You'll Get Used to It

alwayswantedto



All characters involved in sexual situations are 18 or older.

"You can't really see that much. They wouldn't allow it if it showed everything."

"They do! Sally saw the monitor when a lady was being screened and she said it was absolutely horrible. The poor woman would have been traumatized if she knew what they could see. Sally said she was embarrassed for her."

"Come on, you know how much Sally exaggerates."

"Maybe, but I don't think so this time. She said she'd never go through one of those scanners, ever!"

The chatter was more excited than usual. It was Mom's turn to host the weekly after-shopping party. A few of the girl's were planning an excursion to Las Vegas but some were balking given the recent news about scans and pat-downs. Unable to avoid hearing the conversation as I came down the stairs, I considered retreating but it was too late. Mrs. Johnson had seen me. I softened my steps and quickly ducked into the kitchen hoping she wouldn't put me on the spot: I was training to be a security contractor at the local airport and she knew it.

"Well, I won't do it. I'll just refuse."

"Oh, Jennifer. Then you won't be able to go."

"We should all refuse. They won't lose that much business just to get their jollies."

"They're professionals, Alice. They're not getting their jollies looking through the clothes of a bunch of middle-aged women. Anyway, if you refuse, the plane will leave without you."

"I know, I know. It's just that... it seems so... gross."

There was a mix of laughter and a general consensus that the situation was indeed distasteful. I slathered butter on the bread and added mayonnaise, hurrying in so I could make my escape before Mrs. J decided to act upon my presence downstairs and, just just as importantly, to finish before Mom came in and berated be about using butter AND mayonnaise.

"You don't have to go through the scans if you don't want to."

That was Mrs. J. Quickly, I gathered up the slices of tomato and spread them over the bread, sprinkled a liberal dose of salt and pepper, and pressed a second piece of bread on top. I didn't bother cutting the sandwiches in half. I filled a glass with orange juice, grabbed the plate, and hurried to the kitchen door, pausing to listen. I waited for the next burst of excitement to make my escape upstairs.

"I heard the pat-down is even worse than the scan," Mrs. Edelby whined.

Perfect. They were onto the pat-downs. This should provide the turmoil I needed to sneak away. I waited for Mrs. J to get involved.

"Oh no, they're not as bad as the scans," Mrs. J jumped in. "Sally said..."

I made my break, bolting through the door. My left shoulder bumped against the jamb and spun me halfway around but I managed to hang onto the plate without losing the sandwiches and didn't spill a drop of orange juice on Mom's carpet. My eyes turned into the living room as I swiveled full circle and spun, in a semi-graceful crouch, to continue up the stairs.

"Mark!" Mrs. J cried. "Mark can tell you better than Sally could. Mark, come and tell us about these scans. Come on, get in here."

I turned, straightening as I did, and looked at Mom sitting in the far corner, my eyes pleading my case, but she simply shrugged her shoulders to acknowledge the futility of resisting Mrs J. I looked forlornly at my sandwich.

"You can eat that in here. Come on, Mark. Tell these girls that the pat-downs aren't that bad, at least not as horrible as the scans. "

Mrs. J was urgently waving me into the room. I looked harder at Mom but found no savior there. I was trapped. Visibly shrinking, I made my way into the room and stood before Mrs. J and Mrs. Edelby on the couch. All six women in the room, except for Mom, started talking at once. I dipped my head and took a huge bite and looked helplessly over my shoulder at the stairs.

"Let him eat, let him eat," Mrs. J yelled.

The conversation spun away from me and I continued eating my sandwich. As it went on, I entertained the slim hope that I would be able to slip away. At one point, that hope flirted with reality. They were so animated, I actually believed I could get away. Leaving part of my sandwich uneaten, something I never did, I grabbed my glass of orange juice and slunk away. I was almost out of the room when Mrs. J bellowed.

"And where do you think you're going?"

I turned part way back but stretched my hand with the glass of orange juice out and nodded toward the kitchen door.

"You can get that later," Mrs J said. "First tell us how bad the scans really are."

"They're not that bad," I said and turned to make a quick exit.

"Not so fast," Mrs. J yelled. "Come back here and give us the goods, the real goods. Your poor mother is beside herself worrying about this."

Mom did look uncomfortable, whether about the scans or all the talk about them, I couldn't tell. I walked back into the room.

"They're really not that bad," I said, looking at Mom.

"Posh," Mrs. Edelby said. "Sally said you can see everything."

"Not everything," I responded defensively.

"They can see enough," Mrs. Yamato in her typically shy voice. She hardly ever spoke but when she did, in her typically quiet manner, everyone listened.

"See," Mrs. J said, as if no further proof was necessary. "We'll just opt for the pat-down and be on our way without anyone knowing if or how we shaved that morning."

There was an outburst of raucous laughter.

"Margaret, really!"

"Well," Mrs. J cried. "It's true, isn't it Mark? They can see that, can't they?"

I nodded, blushing profusely amid another bout of horrified laughter. Into the din, I tried to promote efficiency at the gate.

"But the scans are over in seconds and nobody knows you anyway. It's anonymous."

"Anonymous?" Mrs. J cried indignantly. "We're supposed to not care just because we don't know the jerk ogling the screen?" She leapt to her feet and threw her arms wide, thrusting out her breasts and cranking her pelvis forward.

Another uproar ensued. I pictured Mrs. J like that on a screen but without her clothes. Not a bad sight. I had always had a crush on Mrs. J despite her constant teasing of me since the day she first babysat me as a little boy. She was the best looking of Mom's friends. They went to the gym together, ran and cycled together, sometimes holidayed together, and of course, shopped together. They were best friends which is why Mom tolerated her good-natured abuse of me. Mom knew she actually loved me and didn't mean me any harm, and so did I, but she could be darn right embarrassing at times.

Right now, in the glow of everyone's attention, she looked pretty good. Other than Mom and Mrs. Yamato, she was the only attractive woman in the room. She had the largest breasts

of the three but her hips were a little larger than Mom's and her waist not quite as narrow. Like Mom, she looked at least five years younger than she really was. I couldn't tell how old Mrs. Yamato was but she didn't look much older than her two daughters. She had a very slender figure, almost unisex, except I knew from my observations on several occasions in summers past that she had surprisingly pert breasts. I had thought of them many times at night as a side treat while I dreamed of sucking Mrs. J's Playboy-worthy set.

"Not a chance," Mrs. J stated defiantly, sitting down on the couch. "Ok, Mark. Show us that the pat-downs are no big deal."

"What?" I said, caught off guard.

"Show us, so these girls don't get all scared and cancel our trip."

I glanced at Mom, who shrugged again. Except for Mrs. Yamato, she was the quietest one in the room, as usual. It was Mrs. J's show.

"Come on, Janet. Help your son show us that it's no big deal. Let him pat you down so these scaredy cats don't drop out on us."

Mrs. J was waving Mom to get up up the way she had waved me into the room.

"I can't," Mom finally said. "I'm wearing a skirt and I won't be when we travel."

It was a weak excuse but I was relieved. I turned to make my exit.

"Not so fast, Junior," Mrs. J said. "I'm not wearing a skirt."

Mrs. J stepped over the coffee table and grabbed me before I could make my escape. It reminded me of the times she used to chase me around and pin me to the ground when I was little, holding me with the threat of tickling me to death more than actually tickling me. I was trapped and I knew it. It was best to do what she wanted as quickly and with as little objection as possible. It was the only way to get away. She pulled me around and positioned me so we were facing each other, grabbed my glass of orange juice, and set it down on the coffee table.

"Pat me down," she commanded, holding her arms out and waving her hands down the sides of her body which was clad in a form-fitting, flowered blouse and tight, black stretch pants.

The room filled with giggles. Even Mrs. Yamato tittered and Mom smiled, pushing herself higher in the corner chair and tucking her feet under her legs to get comfortable for the show. I shrugged and extended my arms to put them on Mrs. J's shoulders. I slid my hands over to her neck and back, then over and down her outer arms.

"Ohhhh, I didn't know it was romantic," one of the women said, triggering another round of titters.

I dipped under Mrs. J's hands and slipped my inside, ran up the inside of her arms to her armpits, then closed onto her sides and traced the sides of her body, being careful not to exert too much pressure — far less, in fact, than the training specified — but still registered the bulging swell of her breasts before dipping into her waist and curving out to finish on her hips. I stepped back.

"There. Do the same for the legs and that's about it," I said.

"Bullshit, Mister," Mrs. J said. "Do the rest so the girls can see the whole thing."

I withered under Mrs. J's glare and stepped forward to comply. I reached around to her back and slid my hands over her shoulders and up between her shoulder blades. I was relieved that Mom was sitting behind me to the right so she couldn't see my chest pressing against Mrs. J's boobs. The other women were watching my hands on her back but I was more aware of what was going on in front and, judging by the slight smirk on Mrs. J's face, so was she. I traced her spine through her blouse to the small of her back. She arched away from the press of my fingers, pushing her breasts into my chest. The smirk widened, and I blushed as my hands parted to slide out to Mrs. J's hips.

I dropped to a crouch and turned my head away, purportedly to pat down Mrs. J's legs, but actually to hide my reddening face. I ran my hands down the outside of Mrs. J's legs and around her ankles, slid them up the inside of her legs, then down the front and up the back. I refrained from exploring the area near her crotch as we were instructed to do in class. I stood up.

"There," I said. "Nothing to it."

"You forgot to do my bottom. The girls know about that, don't you girls?"

Mrs. J joined the other women in another round of giggles. I noticed that a tense look had replaced Mom's smile and Mrs. Yamato's greater concentration was betrayed by the tip of her tongue protruding from the corner of her mouth. I was surprised by her intense interest as I would have expected her to be looking the other way. I curled my arms around Mrs. J and put my hands at the base of her back.

"Don't be shy," she said, grabbing my forearms and pushing my hands down onto the top of her buttocks.

I pushed down, letting my hands follow the curve of Mrs. J's ample butt which was larger than Mom's but undeniably feminine. I couldn't help wishing I could do this for real and knew I would be thinking about that tonight. As my hands slipped down to cup the lower half, Mrs. J pushed her ass back to fill them. There was a collective sigh and then silence as my training kicked in and I pushed my hands between her legs before pulling them out and withdrawing along the crease between her buttocks and legs.

"Done," I said.

"Almost," Mrs. J said breathily.

"Yeah," Mrs. Edelby cried. "I saw one on the news and they even check under your breasts. It's hard to believe they do that right here in America!"

"Go ahead, Mark. Show them," Mrs. J pushed her breasts forward.

"I think we've got the idea," Mom suddenly spoke up, unfolding her legs and rising from the chair. "Remember girls, these pat-downs are done by other women. You won't be subjected to such an intimate search by young men."

"Well, that's a big disappointment," quiet, demure Mrs. Yamato's comment surprised everyone, causing a huge burst of laughter.

Mom nodded to me and I fled upstairs amid the uproar. I hit the stairs at a half run which made me immediately aware that I had an erection. I hoped it hadn't been noticeable and couldn't help wondering if some of the laughter had been at my expense.

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I finished my training by ten on Thursday morning and was sent home. I was on-call should the TSA need our company's assistance at the local airport. Mom wasn't home since she worked mornings three days a week. I had already changed into sweatpants and was just getting into an online porn video when the doorbell rang. I ran downstairs, belatedly thinking about my half-stiff pecker as I bounded down the stairs. I could see through the door's window slits that it was Mrs. J so before opening it I smoothed my palm over my front to make sure I wasn't obvious. I knew if there was any sign there Mrs. J would make a crack about it.

"Hey, Mrs. J," I cried a little too enthusiastically. "Mom's not home."

I held the door open but kept my hand on its edge, blocking her entrance. I wanted her to leave quickly so I could finish watching the video before Mom got home. It didn't do any good. Mrs. J brushed past me, my arm bouncing off her well-endowed chest as she went by.

"I never remember," she said. "Well, I'll just leave these."

She walked into the kitchen carrying some brochures, presumably about their upcoming trip. I left the door and dipped my head in frustration before following her. She tossed the brochures onto the kitchen table and turned to face me. I was about to enter the room but changed my mind and stepped back, indicating the still open door with a sweep of my arm.

"When does she get home?"

"Not for a while," I stated firmly, hoping to convince her by the strength of my statement that it wasn't worth waiting. There was a time when I ached to spend time with Mrs. J but her flirting had long since become tedious. All it did was get me worked up and I had more satisfying material for that waiting for me upstairs.

"Oh darn," Mrs. J sighed heavily, causing her breasts to rise and fall sharply under the thin sweater she was wearing.

I immediately began having second thoughts and couldn't stop my eyes from roaming down her front, over the skirt that ended four inches above her knees and the nice legs below that led to her low-heeled sandals. Mrs. J smiled, the semi-amused

smile of a woman who knows she's being appreciated and is pleased by it.

Oh know, I thought. Here we go again. Now I won't get rid of her until Mom comes home.

Mrs. J started to leave, walking past me with an exaggerated, sexy walk. Looking at her ample behind moving underneath the thin skirt, I experienced a twinge of regret that she was leaving so quickly. How many times had I dreamed about standing behind that luscious ass, pulling up her skirt, and yanking her panties down? Too many, but a glance at the front of my sweat pants confirmed the dream was still alive. Maybe, after she was gone, I'd pound one off in her honor before returning to the video.

Mrs. J pushed the door closed, turned around, and leaned against it.

"So, I guess we have time then," she purred in a sexy voice, putting her hands behind herself and pushing her pelvis forward.

The skin over my whole body tightened and I found it hard to breathe.

"Time for what?" I asked, surprised I got the words around a tongue that suddenly seemed to fill my mouth.

"For you to answer a few questions?"

"About what?" I asked, unable to keep my eyes on her face as she shifted her feet.

"You know, about those pat-downs."

"Oh," I replied, nervously. "Mom will be home soon."

"I thought she wasn't coming home for a while," Mrs. J teased.

