hand reach across to push the strap off my other shoulder.

Back and forth, to and fro. His fingers were crossing lower now, on my breasts proper, the negligee somehow being pulled away, probably by his free hand. I could no longer suppress the tingling in my nipples. I guess I'm going to have to let him see my bare breasts, even touch them, if I'm going to catch him with the camera in his hand. He must have done this before, I reasoned. In fact, he probably did it every time so they looked good in the pictures, all swollen and aroused. I would just have to let it happen.

A gentle tug pulled the negligee over my straining nips. My breasts were completely exposed, swollen, trembling and proud. Jeff's fingertips continued crossing from one to the other, pausing in the valley between before climbing the next mountain. They were scraping over my aureole, just shy of my stiff, excited nipples. Jeff was breathing in short breaths now. His excitement heightened my own. How often had he done this, standing next to me, playing with my breasts?

Oh God. His fingers were brushing over my nipples now, each one dragging across in its turn, the slight bend followed by the sudden release and snap back until the next finger caught it. Back and forth, back and forth, so gently. He didn't stop to pinch, squeeze or hold. Just back and forth, again and again and again. Jeff's other hand was holding the underside of my breasts now, propping them up, thrusting my nipples up in stark refrain, stiffening their resistance to the mowing advance of his partners in crime. Oh, Jesus, it felt fantastic.

When was the last time a man had fondled my breasts so lovingly?

Never. That's when.

Certainly not Stefan. A few grabs, almost painful tweaks, a rough bite, and then he was between my legs. That bitch up there could have him as far as I was concerned.

Will he kiss them? Does my son lick my tits, suck my nipples into his mouth?

Yes, of course he does. His saliva would make them glisten in the pictures, helping to prove his daring. I resigned myself to let him do it. I have to wait for the pictures, the first one anyway. And then, after that first click, I'd move.

Shit. His hands were gone. My breasts strained upward, post partum, seeking their attacker. He wasn't going to kiss them. I recognized my disappointment but did my best not to acknowledge its depth. Maybe he did it just before the first snap so they were still wet.

There was a soft thud. Seconds passed before my brain interpreted the sound. It was his housecoat hitting the floor. Was he now wearing only his shorts? How guilty he would look when I finally opened my eyes to catch him with camera in hand, dressed in undershorts bulging with his incriminating lust. My ears strained for the faintest sign that my son was fumbling with a camera.

I heard nothing.

Jeff's fingers abruptly returned to my breasts, this time encircling them, squeezing gently, prodding my nipples up high. He was going to kiss them.

Even so, I was surprised when his mouth enveloped my left nipple and sucked, a long, slurping siphon. His mouth moved to my other tit and treated it to a similarly strong caress, neither gentle nor harsh. It was wonderful. Jeff's mouth passed back and forth between my tits, each suck growing longer and more intense and then, as quickly as it arrived, his mouth departed.

Again, the pain of separation. He was ready for the pictures. Oh, but couldn't his preparation have lasted a little longer. I groaned inside. It had been so fine and I could have done with a little more. Briefly, I entertained the thought of not confronting my son. I could just lie here, pretending to be out. Who would ever know? I could let him take pictures of my panties and my tits, then let him suck them some more. I was sure he'd return for more once the pictures were done. What harm would it do if he never knew? God, the very thought made my nipples agonize for his lips and tongue.

NO. Erica, get hold of yourself. As soon as he takes that first picture, you're going to jump up and give him what for. I nodded to myself so firmly my head might have even moved. Alright. I steeled myself for the imminent battle.

There was no click, no picture. Jeff was pulling the negligee up my legs, over my hips, exposing the panties and bunching it on my tummy. Of course, I thought. He's a panty lover. He wants to take pictures of my pretty pink panties. Was I moist? Would my excitement show?

Jeff's hand slipped under my knees and lifted my legs. Holding my bent knees off the bed, he began to stroke my thighs, parting my legs to slip his hand between, reaching underneath to tease the soft underside as I had done in front of him on the couch. Oh yes, the feel of his palms brushing up and down my inner thigh. That was so great. The warmth that pulsed through me each time the edge of his hand neared the gusset of my panties was awesome. I must be radiating extreme heat.

He took his time, caressing my legs in the same unhurried manner he had fondled my breasts. Oh, they ached for his touch and his not so tender kiss but this, this felt incredibly good too. What a lover he was going to make. No, I corrected myself, what a lover he already was.

Could he do this with a woman that was awake and aware, I wondered, or would he feel compelled to move faster? Would he be self conscious of his enjoyment and thus ruin it for himself and his lover? The word jolted me. Lover.

My son wasn't just readying me for a few pictures. He was making love to me, making love to his mother.

That thought sent a jangle of electricity rocketing around my pubic walls.

Jeff's hand under my knees suddenly pulled up, way up, lifting my legs and pushing them back until my thighs were pressing over the sides of my breasts, lewdly exposing my panty covered genitals.

Okay. He's getting ready for the picture, preparing for the panty shot. Listen now. Listen for the camera.

But Jeff didn't let go to fetch the camera which must be somewhere nearby. Instead, he pressed on my calves, keeping my knees against my breasts, while his free hand began to lightly brush up and down the length of my thighs, tickling their undersides with his feathery touch. His fingers ranged

over their entire length and, though he approached my panties, he never ventured onto their terrain, choosing instead to trace their edges. Wonderful minutes slipped by and I confess I forgot all about the camera.

Jeff was using his head and neck to hold my feet up. His right hand had slipped under my legs to grasp my breast which he was kneading gently, forcing the nipple into a taut peak. I was just allowing my legs to part, implicitly urging his fingers deeper into their inner sanctuary, when his tickling suddenly stopped and he pulled my thighs tightly together.

Was he shocked by my wanton display? Had I somehow given my awareness away?

As I searched for some betraying sign, Jeff's mouth suddenly arrived on the back of my thighs. He rained tiny kisses up and down the path his fingers had blazed for ten minutes before. Nibbling, almost sucking. I couldn't repress the sigh that escaped my lips when his tongue dug between my tightly pressed legs and forced a furrow toward my panties.

Like his fingers, his tongue stopped just short of violating that sacred terrain, but it wiggled and waggled, digging a damp hole between my closed legs. Jeff's left hand slid down the

outside of my leg, over my hips and onto my bottom. Yes, onto my panties. As his head moved his tongue up the crease between my legs, his hand gently rubbed the panties covering my bottom.

Now his head was moving back, dragging his tongue behind. Oh, yeah. Oh, God. Wiggling, waggling, digging his slippery hole. My pussy pulsed upward, desperately trying to contact that sexy little snake, to no avail. Behind, on my bottom, Jeff's fingers snagged the waistband of my silky pink panties and dragged them up, toward his head and over my buttocks. My ass was bare!

Jeff kept his head still, swirling his tongue in place, just shy of my yearning pussy while his hand rubbed and rubbed over my bare cheeks. Each time he crossed my crack, he pressed harder on the forward cheek, pushing into it, dragging it away from its sister, exposing my little hole and putting pressure on my pussy lips, urging them to spread them apart.

The bedroom air was filled with my musky scent. I was lost. I can't do anything now, I rationalized my inaction. How could I justify waiting through this, letting my son do this? I couldn't. I'd have to let him take his pictures and catch him another night, next time Stefan went out of town.

There. He was pulling his head away, dragging my panties higher. He was getting ready to take the pictures. This time I was sure. My maternal virtue was saved.

Jeff had stood. His hand left my breast and held my legs up and together to make it easier to drag my panties up near my knees. Clearly, he wanted me maximally exposed for his pictures. I was surprised since in all the ones I had seen I was still wearing my panties. But then I remembered the night I wore the new skimpy ones and had awoken pantiless. So my son was advancing in his lechery, I just hadn't witnessed the evidence yet, in pictures that is.

Jeff still wasn't moving away to retrieve the camera. He stood, one hand circling my legs to hold them up, the other lightly running up and down my legs. What was he up to now? The hand circling my legs moved up to my feet, bending them to curl over my soles. Then his mouth fit into the bowl of my cupped feet and his tongue slid out to tickle their soft wrinkles.

Wow! That was so different, so unexpected. Sparkly tingles trickled down my legs, sprinkling over my quivering thighs and onto my pussy. My bare pussy, I remembered with a start, just as Jeff's hand slid down over my bare bottom and renewed its gentle rubbing there. Meanwhile, his tongue continued its swirling licking of my tender soles, flicking and dragging

wetly around my feet, following the path blazened by his nose. I was just getting used to this when a new sensation struck me.

Jeff leaned in to ease his access to my feet but it was the molten hot rod burning across my stomach that grabbed every neuron I had to spare. My son was naked, had been naked all along, ever since I'd heard the soft thud of his robe hitting the floor. His cock was scraping across my tummy, moving gently to and fro as his tongue stabbed and poked my soles while his fingers teased my bottom.

OMG. I can't stand this. If it doesn't end soon, I'll be begging him for it, craving release. Jeff's hand holding my feet slid down the front of my legs and onto my tits. His cock dug underneath my breasts and his hand pressed them gently down onto his hard member. Thrusting. He was shoving himself under my tits, fucking them, squeezed between my navel and their swollen pressure.

I realized I was panting. How long had I been breathing like that? I sounded like a bitch in heat, hornier than I had ever been before. I was holding my feet up to his mouth of my own accord, no need for him to hold me. My hips were rocking my bottom against his teasing fingers, so close to nirvana, now circling my pussy. God. How long had he been doing that? Did

he start when he first slid his cock across my tummy? Is that why I didn't notice?

Jesus! He was chewing my feet, gnawing on my soles and somehow sucking at the same time. Fantastic. What a feeling! Who would ever think that would feel so good, so sexy? Oh, holy mother of God, he was in me. His biting distraction had covered his initial entry, at least, the first one I was conscious of. Just one finger. It must be the long one, it was going in and out so deep, deliciously slow, in time with his tummy thrusting cock. Two, he must be pushing two into me; his fingering felt thicker now. When was the last time I'd been fingered? High school? After we started fucking, how soon we forgot about the joys of a good finger fuck.

Wonderful, incredible. Jeff stopped chewing and simply thrust his tongue into the bowl of my feet, his cock and fingers moving in concert with his slick, lively snake. Suddenly, he increased his pace, jamming his fingers into my cunt with authority, creating loud squishing sounds while his tongue flicked feverishly and his cock burned my tummy and tits. Abruptly, he stopped, pressing my tits on his stilled rod, chewing my foot, and burying his fingers deep while his thumb languidly strummed my clit.

I don't know how many times he repeated this. I lost count. I know I was moaning constantly. Thank goodness I kept my eyes closed. I don't think I could have opened them anyway, my face was so contorted in ecstatic glory. I only know that I was coming, flooding my juices all over my son's hand. It wasn't until minutes later, while he rubbed his cock over my chest, that I realized Jeff had come too, all over the bottom of my tits.

He drew away then. I lay content and didn't open my eyes or give even the slightest sign of consciousness when I heard the camera clicking away. He took more than a dozen pictures, positioning me this way and that, arranging me into lewd positions with my legs canted wide apart, even spreading my pussy apart for several close ups.

I was the definition of submission. When Jeff was finished, I heard him in the bathroom cleaning himself. He returned and began rubbing a warm, damp cloth over my body. Many times, he refreshed the cloth with warm water until I was cleaner that I'd been when I went to bed. A rubdown followed with a soft fluffy towel and finally, I was carefully dressed and then covered.

Before he left, Jeff kissed me goodnight. Not a single kiss. He kneeled next to the bed and showered me with many kisses,

mostly on my face and forehead but several longer, soft presses on my lips and once, even briefly slipping his tongue between my lips.

He stood and I heard him pulling on his robe. Approaching me again, I expected another round of kisses but was surprised to feel his spent cock against my cheek. For a long minute, Jeff silently rubbed his still swollen but no longer hard cock all over my face as if marking his father's territory with his own scent. Surprisingly, I wasn't offended. Instead, I felt comfortable with the idea of my son laying his claim and at the same time sorry that he couldn't take full possession. It was a shame it was so wrong but it could never happen even though he deserved me more than his father. That's just the way things were.

"Later," Jeff whispered.

I presume he was speaking to himself but perhaps he was talking to his dick, trying to convince it that he would return when it was more able. He left so quietly I kept my eyes closed for a full five minutes until I was convinced by the complete lack of sound that he was really gone.

So he intended coming back for more. What would I do then? Should I revert to my previous plan? It could still work without

me having to acknowledge what had just happened. But could I? Did I have the strength to resist him? Just hours ago I would have answered that question with firm confidence but now I wasn't so sure. I waited with trepidation for my son's return, unsure of how I would react. He was sure to want more, to go even further. Please God, I prayed. Don't test me. Not now.

I fell asleep.

* * * * * * * * * *

I awoke to bright sunshine streaming through the window, heralding a glorious new day. It was almost ten o'clock and the house was empty. I showered, ate a leisurely breakfast and then started work but I couldn't concentrate. My thoughts kept wandering back to the previous night, the most erotic night of love-making I had ever experienced. I was so thankful that I hadn't confronted Jeff. I knew I would treasure this secret experience for the rest of my life but I had to ensure it was never repeated. The weakness I had shown that night was banished from my psyche and replaced with a new resolve.

I prepared an early supper. Jeff was due home by four and I wanted us to have one last dinner alone before his father returned that evening. I would miss the quiet evenings with

Jeff and I was already looking forward to Stefan's next trip. Although I would be apprehensive about being alone with Jeff I also knew he would eventually come to grips with the fact that his secret amorous evenings with me were over. I would no longer drink his tea, or anything else he prepared without supervision. He would be disappointed that his adventure was over, and in a way, I would be sad too.

I made Jeff's favorite meal. I wore a short, loosely pleated skirt that afforded him one last visual treat as we ate our dinners sitting on the stools at the counter. I wasn't being cruel. I was trying to let him down easy. What harm would it do if, now and then, I let my son peruse my legs and even peek up my skirt to see my panties? Stefan would be home soon; there was no danger. My mood soured momentarily, then brightened. Still time, I thought, to give Jeff one last show on the couch.

"I'm going to read until your father comes home. We can clean up after."