I pulled my eyes up to her face just as she met mine. I blushed and felt the tingle in my groin as well but managed with a struggle not to look down at myself, knowing I was reacting to her but unsure about whether my sweatpants showed it. I had to get rid of her soon.

"Not to worry," Mrs. J said. "It will only take a minute." She lifted one foot from the floor and held it out toward me, still leaning back against the door. "I forgot about how fussy Janet is about her floors. Can you help me with this, they're such a bother to get off." Mrs. J smiled pleadingly.

There was no reason she couldn't take her own shoe off but I ducked down to her grasp her shoe anyway. I was happy to bend over to cover my wayward genitals before they made their presence known, even through the thick sweatpants. Maybe by the time I got her shoes off, I could get myself under control. I fumbled with the straps around Mrs. J's ankles and had to hold her leg still to get the shoe off. Mrs. J offered me her other foot. Further tingles confirmed I was a failure at getting myself under control. As soon as the second sandal hit the floor, Mrs. J put her hand on my shoulders, holding me in place looking between her knees.

"I was wondering, Mark, how you guys check a woman wearing a skirt. I mean, how do you find out if a woman is hiding something under there?" To make her point, Mrs. J slipped her right hand off her shoulder and rested it on her thigh briefly before tugging the skirt up a couple of inches, lifting her knee as she did so and putting her foot against the door. I looked into the wider space between her legs and then tilted my head to look up at her.

"If a woman is wearing a dress, we push it between her legs and then proceed as if she was wearing pants, at least, the women security officers do." I looked up at her expectantly, awaiting approval of my explanation.

Mrs. J lifted her hand off my left shoulder, and pulled her skirt up even higher on her left thigh. She smiled at me and said in a skeptical voice, "Mark, Mark. Do you really think that would stop a woman who has something to hide?"

I looked up at her dumbly and she raised her eyes before glancing under her raised skirt. I tilted my head forward and looked directly between her thighs. Mrs. J was wearing knee-high stockings held up by little white straps that disappeared under her skirt.

"Do you really think a quick pat-down could reveal what's hidden under a woman's skirt?"

My attention was riveted on Mrs. J's sexy thighs, especially the soft white skin above the stockings. I had only dimly heard her question and belatedly shook my head.

"We could stuff all sorts of stuff up there."

I nodded and ducked my head closer to peek higher under her skirt, briefly rewarded with a glimpse of her white panties before I came to my senses and pulled my head back. Mrs. J had once before lifted her skirt to give me a flash of her legs but she had never held it up so I could review them at my leisure. I found it hard to speak.

"What do you think, Mark?" Mrs. J purred. "Do you think I've got anything to hide?"

Mrs. J's hands moved, pulling her skirt higher. I almost choked when her panties burst into view again, stretched tight over her pussy. Mrs. J lifted her right knee higher and pushed it outward, widening the gap between her legs and pulling the edge of her panties away from the little hollow there which allowed a few strands of pussy hair to poke through. Right then, the only thing I was aware of outside of her skirt was my cock lengthening along my own leg. Mrs. J pushed against the door with her foot, urging her pelvis forward and my nose was suddenly less than an inch from the most aromatic treat it had ever experienced. I inhaled deeply.

"Is that part of your training, Mark?" she asked, laughing softly.

I had no answer. At that moment, all I wanted to do was bury my face in Mrs. J's panties but I was frozen with fear, fear that even while presented with such an obvious invitation, acting on impulse would lead to an unrecoverable embarrassment for me, Mrs. J, and my mother. I was still kneeling like a statue, an inch from Mrs. J's delicious smelling muff when the tires on Mom's car announced her early arrival home.

"Mom's home," I mumbled automatically.

Mrs. J pushed herself away from the door, 'accidentally' bumping her panties into my nose. She cried, "Woops a'daisy", but twisted her pelvis, grinding her scent into my face, before pushing me back onto my heels. Mrs. J smoothed her skirt over her legs as I stumbled to my feet. Quickly, she slipped her feet into her sandals and expertly buckled them up. Panicked over Mom's imminent arrival, I was nevertheless unable to do anything but stand there looking from the door, which would any instant burst open, and Mrs. J who was regarding me with a flushed but amused face.

"Perhaps," she paused to let loose a gentle laugh, "you should go upstairs before your mother comes in."

Mrs. J looked down at my sweatpants. I followed her eyes and was horrified to find them sticking straight out from my groin, barely covering an enormous erection. I looked up into her eyes, my surprise evident as if in apology.

"It's alright, Mark, but perhaps you should call me Margaret from now on, at least when we're alone."

Mom's heels clicked on the sidewalk. I turned and ran upstairs.

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I was waiting downstairs the next morning, eager for Mrs. J's arrival. Mom had chided me the day before about rudely leaving Mrs. J downstairs on her own until she came in the house. She looked at me oddly when I became flustered trying to defend myself and scrutinized me even closer when I blushed profusely. I escaped to my room with Mom watching me all the way up the stairs.

I had decided to wear the same sweatpants. In my mind, Mrs. J and I would immediately continue from where we left off. As soon as she came in the door, she would lean back for me to remove her shoes whereupon I would slide my hands up her

legs while she raised her skirt. This time, I wouldn't wait for her to push her panties into my face, I'd firmly plunge my nose into her muff while she tugged my head into place and, while she was momentarily confused by desire, I'd drag her panties off her ass, then pull them down her legs and off her bare feet. Rising, I would kiss her feverishly, grasping her big tits and impaling her with my love pole which, somehow having been magically relieved of my sweatpants, would slide easily into her silky wetness to lift her completely off her feet, moaning with unrestrained ecstasy impaled upon my supercock. I flung the door open when the bell rang, instantly forgetting my well-planned, casual welcome.

"Oh, Mrs. Yamato. Uh, Hi."

"Hello, Mark."

"Uh, Mom's not here, she's still at work," I said, offering no explanation for why I was flushed and seemingly out of breath.

Mrs. Yamato looked at me, a little surprised, and said, "That's ok, Mark. It's actually you I wanted to see."

"Oh," I replied, managing to look even more surprised than I already was.

"May I come in, please?"

"Oh, certainly, of course." I held the door open, closing it after she came in and stepped back. A brief image of Mrs. J, pinned against the door with her legs held high and wide to accommodate me, flashed through my mind. It must have been there for more of flash.

"Mark? Are you ok?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah, sure, sure."

"Would it be better if I came back another time?"

Perfect, here was an out. I could get rid of her and there would still be time to realize my fantasy if Mrs. J came soon.

"No, no. I'm ok." I couldn't believe those words came out of my mouth. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I...," Mrs. Yamato looked hesitant. "I was thinking... well, I was... wondering..."

"About the pat-downs," I finished the sentence for her.

Mrs. Yamato laughed apologetically and ducked her head. "Yes, yes."

I turned and walked into the kitchen.

"Mrs. J dropped off some information for Mom yesterday. Maybe the answers will be there?"

Mrs. Yamato followed me into the kitchen and leaned over to look at the paperwork spread over the table. While she was looking, I looked her over. She was a very pretty, oriental woman with a nice, if petite, figure. She was short but had great legs and small perky breasts which, leaning over the way she was now, pressed against the white blouse she was wearing atop her simple black skirt. In my imagination, Mrs. Yamato wasn't wearing a bra. That, and the expectation I had been carrying all morning, made me suddenly want Mrs. Yamato. She was always so nice, not teasing like Mrs. J. Would she be so giving, if given the opportunity, and want me to call her by

her first name too? What was it? I couldn't remember, though I'd heard Mom say it a hundred times. I found myself hoping Mrs. J wouldn't come to the door.

Mrs. Yamato straightened up and turned to face me.

"I'm sorry, this information doesn't answer my question," she said.

"Maybe I can help," I responded confidently, buoyed by the episode with Mrs. J.

"It's about the pat-down," she started, demurely looking down.

"Yes," I encouraged her to go on, finding myself impatient to get on with it, my mind already leaping ahead to where I hoped things might go.

"I was worrying... uh, I mean..." Mrs. Yamato stammered.

"About getting a pat-down when you're wearing a skirt," I suggested, extrapolating from my experience with Mrs. J and letting my gaze fall obviously down her slender figure.

"Oh, no. No, no," she laughed nervously. "I was more concerned with...," she paused, then curled her arms upward by her sides, fingers pointing inward. "Um... do they really need to...," She was looking at me expectantly.

I couldn't see if she was blushing but I did. "Oh, I see, you mean... will they still, uh, search you if you're... not big," I finished awkwardly.

"Yes, yes. That's it," Mrs. Yamato said.

I could see now that she was blushing, or at least, I sensed she was embarrassed.

"Yes, they will. They have to, it's part of the procedure."

"Oh," she looked quite disappointed. "Even if...," her voice trailed off.

"It should be quick," I said, then felt like an idiot making fun of her small breasts. I mean, they were small but looking at them now, I sure wouldn't mind taking them in hand.

"Could you... show me how they do it?"

"Show you?"

Mrs. Yamato nodded. "Please," she said.

"Well, sure... but it will be pretty much the way I showed you with Mrs. J," I said. I couldn't believe was trying to dissuade her and mentally kicked myself for it.

"It may be more than that, won't it?" she asked, looking to me for confirmation.

"Yes, yes it will," I admitted, lying through my teeth.

I wasn't going to look this gift horse in the mouth again. Thankfully, Mrs. Yamato was lifting her arms up, readying herself for my inspection. Man, this trip of theirs and my new job was a windfall for me. I tried to contain my excitement as I placed my hands on Mrs. Yamato's shoulders. I paused while she looked down to shuffle her feet together, then looked up at me and smiled, as if to say, 'Ready'."

I moved my hands over to her shoulders and along her arms, curling my fingers around to feel her limbs more than was necessary or advised according to my training. Reaching the end of her arms, I flipped my hands over and almost caressed my way under her fingers and palms, then along her lower and upper arms, stopping underneath with my hands pressed to her sides. She was so tiny, my hands covered at least a quarter of her torso. I stooped as I lowered my hands, closely following the curve of her wonderful little figure. When I reached her slender hips, I knelt on the floor.

"Please to just do up top," Mrs. Yamato pleaded, in her nervousness reverting to a mode of speech she probably hadn't used since she was a girl.

"I can't," I said. "This is the way it's done."

Mrs. Yamato nodded and looked up and to her left, as if resigned. A thrill zinged through me. I suddenly loved her submissive culture and vowed to read more about it. I felt that I could take some poetic license with this inspection. Excitement coursed through my veins as my hands slid down Mrs. Yamato's outer thighs and onto her legs which I noticed for the first time were not covered with pantyhose or nylons. A delicious twinge flicked my dick.

I moved my hands between Mrs. Yamato's ankles, which were tightly held together, and pressed outward. Dutifully, she moved her feet apart and waited for me to proceed. I paused to relish the feeling of anticipation, then slowly slid my fingers up the back of her calves, stopping over the tender flesh behind her knees before descending and starting back up on the inside of her legs which I followed all the way until I hit the hem of her dress.

I paused for about ten seconds while I struggled with myself. Should I do it properly, pushing her skirt between her legs which this one was sufficiently loose to do so, or do what I wanted to do and slide my hands up the inside of her thighs underneath her skirt, which was warranted if a woman was wearing a tight skirt. Warranted, of course, because the searcher was supposed to be a woman. I could sense Mrs. Yamato struggling to control her breathing. Was she nervous, or excited like I was?

I pushed upward, sliding my hands, inappropriately palm on flesh, up the inside of Mrs. Yamato's thighs, under her skirt. I felt her take a deep breath and hold it as my hands crossed the halfway point. I slowed my progress as her slender legs thickened — partly wanting to relish the feeling of nearing her panties and partly being afraid of her reaction to my audacious

proximity. I ventured on and stopped when the edge of my hands were blocked by a warm, silky material. I was actually touching her panties!

Quickly, before she objected I dropped my hands, but slowly, very slowly, down the inside of her thighs, the way I had come. God, I was hot for her. I thought my hands were trembling but when they emerged from her skirt I saw they were steady. I realized then that it was Mrs. Yamato's legs that were shaking.

I stood up and placed my hands on her waist. Mrs. Yamato was still looking up and away but her eyes were now closed. I slid my hands around to her back and pressed my palms firmly against her flesh, moving them slowly all over her back. I was disappointed to discover that she was wearing a bra, a delicate affair by the feel of it, but still a bra. I guess it didn't have to be too substantial to support her assets. Even pressing as firm as I was, Mrs. Yamato's small breasts didn't reach my chest as Mrs. J's had done.

Looking down at her upturned face with closed eyes, I felt in control. I had gone beyond the pale feeling her legs up like that but she had accepted it. How far could I go here? I looked down at her small breasts and wondered if I could get away with putting my hand back underneath her skirt. No, I thought. I suppose not.

I dropped my hands onto her tiny ass and blatantly cupped her little buns. She didn't say a word, not even a single sound of protest. I pulled my hands around and pressed them against her belly, moving gently over her tummy. It was then I made the outrageous suggestion.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Yamato, but for small breasted women, they really search well for items that may be hidden inside a bra," I said, surprised by my own blunt observation.

She answered me, her eyes still squeezed shut, "That's what I was afraid of. Please show me what they do."

Fantastic! I moved my hands up and covered her small tits completely in my palms.

"They'll check for hideouts, like this," I whispered in a thick voice, twisting my hands and sucking in my breath when I felt something hard against the softness of each tit. Had she hidden something inside her bra for me to find? Had she come prepared to play games, like Mrs. J?

"What's this then?" I asked, squashing her breasts with my shaking hands. I flipped my hands over and explored her with my fingers, confirming the presence of two longish lumps, like bullets, bent sideways underneath her blouse. I walked Mrs. Yamato backwards until she was pressed against the fridge. "You can't sneak anything through like this, Mrs. Yamato," I said, suddenly angry that she was using me as a test run to get something through security. I flipped my fingers up and down across the twin lumps, pushing her tits up and down, now unconcerned about such a flagrant invasion of her person.

"What's this then," I repeated, incredibly unbuttoning two buttons on her blouse and pushing my hands inside with such aggression that I forced the next one to part as well. Mrs. Yamato didn't say anything but she looked very flustered, whether by my incredible violation or from fear that I was on to her scheme. I was mauling her bra now and could feel the distinctive form of the long, hard capsules. They were long enough to be pistol bullets but that didn't make any sense. How would she get a gun on board? Could it be a plastic one, like I'd seen in a movie once? No, they were probably vials filled with liquid, exactly what they were so worried about now.

I realized that Mrs. Yamato had been mumbling something but her voice was rising now, "That's it," she cried. "That's the problem!" She was crying, with real tears streaming from her eyes, but I stayed focused on the hidden contraband.

"What the hell is this?" I yelled, pressing her body to the fridge with mine as I forced my fingers under her bra and yanked it up and off, my eyes darting to the floor to see where the hidden capsules bounced. But nothing fell.

Mrs. Yamato was crying, "Oh no, oh no."

I looked around my feet, lifted the bra higher and turned it over, but still nothing fell out. Stunned, I looked at Mrs. Yamato's chest, at her breasts, and her... fantastic nipples.

They were incredible. They jutted out from her dark, perfectly formed little tits like church steeples piercing the sky. I had never seen any so long, in magazines or the internet, and certainly not in real life. However, staring at them, I realized they weren't grossly long but rather looked so set on her very small tits. Whatever, they were still magnificent.

Mrs. Yamato had closed her eyes again and dropped her head. Her posture cried... shame.

"Unbelievable," I cried. "They're simply incredible!"

I slipped my hands under her tits and lifted them, admiring her amazing, incredibly long, brown nipples.

"They're beautiful," I said.

Mrs. Yamato opened her eyes and peered into mine, unbelieving. "Really?" she asked.

"Of course. They're fantastic."

I closed my thumbs and forefingers over her incredible nips, pinched lightly and rolled.

"Ohhhh," Mrs. Yamato gasped. "You shouldn't..."

I tugged them out to full length, slid my fingers back down to their base, and then slipped my fingers out again, as if I was jacking a pair of tiny cocks. They thickened under my touch.

"Ohhhhh, jeez," Mrs. Yamato cried. "My husband hates them," she sighed.

"Are you kidding? These are gorgeous."

I pinched them tighter and Mrs. Yamato gasped. "He says they're not normal." She gasped again as I twisted her nipples back and forth. "He says I'll shame him if I go through one of those scanners and they'll laugh at me if I'm patted down."

"They need to be kissed," I gasped, excited beyond belief.

I tried to duck my head but Mrs. Yamato resisted, pushing it away. I lifted her off her feet and placed her against the fridge with her tits at mouth level.

"Oh no," Mrs. Yamato said, but it was too late. My mouth enveloped her right tit and sucked her long, stiff nipple in hard. "Oh God, oh God," she cried.

I pulled back and looked at her tit, now glistening with my saliva. Her nipple was now even longer and stiffer than before. Unbelievable. I dropped my mouth over the other one and sucked it hard too. Mrs. Yamato's hands, which had been trying to pull my head away, now pressed my mouth hard onto her tit. Her legs swung up to encircle my waist and I reacted naturally by sliding my hands onto her bottom to hold her up,

underneath her skirt. I gripped her ass, a little pear in each hand, and sucked her tit even harder.

"Ahhhhhhh," she sighed. "Oh yes. Suck them," she cried, loosening her arms around her neck and hanging back to improve my access to her tiny delights. Her back was bent back in an arch that hard to believe was possible as she let her head and long, black hair fall. She was stretched back so far her tits almost completely disappeared, turning into pure, raw nipples.

A moment later, she pulled herself up and began frantically kissing the side of my face and twisting my head around on her tit. She didn't even notice me yanking her panties off her ass and sliding them up her thighs. Holding her with one hand on one cheek, I flipped my sweatpants out with the other and used it to guide my raging boner under her ass, found her slit, and wet my tip by sliding it back and forth.

That prompted Mrs. Yamato into action, trying to avoid my penetration.

"No, Mark. You can't," she cried.

I released her tit and looked in her eyes. "Yes," was all I said.

Holding her eyes, I worked the head of my cock into her. She was tight, really tight and my girth made her mouth fall open with the strain of accommodating me.

"You're so big," she whispered.

"And you're so hot," was my hoarse reply.

I got another inch into her. Her legs tightened around me and she circled her arms around my neck — she wasn't going to fight me. Her muscles relaxed and I sunk in another inch.

"I want to fuck you," I gasped.

"I know," she said, kissing me several times around my mouth.

"I'm going to fuck you," I gasped, as if trying to convince myself I was really going to do it.

"Then do it for Christ's sake," Mrs. Yamato growled, fitting her lips around mine and pushing her tongue into my mouth.

I slid my cock into her, fighting the clasping, resisting walls of her cunt all the way. When I was all the way in, Mrs. Yamato released my mouth and extricated her tongue, let her head fall on my shoulder, and whispered in my ear.

"Oh, Mark. You're so big, so big. Fuck me hard," she murmured. "Fill me with your juice."

I tried to do just that. I pumped her against the fridge for a couple of minutes, then, afraid that was too rough on her back, I walked her around the kitchen impaled on my cock, lifting her whole body up and down. She was so wet, I actually looked at the floor to see if she was dripping. Eventually I wandered into the living room, knelt on my father's overstuffed chair, and fucked her against the back of it for a while before turning around and, tired, sat in it to let her take control. She fucked me like that, feeding her small tits and long nipples into my mouth the whole time she frantically rode my cock. She was very loud when she came and I made a joke of it after.

"Japanese men like their women to show great appreciation," she explained, adding, "especially in hotels so they can

broadcast their manliness. Ambitious young secretaries learn that early," she added and I wondered if that was how she ended up marrying Mr. Yamato.

"Are Japanese men that good in bed?" I asked.

"They're very aggressive," she said. "Fast, but too quick," she added with a titter. "Not like you. You're long, in more ways than one."

I loved her laugh. "I can be aggressive too," I declared.

"Really?" she said in a disbelieving tone.

"Yes," I cried, standing up with her still on me and trying to turn her around.

"No," she shrieked, twisting away, laughing. "Your mother will be home soon."

"We have time for one more," I cried trying to catch her.

"No. I must go."

Mrs. Yamato ran and I quickly blocked the front door. She bolted for the kitchen, thought better of it, and ran upstairs. I caught her halfway up and lifted her into the air. She was helpless as I walked her down the hall and into my room. Kicking the door shut, I walked her over to my bed.

"Did you drive over here?" I asked.

"No," she said, looking confused about my query." It was so beautiful out, I walked," she explained.

"Then there's nothing to worry about," I said. "If Mom comes home, she won't even know you're here."

"She won't come in to say hello?"

"No," I replied as firmly as I could to convince her I was telling the truth.

"You would make love to me when your mother is in the house?"

I set Mrs. Yamato down on her feet and pushed her over onto the bed.

"Does that bother you?" I asked, pulling her skirt up and pushing it onto her back. I wondered where her panties were but didn't give it much more thought.

"No. Actually, it kind of excites me," she replied, dutifully raising her ass up to make it easier for me to get into her.

"Good," I said, pushing her further onto the bed and following behind her. "What's your first name?" I asked, wanting to distract her while I readied my cock behind her.

"Sayuri," she replied, "but I'd rather you call me Mrs. Yamato if you're going to fuck me from behind in your mother's house."

"Have it your way," I said, shoving in, meeting far less resistance this time.

After the first dozen strokes, I started banging her for real, lunging hard and really slamming into her to impress her with my aggression. She seemed to really love it and I wondered if her loud moans and groans were real or put on. I slowed my pace until her vocal response subsided somewhat and cautioned her to stay quiet in case Mom came home. In answer, Mrs. Yamato bunched up the covers and put them in her mouth, then nodded to indicate that I should get busy again. What a fucking woman, a true dynamo. What a fuck!

- -

The next day, I was stealing a cookie while Mom's back was turned to check the ham she had cooking in the oven. She straightened up before I could hide my action and playfully tried to grab the cookie out of my hand but I managed to get it into my mouth.

"You bad boy," she cried, smacking my rump as I turned away.

"Mom, I'm not a kid anymore," I laughed.

"Then why have you got your hand in the cookie jar?"

"I guess I'm not that grown up," I answered.

"Hmmm, I guess not," Mom replied. "Tell your father dinner will be ready in about twenty minutes."

"Ok, Mom." I started to leave but she called me back.

"Mark, about the other day..."

A chill swept through me. Had Sayuri said anything about coming over? Was Mom suspicious?

"Yeah?" I turned back.

"You won't have to do much of that patting thing, will you?"

"No, Mom. Most people will go for the scans. It's easier and faster. Some people might refuse the scan to make a point but they'll soon tire of it. At least, that's what my boss says. But they'll need more people at first so they're hiring and that gives me a chance to stay on."

"So, you think the scans are ok?"

"Yeah, just don't think about it. You'll be ok, Mom."

"Margaret wants us all to refuse to go through the scanner to make a point."

"You don't have to do everything Mrs. J says, Mom."

"You know how she is, Mark. She'll make a big scene and we'll all give in just to get her to shut up," Mom said, sounding exasperated already. She wrung her hands. "I guess I'll have to get patted down."

"It's no big deal, Mom. They just rub along looking for anything that might be hidden in your clothes. They're just checking for bumps, is all."

"I've got lots of lumps," Mom said, sounding depressed.

"Oh, you do not." I stepped forward and put my arms around her and gave her a big squeeze. I patted Mom on the back and let her go, turning to leave to let Dad know about dinner.

"Mark?"

"Yeah?" I looked back.

"Is it really that simple, the way you did it with Margaret?"

"Yeah, it's just like that," I assured her.

"But, what about around the breasts?" Mom asked. The question reminded me of Sayuri's concern and made me edgy. Why was Mom asking about this. She couldn't have a problem like Mrs. Yamato, could she? I mean, if Mrs. Yamato's were that long on her small tits, it was hard to imagine a similar situation on Mom's ample stock.

"They just rub their palms across your stomach and press the edge of their hands up against your breasts to see if there's anything that shouldn't be there." I felt heat flushing through my cheeks even though I didn't feel embarrassed.

"Can you show me?"

"Show you?" Mom nodded. "Mom, it's no big deal. Just stand there with your arms to your side and let them do it. It'll be over in no time." It was one thing to frisk Mom's friends, quite another to do her, especially after what had happened when I did Mrs. J and Mrs. Yamato when we were alone. I was afraid I might forget who I was with and do something I shouldn't.

"I need to know what to expect or I'll be too nervous." She turned around. "Oh, I should just cancel and not go," she said, stamping her foot and raising her hand to cover her face.

"Mom, Mom," I said, stepping up to her back and putting my arms around to comfort her. "Don't be silly. It's nothing, really." She sniffed. "Look, I'll show you." Gently, I turned Mom around. When she was facing me, her head lowered, I started with my hands on her shoulders as I had with Mrs. J the day before. "See," I soothed as I ran my palms down the outside of her arms, "there's nothing to it."

Mom was wearing a blouse and stretchy pants similar to the outfit Mrs. J had been wearing when I demonstrated the pat-down to their group. Quickly, I pushed my hands up the inside of her arms and then down her sides, scraping over the side swells of her smaller breasts like I'd done with Mrs. J and into the deeper curve of her smaller waist and then out to her hips. Pausing, I said, "See, nothing to it" before starting down the

outside of her legs. I knelt down and felt along the backs of her calves and pushed my hands up the backs of her thighs, then slipped between her legs and down the inside. Finished, I jumped up. "See, nothing to it."

I gave her a kiss on the forehead, and quickly walked out of the kitchen. I didn't look for Dad right away. For some strange reason, I was sporting the same half erection I had developed while searching Mrs. J. I went to my room, forgetting about Dad, and didn't come out until Mom called.

That night, Mom popped her head in my door to say goodnight. I quickly clicked a tab to change the screen and turned to respond, flustered and feeling caught and guilty. Mom had entered my room and was walking toward me, which was quite unusual. Her robe gapped open as she walked and I felt the warm press of her body when she put her arm on my shoulder and hugged me to her, the robe having fallen behind to leave just the thin material of her nightgown between us.

"You didn't put me through the whole routine, Mark." She didn't whisper but her voice was subdued. "Tomorrow, I want

you to do the real thing. I don't want to be surprised and made a fool of myself in front of people if something unexpected happens." Mom pulled my head against her hip and rubbed the side of my face with her soft, warm hand.

"Are you sure, Mom? It can be a little intrusive."

"So it isn't just nothing, then?" Her laugh was soft and gentle.

"Not quite," I answered honestly.

"Well, I want you to show me just the same. If you can do it for Margaret you can do it for me."

"Ok, Mom."

"Goodnight, son." She kissed the top of my head.

"Goodnight, Mom.

- -

I imagined patting Mom down until I fell asleep, an unwanted full erection keeping me awake until well after midnight. Several times the next day, my mind wandered during training with a similar, if less intense, effect — I had been called back in for further training because my boss said the TSA hadn't specified the procedures properly. Each time it happened, I forced the image of Mrs. J's body into my mind but couldn't erase the guilt that it was the thought of Mom's more slender figure that had started the ball rolling. Twice, I thought about approaching Wendy, one of my fellow trainees, about coming home with me to show Mom what the pat-down was like. However, both times, I chickened out, convincing myself that I didn't know her well enough to ask, but I think I knew that wasn't the real reason. I was scared, but I wanted to pat Mom down.

So it was that I entered the house both eager and afraid at the same time. Eager to trace Mom's form again but this time more closely and slowly; and afraid of letting my excitement show sufficiently for Mom to notice and consequently suffering her disdain. Still, my fear couldn't overcome my desire to touch my mother.

I had just hung up my jacket and taken my shoes off when Mom appeared in the kitchen doorway wearing a short sweater that showed about an inch of bare midriff and a pair of faded jeans that were loose on her legs, snug over her hips,

but left a gap between the skin of her narrow waist and the waistband of the jeans. She was wearing white tennis shoes without socks.