I bounced off the stool and walked into the living room expecting Jeff to follow but he didn't. As I wiggled into a comfortable position, I heard him rinsing the dishes and loading the dishwasher. What a good kid. I sighed, and then a sudden naughty feeling overwhelmed me.

I put my book down and glanced toward the kitchen. Dishes were still banging around. I reached under my skirt with both hands and tugged my panties down to my thighs, then pushed them over my knees and off my feet. Quickly, I stashed them behind the cushion, deep into the bowels of the couch. I wiggled into a lower position and arranged my skirt properly into a more demure position than it had been. I waited, looking at my book but too excited to read a word.

Several minutes later the dishwasher started and Jeff joined me. He didn't offer to make any tea; he knew his father would be home any minute and, picking up his book, settled into the loveseat. I knew the instant, less than a minute later, that he first glanced my way, eyes drawn to the back of my thighs under my raised knees.

I played about, flexing my feet and tensing the muscles in my legs, anything that would make them look pretty and sexy. Each time I curled my toes, I pictured his tongue licking my soles. I had just started using my finger to toy with the fleshiest part of my thigh when the phone rang. I looked into the kitchen, toward the phone, and then at Jeff. Normally, he would jump up to get it but he stayed still with the expression that always decorated his face when he was caught doing something he wasn't supposed to, the proverbial hand in the cookie jar. I realized, with private amusement, that my son couldn't get up for a reason. My teasing had already excited

him. As soon as I disappeared from his view into the kitchen my stomach muscles constricted and I bent over, no longer able to contain a laugh which I stifled with both hands. I hadn't felt so much woman power for a long, long time.

"Yeah, yeah," I sniped at the phone. "I'm coming."

I picked it up. "Hello," I barked.

"Erica?"

It was Stefan.

"Where are you?" I asked testily, though he wasn't yet late. I don't know why I felt suddenly angry.

"I can't get home tonight. I'm really sorry but something came up at the last minute and I just can't make it."

Stefan went on to explain in detail. A new client had demanded a late afternoon meeting and it had carried over into dinner. Now he wanted to have a few drinks. He was going to be a big customer, Stefan continued. It might have to extend his next

few trips by a day or two but it would be worth it. My tone softened as my husband's platitudes sprinkled over my ears. After all, I wasn't mad at him in the first place. In the end, I answered his 'I love you' with one of my own. They were so automatic after all these years, lacking the poignancy they once possessed.

It wasn't until I was almost to the kitchen door that my subconscious bubbled to the surface. If he was in a business dinner with a client, why was romantic music playing in the background? Why would he be in a romantic hideaway restaurant with a client, and a guy at that? Something was wrong. All my suspicions about Stefan having an affair welled up, rushed through my neck and flooded my brain with bitterness. That bastard. He couldn't bring himself to leave for home on time, he had to stay for one more fuck. The fucking prick.

I stomped through the kitchen door and plopped onto the couch, picking up my book and slamming it against my upraised knees, a grim look on my face.

"What's the matter, Mom?"

I didn't answer.

"Who was it? Was it Dad?"

"Yes," I replied tersely.

"Is he ok?"

"Yes, unfortunately."

"Mom."

"He's not coming home tonight. He's met a new client. They're having dinner and a few drinks," I spouted sarcastically.

"Mom, it's his job."

Jeff obviously wasn't upset. I looked at him out of the corner of my eye and immediately glanced away. His eyes were riveted on my thighs. I glanced down, below my book. Oh, dear. In my angry haste dropping onto the couch, my skirt had fallen almost to my hips. I hadn't noticed when I slammed the book into my rising knees that my thighs were bare. Good God, I wasn't wearing any panties!

What should I do? I couldn't very well just tug my skirt up to cover myself. I kept my gaze rigidly on the book. Well, of course you can. You can't very well sit here with your pussy hanging out. A teasing peek is one thing but a brazen, come-on display is quite another matter.

"You seem upset, Mom."

I ignored him.

"Why don't I make us some tea." He voiced his query as a statement. "You know it relaxes you."

Jeff waited for my reply as if he really had asked a question. I stared at my book. That bastard had the gall to call and say he was staying another night.

"Yes," I finally replied, my voice still tinged with anger. "Why don't you."

I could have fixed my skirt while Jeff made the tea. I could have even dug out my panties and put them back on. But I did

neither. I noted the surprise on his face when Jeff set my tea down on the coffee table. He must have thought that I was truly unaware of my display. Just as well. My tension eased. How quickly he had suggested his 'tea' after learning that his father wasn't coming home. At least there was one man in this house that appreciated me.

I took several sips before my brain cried, 'Stop.'

I made an excuse to go to the kitchen and managed to replace the remainder of my 'tea' with the cold supply I had put in the juice container hidden in back of the pot cupboard. I returned to the couch and sat down more carefully, arranging my skirt in a more motherly fashion.

I should be okay. I'd only taken a few sips of the hot tea, barely more than half an inch from the mug. Not enough to matter. I decided to neither confront Jeff nor let him have his way. Tonight, I'd stay up to watch a movie by myself in my bedroom, leaving him to wonder why his concoction hadn't worked. It was time to wean him from his new toy, whether his father was home or not. I looked at my son and smiled, feeling suddenly weary.

"I think I'll go to bed and watch a chick flick," I announced, immediately rising to my feet. Picking up my mug, I sauntered up the stairs. Half way up, I felt a little woozy but it quickly passed. I was fine.

The sweeping music was loud for a romantic movie, so loud I could hardly hear the actors speak. It was like they were far away and their voices floated toward me, distorted by something in the air that made everything look a little wavy. I tried to focus my senses, without success, and that was what pushed my logical mind toward the conclusion that I was dreaming. As the music receded and the voices became clearer, the volume diminished. I had fallen asleep. I opened my eyes.

Jeff was standing at the end of the bed, in his shorts, holding the remote. I could see the green volume indicator still falling on the TV. When it stopped, I could still hear the movie, but more as gentle background noise. Jeff set the remote on top of the TV and I shut my eyes before he turned around.

Why had I done that? Why didn't I just say something to let him know I was awake? I tried to open my eyes, but couldn't. I tried to speak and failed at that too.

I sensed Jeff by my side. His hand touched my cheek, then lifted to stroke my hair. He was fixing it, arranging it so it parted properly on one side with a long sweep of hair over to the other. His fingers then brushed it away from my eyes. I could picture the result, the right side falling to my shoulder and curling slightly in, while the rest swept over my head and swooped down to curl in on the left. Jeff's fingertips trailed lightly across my forehead and down my cheek, under my chin and up the other cheek.

"So pretty," he whispered.

Did he know I was awake?

I was about to open my eyes and thank him for the compliment when the blanket started falling away from my neck, down to my breasts and then over. Jeff whistled softly.

I had undressed and crawled into bed without putting on a nightie or pajamas. Now, why had I done that? I knew I was going to stay awake and that Jeff would probably come into my room. Had I subconsciously been seeking a thrill, knowing I would be naked under the covers while I bid my disappointed son good night? I had no other explanation. I was beginning to realize how dangerous my mixed up state of mind was but I

didn't stop Jeff from pulling the blanket lower. Slowly, it scraped over my tummy and down the gentle dip to my secret place.

"Jeez, Mom," Jeff said. "Were you expecting Dad to get home tonight anyway?"

I felt a tickle there. Jeff was brushing his fingers over my pubic hair, arranging it like he'd down with my head. His delicate touch made my pussy tremble. Damn it. Stop him! But I couldn't. I didn't want him to ever find out that I knew what he'd done. I just wanted it to pass so I decided to act like I was waking up, hoping to scare him off. I tried to move but only twitched and, unfortunately, my accompanying fake waking sound turned into a quiet murmur.

"Well, your body's expecting something, just like Jim said."

Who the hell was Jim? One of his internet group?

"Yeah, look at that," Jeff whispered.

His fingertip scratched up and down my slit and I moistened under his caress. I couldn't help it.

"A body without mind has no inhibitions," Jeff continued.

He inserted his finger to the first knuckle and started sliding it up and down my now definitely wet slit.

"Dad's not coming, Mom, so I'll give you a treat for him. You won't know it but your body will, and you'll be happy without knowing why."

Jeff pushed his finger all the way into my pussy, wrenching another murmur from my lips.

"Oh yeah. Jim said you'd be more responsive if I didn't make it so strong."

Jeff sounded very pleased. I could hear him pulling his shorts down with his free hand. His finger twitched in unintended reaction to his movements and I reacted, equally unintentionally. Jeff didn't miss it.

"Yeah, awesome."

Leaving his finger in deep, he slowly twirled it around while his other hand clutched my right it, squeezing gently to puff up my nipple. Jeff's mouth sank over my tit, his lips closing around my nipple, and his tongue pushed it to the roof of his mouth. He sucked.

Oh, god. I was going to let him play with me again. Please, please don't stop sucking.

He didn't. For several minutes, though it seemed like much longer, Jeff sucked my right nipple and fingered my pussy. I tried to lie still but I may have pushed back on his finger a little. I know I arched my back a little to push my tit further into his mouth.

He stopped sucking and pulled his mouth away. Yes, switch to the other one. It's aching for your lips, your mouth, your tongue. I pushed it up, digging my left shoulder into the mattress to urge it toward my son's mouth. His finger slid out of my cunt and started tracing a teasing path around my pubes. Please, I silently begged, please put your mouth back.

Something started teasing the extended, dry nipple of my left tit, the one closest to the edge of the bed. It wasn't a finger, it

was too big for that. What was he doing, what was flicking my nipple back and forth? It wasn't an object, it was warm and real.

Realization struck me. His cock! Jeff was rubbing the tip of his cock around and around, scraping over my nipple. He pushed it right over to the lower side, letting it spring back as his cock followed the contour of my breast around to my torso. He pushed it underneath, lifting my breast from my chest, then used his hand to push my tit more firmly onto his cock. Releasing it, he rubbed his cock over my meaty swell, flicked across my stiff nipple, and rode the gentle slope to my upper chest. His lower hand cupped my pussy and its palm pressed on my clit. Then, while his cock retraced its path over my tit, his finger dug into my pussy.

This was played over and over, for as long as he had sucked my other tit. When he finally stopped, there was no doubt that my pussy was pushing back. It was so fucking horny, I was so horny. And wet, so wet. Why was he stopping?

The blankets were suddenly flung off my legs, over the edge of the bed and onto the floor. Jeff's arm pushed under my knees and lifted my legs up. Oh, yes. Lick my feet again. That was so sexy. Lick my feet and rub your cock all over me. Please. Please.

But he didn't. My legs were lifted straight up and then swung over. Jeff kept pushing until my thighs were almost horizontal, exposing my pussy as lewdly as it could possibly be. With one arm holding my legs tight to my chest, the fingers of his other hand grazed over my trembling clit, around my pubes, and then into cunt, a slick, squishy entry.

More than one finger this time. Two, maybe even three, I don't know. It just felt thick, and I loved it. After a few thrusts and grinds, he suddenly pulled out. Nothing. Then, smack... smack... smack. He lightly slapped my pussy. Not hard, not painfully, but the shock of it sent jolts through my body. I moaned out loud.

"You like that, do you? Jim said you would. His mom loved it too."

His fingers returned, thrusting, digging, twisting.

Jim's mom? Now they were trading tips on how to get their mothers off? I pictured another woman, like me, getting frigged by her son, slapping her pussy, then thrusting his fingers rapidly in and out. Oh, Jesus.

Jeff yanked his fingers out, the abrupt departure shocking me again, leaving my pussy yearning for more, clutching at empty air. I waited for the little slaps, craving their arrival.

Suddenly, his mouth was on me. Munching my lips, his tongue digging inside, licking, lapping, licking...

God, oh, God.

Abruptly, his mouth pulled away, replaced by his fingers, thrusting deeper now, harder. He must have all of them in me now, they felt so thick, twisting around, reaming my soaking cunt. I was so wet. I could hear myself squishing.

He was out again. Yeah, give me your mouth. Slap... slap... slap... slap...

Then the mouth. Sucking, chewing, licking. I had expected the fingers. I didn't care. Give me everything. Give it all to me.

His fingers were in me again. Way in. I had never been so full. Oh, god, oh god, oh god.

"Yeah, Mom. Go for it."

Had I said that aloud? No, I don't think so, but I was moaning, and my hips were lurching, trying to push up against Jeff's attacks. He must have almost his whole hand in me, not thrusting, just twisting and moving in and out a little bit, but it was so big. I had never been so filled in all my life. I felt like I was getting fucked... really fucked. I didn't care anymore. I just needed more, more, more of this. Fuck me, hard. Fuck me.

He filled me more. That's it, I can't... I can't take anymore, just...

JESUS. His mouth was on me again, on my clit this time. His hand was still inside, shaking, vibrating, rattling me around. My hips were gyrating and his mouth seemed in danger of losing its hold. Despite my pretense, my hands found Jeff's head and shoved it onto my pussy. So good, so very good. Fuck...

I was gushing, flooding, crying out... coming, oh, coming so hard, so very hard. Gasping, gasping for breath, sucking in air, buckets of it.

Jeff pulled his hand out but kept his mouth on me. I pushed his head away, then let my hands fall. Jeff allowed my legs to drop until my feet hit the bed, keeping my knees up and my legs apart. My hands found my pussy and I strained against them, then fell slack, my breath ragged.

Jeff waited until my breathing was more regular. Not normal, but more even. He stood beside me and I knew he was watching, relishing the sight of his wanton mother. His cock tickled my nipple again, then slid down my chest into the hollow of my neck. He pulled his shaft back, across my throat, then dug his tip into the little hollow at the base of my neck. Lifting my head, he used my jaw to increase the pressure of my throat on his cock. Gently, be began pushing to and fro.

I have to say, I had birthed one creative son. I had never had my neck fucked. Or, was this another of this Jim's ideas?

Jeff kept pushing gently back and forth. I warmed to the idea and tried to lift my head more to close around his cock. My movement inadvertently twisted my head so my face turned toward the edge of the bed, toward Jeff's thrusting hips. He pulled back farther and on the next thrust, his cock jammed against my closed lips.

Again and again he jammed his cock against my lips, chin and nose. Twice, he slid to the side, past the corner of my mouth, and rubbed his shaft over my cheek, like he had the previous night but unlike then, he withdrew and pushed against my lips again. Without specifically thinking about it, I opened my mouth and, for the first time in my life, took my son's cock inside my body.

He didn't push in far, just enough to get the head completely in, and then he stopped. I lay still and after half a minute, instead of pushing in and out, Jeff's hands reached down to hold each side of my face, and started working my jaws to move my mouth. After another half a minute or so, I started to suck.

"Oh, yeah," Jeff moaned, his hands pulling my mouth farther onto his hot cock. "God, yeah."

He was gentle, but he kept sliding his cock in and out, and I kept sucking and swirling my tongue around his tender tip. I didn't care if it didn't make sense for woman who was supposed to be out. My son had provided me the biggest comes of my life and I was going to reward him, come hell or high water.

I felt the bed depress behind my head and I knew that Jeff had lifted his foot onto the bed so he could better angle his cock down into my face. He was fucking steadily now, fucking my face. Even though I rarely sucked cock, I knew he was close. I had never let Stefan do this, fuck my face, had never considered letting anybody to it. But I enjoyed it, not the act itself, but knowing my son really liked doing it. And he'd never have to know that I knew I was being a real slut.

My hand slid up over his bare ass and pulled, as if my body needed to have his cock deeper in my face. Jeff obliged and I found it difficult to breathe. I was snorting through my nose and my mouth was making sloppy sounds like my pussy had earlier as Jeff's jamming cock forced me to produce more saliva. That made me strangely happy, knowing I was giving my son a real sloppy face fuck, maybe the best or even the first one he'd ever had. I had been married for a long time, had had intimate talks with many friends, and I knew that not many women would do this for their man. It was the first time for me.

He was coming, filling my mouth, then pulling back and blowing the rest of his wad on my chin and then into my neck, groaning loudly.

"Fuck, fuck," he cried, trembling hard.

He was holding his cock now, shaking it, squeezing the last of his cum onto my neck. And then he was gone. I heard the sink running and knew he was washing himself. Then he was filling something and I smiled, knowing he was bringing warm water and soap to clean me. I remembered how much I had enjoyed the feel of him tenderly washing me the night before. Yes, come and take care of me son. I heard Jeff set the tub of water on the table, pushing the lamp out of the way. I waited for the feel of the soap and washcloth.

Flash. Flash, flash, flash.

Jeff was taking pictures. Of course, he had to prove to his friends what he'd done, to proudly show the creamy necklace he'd made for his sleeping mother. I relaxed until he was finished. I was content when his gentle hands began to wash me, meticulously cleaning my face and neck, then working his way down my body, taking extra care with my pussy.

It wasn't until the covers had been carefully replaced, the tub put away, and the light turned off that I realized the pictures might include my face. I could be recognized. At first, I panicked. Then I realized his friends were on the Internet and likely lived far away, so being recognized was improbable. Moreover, the pictures were supposed to be shared only amongst the group. Who would ever know? I relaxed and

slowly drifted off to sleep. Stefan would be home tomorrow and Jeff's game would finally be over. I fell asleep feeling relieved but disappointed.

* * * * * * * * * *

Despite the euphoria of my bonus night with Jeff, I gave Stefan the cold treatment. I was now convinced he was having an affair and, though it strangely no longer made me jealous, I was still pissed off. To top if off, Stefan complained about being so tired because he hadn't slept well while he was away, supposedly because he had worked so hard landing his new clients. Yeah, right.

Jeff kept to himself for the first week his father was back so I had lots of time to myself to think, which on second thought, perhaps wasn't the best thing for me. I vacillated between ragging on myself and daydreaming about those incredible nights. Gradually, I stopped punishing myself and came to terms with what I'd allowed to happen, reaching the conclusion that I had done the right thing. Jeff was unaware that his secret had been discovered and would have several magical memories to enjoy for the rest of his life without risking the price of potentially carrying a heavy emotional burden in the future. And I would have those memories too. Time was all we needed now. Time to get back to normal.

I replaced my self-recrimination with more daydreaming, playing those nights over and over in my mind. Eventually, I became curious about the pictures Jeff had taken. What did they look like? Had he passed them on? All of them, or just some?

Not surprisingly, I found myself on Jeff's computer, browsing through the messages he exchanged with his secret group (thankfully, he had checked the boxes for the computer to 'remember' him). I started where I had left off, just after I had first faked drinking Jeff's tea. Jeff had reported back that I was more responsive which he assumed was due to the lower dose he had used. It hadn't worked the first night, he explained. I had been just as limp then. But the next night, he had followed JimsMOM's advice — this must be the guy he referred to as Jim — and I had apparently been much more responsive which thrilled Jeff to no end. DoingMom pitched in, excitedly confirming Jeff's results with his own mother.

Another member of the group called bullshit, insisting that a lower dose was dangerous and warning everyone their targets would simply wake up sooner rather than being less asleep. Later, when JimsMOM, Jeff and DoingMom reported similar results again, the skeptic provided a chemistry lesson that convinced the rest of the group. He presented a convincing

argument that should have sent warning signals to the three boys concerned but it didn't, Jeff included. They were too focused on the rewards they were reaping to heed warnings based on information they didn't understand. I wondered what was going on with those other two boys because I agreed with the skeptic; the chemistry was clear.

Each of the boys provided new pictures to the group along with the others. I noticed that the ones Jeff sent were pretty tame, and seemed to be older ones from nights when I wasn't 'aware.' They didn't mention the greater responsiveness to lower doses again and the subject disappeared from the group's discussion. I guess the boys were suitably admonished and thus brought back into the fold.

But the three boys began sending private messages to each other. They weren't, in fact, admonished in the least and traded descriptive messages detailing just how much more responsive and fun their moms were. BTW, Jeff's moniker was GorgeousMom which made me want to give him a huge hug. In fact, later that day when he came home, he was greeted with an embrace worthy of a year's worth of hugs. But, I digress.

DoingMom offered a long description of how his mom even kept her butt lifted off the bed when he pulled her up to her knees and banged her from behind. This was pretty

implausible for a drugged woman in my estimation but it didn't faze DoingMom at all. He was simply over the top with how much better his nights had become. To prove it, he attached several pictures of his mom lying face down on a bed, on her knees, with her butt lifted up.

Wait a minute. Banging her from behind? This kid was actually fucking his mother? If I had any doubt, the last picture removed it. It was almost the same photo with a white mess all over his mom's bum. Gross as it was, I couldn't stop looking at that picture. The woman's face, only partly visible, lying sideways on the mattress but partly covered with her hair, bore no resemblance to anyone I knew. I felt relieved.

JimsMOM professed to be receiving similar hot action from his own mother and even claimed to neck with her after coming. He was fucking his mom too? I guess it was a good thing Stefan had come home when he did, before things got out of control. I wasn't so sure now that I could had stopped Jeff if he had tried to get into me. JimsMOM posted a few pictures of his own mother and my relief at not knowing DoingMom's mother disappeared. I couldn't place her but JimsMOM's mother seemed oddly familiar, like someone I knew only in passing. I hoped his mother wasn't on to him and viewing these messages too.

The next message shocked me even more. It was a reply to Jeff, quoting his message about how jealous he was of the other two being so much further ahead than he was. To redeem himself, he sent his most recent pictures of me.

I was aghast. Anyone that knew me could recognize my picture. Worse, my neck was ringed with a white necklace with what appeared to be a large white broach in the hollow of my neck. My face was relaxed, the epitome of satisfaction but my body was flushed and looked exhausted. My pussy, yes, there it was in the midst of my wide open legs, looked thoroughly fucked. Jeff admitted he hadn't yet been in there but he hoped to rectify that on his father's next trip.

I spent the next few days relieved that Stefan had come home and that those messages had been sent after he did. Otherwise, Jeff may well have tried to actually fuck me those last two nights. I couldn't get my mind off the fact that those two boys were actually fucking their mothers. That bothered me. After all, it was illegal, a real no no. But there was something else that bugged me about it and I couldn't put my finger on what it was.

It wasn't until two weeks after Stefan's return that it suddenly exploded in my head. I was sitting in my office, working, when

the 'aha' moment struck me out of the blue, in the middle of completing an order for a customer.

Those mothers knew! They were the only ones responding better to the lower doses of tea. Like me, they had somehow found out what their sons were up to but, unlike me, they had allowed them to go all the way, fully aware of what they were doing. Those mothers were knowingly indulging in sexual escapades with their sons and keeping it a secret, like I was.

The more I thought about it, the more I felt akin to those women. To be sure, I wasn't going as far as they were, but I had come a hair's breadth from joining them. I felt the affinity of the guilty with my 'partners in crime'.

Had they teased their sons like I had teased Jeff? How did they do it? What were they like? That one woman. She looked so familiar. Who was she? Where had I seen her?

That night in bed, Stefan turned toward me and I didn't rebuff him as I had the few times he'd tried since he'd come home. He was quick. A couple of kisses, a few rough gropes of my tits, a clumsy paw on my pussy, mostly to see if I was wet, which I wasn't, and then he was on top of me.

As Stefan humped away, I imagined those boys on top of their mothers, especially the one that lifted her butt up for her son. I could see, as if I was suspended from the ceiling, his muscular buttocks clenching with the effort of his thrusts. Then the scene switched to JimsMOM, ecstasy stencilled on her face, fingers clawing her son's back, legs wrapped around his hips with her heels digging into his thighs just below his ass, desperately urging him on. That made me wet and Stefan, thinking he was the man, began bucking his hips harder.

"You really missed me, huh?" he grunted.

I ignored him. The woman's face turned into mine. It was my pussy being pummeled by that muscular young buck, my legs wrapped around so I could dig my heels into his ass. I bit his neck, and Stefan yelped. Frantically, I shoved my hips up to meet him. I needed it, needed his cock. Incredibly, as soon as he started spewing his seed, I lost it myself and, at that moment, the back of the grunting boy's head transformed into Jeff's face. Weirdly, both of them, my face and Jeff's, stared up at me as I cried out my lust.

I had a very long shower the next day. It was Saturday and Stefan had gone golfing early. I made breakfast and carried a tray up to Jeff's room. He was already awake and, though

properly covered, I had the feeling he'd been playing with himself. I was pleased with his flushed, embarrassed face.

I set the tray in his lap and remained bent over, needlessly arranging things on the tray and individually passing his knife and fork to him. I had put on my fluffy sweater that morning, the one with overlapping lapels loosely criss-crossing in front. It was designed to be worn atop a lacy bra which could be glimpsed underneath but I wan't wearing anything under the sweater. Bending over the way I was, I knew Jeff could see far more than the glimpse the sweater was designed to offer. When I straightened up, the soft material clung to my breasts, following their contours and advertising their presence well. I spun on my heel to leave, spinning my breezy skirt into a swirl about my buttocks, a smile gracing my face as I rushed my behind to the door.

"Don't go back to sleep," I called back without looking. I knew he wasn't looking at his food. "There's a package for you downstairs."

When Jeff came downstairs, I was sitting on one of the breakfast stools, one foot resting on the highest rung, lifting my knee to the level of the counter. I was pleased when he grabbed himself a cup of coffee and joined me, quietly slipping a section of paper from underneath the one I was reading. Jeff never read

the paper. I smiled to myself. Well, this was one way to educate your child.

I allowed Jeff lots of time to admire my legs without being obvious, at least, not to the extent I had two weeks ago when I opened my thighs so he could see my panties. When I finished my section of the paper, I looked at my son and smiled.

"So, what are you up to today?"

"Oh, nothing."

"No plans?"

"Nope."

"Just going to hang around home, with your mother?"

"That's it," Jeff laughed.

I laughed with him. "So how about hanging around with your mother while she does a little shopping?"

His smile waned. Why do men hate shopping so much?

"Come on. You know I hate driving and I want to try that new mall on the north side."

Jeff resisted but I knew he wasn't adverse to hanging out with me, especially after the wake up I'd given him this morning. Within twenty minutes we were driving to the new mall. The stores were better than I'd expected, lots of them and a good variety. The mall was huge. We, or I should say I, shopped for an hour or so and then stopped for lunch in a small restaurant. I hated food courts.

As we waited for our food, we sipped our drinks in silence, coffee for Jeff and tea for me. Jeff seemed truly tired from the past couple of hours. Women can shop for days but men do tire quickly. I stared out the window, watching the shoppers go by in the mall. The crowd cleared momentarily and my eyes fixed on the pictures of the realtors adorning the windows across the way. Even from there I recognized her. The blonde woman dressed in the elegant business suit was one of the other mothers. JimsMOM.

Now I knew where I'd seen her before. She was part of a charitable organization I'd belonged to for years, only from a different part of the city. We had talked several times over the years. I remembered her clearly now. She was very nice and we got along well but had never followed up on the mutual offers to get together sometime.

"What's wrong, Mom?" Jeff asked.

"What? Oh, nothing." I replied.

"You're way off in space somewhere. Is something bugging you?"

"No, no. I'm just relaxed and happy, daydreaming I guess."

"Thinking about more shopping, I expect."

"That's right, buster," I laughed. "I didn't come all the way out here for two lousy hours."

"Not all afternoon," Jeff protested.

"Okay. Not all afternoon. Actually, there's really just one more store I'd like to see."

"Which one? Not another shoe store?"

"No. Worse. A lingerie store, fully of slinky women's things," I replied in an exaggerated voice. "And it's way over on the other side of the mall."

Jeff groaned, then brightened. "So, it's on the way back to the car, then?"

I nodded.

"Great. Let's go."

"Without finishing my tea?"

"I insist," Jeff's voice was firm.

Just then, that woman exited the real estate office and walked briskly toward the restaurant. She passed by the reception

station with a wave to the hostess. She was a regular. She walked our way and our eyes met, hers frowning for an instant then flickering with recognition. She had a salesperson's memory for people.

"How are you?" she smiled.

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"Great. I haven't seen you for so long. Has it been a year already?"

"Almost," I said.

"God, I'm getting old. The time just flies by."

There was an awkward pause.

"Would you like to join us? We're just having a coffee."

"Do you mind?"