"Are you ready to check me out?" she smiled.

"Right now?" I asked, certain my voice betrayed my nervousness.

"We may as well get it over with before your father gets home."

That was probably a good idea.

"Ok," I said, walking toward her.

She was standing with one knee bent, forcing the opposite hip higher. As I approached her, Mom raised her arms and held the sides of the doorway.

"You have to stand up straight and hold your arms out to the side," I instructed, my trainee voice sounding authoritative.

"Oh," Mom said, backing away into the middle of the kitchen, her arms stretching out level with her shoulders.

I stepped up to her. "Stay still," I said.

Mom nodded and I placed my hands on the top of her shoulders, then ran them out to her hands, around her wrists and back underneath to her armpits. Placing my palms flat against the side of her chest, I pulled them down, slowing beside the swells of her breasts and allowing them to fit themselves around her form. I was avoiding Mom's face but I sensed her blush. Down, my hands traveled, cupping her waist and sliding out to her hips.

Kneeling, I pulled my hands down Mom's legs, felt around her ankles, and slid slowly up the back of her calves to her knees, then continued up the back of her thighs, pressing firmly and rubbing all the way. I paused at the top of Mom's legs, then moved my hands onto her bottom which was firm and supple underneath the loose-fitting jeans. The material moved with my hands a little and I was surprised to realize I was pressing so tightly that I could feel the edge of her panties underneath. I guess I was doing my job well.

Topping out over the upper swells of her buttocks, I ran my hands along the base of Mom's back and around to the front of her hips. There, I turned my palms flat onto the front of her legs and slid them slowly down to her knees and then to her feet, reversed them, and slid palm in up the inside of her calves, past her knees, and up the inside of her thighs. At the juncture of her legs, I pushed my hands through, rubbing along the inner recess of her thighs until I felt the edge of her panties again. I heard Mom suck in her breath.

Pulling out, I raised my hands up to Mom's stomach and slid them, palm in, over her tummy. I stood and slid my hands around Mom's sides to run up the outer edge of her back onto her shoulder blades, then into the center and down her spine to the small of her back. Moving up, I found the lower edge of Mom's bra strap and followed it around to her front, flipping my hands palm in before pushing underneath her breasts until my fingers met. As soon as they did, I dropped them down to Mom's jeans and dragged my hands out to her hips and around to the middle of her back, letting my fingers trail along the inside of the waistband down to the top edge of her panties. I stepped back, finished.

"There," I said, my breath short and face feeling flushed.

"Whew," Mom said, her face similarly flushed and voice just as breathy. "Thanks."

Mom turned away and I exited the kitchen and went upstairs. I was fully erect but hadn't noticed myself getting excited while the pat-down was in progress. I hoped Mom hadn't noticed and was quite sure she hadn't. I was momentarily depressed now that it was over, knowing that it wouldn't happen again, but then became strangely elated. I went straight into the bathroom, shut the door and took my cock out, stepped to the toilet, lifted the lid, and started wanking like mad.

I had barely finished cleaning up when heavy footsteps sounded near the door. I whirled around and sat on the toilet, hunching forward to cover my semihard cock.

"Dad!" I cried out, indignantly.

"Oh... sorry, I..." he shut the door but I could tell from his confused glance that he could see what I was trying to cover up. Great, just great. Dad had caught me masturbating. I hoped to hell Mom didn't mention getting me to pat her down. That would be an unmitigated disaster.

- -

I was a nervous wreck during dinner but Mom didn't say anything about her home investigation of the new airport security measures, either on Mrs. J or herself. In fact, Mom didn't say much of anything which wasn't atypical but the way she studiously maintained her silence was ominous. I was worried that Mom was offended and angry about how far I had gone during my pat-down demonstration.

Had I really been that improper? I replayed the scene in my mind which felt weird with both my parents calmly eating their dinner beside me. If anything, I hadn't been overly intimate, at least, as far as I could determine from the training I had received and I imagined that some agents went further in certain cases, like when an attractive female was involved. Pushing my fingers inside Mom's jeans and letting them feel the top of her panties was actually something she might experience in a real search but that wasn't the point. The point was, did Mom feel I had transgressed the appropriate boundary, the one she was comfortable with? Her lack of acknowledgement of my presence made me feel she did, and I felt guilty and ashamed. The feeling only got worse when Mom ignored me for the rest of the evening and didn't even say goodnight. She just went upstairs and went to bed and Dad joined her soon after.

I made a startling discovery when I went to bed. As I usually did, I laid out my clothes for the next day, setting a clean pair of shorts, socks and a shirt on top of my jeans that were already laid out on the top of my dresser. I got out some clean underwear last and that's when I found the black panties neatly folded in my drawer. I almost fell over with shock.

Holy fuck! Maybe that was what all the silent treatment was about. Mom must have found Mrs. Yamato's panties and thought I'd been messing around with a girl in the house. I remembered taking her panties off in the kitchen by the fridge, or at least yanking them down. Had I taken them right off? We had wandered around, fucking, in the kitchen and then went into the living room to fuck in the chair. She didn't have panties on when we were in my room, so they must have come off in the living room or on the way upstairs or in my room. I didn't remember Mrs. Yamato putting them back on, so these must be them, and Mom had found them. Thank God I hadn't mentioned Mrs. Yamato coming over.

I awoke with a start but my fear response turned to simple surprise when I lifted my head and recognized Mom. I could only make out her silhouette since it was dark in my room but the hall light was on, starkly outlining her nightgown clad figure standing in my open doorway.

"Mark?" she whispered and I knew then that her previous calls had woke me up. How long had she been standing there?

"Yes?" I whispered back.

"Come here."

I pulled the covers back and swung my feet to the floor, sat up and shook my groggy head. I looked sleepily at Mom. Why didn't she come into my room if she wanted to talk to me? Was she here to berate me about the liberal nature of my demonstration or was she going to ask me about the panties? If so, I wanted to be chewed out in my room proper and not in the hallway where Dad might hear.

"Come here," Mom urged.

I got up and stumbled toward her. Mom lifted her hands and grasped the door jambs as if bracing herself for an expected collision. I tried to steady my gait.

"What?" I asked, peering behind Mom, down the hall to her bedroom door which was ajar about four inches.

"I was wondering about those pat-downs again."

She paused, as if she was about to say more, then didn't. Relief flooded through me.

"What about them?" I asked.

"When you first showed us what they were like, Margaret suggested me as the guinea pig but then offered herself instead because I was wearing a skirt."

Mom paused again, as if she didn't want to continue.

"Yeah, I remember," I nodded impatiently.

"Well, does that mean I have to go through the scanner if I'm wearing a dress?"

"What?" I asked, my tone indicating that I thought her question didn't make sense.

"I mean, do they only do pat-downs on women who are wearing pants?" Mom made her query clear.

"No, of course not."

My impatience was quite evident in my voice. I was relieved that Mom hadn't come to give me shit and was probably reacting harshly to her waking me up.

"Then why did Margaret..."

"I don't know, Mom. Can't it wait until tomorrow?" I rubbed my eyes to make the point that I was tired and had been woken from a deep sleep.

"I can't sleep thinking about it."

"Well, now you know. Can I go back to bed?"

"What's it like when a woman's wearing a dress? Is it different?"

"Mom, what time is it?" I spoke out loud.

"Shhhhh. You'll wake your father." Mom didn't look behind herself at her partly open bedroom door, but I did. "It's after two, I think."

"Mom," I chided her.

"What's it like? Is it different?"

"A little," I said.

"Show me," Mom responded immediately.

"What?"

"Show me how it's different. Do it again."

"Do what?"

"The search thing. Search me again."

"The whole thing, or just the dress part?"

"The whole thing," Mom whispered. Even her breathing was raspy.

I looked down over Mom's body. She was wearing a nightgown. Not a flashy or sexy one but it was made of a silky blue, shimmery material. It wasn't full length, ending just above her knees like a conservative dress, but the thin material made her womanly figure more apparent than any dress could have. I was looking at, and standing near, the warm body of an attractive, early forties woman covered only by a thin nightgown and probably a pair of panties. My chest tightened and I knew my own breath was shortening which was confirmed when I spoke.

"Ok. Come inside," I stepped back.

"No," Mom declined. "Do it here."

Those words, 'Do it here', stirred my groin.

"Maybe you should turn out the hall light."

"Why?"

"So Dad doesn't wake up."

Mom didn't answer but after a few seconds, she shook her head. I stepped forward and put my hands on her shoulders. Mom leaned her head over and kind of hugged my right hand on her left shoulder. I moved my hands toward her head, straightening it, then slid out to her shoulders and slowly down her bare arms, much more slowly than I had in the afternoon, taking time to enjoy the supple feel of her flesh. When I reached her hands, instead of immediately returning up the inside of her arms, I let my fingertips slide gently through her palms and fingers, holding them for a moment. Mom closed her eyes and let her head sag slightly back, causing her shoulder-length hair to cascade onto her back, shining radiantly, backlit by the hallway light.

Up the inside of her arms and deep into the heat of Mom's armpits, then down to the side of her breasts where I paused, shamelessly letting my fingers and palms curl to fit their swelling form. I let them stay there for several short breaths that were clearly audible in the stillness of the night. There was no use hiding my excitement. Anyway, my breaths were matched my Mom's.

Down Mom's torso, my hands pressed so firmly against her ribcage I could feel the individual bones that formed her chest and knew exactly when I left them behind for the softness of the inside curve of her waist and then out the distinctly feminine slope to her hips where my hands paused again.

I looked down, noting the gentle rise and fall of Mom's chest and through her widely splayed, loose breasts to the pout of her tummy below, noting the expression of my own excitement in the tent of my shorts. That was the first time I remembered that I wasn't fully dressed. If Mom opened her eyes and looked down, she would immediately see the lack of innocence in my lesson.

I pushed my hands down the outside of Mom's thighs and knelt before her to continue to her feet which, unlike the previous afternoon, I now caressed with my swirling, cupping hands, exploring her ankles and the arches of her feet right

down to her toes which I noted with individual fingers. Returning up Mom's calves with a brief, tickling pause behind her knees, I slowly stroked up the back of her thighs as I stood until my hands rested below her buttocks.

Only when I was fully erect, in more ways than one, did I move my hands up to cup her ass, fingers almost but not quite clutching her cheeks. Unlike the previous afternoon, I hadn't checked the inside of Mom's thighs.

"My dress," Mom murmured, reminding me why this second demonstration was necessary.

"We do that last," I lied.

Mom nodded, her eyes still closed and her head held slightly back, patiently waiting for me to continue.

I moved my hands slowly up and over her ass, pressing tightly enough that, as my hands reached the small of her back, her cheeks bounced down. She was definitely wearing panties but they were small ones that only reached halfway up her buttocks. I explored Mom's back, being careful not to pull her forward onto my tented shorts. I brushed my hands around

enough to cover her back and shoulders several times, almost massaging her flesh, but eventually moved around to palm her stomach. Back and forth, my hands explored her tummy, moving in a tight oval around her navel that broadened until I could feel the upper edge of her panties on the lower sweep and the heavy press of her slightly sagging breasts on the upper reach.

I looked down at Mom's thinly clad breasts. They were heavy and excited, the thick nipples pressing through the thin nightgown, the dark aureoles visible underneath. I looked down the hallway toward the bedroom door, behind which my father was hopefully sound asleep, and flipped my hands so my knuckles were pressing against Mom's tummy. Keeping my eyes steadily on the door, I pulled them up until they pressed against the lower swells of Mom's breasts, then brought them up between the crease formed by her tits and upper stomach. Risking everything, I curled my hands until they closed over Mom's breasts. Her breath sucked in sharply and I gently squeezed her tits, twisting my elbows up high until I felt her nipples slip into my palms. Mom released a low moan.

"The dress, Mark," Mom sighed. "The dress."

Reluctantly, I released Mom's tits and dropped to my knees in front of her. I placed my hands on Mom's legs, just above her knees and at the hem of her nightgown. Then, instead of following the training I had observed the women officers receiving and pushing the 'dress' between Mom's legs before rubbing up the inside of her thighs, I moved my hands up the inside of her bare legs, my arms crossed inappropriately so I could cup her flesh with my palms. I moved unhurriedly over her thickening thighs until I was poised beneath her panties. Then, I did something even more outrageous. I stood, keeping my hands in place but using my raised forearms to raise the hem of Mom's gown until the angle was so sharp that it fell down to my wrists. Then, I sank to my knees again, faced with Mom's exposed upper legs and panties.

I thought I heard Mom whisper, "Oh God," but I wasn't sure. I pressed my hands between Mom's upper thighs immediately below her panties and moved them up until the outside of my thumbs were pressed against the silky, hot material. On this dark side of Mom, I couldn't tell if the panties matched the color of her nightgown but I was acutely aware of her musky smell.

I was aware of Mom tilting her head forward and, though I didn't look up, I vividly pictured her looking down at the top of my head, her thick, tousled hair falling over her face.

"Will they really check this closely?"

"Yes," I lied again, continuing in a faltering, cracked voice. "If they think you're hiding something."

"Am I?" Mom husked.

"I don't know yet."

"Then you're not finished?"

She panted after she said that and I forgot to answer but Mom didn't press me to. I looked at the swollen mound on the front of Mom's panties, discernible even in the dim light, and leaned closer, involuntarily seeking the source of Mom's musky smell but I don't think it was my unwilled movement that brought my nose into contact with the heated cotton. I think Mom pressed forward, whether she meant to or not, and my nose was suddenly pressed into her panties, and my ears suddenly filled with a low moan, longer and louder than the one emitted when my hands had closed over her tits.

I opened my mouth and pushed the tip of my tongue out to taste her musky panties. The moan deepened so I tilted my my head forward pushed my tongue out and down the front of Mom's panties. I felt like I was in a dream. I licked back up and felt Mom's hands in my hair. Encouraged, I lapped my tongue up and down on the front of Mom's panties and when her hands tightened, gripping my head, I opened my mouth and tried to suck her mound inside. Mom groaned so loudly I thought Dad would surely awaken but I couldn't move because Mom was holding my head firmly between her legs.

I munched on her pussy. Mom groaned again and lunged forward, pushing me off balance. I fell over onto my back, Mom's legs tightening around my head and keeping her pussy locked against my mouth all the way to the floor. Her breath was rasping irregularly as she panted above my head, grinding her panties against my face in uncontrolled lurches. I pulled my hands from between her legs and curled one over the small of her back, the other reaching between her thighs underneath her ass where it frigged the bottom of her cunt as I chewed the front. That sent Mom into a moaning frenzy and she humped my face furiously, banging my head against the rug. She was a mad woman. I thought it would never end and soon stopping frigging her to just hang on.

It ended suddenly, her legs tensing hard just before her panties became even wetter and very hot. Mom stayed on top of me for

a minute, her stomach heaving even as she struggled to control her breathing. She tried to get up but my hands gripped her panties tight. I couldn't release them and as Mom struggled to her feet, they slid off her ass and down her thighs as she awkwardly extricated her legs from my prize. She didn't say anything though she must have thought I was doing it on purpose and when she finally pulled her feet out, she simply walked away.

The hall light flicked off and I was left lying by myself in the darkness, wondering if it had all been a dream. I woke up on the floor the next morning, my hand curled around my morning hard. I turned my head toward the door to make sure it was closed but it wasn't. There was something on the floor so I lifted my head from the carpet to see what it was. It was Mom's panties. I reached out and grabbed them with my left hand and pulled them close to sniff them. My other hand began stroking. Was it accidental, or had Mom left her panties there on purpose?

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Mom was strangely angry with me that day and the next. Was it my fault that she had shoved her snatch into my face? It wasn't like I had made her do it. She could have told me to stop licking her, she could have yelled at me or even slapped my

face, but she didn't. Maybe that's why she was angry, because she knew it was her own fault. At any rate, it was a weird reaction to her assumption that I had had sex with a girl in the house. She obviously wanted me to know that I knew, otherwise, why wash the panties and put them in my drawer?

I certainly didn't want to talk about the panties because if I slipped up and Mom found out they belonged to Mrs. Yamato I would really be in deep shit so I resolved to find a way to apologize to her about the night before and to seek forgiveness for tricking her into my sick game so she wouldn't blame herself. Maybe that would do it, but how could I broach the topic of scans and pat-downs if she wasn't speaking to me? As soon as the question formed in my mind, an idea occurred to me, one I would try this very afternoon when I got home from work.

When I drove in the driveway, Mrs. Yamato was just leaving. She was already walking away from the closed door and stopped beside my car as I shut the engine off.

"Hello, Mark," she greeted me in a saucy tone.

"Hi," I responded, instantly reacting to her presence.

She leaned on my open window. "Where have you been?" she asked. "I stopped by yesterday morning and today too. Are you avoiding me?"

"No," I said, thinking how ridiculous it was that I would have to deny it. She actually thought I wouldn't want to have her any time I could?

"You don't have to play games with me, Mark. I'm a grown woman, not a school girl."

"I know," I said, nodding to affirm my understanding. "I got called back into work for more training."

"So," Mrs. Yamato looked relieved. "When can we get together?"

"Not until next week, at least during the day," I answered.

"We can't do anything at night," she said. "My husband is always around."

"Not even on the weekend?" I asked, eyes pleading. Her presence made me remember how good she felt with her head in the mattress and her butt in the air. A hot flash erupted in my groin. Before her, it had been months since I'd had a piece of ass.

"No," she replied. "I miss you to," she said sympathetically, reaching in the window to rub my cock through my jeans. "You're so big," she whispered, "I can still feel you inside me."

Mrs. Yamato clutched my cock and I jerked my head toward the house, afraid Mom might be looking out a window.

"I want to feel you there again, from behind."

She emphasized the last word in a way that let me know she really liked it that way. Remembering her underneath me with the covers in her mouth to smother her cries, I knew I really liked it that way too.

"Don't make me wait too long, big boy. I want to feel it coming up the back of my skirt," she whispered, giving my cock a final squeeze before walking away.

I waited in the car for a few minutes, making a scene about opening the hood and looking at the engine. There wasn't anything wrong — with the car that is — I was simply waiting for my erection to subside. After about ten minutes, I figured it wasn't going to get any softer unless I beat it into submission so I went into the house. I didn't have much time before Dad came home, so I put my plan into action right away.

Mom came out of her room just as I was passing on the way to my own room. She said 'hi' and tried to go by me but I blocked her path.

"Spot check," I said, putting my hands on her shoulders and holding her still.

"What?" she cried.

"Random pat-down," I said, then explained further. "Sometimes they pull a person out of line randomly and do a pat-down. It makes people really nervous so it would be good practise for you if I surprised you with a quick pat-down now and then over the next few weeks. "

" I don't have time for this," dismissed my plan and tried to push past me but I held her in place.

"It's not your decision," I said. "It's the rules, Madam," I added in my professional voice, trying to keep my plan alive.

Mom sighed and relaxed. "Mark, I really don't...,"

"Madam, I'm sorry but you've been selected. Please refrain from talking."

My hands were already sliding down Mom's arms and by the time I reached her hands, she shrugged in resignation. I proceeded quickly, performing a professional search that was consistent with my training, and did so on purpose. I didn't want these 'surprise checks' to be nipped in the bud.

"Are you done?" Mom asked, when I stood back to let her pass.

"Yes."

"It wasn't as thorough as before," she said.

"Sometimes they're quick and dirty and sometimes they're painstakingly thorough. The point is you seemed to handle it well even though it was potentially traumatic. Practise makes perfect."

Mom laughed and the there was a palpable easing of tension between us.

"See?" I said.

I continued on to my room but Mom called out before I got there.

"Mark?" I turned. "Be careful with Margaret. She's always wanted a son but she isn't your mother, and she's not very discreet."

I was taken aback by her remark and didn't know what to make of it.

"I know she's not, Mom, and I only want one mother."

I walked toward Mom and she came toward me. We met, and hugged each other.

"I know that son, but do be careful with Margaret. She means well but she's always been an outrageous flirt and sometimes doesn't realize when she's gone too far."

And Mom didn't thing she'd gone too far herself?

"I know," I acknowledged, patting Mom on the back as I hugged her. Inwardly, my mind was scrambling. I was concerned. Did she think the panties belonged to Mrs. J? Those tiny things? Is that what this was about?

"Okay. Let me go now, I have things to do."

I released her and we both walked away again.

"Oh, and one more thing," Mom said, pausing at the top of the stairs. "If you're going to have girls in when we're out, make sure you don't leave anything around for your father to find."

Mom turned away and disappeared down the stairs before I had time to react, other than dropping my jaw wide open. I guess my reaction had suggested the panties weren't Mrs. J's after all.

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So Mom and I seemed to be back on track. She may have still been concerned about Mrs. J, probably from long association with her close friend, but seemed happy to forewarn me and let me handle it on my own. At least, she didn't say anything to me about her again and let her warning stand. I wondered what would happen if she found out who the panties really belonged to. Anyway, I was happy. Mom was talking to me again and even teasing me about suspected sexual activity in her own home. After dinner, I was helping Mom in the kitchen and for some reason I broached the subject of Mrs. J. Don't ask me why I didn't leave well enough alone.

"So why does Mrs. J flirt so much? Is just another form of teasing? I mean, she's always teased me, since I was little."

"You might have something there," Mom answered, leaning down to put a pot into the cupboard. "She's always been fun-loving and a terrible teaser, and a bit of a flirt, but the flirting

has gotten a little out of control the last few years. Less make-believe and more real, I think."

"Why do you think that is?" I asked.

"Oh well... don't say I said anything," Mom leaned toward me and put her hand on my forearm, then continued in a confidential tone, "but I think Lennie isn't paying much attention to her lately."

"Not paying attention to her?" I asked dumbly, and I mean, exhibiting true naivety.

"You know... attention," Mom said. "Not that that's all that rare once men get older."

I coughed, suddenly embarrassed, and Mom laughed, truly amused.

"I guess I should have thought about who I was talking to... I mean she isn't getting any," Mom broke out in hysterics at her own funny. It was one of those times when something just strikes you as really funny and you can't stop laughing, and her reaction spread to me.

"What's so funny?" Dad yelled from the living room.

"Nothing," I yelled back. "Just something Mom said."

"About what?" he asked.

"Nothing," Mom yelled back. "It was about nothing."

She broke out in hysterics again and I joined in. The television became noticeably louder. Mom was doubled over and so was I. She was wearing a shirt, completely unbuttoned, over a t-shirt and a pair of old jeans — a common outfit for knocking around the house in the evening. In the midst of my mirth, I noticed that Mom wasn't wearing a bra, couldn't be, not the way her breasts were jostling around under the green t-shirt.

As our laughter petered out we both straightened up, still chuckling. The TV now seemed horrendously loud. Mom put her hand behind herself and arched her back in a mock complaint about its soreness. If she was looking for sympathy from me, she got something else because the gesture pushed her breasts up and out, thrusting them hard against her t-shirt.

"Old girls like me shouldn't laugh that hard," she complained.

"Spot check," I said.

"No way," Mom cried, still laughing as I grabbed her shoulders.

"Yes way," I laughed back, already checking her arms.

I quickly moved up the inside of her arms and placed my hands on her sides, then pulled them out and slipped them back in under her arms, this time inside her shirt. I kept my hands pressed against her sides but didn't move them down her waist to her hips. I left them where they were with only the thin material of the t-shirt between them and Mom's loose breasts. Mom looked up at me expectantly, eyes dancing, seemingly still amused but no longer laughing.

"Is this a quick and dirty one, or a serious affair?"

"Please refrain from talking," I said, hoping the catch in my voice was chalked up to restrained laughter.

I didn't want to move my hands, the swells of her breasts felt so good, but I had to keep up the charade. I slowly moved down her to her waist, reluctant to leave those meaty bulges of flesh.

"It seems to be a serious one," Mom mumbled.

"Shhhhh," I cautioned.

My hands were at her hips. I moved them behind her back and pressed her toward me, hoping to feel her breasts against my chest which were still heaving in their effort to recapture her breath from the exertion of laughing so hard. Mom fell easily against me.

"I thought you were supposed to do the legs next."

"No talking," I commanded.

I rubbed Mom's back roughly over her shoulder blades, trying with some success to chafe her breasts across my chest and was thrilled when I discerned her nipples rubbing against me. Eventually, I had to move on so I slid my hands around to her stomach and, reversing them to face my knuckles inward,

rubbed across her tummy. Mom's lack of a bra worked to my advantage. When I had searched her before, I had to purposely push my hands up under her breasts, but now they virtually fell into my hands. As I did with her sides, I stopped moving my hands and just cupped her breasts.

Mom mumbled again, "You won't do this with Margaret, will..."

"No talking," I cut her off, in my excitement barely able to get even those two words out.

I held her breasts for at least thirty more seconds, rubbed up the sides and then underneath for another brief stay. Needing to move again, I explored between Mom's breasts up to neck, searched around her throat, then brought my hands, palm in this time, down the outside of her breasts and cupped them for a few more seconds before giving them a gentle squeeze and departing for her hips.

I toyed with the idea of stopping then. I loved the way she was letting me to blatantly feel her up without any protest. However, I had called this spot check on the spur of the moment after seeing Mom's breasts sloshing around under her t-shirt. Now that I had fondled them, and evidently gotten

away with it, I was torn about going further. I needed time to think. Had she let me go this far because she was worried about Mrs. J and didn't want me going astray? If so, even greater rewards could be in the offing as long as I didn't fuck it up. It was that fear, and the fact that I needed to relieve the pressure building in my balls, that made me want to stop and run upstairs.

On the other hand, Mom was standing docile before me, eyes closed, swaying on her feet. Her obvious jealousy about Mrs. J was working to my advantage, working very well indeed. I hadn't wanted to leave her breasts and now I didn't want to leave the rest of her body either. Lust won out. I pushed my hands around to the small of her back and gently lowered them until my fingers were splayed over her buttocks. Gingerly, I moved my hands around her butt and was pleasantly surprised when Mom leaned forward and crashed her breasts softly into me.

She whispered, "I'm your mother," which could have been a quiet rebuke except it wasn't spoken in a recriminating tone.

Wonderful. I rubbed my hands all around Mom's ass, over and over and over, until her pelvis was pressed tightly against my groin and the growing bulge it contained. When it had grown as much as it could inside my jeans, Mom pushed herself back,

perhaps aware for the first time of what she was resting against.

Reluctant for this to end, I pulled my hands around to her hips and knelt down before her, my hands following down the outside of her legs. Reaching Mom's feet, I caressed up the back of her calves, running my hands slowly up and down several times before moving to the inside of her legs above her knees. I looked up to see Mom's head thrown back, face pointed toward the ceiling, and I knew her eyes were closed and things were still ok. I pushed my hands higher between her closed thighs and Mom shifted her feet to make room, allowing my hands to slide up until the arc described by my thumbs and the edge of my forefingers fit snugly on either side of her crotch.

I stood up, keeping my hands between Mom's legs. As I reached my full height, I pulled my left hand away and put it on Mom's waist above her hip, then twisted my right to fully cup Mom's pussy outside her jeans. My touch was so light Mom might not have even been aware of it, but I was, and it made my cock so painfully hard I thought it was going to break. Several seconds passed in total stillness before I slid my hand up from Mom's side to cup her tit in my palm. I slid my hand around her tit and squeezed, bringing my fingers and thumb down until I was grasping her nipple. Pulling my other hand way from her snatch, I slid it up to grasp her other tit in the same way. Finally, knowing something had to break, I

released Mom's breasts and put my arms around her. Looking down into her closed eyes, I kissed her gently on the lips.

"You passed," I whispered, then stepped away and quickly made my way out of the kitchen.