"No, of course not. Jeff, slide over and let Linda sit down. It is Linda?" I added as she sat down across from me. I had cheated. Her name was printed in large type below her picture on the real estate office window.

"Yes. And you're Erica, right?"

"That's right, and this is my son, Jeff."

She and Jeff turned, for the first time seeing each other. She smiled but Jeff's face went ashen. Linda didn't seem to notice and turned to speak to me. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see how uncomfortable Jeff was. Though he wasn't used to looking at her face, there was no doubt he recognized her!

She looked different now, of course, with her professional manner, nice business suit and coifed, long blond hair. Quite different from the horny woman with flushed face and hair in wild disarray, not to mention spread open legs sticking straight up into the air. Jeff was quite distracted. I felt an urge to assure him he needn't worry: The group didn't trade pictures of themselves, just their mothers.

I sensed several minutes into our chatter that Linda was beginning to look at me differently, as if she was remembering something about me. A sense of dread enveloped me. I knew why. She was remembering the pictures Jeff had posted a week before, the ones showing my face. She must be looking on her son's computer like I was. She knew! My suspicions about the other mothers were confirmed. Otherwise, why would this woman be looking at me so oddly and trying to cover it up?

Did she wonder if I knew?

Her question, when it came, was sly and almost made Jeff choke, casually throwing it out just as he put his coffee cup to his lips.

"So, you're a tea drinker, Erica?"

"Why, yes I am," I answered as Jeff blew coffee back into his cup. "But only at night, or maybe the afternoon. In the morning, I drink coffee."

"It's afternoon, now," Linda pointed out.

"Why yes. It is, isn't it?"

Linda smiled. "Most people can't drink tea after lunch, it keeps them awake."

"Oh, sometimes it makes me drowsy but I find it helps me sleep better."

Jeff, who was about to take another drink, put his cup down, firmly setting it in its saucer with two hands.

"Me too," Linda replied. "I like having tea at night. My son makes a special blend for me. He's a bit of a connoisseur."

"Mine too."

Jeff turned and stared out the window into the mall. He was holding his cup so tightly the knuckles on his fingers turned white. Linda glanced at him. She seemed amused.

"Have you been to the lingerie store," Linda changed the subject, her finger pointing behind me.

"We're going there after this but I don't think Jeff is going to be much help."

"Of course not. Men are only interested in taking things off, not buying them," Linda laughed loudly.

Jeff's ears reddened.

"Why don't I join you? I'm not hungry anyway. I know the lady that owns the store. I'm pretty sure she'll give you a discount if you're with me."

So Linda and I went to the lingerie store while Jeff sat outside. We both picked up some things. Linda suggested two pairs of stockings for me, one white and one black, with matching garters and panties. We gestured for Jeff to join us but he quickly looked away and stayed in the mall but a few moments later I looked to my side in a mirror and saw him watching. I was holding a flimsy crimson and black corset against my front and Linda was sitting in a chair in front of me, offering her advice. Jeff's eyes were clearly directed at Linda's long legs, barely covered by short skirt that had ridden far up her thighs.

"The younger men love these now," she said at the cash register, without explaining why a woman her age was interested in appealing to younger men.

We exchanged phone numbers again but this time we traded email addresses too.

"Is it private?" she asked when I gave her mine.

I assured her it was.

"Here, use this one," she scribbled another on the back of her realtor's card. "It's just for me."

Her manner imbued our transaction with a sense of intrigue which was strangely exciting. I was convinced she knew that I knew what we were both involved in with our sons. We were secret compatriots, like our sons, only we knew who each other really was.

Just before she left, she turned to Jeff who still had difficulty looking her in the eye.

"So nice to meet you, Jeff. I almost feel as if we've met before." Turning back to me, she added, "I'd love to get us all together. I'm sure my own son, Jim, would love to meet you too. We could have tea."

Her laugh tinkled between us as she turned and walked toward her office. We went the other way, Jeff lagging, casting a final look at Linda's retreating figure, heels clacking loudly on the floor as her long legs carried her away. When Jeff finally turned to watch where he was going, his pace picked up as if he was eager to leave, leaving me slightly behind. I turned to look back at Linda. She was looking at us, or rather, at Jeff. She waved and turned away, looking very sexy in her expensively cut business suit. I wondered if she was wearing stockings and garters under her skirt and whether Jeff wondered about that too. Pangs of jealousy tightened my stomach. I didn't talk much on the way home.

* * * * * * * * * *

Stefan was home when we returned. He snapped his cell phone shut as soon as we came in the door. That simple action renewed my anger with him.

"Who was that?" I asked as I put my bags on the couch.

"Oh, just one of the guys. We're golfing tomorrow afternoon."

"Not in the morning?" I asked. Stefan didn't answer. "Will you be home for supper?"

"Not sure," he replied.

Stefan sat down on the couch and picked up the remote. Baseball sprang from the screen.

"Mmhhmmm. I think I'll go up and lie down for awhile. Shopping tires he out these days."

I picked up my bags and started upstairs. Part way up, Jeff poked his head out of the kitchen and asked me if I'd like some tea.

"Sure. That would we nice," I replied, still miffed at Stefan.

In my room, I tried on the while stockings, panties and garters. They didn't go with the brown skirt but they felt good. Putting

them on refreshed that sense of intrigue that Linda had imbued, and a twinge of jealousy.

Jeff carried in a tray with a pot and two mugs while I was still preening in front of the mirror. I watched surreptitiously as he filled one mug from the pot. The other was already full. He carried the one he'd just filled over to me.

"Where would you like this?"

I turned and took it from him. I was stuck. I'd have to drink it but I was sure it was okay. I mean, Stefan was right downstairs watching TV.

Jeff sat on the bed, holding his mug. He took a sip, admiring my new stockings.

"Do those feel good?"

"Yes. Do they look good?" I lifted one leg and stretched my foot out.

"They certainly do," Jeff answered with slightly inappropriate enthusiasm.

"I don't know," I said, twisting my leg while I examined the stockings, feigning disatisfaction.

I turned back to the mirror and frowned, lifting one side of my skirt high, above the stocking, exposing the straps. I cocked my hip and sipped my tea. It tasted a little bitter. Was it the real stuff? Could he possibly be that cocky? Surely he couldn't be that reckless, not with his father so close? No, of course not, but I'd make him want to, for making me jealous.

"I don't know," I mused. "Maybe the black ones will look better."

Of course, that made no sense but it did allow me to put my foot on the end of the bed while I carefully unsnapped the straps from each stocking and slowly peeled them off my legs. I took my time, flexing the muscles in my legs much more than necessary and pausing to rub them as if the stockings had chafed my skin. I stopped for a sip of tea after each leg, prompting a pleased smile from Jeff smiled each time, making me wonder if he really was up to something.

I fetched the black stockings out of the bag and slowly pulled them onto my legs. I couldn't seem to manage to get the snaps on so I left them dangling and just sat down next to Jeff. I drank the last of my tea.

"You don't have to help me, son. Why don't you watch the game with your father?" I knew Jeff didn't like to watch sports.

"That's ok, Mom. I don't mind."

"I suppose you and your father are getting hungry?"

"I'm okay, Mom. Are you feeling too tired to make dinner?"

"A little."

"Don't worry about Dad. He's going out later with a couple of the guys from work."

"He is? He didn't tell me."

"I know. He just told me to tell you not to worry about dinner because he was going out after the game."

I looked toward the open bedroom door. I could hear the game playing. I felt woozy.

"Were you having trouble with these, Mom?" Jeff grabbed a strap from my thigh and picked it up. "Do you want me to do them up for you?"

Jeff was already fumbling with the snaps, his hands reaching under my skirt. I meant to brush his hands away, but instead, I put my arm on his shoulder and looked dumbly down at his bustling hands, scraping the inside of my thighs.

"It's hard, isn't it." I giggled at the suggestion in my simple statement.

"Really hard," Jeff agreed.

I giggled again, not sure if he caught the unintended drift.

His hands opened, pushing my knees apart, then closed in on the strap again. He seemed to be having as much trouble as I did but he kept trying. I couldn't believe he was doing this, so blatantly touching me up, and that I was letting him. I felt quite woozy now. The tea was definitely spiked. It dawned on me he knew his father was going out soon. I had to get up. I had to get out of this room and downstairs. I tried to stand up but my bottom stayed planted on the bed and my torso swayed around instead.

"Are you dizzy, Mom? Too much shopping? Just lie back for a minute."

Jeff put his palm on my shoulder and eased me back on the mattress, my legs still dangling to the floor.

"Maybe the black ones will work better."

"What?" I mumbled.

"The black ones. Maybe you need to use the black straps with the black stockings," he explained.

That made sense. Maybe he was just trying to help. I heard him rustling in the bag. He appeared above me a few seconds later, dropping the black lingerie beside me on the bed. He tugged me closer to the edge of the bed until my bottom hung half off.

He spoke in a gentle voice, "Let's just get these white straps off."

I felt my skirt flip up and, though I couldn't see, I knew my panties were completely exposed.

"What are you doing?" I mumbled.

"I'm just getting the white straps off for you, Mom," he explained, as if it was perfectly natural for him to be undressing me.

Before I knew it, his fingers were around my waist, pulling the white garter belt off, tugging it over my hips and down my thighs. He struggled getting them over my widely spaced knees. My mind wandered, then I felt him putting them back on. No, he must be putting the black ones on, to match the stockings. That's what he was doing.

Jeff didn't have any problem getting the black ones past my knees but he seemed to have great difficulty getting them over my panties. At least, it took him a long time to get them over. He had to slip his fingers under the elastic of the little belt and tug them up all around. He had an especially hard time in the front. His knuckles felt so good scraping around down there. I remembered how adept he was with his fingers, and how willing he was to take his time there. I wished Stefan wasn't home; I wished I was asleep; I wished Jeff thought I already was. Maybe he did. My arm was flung over my eyes.

His hands were down by my stockings again, trying to do up the snaps. He was still struggling, his knuckles rubbing the tender skin of my inner thighs. The black ones weren't working any better than the white ones. Of course not, I reasoned. They were exactly the same, both the same brand. Jeff finally quit struggling. He sounded exasperated. He sighed, barely audible over the loud cheering from downstairs. Someone had hit a homerun.

Jeff leaned over and whispered in my ear. "We'll have to put all the black stuff on, Mom."

I didn't answer, pretending to have drifted off.

Jeff repeated himself, emphasizing, "all the black stuff."

I remained inert.

His hands moved higher and started fumbling with the garter again. No, his hands were lower. Jeez, he was pulling my panties down. I tried to lift my arms, tried to stop him, but the one remained across my eyes and the other stayed by my side, like a lead pipe. My panties were down to my thighs, my pussy exposed and bare. The baseball game seemed very loud.

"There, that's it," Jeff whispered.

Was he crazy? Stefan was right downstairs.

This tea seemed different. The regular stuff made me very tired and weary but this just made me woozy and disoriented. It's new. Where did he get it? From Jim? Yes. He gets his stuff from Jim. It must have been in the package that came for him this morning. Those women, those other mothers, maybe they were pretending to be submissive and then being unable to remember what had happened to them. That's why Jeff was being so brazen. Usually he left quite a bit of time for the tea to take effect and even then he called several times before

touching me. This time he had just started feeling me up, even while I was sitting up and obviously still awake. He thinks I'll be acquiescent and forgetful. He believes he can get away with this shit with his father still in the house!

Why can't I slap him? My arms wouldn't work. I couldn't even yell. I tried to kick but my legs just twitched. My panties had slipped down to my knees and I felt Jeff tugging them down my calves, then pulling them over my feet. He lifted my foot and kissed the tender underside of my arch, then carefully put it down and did the same to my other foot. Oh, god, the memory of him licking my feet sent bolts down my legs. Jeff stood and leaned over to pick up the black panties that were still lying beside my head. I peeked at his groin. He was very excited.

Unexpectedly, he pulled my arm off my eyes. I didn't have time to close them so I allowed them to glaze over more than they already were. His fuzzy face seemed to be smiling. It lowered toward me and he kissed my forehead, then lowered his lips to mine. He kissed me tenderly for a full minute, then straightened, the black panties dangling from his hand.

It was alright. He just wanted to look at my pussy. Now he's going to put my panties back on. Good boy. That's okay. Serves me right for teasing him so much today. My own fault.

Jeff dropped the panties on my face but I could still see, one eye looking through a leg hole. He eyed me critically for a moment, then spread the panties out until my eyes were covered. I sensed him withdrawing, pulling away, kneeling between my legs, forcing them out, closing in. Oh god, yes, his mouth, on me, licking, licking. Oh yes, it's so wonderful. Kiss it, suck it. Lick me, son, lick me.

Perception is a strange beast. Jeff knelt before the alter he had uncovered, worshipping my pussy, for what seemed an eternity. My ragged breath seemed to bounce loudly off the panties covering my nose and mouth yet I could distinctly hear the play by play of Stefan's baseball game. He was down there, probably drinking a beer, while his son was upstairs licking his wife's pussy. How's that for cheating, you prick?

What? The TV had just clicked off. Stefan was yelling.

"Jeff? Jeff!"

Jeff jerked back and fell on his ass. Quickly, he jumped to his feet and ran into the hall. I shook the panties off my face.

"Yeah, Dad."

"Can you throw my Yankee shirt down?"

"Yeah, sure. Where is it?"

"Oh, shit. I'll get it."

I heard a step on the stairs.

"No, I'll get it for you. Is it in your closet?"

"No, in my bottom drawer, the one on the right."

"Dad, Mom's sleeping."

"Oh yeah. Right. I forgot."

I saw Jeff come back in. He rummaged around in Stefan's drawers, then walked into the hall.

"I can't find it."

"Jesus H. Christ."

Stefan's foots clomped up the stairs.

"Sorry," Jeff said, just as I shoved myself back on the bed and swung my legs up just as Stefan arrived at the door.

"That's okay. Did you tell your mother I have to go out?"

"Yeah."

"Great. Sure you don't want to come down for a couple with the fellas?"

"No. Mom wasn't feeling well. I'll stay and look after her."

"She's lucky to have you son. Not many guys would hang around Saturday night to do things for their mother."

To their mother was more like it, I thought.

"I don't mind, Dad."

Stefan had retrieved his coveted shirt.