I passed by my father without looking at him and went straight to the bathroom to relieve myself. It didn't take long. I kept imagining what could have happened if Dad hadn't been home. Would she have let me pick her up and carry her to my bed? What was that she had said about Mr. J? Something about not showing Mrs. J the proper attention, and then remarking that it wasn't uncommon. Was that the way it was between Mom and Dad? Was Mom not only jealous of her friend but horny too? Would she actually let me do her? I beat my dick faster.

Mom had a hot body. Now that I thought about it, I definitely wanted to fuck her. The thought would have grossed me out only days ago but now, holding her and sensing her loneliness, I wanted to make her feel good. I wanted to make love to her. I had fucked one of her friends and was close to getting another but I didn't want to just fuck Mom. I wanted her badly, wanted her close to me, emotionally and sexually. In my mind, I strained to be close to her and felt every muscle in my body tensing with the effort.

"Oh fuck," I cried, forgetting I wasn't home alone. "Oh fuck," I cried again, releasing a rocket load of sperm. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

I got in the shower after that to clean up but couldn't make it without wanking myself off again. Images of Mom standing there, head back and eyes closed, letting me touch her body, overcame me. I wanted her so badly my skin hurt. I returned to my room and decided to get changed for bed. When I opened my drawer to get out the next day's socks and underwear, I saw Mrs. Yamato's black underwear. The thought of her started to make me stiff again. She had such a hot little body. Could I have her and love Mom too? Definitely, I thought, my cock getting harder at the thought of it, having both of them, maybe even together.

The thought, good as it was, was interrupted. I looked closer at Mrs. Yamato's panties. I picked them up and confirmed what I thought I'd seen, Mom's panties lying underneath them. I had thrown those into the laundry thinking Mom wouldn't notice, that she would just wash them and put them back into her own drawer, thinking nothing of it, but here they were, all washed and folded, in my drawer.

What the fuck was going on? Mom had to have put them in there this afternoon, before the kitchen search, even before the

surprise in the hallway. Was she sending me a message or was it just a mistake? How could this be a mistake?

I started to get horny again but worked out instead of jacking off again. I finished by setting up my chin-up bar between the top of my door jambs. It took a lot of chin-ups to deflate my boner. I turned on the computer and started a video game. The last thing I wanted to do was get on the Internet because I knew I'd open a porn site.

After I got bored of the game, I checked my email and was shocked to find a message from Mrs. Yamato, partly because it was surprising she even knew how to email anyone let alone that she knew my address. I opened the message and got another shock: a picture of Mrs. Yamato lying on her bed on her side but with her shoulders twisted so she could face the mattress. The picture was from behind, beautifully displaying her tight, well formed little butt from an angle sufficiently high that it was easy to see she had a mouthful of bed covers. 'Hubby is out Saturday night. I'm lonely and have no one to play with.' The message ended with a couple of sexy emoticons.

Holy shit! I was deep into it now. What to do?

I deleted the message, then changed my mind and recovered it. I didn't want to lose that picture. I shut down the computer and got into bed. I needed some sleep to get my head straight.

- -

I woke up. My eyes opened and realized I was awake. It was still dark, not quite pitch black but only because of the faint light spilling in from the hallway. Someone had left the bathroom light on with the door part way open. Shit. I couldn't sleep with any light on. Why hadn't I shut the door before going to bed? Oh yeah, I hadn't taken my chin-up bar down. With a groan, I sat up, put my head in my hands for a few seconds, then leaned back and shook my head. I swung forward and onto my feet, then started for the door.

"What the fuck?" I leapt back, scared. Relief flooded through me when I recognized Mom standing in the doorway, hands stretched up to loosely grip the chin-up bar.

"Shit, Mom! What are you doing. You scared the shit out of me."

"Shhhh, you'll wake your father," she said.

In the dim light I saw her look over her shoulder. I stepped closer and peered past her down the hall to my parents bedroom. As far as I could see in the dim light from the bathroom their bedroom door was closed. It would take a fair bit of noise to wake my heavy-sleeping father with the door uncharacteristically shut like that.

"Mom, what are you doing?" I repeated.

She laughed, a low sound that tumbled heavily in the silence.

"Spot check," she said with a throaty chuckle.

It was my turn to be surprised. For a minute I thought she was thinking of checking me out but when she just hung there, I realized she wanted me to pat her down again. My eyes traveled down her body as tingles shivered down mine. Lit dimly from behind, I couldn't see much more than the edges of the nightie she was wearing, a plain affair of mid-thigh length. It was too dark on my side of the light to see what color it was but she looked hot, that much I knew. Although her arms were stretched up so she could grab the chin-up bar, her legs were slightly bent to cock her hips in a sexy pose. My mind put the incongruities of Mom's height and that pose together and I

realized that Mom had repositioned the bar lower while I slept. She had planned this and then waited for me to wake up, perhaps with some encouraging noises.

The thought of Mom waiting for me in this sexy pose, in her nightie, made my cock immediately stand to attention. I was glad it was darker in my room, because I was only wearing shorts and it was already stretched up and trying to push through the waistband.

"Spot check," Mom repeated.

I glanced at Mom's closed bedroom door. Now I would find out what might have happened in the kitchen if my father hadn't been in the living room.

"Ok, miss," I whispered. "You better not be trying to sneak something through."

"Oh no, Mr. Big," Mom playfully whispered back, her head shaking from side to side. "I would never try to do that."

"Stop talking," I commanded. Playing the role had worked before, I hoped it would now.

I placed my hands on Mom's shoulders but instead of running out to her arms, I moved them inward and grasped the sides of her head, gently rubbing my thumbs over her cheeks, under her jaw and across her throat. It felt like a sensual thing to do and I hoped it conveyed a message. I wanted to take advantage of Mom's provocative and playful mood and if she was going to leave me hanging, I may as well know sooner than later.

I slid my hands down her arms and back up the insides in my now familiar manner, pausing with my hands underneath her arms, cupping the side swells of her breasts. They were warm and soft, and unencumbered beneath the nightie. My cock poked through my waistband.

I slipped my hands down Mom's sides but instead of following her waist to her hips I abruptly changed direction and pushed my hands underneath her tits.

Mom gasped in surprise. "Is that proper?" she asked.

I was caught off guard and momentarily lost my nerve but my need was too dire and the potential rewards for continuing too great. I swallowed and plunged ahead.

"Don't speak," I instructed, twisting my hands around to grasp her tits firmly to emphasize who was in charge. "It will only go worse for you."

"Yes sir," Mom tittered.

"Be quiet."

I was surprised that my voice reflected pure authority and none of the fear and relief dominating my mind. Mom nodded her head, her auburn hair glinting in the low light. I pinched my fingers and thumbs together until her nipples were captured. She started to say something again but thought better of it. I rolled her nipples between my fingers and tugged them up until the nightie slipped from my grasp and Mom's tit's slumped back against her chest.

"What's that you've got there?" I asked, playing the same game I had with Mrs. Yamato.

"I...,"

"I said don't talk." This time, I felt totally in command.

I grasped Mom's tits again and hefted them, then let them fall back. As they bounced on her chest, I put my hands on Mom's hips and ran them down her legs, kneeling as I went. As usual, I caressed her calves for a minute before proceeding up the inside of her legs but instead of sliding between her thighs, I slipped my hands around the outside and behind to fondle her ass and squeeze her cheeks. I gripped them firmly, one in each hand, and pressed my forehead to her belly. I was being so obvious now yet she wasn't complaining or pulling away. I pinched her belly through the nightie with my lips and she pushed her soft tummy against my face.

Reaching up under Mom's nightie at last, I went directly to her panties, pinched the legs and started tugging them down. Incredibly, Mom offered no resistance. When they were at her knees, I slid my hands up under her nightie again and rubbed them all around her thighs and bare ass but I stayed away from her honey pot. I could sense it more strongly now and felt it was too powerful to touch yet. I stood up.

"Turn around," I commanded gruffly, "and keep your hands on the bar."

Mom twisted around in the doorway, reversing her grip on the bar but carefully changing only one hand at a time. When she was facing the dim light in the hallway, she kinked her hips and swayed her ass slowly from side to side. I slipped my hands around her waist and moved up to grasp her tits.

"What have you got here?" I whispered.

Mom tensed up but was silent. I squeezed her tits until my hands closed around her nipples. As before, I pinched and tugged them until the nightie slipped through my fingers. I moved closer, pressing my hardened shorts against her bum, before recapturing her breasts.

"What do we have here," I whispered again, pressing myself firmly into her ass.

Again, Mom was silent. I fondled her tits more gently, taking much longer this time before her stiff nipples slipped from my grasp. Raising my foot, I placed it between her legs, above her panties, and pushed them down to the ground. Mom stepped out of them, one foot at a time.

"I'll keep these," I whispered, kissing the side of her neck.

"Ok," Mom whispered, following it up with a small sound, not quite a moan, maybe a whimper, but I decided to let it go.

"We're a little suspicious of you, miss, so we'll have to do a more extensive search," I said, wondering why I was persisting with the sham. Surely, there was no need to now.

I slipped my hands down and brought them up underneath Mom's nightie, straight up until I was grasping her breasts but this time I had her bare tits in my hand. I squeezed until my fingers slipped down to pinch her nipples, rolled them around and tugged them out. This time, they didn't slip away and I held her tits up by the nipples until Mom released a small gasp, then mashed them to her chest, squeezing and pinching, and ground myself into her bottom as I munched on the side of her neck.

"Beautiful," I whispered, unprofessionally.

I continued massaging her tits and stayed much longer there while kissing her neck and humping her bottom. I continued rubbing until the tip of my cock slid against Mom's bare ass. Mom's nightie had ridden up. We were both Mom panting audibly now.

I released Mom's tits and dropped my hands down in front to the top of her thighs, bracketing her pussy, whose warmth was now easily felt. I rubbed my fingers up and down on either side, urging her lower lips together, then pulling them apart, before lifting my left arm up to curl my hand around her belly under her breasts. The right, I moved over until it was directly above her pussy and extended my longest finger down, pointing right at her juncture. I slipped my finger down until it was teasing the very top of the little hood above her slit.

"You haven't been receiving proper attention, have you?"

Always honest, Mom shook her head. I rubbed my bare cockhead up and down through the crack in her ass.

"Would you like to?" Quickly, I changed that to, "Don't you deserve it?"

Mom was still, very still, then her head nodded briefly, just once.

I didn't need more than that. I slid my finger down until it pushed into her slit. Mom slumped but I tightened my arm

around her waist and held her while I slipped my fingers up and down several times, slicking it up, then inserted its tip inside, finding and penetrating her wet hole. I kissed Mom's neck and she turned her head my way. I found her mouth and covered it with mine, slipping my tongue into her in time with the second insertion of my finger. I flicked my tongue in and out of Mom's mouth, coordinating each insertion with my plunging finger. I kissed her harder when I added the second finger and humped her rump more firmly to force her upon my hand.

Mom was gasping under my whole body fondle but when she started to moan, I released her and stepped back. Thankfully, she managed to hang on to the bar because her legs were trembling so hard I don't think she could have stood on her own. Mom turned to look at me, but I barked an order for her to stay still. I removed my shorts and stood behind her, the largest erection I had ever grown swinging erratically behind her ass.

My eyes now acclimatized to the darkness, I could see that the nightie had slid down a little but not to its originally mid-thigh position. It was caught up on Mom's hips and barely covered her ass. It may have been my imagination but I thought I could see a dark line marking the division between her cheeks which were quivering — in anticipation? I could only hope. I let my

cock bump against Mom's buttocks a couple of times, pushing her nightie between her legs, before issuing my next order.

"Turn around," I said.

Mom turned around as before, one hand at a time. It was still quite dark in my room but by the glints of her eyes I knew she could see I was naked and was staring at my cock. I bent down and grasped her ankles, then stood up, pulling her feet up with me. Mom gasped and frantically gripped the bar to keep from falling down. Standing in front of Mom, holding her ankles together in front of me, I stepped forward, bending her knees and pulling her feet apart to spread her legs, then stepped forward again, lifting Mom's feet and hooking them around my hips. I stepped closer yet and Mom curled her legs around me and tightened them of her own accord until my cock was scraping between her inner thighs. I took the last step and my cock rubbed and careened past Mom's pussy onto her belly. I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her.

"Lift up if you want it," I whispered.

I expected Mom to try to prolong the pretense of the game or at least to hesitate, struggling with the decision, but she immediately pulled herself up, swung her hips forward until

my tip was in her slit, and pushed herself down onto my cock with a bang, forcing her cunt over my head and down my shaft, slippery but tight, yielding yet on the attack. Her arms left the bar and encircled my neck, her mouth finding mine but only after she whispered, "Make love to me, son."

"I will," I gasped, as if an answer was required, swung Mom away from the doorway and walked her toward my bed.

"The door," she gasped.

I swiveled back, reached up and yanked the chin-up bar off.

"Hurry," Mom cried, forgetting to whisper.

I tossed the bar to the floor and pushed the door but it didn't close all the way. Fuck it. Mom was already churning her hips, grinding her cunt on the root of my fully embedded cock.

"Fuck me," she gasped.

We didn't make it to the bed. We fell just short. Mom pulled her knees back and I moved up to straddle her haunches, re-

inserted myself, and immediately started banging the daylights out of her with wild abandon. Mother fucking! This was the best, the very best. I reached around her legs to grab her tits, squeezed them hard, and pounded away, literally throwing my hips at her, almost folding my body over her bent form. Our coupling was loud and wet, full of grunts and groans, wild and needy. We twisted about on the carpet but always with Mom's legs folded back and me straddling her, hands firmly grasping her tits, face to face, staring at each other.

I didn't slow down until I had spewed my last drop. When I sat back on my haunches to let Mom up, she rolled over onto her knees and started clambering up on the bed but the faint outline of raw ass in the murky light jerked my cock upright again so I shoved her forward onto the mattress and took her from behind. She didn't seem to mind, at least not from the sound of it. That one was just as quick as the first.

The next one was slower. We started off on our sides, facing each other on the bed. We hadn't stopped touching and whispering to each other. Mom seemed to absolutely love the feel of my strong young cock. She rarely let it go and didn't stop making comments about how good it felt, whispering 'Did she really make me that hard' and so on. The next thing I knew, she had raised one knee and pulled me inside. She was almost as frantic as the first time, clearly not as spent as me, so I just

rolled onto my back and let her have her way. After that, she was much more subdued.

Sometime in the wee hours of the morning, when the first light of pre-dawn was filtering in through the window, we were dozing one behind the other. I rose up behind Mom and pushed her right leg over until her knee touched the bed and then, as her eyes fluttered open, I straddled her left thigh, inserted my cock, and started to slowly fuck her. She looked so beautiful lying there, taking it from behind. She made me so hot, I lost control and started really heaving into her, rocking her whole body up and down on the bed. Mom braced her hands against the headboard and turned her face down and mumbled through the pillow. I couldn't hear what she said but I think it was, "Fuck me, son."

- -

When I woke up, Mom was gone. She must have left to crawl into bed with Dad before he woke up. She was sitting at the kitchen table with her morning coffee when I came downstairs. I fetched a cup for myself.

"Where's Dad?" I asked.

"He's gone for the day with Bob and Rick." There was a long pause during which Mom started to speak but stopped several times. "Mark, I guess you know things are different between us now and always will be but it.. I mean, the sex part, doesn't have to continue."

I was taken aback. Was she kidding? The shock delayed my response and Mom spoke before I could respond.

"I know you've been having a little fun, but I do want to caution you about Margaret."

I started to say something but Mom held up her hand.

"Just let me have my say. I'm sure you could have fun with Margaret but you'll eventually want to move on and she won't make it easy... and that will ruin our friendship, what will be left of it anyway, but don't worry about that. I want you to be happy. That's my foremost concern."

Mom lowered her hand, having said her piece.

"Can I say something?"

Mom nodded, and I spoke.

"Are you kidding, Mom? I don't want to ever stop. I really liked being with you. That was the best I've ever hand." Feeling that sounded a little callous, I added, "Anyway, I love you."

I started toward her but Mom held her hand up again and motioned for me to sit at the opposite end of the table.

"I just want to talk for a few minutes."

When I was sitting, Mom continued.

"I know you love me. I love you too but I don't think we should keep making love. It's selfish of me. You should have your fun like I know you've been doing. You're young and I'll understand."

I stretched my hands out toward Mom and engaged her eyes as sincerely as I could. "Mom, I want to keep making love with you. It's fun," I added.

Mom drew her hands away and chuckled. "Ok, but if you get tired of me, just say so straight out. You won't hurt my feelings. Aside from the age thing, this isn't a normal relationship and it may turn out that neither of us can handle it."

I nodded.

"Promise you'll tell me if you start feeling uncomfortable?"

"I promise."

"Ok." Mom reached out and took my outstretched hands. "And I want you to promise me one more thing."

"Anything," I agreed, eager to please her, hoping we could go upstairs after breakfast.

"I've changed my mind already." I could feel the blood draining from my head. "No more fooling around with Margaret."

That's all? Relief set in. "Mom, I..."

"Straight-forward with each other, right?"

"Right," I answered sheepishly.

"Good," Mom said. "Margaret is my best friend but she can't keep a secret about anything. If you continue with her, she'll tell someone or let it slip somehow and that will draw attention to us, and we can't have that, now can we?"

"No," I answered glumly.

"Come on, Mark. You don't find her all that exciting, do you?"

"No, I guess not. I guess I'm just a young guy, and she's there."

"There are more exciting women around than Margaret."

"I guess so. You, for one," I said, trying to win some brownie points.

Mom laughed out loud. "Nice try, buster, but I'm not jealous of Margaret. I was thinking about someone else."

"Someone else?" I said, adopting the dumbest look I could muster.

"Oh Mark. I know the black panties in your drawer aren't Margaret's. They're too small for me, let alone Margaret," Mom laughed again.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I shouldn't have had a girl in the house." I looked properly chastised. "It won't happen again."

"I wasn't thinking of a girl. I was thinking more of a woman with a girl's body, a quiet woman, but a hot one when aroused, I suspect."

I stared at Mom. Did she know? How could she?

"I wondered what Sayuri was doing reaching inside your car." Mom paused to let that little bombshell hit home. "I thought you were giving her something but her hand came out empty, like it had gone in."

Mom was grinning, obviously quite amused by the stupefied look on my face. "Oh, yes," she nodded. "I was standing in your bedroom window. She paused for effect, allowing my rubbery brain to become enlightened. It didn't quite make it and Mom continued.

"I didn't understand then, but I did later, when I found those panties."

Mom smiled as my brain's realization filtered though to my face. Her foot suddenly appeared between my knees, toes stretching forward to press against my balls. "You must feel absolutely huge to her," she whispered sexily.

"Mom," I gasped, as she moved her foot up and down on the hardnes of my rising erection, her heel pressing into the softness of my swollen balls. "I'll put an end to it, I promise."

"Why would you do that?" Mom asked, her foot actively rubbing my now rigid cock.

"Because I love you," I gasped.

"If you love me, then you'll do as I ask, won't you." She rubbed the balls of her feet up and down my erection.

"Yes," I croaked.

"Come over here," she commanded.

I got up and hobbled over to stand in front of Mom. She opened her knees for me to get close and when I stepped inside she pulled the front of my sweatpants down and took my cock into her hand.

"I want you to call Sayuri and tell her to come over here. Can you do that?" Mom asked, jacking my cock near her face.

"Yes, Mom." I hoped she didn't lay into Mrs. Yamato too hard.

"Now, she said, stroking my schlong. "Tell me what you're going to do."

"I'm going to call Mrs. Yamato and get her to come over here," I panted.

"Mrs. Yamato. Yes, I like that. Keep calling her Mrs. Yamato."

Mom opened her mouth and brought my cock close to it, still jacking me with her hand.

"Pick up the phone and call her."

Mom nodded toward the phone on the table. As I picked it up, Mom told me to dial in Mrs. Yamato's number which she relayed to me. As I dialed, Mom instructed me to tell Mrs. Yamato I was here alone because my parents had gone out for the rest of the day and to convince her to come over. "Be explicit," she concluded.

"Hello, Mrs. Yamato?"

Mom started jacking my cock faster.

"it's Mark. ... Yeah, I missed you to. ... I'd love to see you next week but I was wondering if you could come today, like you suggested."

On the word 'come' Mom pushed my cock against the side of her face and grazed it along her cheek. When it was positioned in front of her mouth, she licked the underside of its tip.

I groaned into the phone.

"What? Oh, nothing."

I gasped when Mom's head suddenly shoved forward and enveloped the head.

"Nothing. No, my foot slipped and I stubbed my toe. Listen, can you talk freely?"

"Ok, What, uh, are you wearing?" Mom's mouth slipped down my shaft, and returned.

"Just a kimono?" I lifted my hand onto Mom's hair and urged her head forward. I liked this new game.

"Are you wearing anything underneath? Mrs. Yamato?" I added the last bit for Mom's benefit, which I could immediately

feel she appreciated. "No? Can you reach inside and tell me how they feel? ... They're stiff already?"

Mom's head was moving steadily now without any urging from me but my fingers curled through her hair and followed her head motions anyway. I pushed into her mouth and she placed a hand on the front of my hip but let me continue adding a small push each time she completed a downward stroke.

"Can you wear the same white blouse and short black skirt you did the other day? ... Yes? Good, but don't wear a bra. ... Nobody will see you, you're coming right over aren't you? ... When? ... As soon as we get off the phone. ... Ok, but wait. Wear those black panties. ... I know, I've got them. It's a good thing I found them before Mom or Dad did. ... You don't? Well, don't wear any then, Mrs. Yamato. ... Because I like calling you that."

I panted audibly on the phone and jammed my cock as far as I could into Mom's mouth. She gagged, but quickly allowed me to resume fucking her face, partly with the assistance of my hand which now tightly gripped her hair.

"I'm touching myself," I explained in response to her query about why I was breathing so hard. "I can't wait 'til you get here, Mrs. Yamato," I panted louder for her benefit.

Mom pulled back but I stepped closer, leaning over her to keep my cock in her mouth.

"Hurry," I gasped into the phone, tossing it onto the table with a loud clatter. I grabbed Mom's head and held it still, while I humped her face.

"Mark? ... Mark?"

I could hear Mrs. Yamato's voice from the phone. I wondered if she could hear the sloppy sound of my cock jamming in and out of Mom's mouth or the gurgling sounds she was making. I worried about being too rough on Mom but her hands were holding my hips in place rather than pushing me away. I slowed down but moved my cock further inside her mouth for several long shoves, then grasped her head tightly and jammed in a series of shorter thrusts. Mom moaned and I started to come, quickly filling her mouth and then again as Mom swallowed, emptying it, twice more, leaving only a little to spill out onto her chin. I stepped back and Mom wiped her mouth, then got up.

"Good," she said. "I want to you to tease her for a long time when she gets here. Take her up to my bed and tie her hands and feet. Come on, I'll get some belts from my robes." Mom grabbed my hand and pulled me from the kitchen. "Hurry," she said. "You know she's only around the corner."

"Remember to take your time," Mom continued as we climbed the stairs. "Get her really horny."

"I will," I promised.

I had mixed feelings about this. Of course, I had been in sexual situations with others in the same room but they were other teenagers at parties preoccupied with each other and were only making out, not having actual sex. Well, except for that one time when Sean poked that new girl on the couch in his rumpus room and we all egged him on. But that was someone else. Nobody had ever watched me screw anyone and if I'd had the opportunity I don't know that I could, not with everyone watching.

Still, the thought of having Mrs. Yamato in front of Mom made me real hard. I would have thought that having my mother watching me fuck someone would have turned my raging

boner into a limpid penis but go figure. And who would have thought my super-normal mother would get off on watching other people do it, especially her son?

I guess didn't really know myself or my mother at all.

At the top of the stairs, mom turned around an looked at me in disbelief.

"You wait downstairs, " she shoved me back onto the steps. "And don't start anything down there. Bring her up here to my room, not yours."

"Ok, ok. I got it," I grumped.

- -

Mrs. Yamato was almost half an hour late. I opened the door as soon as I heard her heels on the sidewalk. She laughed at the obvious eagerness on my face and the further evidence she spied as soon as her eyes dropped to my pants.

"May I come in," she laughed as I grasped her hand and pulled her through the doorway.

I shut the door and spun around to face her. She looked stunning in the short, black skirt she had worn the other day. Underneath, she wore black stockings and high-heeled pumps. On top, she wore a designer leather jacket wrap which she was already taking off. When she removed her arm, I took the sleeve and she spun around to remove the rest of the coat, leaving it in my hands. It was a different white blouse than before, a fancier affair that was more silky than cotton which made it settle more closely over her small breasts which were obviously not covered by anything. I didn't have the breath to say anything but "Wow."

Mrs. Yamato smiled and turned her head down in a demure pose, "Thank you."

I started to hang her coat up in the closet, mainly because I thought she wouldn't tolerate it being chucked to the floor.

"Maybe we should keep that handy in case I have to leave quickly," she suggested.

"Ok." I couldn't really tell her she didn't have to worry about Mom, now could I?

I couldn't wait any longer. I stepped forward and wrapped my arms around her, bending down to kiss her. Seconds later I had swept her off her feet and was slow-walking her toward the stairs. Setting her down on the first step, we pulled apart, both gasping for air, but quickly moved together again. My hands found her little butt and pulled her onto my hardon which was now aligned with her pussy. Immediately, she ground herself into me, digging her feet into the step to push herself forward hard, and thrust her tongue deep into my mouth. I raised one hand up to grasp a handful of her hair and pulled her head back, looked into her glazed eyes, and refastened my mouth onto hers. Her right leg rose up and she dug her heel into my ass, pushing herself forward with her left foot which was still on the first step.

She bit me on the lip as our kiss broke, shoved me back and ran up the stairs, laughing. I chased her. Go slow, Mom had said. I didn't see how that was going to be possible. Mrs. Yamato 'fell' as she reached the top of the stairs, falling onto the landing and turning around to look at me, bent over the top step, one hand reaching behind to pull her short skirt up to reveal a bare bottom perched inches above the ends of her black stockings. She laughed as I stumbled, waving her tight buns around in an

lewd invitation. It was hard to believe this was the demure Mrs. Yamato, the quiet one in the neighborhood.

As I lowered my knees onto the stair on either side of Mrs. Yamato's butt, she leapt over the top stair and ran down the hallway, shrieking with laughter. She ran right past Mom's room but I caught her before she could get into my room and dragged her back.

"Don't you want it?" she husked, pushing her ass into my bulging groin.

"Yeah, but in here," I rasped, pulling her into Mom's room.

"You are a naughty boy," Mrs. Yamato cried as I spun around and launched her toward Mom's bed.

She stumbled for a couple of steps before bracing herself with her hands on the end of the bed, swayed her butt at me again while looking over her shoulder, then stood up and slowly removed her blouse, coyly looking around as she peeled it off her shoulder. When she pulled the sleeve off her arm, she twisted to the side and arched her back to thrust her nipples

out from the perfect position to emphasize their spearing profile.

"Take off your clothes," she whispered.

She watched with obviously eager anticipation as I quickly pulled my shirt over my head, downed my sweatpants, yanked my socks off, and then playfully eased the waistband of my shorts out to allow my cock to spring forward from my stomach. I pushed my shorts slowly down my muscular thighs, then lifted each knee up in turn to remove my shorts. Naked, I stood at full height and arched my own back to magnify my physique, hard cock wavering proudly in front of me.

Mrs. Yamato stared at my cock. Her breathing was shallow, in keeping with the mesmerizing stillness of her body. I was startled when I realized that her gaze had suddenly shifted up to grip my own eyes. Slowly, she liftered herself backwards onto the bed, her eyes holding mine with a piercing look that kept me standing as still as a statue. Even my wavering cock froze in mid air.