"Okay. I'll probably be late."

"See ya, Dad."

Stefan's feet banged down the stairs and the door slammed.

Footsteps.

Jeff was at the door. He walked in but stopped about eight feet away, looking at me, turned over on my side, seemingly innocently asleep. Stefan hadn't noticed the stockings and garters lying on the floor next to the bed. Or the panties. I had been lying on the bed without panties covering my pussy, wet with my son's saliva, while he foraged for his best baseball shirt.

I moaned and turned onto my back. I must look so desperately wanton and horny, legs now spread wide, pussy and inner

thighs glistening from his saliva, though hidden beneath my skirt.

Jeff started undoing his shirt.

No, son. You don't understand. I won't forget. One day, you'll know about these drugs and you'll be ashamed. Don't do it.

But I didn't stop him, or even offer discouragement. I even turned my head toward him with glazed, half open eyes.

Jeff pulled the shirt apart, baring his hairless chest and exposing his muscular arms as he dragged the sleeves down. Bending a knee, he lifted his foot and pulled off his sock, then repeated the action with equal efficiency for the other foot. Watching him undo his belt buckle caused a tingle to spread through me. You're such a hussy, I thought, close your legs, he can see your need.

He stooped to lower his pants and held the waist while he kicked off first one leg and then the other. Naked, he straightened up. For the first time, I saw his young cock, and I was lost. I couldn't, wouldn't stop him. I wasn't able.

Jeff walked slowly toward me without faltering. His steps were slow but confident and his cock looked so strong. I was already wet and slippery, from my own juices now, not his. He walked around to the foot of the bed and reached to grasp my feet, lifting them up, turning his head to kiss the inside of each one. He gazed steadily into my eyes as he pushed my feet, forcing my bent knees onto my sweater. His hands slid down my legs to my knees, then along my thighs to the outside of my hips and finally, under my sweater and up to grab my tits.

Jeff held my breasts firmly, squeezing just hard enough to pop my nipples up hard. He didn't release them to push my skirt down to my hips, he simply pried the hem down with his elbows and forced my legs wider by pressing his torso closer to mine until my pussy was exposed. Then, his eyes never wavering from mine, he let his tip bump up and down on my pussy. Bump, bump, bump, and a little slide along the groove. Changing his angle slightly, he moved sideways, catching the lips on each side of my slit and rubbing through the widened channel. He paused with his shaft thus aligned, pulled back to survey his prize and then arched his back, sliding his slickened cock along my slippery groove. I couldn't stop myself, I moaned.

"Oh yeah Mom. That's so awesome."

He fixed his gaze on my eyes again.

"Jim said this new stuff was really great."

Jeff, reached down to grab the bottom of my sweater.

"Let's get this off."

He pulled the sweater up over my breasts and pushed it over my head, then flung it aside to admire my breasts. I couldn't shut my glazed eyes. He smiled and reached out to touch my pussy, his fingertips lightly brushing its hair. All I was wearing now was the belt around my waist with the black straps dangling down to my thighs. My skirt, though still on, was now uselessly pushed up high around my waist just below my breasts.

Jeff leaned over, his arms stretched out straight to hold himself up high. Slowly, he descended until just the tip of his cock grazed my skin. He dragged it in a wide oval from hip to hip, dipping down to let the head briefly slip between my legs to taste the slickness that had drained from the bottom of my pubes. After a dozen or more trips across my tummy, my pussy

was reaching up to greet him and my legs tried to trap his cock each time it dipped between to taste my nectar.

Jeff chuckled in joy and worked himself higher until his cock was bouncing around my tits, teasing my nipples. My breath was wildly erratic and I unconsciously twisted my back trying to keep each tit in contact with his cock even though I knew it was only leaving to grace the other. On the next upward shift, he was pushing his shaft on each side of my neck, then pulling back to nudge into the hollow at the base of my throat. When I thought he was going to come on my neck, like he had the other night, he moved up again, gracing my face with his tubular presence. God, slut that I am, I pushed my tongue out to lick my son's shaft. If I was supposed to react but forget, then I was going to enjoy myself. To hell with morals.

"Oh yeah. Jim was so right," Jeff moaned.

I tried to circle Jeff's cock but of course it was too thick for my tongue to curl around. Dangerously flirting with my awareness being discovered, I lifted my hands to his flanks and urged him higher. His shaft slid along the side of my nose and scraped over my eye as his balls settled between my open lips which I opened wider, trying to swallow his balls.

"Oh, god, oh god," Jeff cried.

His cry turned to a groan when I managed to open my mouth wide enough to envelop one of his nuts and whimpered as I continued to gently munch the spongy mass. He recovered a moment or two later, pulling his soaked, chewed scrotum back and, with a triumphant cry, filled my vacated orifice with his eager cock. Desperately, he grasped the sides of my head and began haphazardly thrusting his knob over my tongue, banging the roof of my mouth and each cheek in his errant effort to embed as much of his throbbing meat inside the moist warmth of my face.

I swear I don't know how either of us heard it. The loud bang of the front door slamming shut, followed by Stefan's cursing. Jeff yanked himself out of my mouth.

"Fuck! Fuck!" he cried, the muted snarl of his voice unable to conceal the intensity of his feeling.

Thankfully, I was immobilized by fear or I may have given myself away.

"Jeff? ... Jeff?" Stefan yelled, ignoring or forgetting Jeff's earlier reminder that I was sleeping.

Jeff looked wildly about, seeking a blanket, anything to throw over my almost nude body, but there wasn't anything close at hand. I had already put the extra comforter away with the coming of spring. His eye caught my sweater and he grabbed it, quickly holding the neck in an oval and pushing it over my head. He fed my hands into the sleeves and though I tried to push my arms through, his frantic efforts nullified my more adept ones. Stefan was clomping down the hall and my sweater was still hanging like a yoke over my neck, not even pulled over my shoulders let alone covering my breasts. Stefan was almost here.

Jeff slid off the bed and pulled me roughly behind him. We crumpled to the floor, Jeff first and me landing on top of him. Stefan stomped by our room and on to Jeff's further down the hall.

"Jeff," he bellowed.

Jeff twisted onto his side, forcing me off and onto the rug between him and bed. He squeezed me tightly against the boxspring, one breast mashing against it while the other, like

my face, was pushed under the bed. Stefan's feet thumped into the room. Dear God, I hoped our thick European soft-top mattress was thick enough that the height of the bed would hide our guilty, half-naked bodies.

"Jesus H. Christ! Where is everybody?"

Stefan's steps grew louder. I braced myself for his shocked cry, a discovery more awful and dangerous than the one I was so worried about only moments earlier. But the steps moved parallel rather than closer to us. Drawers opened and closed. Bang, rustle, rustle, bang.

"Ah, there you are. My lucky hat. I almost forgot you."

Stefan's steps retreated toward the door. Thank God. He was leaving. We hadn't been found. Relief poured through my body and as I relaxed it pressed into Jeff's behind me. I felt his stiff muscles loosening like mine. Except for one. Through it all, Jeff had maintained his erection. His thickness was pressed between my thighs. Suddenly, I became acutely aware that my skirt was still shoved up over my hips and all I was wearing was the lacy black garter belt circling my waist.

The pace of Stefan's steps slowed, then stopped. He was coming back. No, moving away again. Under the bed I saw the the bathroom light flick on. The toilet seat banged down and I heard Stefan unbuckling his belt. He was going to take a dump!

Jeff was moving, slowly pushing his cock between my legs. His right hand, which had been draped over my stomach, slid up to grab my tit. He squeezed and used the leverage to hunch his cock higher, closer to my still slick pussy. It was scraping along the underside of my slit before I had the presence of mind to clamp my thighs together. Jeff kept thrusting, trying to angle his cock up to facilitate its entry inside me.

I was stunned. His father was in the bathroom, taking a dump, and he was trying to fuck me on the floor of our bedroom. I squeezed my legs together as hard as I could but Jeff kept thrusting. He was moaning softly in my ear as his stomach hunched against my bum, his grip on my tit almost painful. Please, Jeff, I thought. You have to stop.

But is was no use. I don't think Jeff could have stopped if he tried. He was one massive, turgid reflex, moving relentlessly faster and faster and I knew I had to help him finish before Stefan was done. He wouldn't miss us again, not with Jeff humping me like this. Even with the fan on, I was surprised Stefan couldn't Jeff's grunts and moans.

I loosened my legs enough to let Jeff move more easily and pushed back to meet his thrusts, the triangle formed by the bottom of my pussy and soft, inner thigs forming an external, surrogate cunt. His moans grew louder and I pushed my head back to bury his mouth in my hair. Jeff was now bucking urgently against my ass. He was close and, afraid the vigor of his thrusts would separate us enough to create that distinctive slapping sound of a wild fuck, I timed my backward shoves to keep our sweating bodies together. Well, that isn't quite true: rather, my body moved effortlessly in exquisite tune with his. He exploded and I pulled myself forward, finally opening my legs enough for his cock to point up, directly at my pussy, letting his semen to splash all over me rather than on the rug and against the mattress. I was amazed the hot splash of his cum didn't trigger my own climax. Slowly, his movements subsided and I stayed as still as I could, as if I had passed out under the influence of the tea. When he pulled his cock away from my messy thighs, I stayed limp on the floor.

The toilet roll spun. Stefan was wiping. In a minute, he'd be finished.

Jeff got up, walked around the bed, and out of sight. Under the bed, I saw his feet circle around and his hands picking up his clothes which he had dropped on the floor before approaching

me on the bed. Stefan had walked right over them without noticing they were there. Jeff's feet turned toward the door just as the toilet flushed.

I got up, slipped my arms through the sleeves of my sweater and pulled it down over my breasts. I was walking toward the bathroom, smoothing my skirt, when Stefan came out.

"Oh," he said. "Where were you? I thought you were sleeping."

"I was," I said, then explained further. "I guess I fell off the bed."

"You're kidding?" Stefan couldn't repress a smile. "Are you ok?"

"Yes, but I have to go," I replied, pushing past him. The tank finished filling and it was suddenly dead quiet. "Don't wake me up when you come home," I instructed.

"I won't," he answered, then apologized for waking me. "Sorry."

I waved dismissively. "It's alright."

I walked into the bathroom and turned out of Stefan's sight. Pulling up my skirt, I sat down on the toilet and looked between my legs, dripping with Jeff's cum. Stefan's steps faded away as my hand slipped down to cup my pussy. I rubbed it, gently at first, then faster and faster until I was wet enough that my fingers didn't just slide over my lips but slipped inside with each downward push. I was breathing harshly when I came only a minute later, coming so hard I lunged forward off the toilet seat onto my knees, hunched over, fingers plunged deep and hips bucking on my hand.

This was madness. It had to stop.

* * * * * * * * * *

The next day was Friday but Stefan didn't go into the office. He had to leave early for his next trip, on Saturday or Sunday, so he wanted to get a few things done around the house, things I'd been waiting ages for him to do. I guess he was trying to alleviate his guilt. I almost felt sorry for him, especially after my actions the previous night, until I thought about the real reason he needed to leave early.

Jeff arrived for breakfast just as Stefan was finishing his list.

"What's up?" he asked, casting a glance at his father's list.

"Your Dad isn't going in today. He's going to stay home to get a few things done."

"Oh yeah?" Jeff steered away to the far end of the kitchen, filled the kettle and plugged it in.

"I could use your help if you're not going to school," Stefan said, noting that Jeff was still in his pajama bottoms.

"Can't it wait until tomorrow?" Jeff replied. "I was staying home to study."

"Can't you study tomorrow?" Stefan asked.

"School comes first," I interjected.

"Yeah, yeah. College, smollege." Stefan got up from the table. "Well, I better get started if I'm going to do it all on my own," he complained.

Jeff sat down in Stefan's place and poured himself a bowl of cereal while his father poured himself another cup of coffee instead of leaving to do his chores.

Leaning back against the counter, Stefan asked Jeff, "So what's new with you lately, other than school? Any new girl friends?"

Jeff spluttered around the spoonful of cereal in his mouth.

"Yeah," I chimed in. "You haven't mentioned any girls since Stacy and it's been ages since you brought her around," I teased.

Jeff blushed. "I'm doing ok. Anyway, that topic is off limits," he muttered.

Stefan laughed. "Oops. Struck a sore spot. Spending time with girls that aren't the marrying kind, son? Sewing a few wild oats with the can't-bring-her-home-to-meet-mother type?"

"Never you mind," I reprimanded Stefan.

"C'mon, you can tell your Dad," Stefan persisted.

Jeff's blush deepened.

"Leave him alone," I said.

"I was just joshing him."

Stefan carried his coffee out the door into the back yard. Jeff ate his cereal, eyes cast downward. We didn't speak and he didn't look up until his blush had disappeared. The kettle bubbled up and clicked off. I started to get up.

"I'll get it," Jeff snapped, leaping out of his chair.

I watched as he got two large mugs from the cupboard and some looseleaf tea. I couldn't see for sure but it looked like he got the leaves from different containers. He wasn't thinking of slipping me some tea right now, was he, with his father right outside? He was getting real ballsy. I swung my gaze out the open, sliding glass door to the sunny back yard. Stefan was nowhere to be seen. I looked back at my son. He couldn't seriously be thinking about getting me upstairs while his Dad was home, not after yesterday. Or could he?

Jeff looked over his shoulder and I smiled at him. He sort of nodded and quickly turned back to his task. What audacity. I decided that I would drink his concoction. It was probably the new mild stuff, the stuff that was supposed to make me forgetful. To be on the safe side, if I felt at all woozy, I would just go out to the patio and settle on the lounge in plain sight of his father. He had to be somewhere out there and that would stymie Jeff's wicked plan. In the meantime, I'd just see how far he would push it, at least for a while. I chuckled. I just couldn't believe his persistence.

"What's so funny?" Jeff asked, setting two mugs on the table and sliding one toward me.

"Oh, nothing," I said, dismissively.

Jeff kept looking at me, expectantly.

"I was just reminiscing about that time you were trying to build that tree fort."

Jeff laughed. "I was only six, Mom. My carpentry skills weren't all that great."

"I know. It kept falling apart on you but you wouldn't quit until it finally stayed together."

"Barely," Jeff laughed and pushed the mug closer to me.

I lifted it to my lips and gingerly took a sip. It didn't taste bitter at all. He must have made it very weak.

"I know," I agreed, "but that wasn't the part I was laughing about."

"Oh. You mean the part where it kept falling on my head?"

"No, but your father thought that was pretty funny."

"I remember getting so mad because he was laughing so hard."

I took another drink, a big one. Jeff was watching me closely.

"That's why I kept at it until it stayed up."

I nodded. "I wasn't laughing. At first I did, but not after I saw your determination. It was amazing. You were so little but you weren't going to quit until you got the job done."

Jeff laughed again. "I guess it was funny. Too bad you don't have a video."

"Yes, too bad."

"Can't say I did a bad job. That fort stood up for years."

I nodded, took a very big drink of tea, and changed the subject. "This is really good. Is it a new kind?"

"No. Same as yesterday." Jeff looked very pleased.

I drained the mug and held it out. "More," I pleaded.

Jeff took the mug to the counter and started mixing up a new set of leaves, his back blocking my view of what he was doing. When he was done, he filled the mug with hot water and brought it to me with the tea leave strainer still in it. I grasped

the strainer and languidly swirled it around. Jeff stared as my fingers lazily steered the strainer around rim of the mug.

"Do you want to know a secret about that fort?" I cast a sly sideways glance at my son.

"Sure," Jeff answered. He seemed to find it difficult to pull his eyes from my fingers but perhaps the alluring tone of my voice helped him to finally look into my eyes.

"That night, after you went to bed, I went out and fixed that fort."

"No way."

"Yes, way."

"I don't believe it."

"Do you really think a six year old could have built a fort that strong?"

Jeff shook his head, as if agreeing, but only reluctantly.

"I still have the scar to prove it?"

"Scar?"

"Yes. Just as I finished, I fell and cut my leg on the corner."

"Really?"

"Yes, really." I paused. "Would you like to see?"

Before Jeff could answer, I dropped one hand to my knee and pulled my summer dress up, stopping when the hem passed over my knee. I looked at him for confirmation. He nodded but didn't speak, instead swallowing hard as I dragged the dress higher. He wasn't looking at my face any longer, or the mug. I couldn't help smiling but he didn't see me. Higher, then higher, until the dress was stretched across my thighs almost far enough, but not quite, to show my panties.

"See?" I whispered, as if I was baring a secret only he and I could know.

Jeff's head actually dipped, bringing his eyes closer to my thighs. I shifted my right knee outward, opening a gap and dipping my index finger between my legs, pointing to a faint white line, the last vestiges of cut I had suffered long ago in a boating accident before Jeff was born. Of course, after his shenanigans of the past few weeks, Jeff knew it was there but he didn't know how it got there.

"See what your mother suffered for you?" I traced my fingertip slowly up and down the scar. Jeff leaned closer and I opened my legs so he could see better. My panties peeked out and Jeff caught his breath. He leaned even closer but I lifted my knee and crossed my legs, closing the curtain on my impromptu show.

"So, you owe your mother," I snapped.

Jeff leaned back and looked guiltily into my smiling face. I laughed and he followed suit, nervously. I began swirling the strainer in the mug and Jeff looked down but his eyes moved beyond because, though I had crossed my legs, I hadn't pulled my dress down. My thighs were still fully exposed and my lifted leg allowed the full length of my right thigh to display the long S curve of its underside, a part I knew many men found particularly exciting.

I don't know why I was teasing Jeff like this but I found it quite stimulating, even arousing. It had been a long time since I had been so flirtatious with a young man, probably not since some of the parties we used to have when Jeff was very young and I was coming out of my frumpy-feeling stage, in need of attention. I had a flashing memory of watching Stefan dancing slow dancing with one of our neighbors while I sat on the couch with my short skirt, pretending not to notice that the woman's husband sitting next to me had his eyes on my panties, just as Jeff's had been a moment ago. I remembered Stefan steering the woman away and getting lost amongst the other couples in the dark room, but not before I saw him kiss her. I had gulped down the rest of my drink and laughed as I handed the empty to her husband, expecting him to get me another, but he simply took and put it onto the end table behind him. Then he turned and kissed me, right in front of all the other couples, but they didn't pay any attention because none of them were dancing with their own partners and their attention was directed elsewhere. His hand was pressing on my bare thighs and I meant to protest but opened my legs instead. My head was spinning; I had drunk too much. The man's tongue pushed thickly into my mouth and his hand slipped behind my head to prevent a retreat, but there was none. Sensing my acquiescence, his hand slid up my open thighs until it cupped my panties and his fingers pressed into the crevice marking my entrance.

I should have slapped him but I didn't. My arms encircled his neck and I pulled his mouth onto mine. When his fingers slipped inside the leg of my panties, I cocked my hips forward, facilitating their entry. The man started muttering to me, silly things meant to get me hot. I looked over his shoulder and noticed that the room was darker and several couples had already disappeared. The few that remained were no longer dancing, they were pressing their bodies together and making out. One pair was already half undressed. I remember thinking that I wished I had a set of tits like that. Who was that? Mandy. What ever happened to her? Her partner dropped to his knees in front of her. Was he going to propose, my drunken mind wondered, just before he pushed her skirt up and his head disappeared unde it. Mandy pressed his head tight but seconds later she backed up until she fell onto the other couch. Immediately, he was up and between her open legs, his pants already down to his knees. An awkward movement, and he was fucking her.

I looked around the room. Stefan and my new partner's wife were gone. One couple, looking at Mandy and her partner, sank to the floor and started undressing while another pair took possession of the overstuffed chair in the corner. I noticed that the man was Mandy's husband. He pushed his pants down and the woman in the chair leaned forward to take him into her mouth. My own partner was kneeling on the floor in

front of me. He lifted my legs and my panties were yanked up to my knees. He didn't wait to pull them off, he just pressed my thighs against my tits and shoved himself inside. I expected his callous, urgent thrust to hurt but it didn't. I was so wet, it just slid in like we'd been fucking for half an hour.

Stefan and I never talked about that night and I never let that happen again, with any man. Nor had Stefan, or so I had thought until recently.

"Mom? Mom?"

My eyes were closed. Jeff's calls were faint but growing louder. Good god, I'd been dreaming. No, not dreaming, remembering. It had all happened. Still, my mind had slipped away. I was about to open my eyes when I realized Jeff's hand was between my thighs. Had that triggered the memory? No, I had started remembering first but it certainly may have helped augment the sexier details. I kept my eyes closed and Jeff's hand moved higher.

"Mom? Mom?" he called, but more softly this time.

His hand moved until is was only a fraction of an inch from my panties.

"Mom?" he whispered, closing the gap, chafing against my tender inner legs, nudging my pretty panties with the yellow flowers. Ridiculously, I hoped he wouldn't get them dirty.

"Mom?" I could barely hear him.

Fingers pressed into my groove and moved, barely, up and down, slowly, rubbing and rubbing, so nicely. I squeezed my eyes shut. God forgive me, it felt so good, I was so ready.

"Holy shit," Jeff whispered.

His fingers pulled away. Was Stefan coming? I heard Jeff sniffing.

"Holy shit," he repeated.

I was damp. Jeff's fingers returned, immediately pressing firmly between my damp pussy lips, quivering, shaking from side to side.

"You're so wet," Jeff whispered hoarsely. "If only you knew how badly you need it," he croaked, "you'd let me do it. Yeah, like DoingMOM's mom let's him," he said. "I'd do you."

Jeff's fingers were rubbing faster now. It was all I could do not to try to get them inside me. I wanted it so badly. Where was Stefan? You've got to come so he'll stop. A saw started up. Stefan was cutting something in his shop.

Jeff groaned and something bumped against my face. I opened my eyes, then quickly shut them tight. Jeff's tented pajamas were pressing against my nose.

"Oh god. Please. Please, keep sawing," he moaned while rubbing his hardened pajamas in a sawing motion against my face.

I half-opened my eyes again just in time to see Jeff's cock leap forward as he pushed his pajamas down to let its bare, bulbous head bang against my lips. I clamped my jaws but my son's

finger's pried them apart. He was inside, filling me, groaning in seemingly painful bliss.

"Oh, Mom," he moaned, leaning over to keep his fingers on my panties but managing to get his cock deeper into my mouth.

Don't come now, Stefan, I prayed. Don't come now. I sucked. Hurry Jeff. I slid my tongue rapidly underneath his tip and squeezed it with my lips as he withdrew, keeping them firm but open, offering delicious partial resistance on his return. When he pushed in farther several strokes later I moved toward him, forcing his tip to my throat and clamped my lips tightly around his root. Immediately, he began gushing his seed and I pulled back to make room, swallowing several times in quick succession until I had gulped his entire load.

He pulled away and seconds later the elastic waistband of his pajamas snapped around his waist. The saw had stopped. I lay limp, as if I had fainted. Jeff gently let my head back until it rested against the kitchen wall. His fingers pulled at my dress, tugging it down until it covered my knees and then his footsteps retreated, the stairs creaking shortly after. I opened my eyes and wiped a stray glob of cum from the corner of my mouth. What the hell was I doing?

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Jeff stayed in his room for several hours but eventually came down for lunch. After that, he helped his Dad. I went upstairs and found myself in his room, on his computer, checking for recent messages between the incestuous crew: DoingMOM, JimsMOM (a.k.a. Linda's son) and Jeff.

DoingMOM described his latest bout of nailing his mother. He had taken to binding her up with strips from a torn up sheet to hold her in certain positions. This boy had some real issues. I didn't bother reading the whole message though I did look closely at the attached pictures before skipping on to the note from JimsMOM. His messages intrigued me because I now knew who she was and because he was the source of the special 'tea' that the others were using. Why did his new concoction, the one that was supposed to let him have his way with his mother but leave her unaware, not work on me? Sure, everybody reacts differently to ingested substances but I was suspicious, especially since meeting his mother, that she was pretending, like I was, and actually knew what was going on. I was certain that she had found a way to have sex with her son without admitting it.

What I now wondered was if she had somehow initiated it in the first place. Did she tell her son about a special 'tea' and then

'faint' under its affect, perhaps after dressing in a seductive robe that would inadvertently display her charms as she slumped over or even become unfastened, encouraging him to view and even explore her body? I imagined several seductive scenarios in the space of thirty or forty seconds.

JimsMOM's message stated that it was a personal communication only to Jeff. Excitement fluttered through me. I was about to read a confidential message meant only for my son. What secrets would be revealed?

I really enjoyed meeting your mom the other day. She's a real fox and I would love to do something together with you.

Meeting me? What was he talking about? He wasn't there, it was his mother, Linda.

The message continued.

Don't get me wrong, my friend. It's all up to you but if you're interested, then I would really be keen to do something with your sexy mom, and you too.

This little jerk wants to get into my pants and he expects Jeff to let him. No fucking way! Anger welled up inside me. I was not about to lie around pretending to be out while Jeff's buddy had his way with me. Jeff had fucking well better tell this guy where he could get off. Of course he would. He was hinting that he wanted to do something with Jeff too.

I know it's a lot to ask, and it's not what our little group is about, but before you get mad and tell me where to go take a look at the attached video. It should explain what I have in mind. I hope after seeing it you can see your way to inviting me for 'tea' with you and your mom.

I was fuming. This guy must have been spying on us that day we ran into his mother. So, he thought I was hot, did he? What was he going to show Jeff? A video of him and one of his friends double-tapping his mom? Did he think Jeff would get off on that and want to do it to me? I paused, worried. Maybe it would appeal to Jeff. In fact, I imagined lots of guys wouldn't mind tag teaming a woman but then, I'm sure it was just a way to get into another man's woman rather than sharing their own. But then, I suppose some men liked doing that, too. But with me? Not bloody likely.

I pushed myself violently away from the computer and stood up, turned and stomped away but caught myself before

leaving the room. Slowly, I returned to the computer and sat down. I navigated the mouse to the video icon and double-clicked it. What the hell. I may as well see what this arrogant little pecker had going for him.

He was sitting on a couch with his mother draped over him, back her toward the screen. Her long, blonde hair was tossing about her head as she was bounced up and down on his lap. The languid pace picked up until JimsMOM was banging his mother vigorously from below, his hands holding her hips to keep her in place, trapping hers underneath his. The pace gradually slowed until it was back to the languid fuck that initially graced the screen. I was amazed that he could bang her about like that without her becoming aware. I mean, it was one thing if she was knocked right out but the new stuff supposedly left her aware, just unable to remember. Wouldn't such a violent jostling risk jerking her awake?

Wait, that was weird. His mother's hands left her hips and disappeared in front of her while his own hands lost their grip and fell, listless, to the couch. Linda's ass began lifting higher, exposing a long, hard and slick cock that her grasping pussy lips soon retrieved within their folds as her cheeks dropped to regain contact with her son's thighs. This was repeated several more times. My mind struggled to come grips with the conflicting physics of this situation. I know Jeff had said that JimsMOM said the new stuff would make us more responsive

but how could his mother be doing this? She wasn't responding, she looked like she was doing the fucking and he was lying limp underneath. What the fuck was going on here?

I was scrutinizing the screen so closely my nose was almost touching the screen. Realization suddenly struck me and my face was already starting to move away in stark surprise when Linda's head swiveled around atop her twisting torso and grinned.

Please invite me for tea, she purred. You won't regret it, believe me.

I was shocked. JimsMOM was, well, Jim's mom!

Oh my god. No wonder her suggestions to Jeff about how to touch a woman's pussy were so spot on.

The video finished and, after sitting for a moment in stunned silence, I closed the window. OMG, what do I do now? What would Jeff do when he saw this message? I could delete it but then he, or she, would eventually be asking for a response. I couldn't hide it forever. What should I do? Jeff would surely let her come. Why wouldn't he? She was very attractive. I knew

he'd want to fuck her and if the price he had to pay was to let her watch him do me, or even, by God, take part, well, I knew what his response would be.

I needed time. I deleted the message.

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The rest of the afternoon passed pleasantly enough. I made a pitcher of lemonade and took it out to the backyard for Stefan and Jeff to enjoy while they took a break from their chores. It was a very pleasant day, warm but not too hot. Sitting in the lawn chair with my eyes closed listening to Stefan and Jeff talk, it felt like bygone summerw when Stefan was still faithful, to my knowledge, and Jeff still innocent. How things had changed. Now, none of us was pure.