Mrs. Yamato sat on her haunches, the short, black skirt riding very high up her thighs to allow her knees to bend back so her feet could reside on either side of her thighs. She smiled but the

look in her eyes held me back. I wasn't being invited in yet. Mrs. Yamato swung her arms back and placed her hands onto the bed, palm down, fingers facing toward me. She blew me a kiss and pushed herself backward, leaning more and more on her hands as her weight shifted and her knees lifted from the mattress. She ended in an enlongated inverted U, head hanging back so far I could see her hair dangling down to the bed through her open legs bracketing an extremely enticing pussy split by a narrow pink strip.

In the absence of her riveting eyes, I was ready to leap onto the bed and violate that pink sanctuary, but something held me back, and I knew exactly what it was. Above the arched spine, on either side of the the crest spanning the distance between Mrs. Yamato's firmly planted feet and hands, sprang two new sources that magnetically reoriented my attention: her enchanting nipples!

Staring at them — first from one to the other, then managing to keep both in focus — I realized that Mrs. Yamato's nipples were not abnormally long, they were simply beautifully longish nipples perched upon a small base. Arched back the way she was, any woman's breasts would be minimized, and Mrs. Yamato's were essentially nonexistent. Except, that is, for their very essence and the target, truth be known, for the many horny observations of women I exercised on a daily basis. I

loved tits, but it was mostly the lure of the hidden nipple that drew me in.

Mrs. Yamato had been holding her pose in silence. Sensing my invitation, I took two faltering steps and carefully eased onto the bed between her knees. Leaning over, I cautiously stretched my body over hers, barely grazing her tummy with my chest, until my mouth was poised over her right nipple. As I lowered my lips to that quivering mini-stalagmite, my cock found its way under the black skirt, skidding along Mrs. Yamato's thighs until it found and nestled on her stretched pussy, perfectly in line with the moistness exuding from that delicious pink slit. As I forced my lips over the stiff pillar, my tongue slipped moistly along the underside, the tip folding around it as it reached the more tender skin of her breast.

Mrs. Yamato didn't make a sound but I groaned in ecstasy and then inhaled, sucking hard. Mrs. Yamato pulled her nipple out of my mouth, the twisting motion of her chest rubbing her moist lower lips across the large blood vessels running along the length of my aching cock. Ah, joy! Mrs. Yamato shoved the nipple of her left tit into my mouth, scraping between my lips and onto my tongue. Again, I groaned and launched an even stronger inhaling suck, trying to squeeze her nipple against the roof of my mouth so hard it couldn't escape like its sister had done.

No such luck! Mrs. Yamato yanked her nipple out of my mouth, rewarding me with a welcome consolation prize: a quick succession of mini-humps squeezing and sliding up and down the length of my cock, lubricating the entire underside with her luxurious, oily nectar. I pulled back until the tip of my cock was poised at her entrance.

Mrs. Yamato suddenly giggled, dropped away from me to the bed and spun around onto her tummy, then scrambled up until she fell forward onto the pillows with her ass pushed up and ready, her hands pulling the short, black skirt up to bare her ass, looking all the more remarkable above the black stockings she still wore.

"Take me," she hissed.

I grasped my cock, eager to impale her, ready to guide it into her shaved hole. Shaved! She had shaved since that first time. God, my cock tingled so hard I almost came and that reminded me of Mom and her instructions to tease Mrs. Yamato until she was really horny. Christ, I had almost forgotten about Mom. She must be in the closet. I turned to look and there she was, standing just inside the door of her walk-in closet, motioning to the belts from her robes that she had laid out on the bed. I nodded and turned to pick up one of the belts, certain that I

wouldn't be able to hold back and go slow. I looked back at Mom, my eyes pleading for her permission to let me take Mrs. Yamato right away for the first time but she ignored my plight, gesturing for me to use the belt to blindfold her friend.

I slipped the belt under Mrs. Yamato's forehead and over her eyes. As I wrapped it around her head to tie it off, she giggled and shook her hips, rubbing her ass across my cock. I tied the belt tight and looked at Mom. Her hands, she was holding her own together to indicate what to do next. I picked up another belt, pulled Mrs. Yamato's hands up behind her back and tied them together, to further giggles. Mrs. Yamato was now face down on the bed in front of me, ass high and knees spread, waiting for me to take her.

I looked at Mom. She was depressing her hand, palm down to the floor. Go slow; I got it. Her hand turned up with only the longest finger protruding. I nodded and stretched my own out, found Mrs. Yamato's pussy, and tickled all around the edge of her slit with the tip of my finger. She whimpered and, reluctantly, I set about to tease her for long time. For the next fifteen minutes I rubbed my one finger all around Mrs. Yamato's pussy and ass, periodically dipping into her slit, more and more, until I was finally fingering her with long, slow strokes as far as my finger could reach into her cunt. Every once in a while, I looked back for approval from Mom and got it.

When Mrs. Yamato fell flat on the bed, moaning, but still arching her ass up to meet my plunging finger, Mom indicated that I should turn her around. I rolled Mrs. Yamato over and, under Mom's gestured instruction, spread her legs wide and pulled my finger out of her cunt. Mrs. Yamato tried to rub the blindfold off but I replaced and tightened it.

Mom indicated that I should pinch her nipples, which I did. Mom left the closet then and walked toward us. Cautiously, she got onto the bed and crawled up behind me. Reaching under me, she pried up on my inner thighs to force me up into a crouch. Was she going to suck me from underneath?

Nope. Mom crawled under me and settled down between Mrs. Yamato's widely spread legs. She looked up at me and nodded at Mrs. Yamato's tits. As I rolled her nipples between my fingers, Mom lowered her head and tasted her friend's pussy.

I thought Mrs. Yamato was snarling for a minute. She released the strangest sound I had ever heard from a woman's throat. Mom's head barely moved but whatever her mouth was doing, Mrs. Yamato utterly loved it. The snarl devolved into a long series of moans and whimpers. Mrs. Yamato twitched and squiggled on the bed, twisting this way and that, but kept her pussy centered under Mom's mouth. Her stomach muscles

tensed with the effort of trying to push her cunt onto Mom's tongue, or mine, I guess, from her blinded perspective.

This went on for a long time. I didn't see Mrs. Yamato get her hands loose until she reached down to grab my, or rather, Mom's, head. Her whole body froze then, except for her fingers, which shook as they clutched Mom's head. Then, she shrieked and quickly drew her hands up to the belt around her eyes but I managed to grab them before she could pull it away.

"Oh no," she cried. "Margaret, no!"

She writhed on the bed as if trying to twist free but her pussy didn't pull away and Mom kept her tongue inside it. I could see that Mom had wrapped her arms under Mrs. Yamato's legs, holding her fast. I wondered if Mom had heard Mrs. Yamato cry out Mrs. J's name. Realizing it was a woman eating her out, she had inferred it was Mrs. J, and why wouldn't she, knowing her and given the display she had made the day she demanded I show them how the pat-down worked?

"Margaret, I said we can't do this," Mrs. Yamato whimpered. "I'm not like that," she insisted, renewing her struggle.

Mom wiggled her face and Mrs. Yamato moaned loudly, belying her words.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh, Godddd."

Her hands broke free of my grip but instead of trying to pull the blindfold away, they locked onto Mom's head and pulled it harder onto her pussy, her legs closing and bending as if she was convulsing.

"Oh my god, Margaret. Oh god," she cried.

Her legs thrashed around on the bed and every time her feet planted in the mattress, she bucked her pelvis up into Mom's face. She was climaxing. I leaned down to take a stiff nipple into my mouth and sucked it hard. Her head shook from side to side and she loudly announced her orgasm. It lasted minutes and, several times, just when it seemed to be over, another bout of moaning and thrashing ensued. Finally, she lay still, quietly regaining her breath, limbs limp.

I stood up on the bed, suddenly realizing how cramped I felt crouching over Mrs. Yamato. Surprisingly, I had held onto her nipples the whole time except for the when I had caught her

hands and when I sucked her nipples. As soon as I stood, Mom crawled up onto Mrs. Yamato's small chest. I stepped back and fell to my knees behind Mom, thinking she wanted to kiss Mrs. Yamato and hoping she would stretch out so I could feed my cock into her from behind. It was my turn, wasn't it?

"Margaret...,"

"Shhhhh," Mom silenced her.

Mom picked up Mrs. Yamato's limp arms and placed her hands on her own tits. I looked over Mom's shoulders as she dropped her hands and pulled the belt off, uncovering Mrs. Yamato's eyes for the first time.

Shock! Pure and utter shock.

"Janet!" Sayuri exclaimed.

Mom ignored her reaction and calmly asked her, "Do you like them?" arching her back to push her tits into Mrs. Yamato's limp hands.

Mrs. Yamato blinked, several times, then responded, "Yes."

"Then show me," Mom said.

Mrs. Yamato's fingers closed over Mom's larger breasts and Mom leaned her head back. "That's it," she whispered.

Mrs. Yamato didn't say anything else. She concentrated instead on fondling Mom's tits. I watched her technique, my head hanging over Mom's shoulders, but couldn't discern anything different from the way I would have done it but I could tell from the low murmurs from Mom that it felt different to her. I looked into Mrs. Yamato's eyes but she never once took them off Mom's face. It was as if they were alone in their own world.

When Mrs. Yamato lifted her head up, trying to take Mom's nipple into her mouth, Mom softly denied her, "Oh no you don't. You owe me more than that."

On that note, Mom squiggled her legs higher up Mrs. Yamato's chest until her thighs were spread wide over her face. Reaching down, Mom pulled Mrs. Yamato's face up to her pussy. "Lick me," she said.

Dutifully, Mrs. Yamato's tongue began exploring Mom's pussy. She licked and lapped, poked and stabbed. She wasn't in a hurry, I noted. Whereas I would have been trying to force Mom quickly into ecstasy, Mrs. Yamato took her time, as if the enjoyment was in the doing, not in the end result. Mom threw her head back and began moving her hips to and fro, the two of them riding the thrill of the moment, squeezing everything they could out of it without rushing toward any ultimate goal. I knew I had just learned an important lesson.

Mom slowly rode Mrs. Yamato's face to her own orgasm, unhurried and relaxed but intense all the same. They were both breathing very hard, moaning but not groaning, faster and faster until it was done. There was no burst of fireworks. Mom simply began to slow and gradually, her hips stopped moving and she pulled her pussy away from Mrs. Yamato's mouth.

"Whew," Mom cried.

"Whew," Mrs. Yamato replied.

"Sayuri, that was simply awesome."

"I'm glad you liked it. You were awesome too."

"Thank you."

"We've forgotten someone, I think," Mom said, turning around to look at me.

"Oh yes. Poor boy," Mrs. Yamato cooed.

"Should we let him fuck us?" Mom asked.

"Us?" Mrs. Yamato said, looking truly surprised. "You're fucking your son?"

"We've just started, partly because of you," Mom replied.

"That's incredible," Mrs. Yamato exclaimed. "I can't believe it."

"Neither can I," Mom said. "Not a word to Margaret."

"Of course not. Never."

"She can't keep anything to herself."

"I know. That's why I refused her advances."

"She wanted to do it with you?" Mom's tone indicated surprise. "She must really need it. You're not a lesbian."

"Neither are you," Mrs. Yamato laughed.

"That's true," Mom laughed with her.

"Hey," I interrupted. "Can you two have a chat some other time."

"Oh," Mom teased. "Is there something you want?"

"Damn right," I said. "You," I sidled up close to Mom's backside, running my cock up the crack of her ass. "And you too," I said, looking down at Mrs. Yamato.

Mom shifted forward, pushing her pussy back onto Mrs. Yamato's face.

"I want seconds," she said. "But Mark can do you at the same time. Then we'll switch."

"Sounds good to me," Mrs. Yamato agreed.

Mom leaned forward onto Mrs. Yamato's face and she in turn lifted her legs up, allowing Mom to drape her arms over the back of her calves, holding them far back and wide open for me. Mrs. Yamato's spread, glistening wet pussy beckoned. Just above it was Mom's equally inviting cunt, leaning over Mrs. Yamato's face, her tongue already lapping through her slit.

I leaned my hips forward and fed my cock into Mrs. Yamato's welcoming snatch, pleased by the satisfied grunt she emitted as I shoved the head inside. Not wanting to leave Mom wanting, I fit my finger into her pussy behind Mrs. Yamato's tongue and slowly pushed it into her squishy wetness as I started to slowly fuck my cock into Mrs. Yamato.

And so iit went. I sped up and slowed down but never reached a frantic pace. Occasionally, I pulled out of Mrs. Yamato and pushed my cock into Mom's cunt. It was all the more hot and clinging for being ignored and each time I returned for a visit, it seemed even more eager to welcome me home. Each time I

pulled out and returned to Mrs. Yamato's equally hot and tighter snatch, I slipped a couple of fingers into Mom's cunt and fingered her in time to my thrusts into Mrs. Yamato. We were a finely tuned trio.

We paused several times to prolong our session, moving slowly, if at all, then gradually increased our tempo again, in unison. I bent forward to kiss the top of Mom's back during these pauses and found myself working my way down to nibble and nip her ass. It wasn't long before my tongue was lavishing her ass and then it was a short hop to dip my tongue into her crack to sample her little crinkly, sliding across it in one long, slow lick. She moaned loudly when I did that so I pushed my tongue inside and wiggled it around. Mom went wild.

"Hey, what's going on?" Mrs. Yamato complained, missing my cock, which I had to pull out of her in order to put my face on Mom's ass.

"Nothing," Mom moaned.

"Nothing," I groaned, sliding my cock into Mrs. Yamato's yawning cunt.

I fucked her hard then. Not rapidly, but with lunging thrusts that lingered at the greatest depth. I realized by Mom's response that this was something she wanted us to keep to ourselves so I didn't kiss her ass again but as I fucked Mrs. Yamato hard, I worked a thumb into Mom's ass and was thrilled when she shoved back to welcome it.

When we were coming, exquisitely timing our arrival at the same time, I gasped into Mom's ear loud enough for only her to hear, "I'm going to have you there tonight."

Mom's orgasm was the loudest, drowning out even Mrs. Yamato.