I allowed myself to drift off, wondering just how I had let things get so out of control. Why hadn't I confronted Jeff that day and put a stop to all this before it had sullied our relationship forever? I admitted — my loins, warmed by the memories, couldn't deny the truth — that I had desired my son's attention, but I had not realized how lonely I was, how much I yearned for the touch of a man's hand, the caress of his lips, and the press of a male body against mine. I didn't know

how horny and susceptible I was and I let it get the better of me. And now we were here, in this mess, all pretending. Stefan could hardly wait to get away to be with his young woman; Jeff was chafing to get into my pants; I wasn't at all sure I could prevent myself from letting him; and now a strange woman wanted to have her way with me and my son. Hollywood couldn't have made up a more fantastic story.

How was I going to get out of it? And honestly, did I want to? I had gotten here because I thought there was no harm in enjoying my son's attention if nobody knew it was happening and he didn't realize that I knew. I knew in my heart that if I could keep it that way I would probably let it go farther and actually let him take me rather than put a stop to it. But Linda's impending involvement changed everything. I had to find a way to keep her away, and to do it without Jeff finding out I was aware, even if that meant losing his amoral love. My pussy suddenly pulsed with tingling desire. Oh, what would it feel like to accept his young cock, to really let him fuck me. I sprang forward in my chair in self-revulsion at my thought.

"Mom, are you ok?" Jeff cried.

Both he and his father were staring at me. I looked down and blushed furiously. My hands were between my legs, pressing my dress into my crotch.

"Oh, my," I cried in a fluster. "I think I've just had a hot flash."

I got up and stumbled to the house, embarrassed beyond words.

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I was quiet at dinner and both my men respected my need for privacy. Though Jeff normally helped me clear away the table and rinse the dishes before puttiing them in the dishwasher, he joined his father in the living room instead. As soon as I joined them, he got up and went to the kitchen. Stefan looked exhausted sitting in his chair, barely paying attention to the news. I slumped on the arm at my end of the couch.

Jeff carried a tray into the living room. Surprise, it held three mugs of tea. I didn't want to play this game anymore but I didn't protest when he handed one of the mugs to me. He passed the big one to his father and took the last for himself, retiring to the far end of the couch I was sitting on. I didn't look but I knew he was watching us as he slowly sipped his tea. It wasn't very hot so I was able to take large drinks. I wondered if Jeff had made it lukewarm on purpose. I looked at Stefan and noticed that he was taking big gulps as well. It didn't surprise

me a few minutes later to look over and see that he had nodded off, his empty mug dangling from the fingers of his right hand. Jeff got up and went to his father.

"Dad?" he called. He shook Stefan's shoulder. "Dad." Stefan lifted his head and looked groggily at his son. "Maybe you should go to bed early tonight if you're leaving tomorrow."

Stefan nodded and Jeff helped pull his father to his feet. I drank my tea more slowly as I watched Stefan lean on his son's shoulder as he helped him up the stairs. That warm feeling was returning to my groin. Was I actually going to let him? Decision time would soon be here. Regardless of what I did, after tonight, nothing would be the same. If Jeff let Linda come and I confronted him he would know that I had let him have his way with me all along. Linda would tell him the truth about the new 'tea'. Sure, the stuff he had given Stefan, and earlier me, knocked you out but the new stuff didn't and, vexed, Linda would own up to Jeff.

Why hadn't she just left things as they were?

I knew the answer to that; it was all suddenly clear. She needed me to consciously let my son do what he wanted, even make love to me. That way, she would have leverage. She could

expose me, to Jeff and anyone else, if I didn't go along. I either let Jeff know what I had done and curse him forever with incestuous guilt, or I let Linda play with me too, for however long it amused her to do so. I was trapped.

I finished my tea. I was feeling a little woozy, as I expected, by the time Jeff returned. He smiled as he approached me, a knowing smile, smug in the knowledge of a successfully unfolding plan. He held his hands out to me.

"Looks like you're ready for the sack too, Mom."

I nodded and lifted my hands to his. I felt no resistance. He pulled me up and I slumped forward, my breasts bumping into him, my partially stimulated nipples grazing down his chest before, surprised, he caught and held me up.

"Mom. You really are tired."

I nodded into his shoulder and let my breasts push more firmly into his chest. I knew already that I wasn't going to confront my son tonight. I didn't want to fight him.

"Let's get you to bed."

Jeff dipped down to let his left arm catch me behind my knees and lifted me up, effortlessly. I put my arms around his neck. Yes, take me to bed, son, take me to bed.

Jeff walked slowly up the stairs, almost as if he didn't really want to get to my bedroom. Was it because he was having second thoughts or did he just like the feel of me, pliant, soft and submissive in his arms?

He carried me into my bedroom and slowly walked toward the bed, past Stefan's clothes strewn about on the floor. Stefan was lying on his back, covered to his chest. The covers were pulled back on my side. Jeff probably knew I would be ready before he even returned downstairs to get me. The room was lit only by the setting, summer sun. Jeff sat me down on the bed and pointed to the thin cotton night gown already laid out on the pillow.

"Goodnight, Mom," he whispered after kissing me gently on the forehead.

He walked away.

Surprised, I sat hunched over for a minute, hands clasped together between my legs. Stefan was breathing heavily, already in a deep sleep. I turned toward the nightgown and picked it up, then dropped it. I stood and shucked my dress, removed my bra, and took off my panties. I had no energy to go to the bathroom to remove the little make-up I wore or to wash myself. I picked up the nightgown and raised it above my head, then let it fall down my arms and nestle over my body. It slid on easily since it was open to my waist in the front. Where had he found this? It was an old one, one of Stefan's favorites from our younger years. It laced up in a series of ties up the front. I remembered how I had struggled against his efforts to get them undone. I had thought he would relish a slow tease as I slowly pulled the laces free but he only saw them as an obstacle to grabbing my tits for a few gropes before getting his cock into me. It hadn't taken me long to learn not to do anything to slow Stefan down because it only meant he would last even less time inside me. After a while I realized it didn't matter; I would wait until he rolled off and fell asleep before pleasuring myself.

I tied each lace into a bow. I had stopped doing that with Stefan and in the end, I put the nightgown away. That was so many years ago now I thought I'd thrown it out. But tonight I did up the ties, tugging the ends firmly to form a tight knot at the center of each bow. The laces would now serve to protect rather than seduce and would hopefully be more successful in that

task. Twisting around and leaning back, I slipped my feet under the covers and pulled them up. Then, I waited for my son's return, lying on my back beside my snoring husband.

The time passed slowly. Though I assured myself I didn't know what I would do when Jeff arrived, my nipples had hardened and I knew it wasn't because of the restless movements causing them to scrape against the sheet. It dawned on me, as I lay there, that if I confronted Jeff as soon as he pulled the covers down and undid the laces on my nightgown, I could suddenly 'wake up' and admonish him, just as I had originally planned to do so long ago. Waiting for him to take pictures had sunk me then because of my own latent desires. I knew that now and also realized that I didn't need the pictures. I didn't even need to confront him about the group. I just needed him to stop and warn Linda away. Maybe then she wouldn't say anything. Maybe she would be fooled and think I hadn't known at all. Maybe I could stop this thing after all.

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It was dark. I had drifted off but something jarred me back to wakefulness. I could hear Jeff approaching, hear the soft press of his feet on the carpet. He was coming. I had no doubt he had the balls to do whatever he wanted even though his father was right beside me. I couldn't hide behind Stefan's presence; this

morning had proved that. It was up to me to put a stop to this, as I should have done weeks before. I steeled myself for the task ahead of me.

Jeff walked around the end of the bed to my side and stopped. I wouldn't have known he was there if I hadn't heard him come. He was dead still. I waited for him to pull the covers off. And waited. And waited.

What was he doing? My ears strained but all I heard was the faint sound of a breath here and there and I wasn't completely sure that wasn't my imagination. I struggled to keep my own breath under control but, despite myself, I was getting excited. What was he up to? Minutes passed.

Then, at the end of the bed, the covers pressed against my feet as Jeff tugged their ends from under the mattress where they were tucked in. Once loose, the covers were dropped and the silence returned. After only a minute or two, the covers were slowly peeled from the side of the bed and folded on top of me, forming a ridge from my toes to my chest. Following that, they were rolled off to my side, the one closest to Stefan. I was now completely uncovered except for my old, threadworn nightgown.

Despite the thin material, I felt secure in the tightly laced gown. If Jeff tried to undo the laces, I'd leap up and accost him. I regretted taking my panties off but only momentarily. If he pulled the gown up far enough to expose me, I would do the same. Whether trying to undo my nightgown to see my breasts or pulling it up to peek at my pussy, he would be caught red-handed. Without knowing that I knew what he'd down, I could justifiably confront him with inappropriate behavior, however mild compared to what he'd done before. I smiled smugly in the dark. Events were unfolding as they should.

Nothing happened for some time but I wasn't worried. I waited for the inevitable attempt to disrobe me. I knew he would try and I'd spring my trap right away. Another minute passed.

The bottom of my foot tickled but I resisted the urge to scratch it with the big toe of my other foot. There it was again and I knew it wasn't a simple itch. Jeff was scratching his finger along the sole of my foot. Slowly, now applying just enough pressure that it no longer tickled and I lost the urge to pull my foot away. In fact, it felt nice.

I couldn't jump up and scold him for tickling my foot. Though bizarre, it wasn't sufficiently inappropriate to fulfill my task. I stayed still, breathing regularly, while his finger continued its

languid scratching along the bottom of my foot. His other hand joined the task, not stroking the other foot but rather inserting its fingers between my toes and then running up to my ankles before jumping to my other leg and descending to play with the toes of that foot where his stroking finger miraculously appeared even while I could still feel its caress on my abandoned foot.

Jeff continued this gentle massage long enough that my attention lapsed and I relaxed. I was surprised when I noticed his fingers reaching past my knees to explore the inside of my lower thighs. I had no idea how long he'd been caressing almost the full extent of my legs, or exactly when I had allowed my limbs to part from their tight embrace. My legs felt warm and all aglow. His hands had left my feet and only one let its presence be felt by the lingering trace of fingers along the soft inside of my inner thighs. The nightgown, once settling over my legs just below my knees, had been pushed much higher, more than half way up my thighs.

Where was my mind? Panic surged within me. He was ready and the moment of confrontation was fast approaching. I braced myself, ready to leap as the rush of his hand up my legs under the nightgown was rewarded with its first contact with my bare pussy. That would be crime enough. My mind urged his hand forward, yet dreaded its attack.

My chest tickled. His hand was still hovering, fingers scratching my inner thighs but approaching no closer to my hot place. Again the tickle on my chest and I deduced its source. Jeff was tugging a lace, trying to loosen its concealing hold on my breasts. If I hadn't tied them so tight the first bow would have pulled loose, and I could have ended it all right then, or maybe after the second one. Yes, I should wait until he had undone at least two leaving me clearly exposed and betraying his guilty intentions.

Jeff tugged and tugged without further success, then moved to the next bow with similar results. His hand withdrew but the one resting on my thighs remained. I thought he had given up but his fingers returned, this time inserting themselves inside the loops of a bow and spreading out, slowly pulling the lace through the knot. He wasn't in a hurry. His movements were slow and gentle, perhaps designed not to wake me. No, given what had happened before, that couldn't be it. Rather, he was enjoying it, like savoring a dessert. He was dragging out the disrobing because undressing me excited him, maybe even as much as the final revelation.

Such flattery. His fingers fluttered against the chest bones below my neck as he struggled to loosen the uppermost bow. Their gentle scrapes made my skin tingle. Why couldn't Stefan

have been more like his son? The upper bow finally loosened and Jeff pulled each component lace straight and carefully laid them down to the side. His fingers were now undoing the next bow and their fluttering touches scraped across the upper swells of my breasts rather than on the bones below my neck. One more bow and then I'd give him hell.

It took Jeff much longer to loosen the second bow. Either it was tighter or he had more difficulty trying to spread each loop apart against the soft resistance of my upper breasts. As it was, he managed to loosen it but didn't pull the laces apart. Instead, he moved on to the next bow. I didn't know what to do. He hadn't pulled the nightgown apart to reveal my breasts. Only the top lace was completely undone. Was that enough to accuse him?

No. Let him loosen the next one too, then surely he'd undo both bows and pull the gown apart, revealing my breasts even more. Then he'd really be caught with three undone.

I waited patiently while Jeff fumbled with the third bow. This one seemed to be especially tough. His fingers and palms scraped all over my breasts. I almost gritted my teeth, waiting stoically as he struggled. His fingers were no longer brushing over my upper breasts but against the meat of my tits, constantly scraping across my nipples or delving into the

valley between. I couldn't help responding. No matter, I convinced myself, I could blame their stiffness on his wretched behavior and accuse him of doing even than just peeking. He would be even more caught than I had planned.

But when Jeff left that bow just loosened too and moved on to the last one, I argued that I should let him get them all undone. At least now his fingers were low enough to just rub over my belly and across the underside of my swelling breasts, a titilation that was much easier to handle. Soon, he'd have this final one loosened and then he would surely pull the nightgown apart. Then I would have him and I'd make my move.

He was done. I expected him to return to the second bow and pull it apart but he actually untangled the fourth one first, pulling the laces apart to lay them to the side just as carefully as he'd done the first. Now my belly was partly bare and, though my navel was exposed, it wasn't enough to make my move. Jeff moved up to the second bow and dismantled it, pulling it apart sufficiently to expose the upper swells of my breasts completely. Next, he moved to the third bow. I waited for him to gently pull it apart, ready to spring as he laid the laces to my sides but he surprised me by quickly yanking the laces and spreading the gown wide.

"Awesome," he cried. "Such beautiful tits, the best in the whole world. Mom, you're the most perfect woman a man could have."

I was taken aback. Awesome? The most beautiful tits, the most perfect woman. I was frozen as his words splashed across my body and trickled into my mind. His hands were at my sides where he had laid the ends of the final pair of laces, pressing against the sides of my breasts, pushing them together and forcing my nipples higher, toward him.

"I need to kiss her," Jeff whispered.

I willed myself to leap up, to shout out, 'What the hell are you doing?'

But I didn't move. I was paralyzed, helpless, awaiting the press of his moist lips on my breasts, to envelop my straining nipples.

His mouth was on me, his lips covering mine, moving, tongue seeking entrance, slipping inside. My jaw slackened, allowing him to gain entry. My son had kissed me, but on my mouth. I was stunned that he had sought my lips instead of my tits. My

love for him gushed through my body. What a lover. He kissed and kissed and kissed me. It wasn't until his mouth pulled away so his tongue could slide back and forth along my lips and flick between upper and lower, that I felt his fingers below, fluttering in a similar fashion over my lower lips. I couldn't believe I had been so unaware of his lower caress.

He was so adept with his fingers. I was very wet and must have unconsciously opened my legs. How long had he been there? My resolve wilted away. When Jeff moved his head lower to suck first one nipple and then the other into his mouth, I simply moaned my pleasure. When his mouth returned to mine, I opened it brazenly to accept his tongue and groaned into his mouth as his fingers pushed deeper inside me with a twisting motion.

He kissed me even longer than before and when he stopped my cunt was soaking. I had never before needed to be fucked so badly. I needed him, I craved his forbidden cock. Jeff pulled away, dragging his fingers out of me. I knew he was looking down at me, barely visible in the darkness, but nevertheless there, awaiting his pleasure. I lifted my knees and pulled my legs up and apart, as wanton a woman as ever you'd see.

Jeff chuckled. I knew it was coming even before his mouth covered my pussy. Despite myself, I tried to raise my head so I

could see his face on me but my head dropped back to the pillow in ecstasy as his tongue thrust deep into my cunt. Smack, his had slapped my ass. Smack, smack. Daggers of pleasure darted throughout my groin as I lurched onto his tongue and then again as Jeff wiggled it inside me and his hand stayed on my ass, thumb curling up to insert itself in my lower folds while his fingers curved around my crack and rubbed across my anus as his mouth sucked my pussy lips. He shook his head, drawing audible groans from my lips and my hands suddenly sprang from my sides to grasp his hair and shove his face harder against my nether hole.

Again Jeff laughed and, to my horror, pulled his head away. There was a short pause, then a softer chuckle. Pat, pat, pat — he lightly punished my swollen, throbbing mound. His fingers found my lips and spread them wide, then allowed them to close before the next trio of almost punishing pats. Oh god, oh yes, punish me. I've been so bad. Spank my bad pussy. I loved it. He kept spreading my lips, then spanking them as they closed, sometimes dipping his head to insert his healing tongue. Never, never, ever had I felt anything so wonderfully exquisite. I was so absolutely horny, I was horniness itself.

He was on the bed now, kneeling beneath me, pushing my legs higher but there was no need, I was already pulling them back, getting ready for him, ready for my son.

"Move over, god damn it," Jeff grunted.

He was kneeing his father aside. Stefan groaned and turned onto his side, back toward us. Jeff pressed my legs farther apart until my knees were beside my tits. I have never been opened so wide. He rose up and hung poised above me. I felt his cock scraping over my gaping orifice, settling into my open hole, seeking, then pushing in, more, so slowly, deeper, shoving farther into his mother, fucking me. He was in all the way, filling me like I'd never been filled before. Oh, why had I avoided this, why hadn't I encouraged him, no begged him, to do this sooner?

Jeff pulled almost all the way out, leaned forward way over me, and slammed in.

Fucking incredible.

"I'm fucking you mother," he cried.

He pulled back and rammed in again, then back more quickly and in just as hard, and again, each time returning more quickly until he was fucking me like a steam engine, bouncing

me on the mattress and lifting high over my widely stretched thighs, then slamming down as I rose up to meet him. The whole time, he talked to me as if he thought I was awake. It was a fast, furious, hard fuck, born of desperation and need, and it died of relief and satisfaction.

Although it hadn't lasted long, it was incredibly intense. Jeff pulled me up into a sitting position and tugged the nightgown over my head. As soon as it was off, he pushed me back onto the bed and spun me around onto my tummy, actually lifting me off the bed and spinning me. Quickly, he straddled my thighs and I lifted my rear end up, craving what I knew was coming. A second later, I was full of his meat and his pelvis was banging against my ass. The second fuck was slower, less desperate, but no less intense. I loved it when he pushed me flat, lying on top of me with his fingers reaching around to tease my nipples and his tongue nibbling my neck and ears, whispering his love in one end and shoving it in the other.

I can't remember how many times he took me that night. When he was finished, he just got up and left without cleaning me up the way he usually did. Instead, he left me covered in our sweat next to his father. Just sweat. Not once had he pulled out to spray his seed over me. Each time, he had stayed inside, pumping me full of his semen until he was spent. The last time, he had lain beside me, kissing me gently for several minutes until finally, with one last long kiss, he was gone.

I lay there, exhausted, totally mother-fucked. I had done it. I had let him fuck me, and now I knew it was inevitable that I would let it happen again. I hadn't thought about ending it for a single second while he was fucking me and I didn't think it now. I would let him fuck me whenever he wanted. I was lost.

* * * * * * * * * *

The next day, though awake, I stayed in bed while Stefan got packed. He had slept really well, he said. He felt great and wanted to get an even earlier start on his next trip, leaving that day after lunch instead of Sunday morning. I didn't care. Go see your young whore, I thought. Stay as long as you want. My son will be inside me tonight. No, probably even sooner that that. I bet Stefan would hardly be out of the driveway before Jeff made me a pot of his special tea.

I didn't get up until almost noon. I dressed in a simple dress of thin material with a long skirt and just a couple of hidden clasps holding the blouse part together in the front. I had put on panties after my shower but hadn't bothered with a bra. Stefan was too focused on leaving to notice but I was pleased to see that Jeff did. I was certain to get my tea as soon as Stefan was gone.

Jeff helped Stefan carry his bags to the car. I heard him wishing his father a good trip through the open front door as I filled the sink to wash the few dishes we had used for lunch. The door closed quietly but firmly behind me. I heard Jeff approaching but kept my attention on the dishes in the sink slowly rubbing the cloth around and around a tall glass. I shifted my hips, rolling my weight from one leg to the other, knowing that the motion would lift my ass invitingly as if suggesting, 'Make me some tea'. I was horny already. Jeff stood silently behind me. I waited for him to suggest tea, or to just put the kettle on, but he was still. I let my ass subtly surge against the skirt, trying not so unconsciously to hurry him along.

He moved.

My skirt suddenly rose up my legs until the hem was held on my hips.

"Jeff," I cried. "What in the world are you doing?"

"I just wanted to see," he replied.

"See what?" I gasped in shock.

"What color you're panties wearing today. Uh, red I see."

"Put my dress down," I cried, in not so mock anger.

"No," he replied firmly.

"What do you mean no?" I retorted.

"I'm not finished yet," he said. "I want to see what's underneath them too."

"Undern..."

Before I could finish, Jeff pushed my panties down until they were stretched across my thighs below my buttocks.

"Perfect," he murmured.

"Jeffrey Owen, you put my dress down right now. If your father forgot something, he could be back any minute."

My actions belied my words. I hadn't turned around to confront my son, forcing my skirt down. I hadn't even looked at him. I simply stood meekly in front of the sink, my dress gathered around my hips and my panties stretched across my legs under my bottom.

"You weren't worried about Dad last night," Jeff whispered, slipping his hands around my front, grasping my dress and pulling it apart, snapping the delicate clasps and allowing my breasts to spring free, briefly, before they were captured in his hands.

"Jeff, whatever are you talking about? And take your hands off me."

"I don't think so Mother."

Jeff stepped close and I felt his hard pole slip between my legs into the gap between my panties and my ass. He must have pulled his pants down while he stood behind me and, despite my straining ears, I hadn't heard him. The stretched material of my panties kept his shaft pressed against my bottom and pussy. If I looked down I'm sure I would have seen the tip poking out in front of me. It reminded me of the day he had shoved himself to climax between my legs while humping me

against the side of the bed. My pussy started to lubricate. I was too shocked and horny to speak. My legs felt weak and wobbly.

"I have a confession to make, Mother. I haven't been putting anything in your tea for weeks."

He paused to let that sink in. Though he was quiet, he was not still. His fingers continually kneaded my tits and his cock moved to and fro slowly, scraping across my perineum. Whether it was shock or desire, I was still unable to speak.

"Just accept it," Jeff urged. "You don't have to say anything," he continued, his cock rubbing through my legs. "Just bend over."

Jeff drew back until the head of his cock slipped up, pressing between my cheeks. Slowly, my body in control, I bent over the sink and, as I did, his cock slipped down and nudged the moist entrance to my pussy, then waited there until I was bent right over.

"Show me that you accept. Meet me half way," he whispered.

Pushing forward, his hard cock met only slight resistance until its head was lodged inside me and then stopped. Jeff's hand

fell away from my left tit, slipped up over my arm and shoulder and grasped a handful of hair at the back of my head. Gently, he tugged my head back until I was looking out the window. He waited, staring at the reflection of my face.

I could see my face too. A visage drenched in desire. My hands pushed against the counter and I slid back onto his pole, my silky walls, ravaged from the night before, reluctantly parting before an honored guest. I stopped, my mouth half open, a silent moan refusing to escape my lips. Jeff shoved ahead, forcing my mouth wide open in a loud groan that rose sharply in pitch as the height of his offer met the depth of my acceptance. Holding me firmly, the muscles in his legs taut, he bulged his cock inside, holding, holding, then releasing and withdrawing with a long, agonized gasp.

The return was more harried and intense. Like the night before, Jeff quickly increased his pace though he never reached the depth of that first, bulging thrust. He held my head back, his eyes never once wavering from my face. Though it couldn't have been comfortable, I never noticed the jerking of my hair as he pummeled against my ass. I was too busy using my hands to shove myself back to meet his thrusts, doing my best to slide as far as I could on his hard, demanding tumescence.

When he came, Jeff arched his back, tugging my head up even more, yanking me into a half standing position as his seed splurged inside me. He pulled me fully upright as his cock slipped out and he folded his arms around me. Immediately, I felt his copious spend trickling down the inside of my thighs.

"Finally," he said. "No more pretending."

"Yes," I gasped. "No more games."

Jeff laughed. "Oh, no. There will be games."

"Yes," I agreed. "Fun and games but no more pretending."

"I want to have you everywhere in the house. I don't want there to be a single place you won't be reminded of our love, especially when Dad is here."

It sounded childishly possessive but I understood the pain of first love.

"Then you better get started," I said. "We have a lot of house to cover."

Jeff laughed. "Give me a minute to get my breath, woman."

I laughed back and walked out of his arms, my dress falling back into place, and stopped a few feet away. I turned back to look coyly at him, twisting far enough for him to see inside my broken bodice, and said, "Don't keep me waiting too long."

I looked down the back of my legs and pulled the skirt up to my bottom and then over my buttocks. Jeff looked and I could tell the second he saw his spend running down my legs. His face turned into a mask of lust and he moved toward me. I ran away, shrieking, but he caught me before I was halfway across the living room. We started marking the house right then and there.

Jeff was true to his word. For the next week, we fucked everywhere, even outside on the patio lounge. We went out for dinner and he took me in his car, promising to do me in his father's when he returned. It wasn't until the evening before Stefan was due back, at the beginning of what would be a long tender session in my bed, that he mentioned Linda.

"By the way," he said. "I ran into that lady we met at that mall and she would like to visit us while Dad's away, or even better, during the day when he's back at work."

"Oh," I replied as casually as I could. "Why? We don't really have anything in common."

"She really likes you, Mom. She thinks you're an uncommonly pretty and intriguing woman."

Jeff draped his arm over mine and slipped his cock inside me from behind.

"Intriguing?" I asked. "In what way?"

"Well, actually she said sexy."

He jolted his cock into me and I grunted my pleasure — he liked surprising me like that — but I was distracted more by Linda's admission than Jeff's boyish hijinks. That was when he hit me with the one thing I had never suspected.

"She's tired of keeping Dad occupied," Jeff said. "She wants to be with us now."

Jeff jolted several more thrusts into me in quick succession. I had suspected that Linda might want to do more than get in the sack with my son, that she might be bisexual. But Jeff was implying that she had deliberately led Stefan astray, to keep him out of the way while the two of them worked their seduction of me. Could it be true that Stefan wasn't chasing a young tightie but had been suckered by a seductive woman my own age, one who wasn't really interested in him at all, but rather his wife? The sheer devilishness of it tweaked a dark fascination that unsettled me but I responded only to the lesbian implications.

"I don't... think I'm... ready for... that," I replied, getting the words out between Jeff's rollicking thrusts.

"Ready for what?" he grunted, pausing to let me answer.

"Another woman. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

"Oh, okay," he said, as if it wasn't a big deal.

Jeff started fucking me again. I was just starting to relax into his rhythm when he spoke again.

"Let me know when you're ready then because I really want you to do it."

Jeff's pace increased and his cock pushed deeper. His hand slipped down to cup my pussy, his finger curling over my clit until the tip slipped inside me above his sliding cock. He slowed than and tensed his legs tightly, bulging his cock hugely inside me. He knew how much I loved the sensations that caused.

"Okay," I replied.

Jeff grunted, withdrew, and plunged really deep. I knew he was pleased. His free hand slipped up under my head and his finger curved around my jaw until it pushed thickly into my mouth. He liked to do this when we were fucking on our sides. I wouldn't have thought I'd like having a finger in my mouth while making love but I did. I sucked it as if I was doing his cock, responding automatically to Jeff's thrusts while I wondered what it would be like to be with a woman. The last few weeks had shown me how much life I had missed over the years. I was a much more sexual person with my son than I had

ever been with anyone else. New doors had opened for me and I wasn't about to keep one closed now, especially if Jeff wanted me to open it. The night he had slipped his finger inside my butt had shown me must how wrong I could be. Oh, how I now loved the feel of his meat in my behind. If he thought a beautiful woman would add to our love, I believed him. And to think Stefan's wife and son would be fucking his mistress while he was working. *Delicious*.