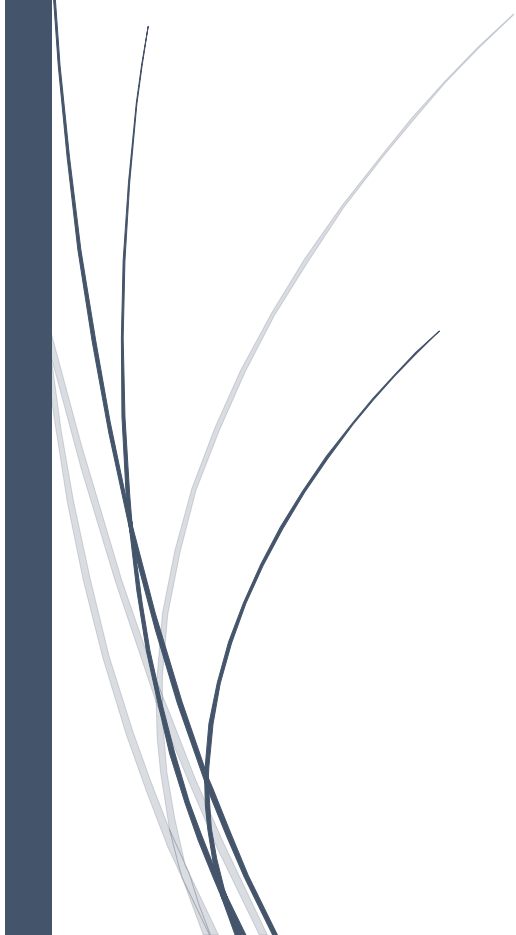




# The Rambler



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# Chapter 1

"Jeez, Dad. What an ugly car."

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My son laughed as he held a picture up, arms length from his face as if it could actually damage his eyes.

"You didn't really drive around in that, did you?"

I stretched my hand out and waved it, silently demanding he turn over the offending picture and Tom put it in my hand just as my wife leaned over and laughed.

"That was your father's first car," she cackled.

"Man is it ugly. What was it?" Tom asked as I jerked the picture from his hand.

"A Rambler," his Mom said.

Miffed, I corrected my wife, "A 1959 Rambler American Continental."

That's right," Laura's mirth boiled forth. "I forgot."

"What's that on the back?" Tom pointed at the picture, now in my hand. Engrossed in the picture, I didn't answer.

"Oh, that. That was for the rear tire," Laura explained. "Like a Lincoln," she laughed.

"You went out with Dad when he was driving that?" Tom's scepticism was evident in his voice, clearly not convinced that an attractive, modern woman like his mother would have gone out with a 'goodie-goodie' like his father, especially driving such a joke car.

"Oh no," Laura laughed. "Gran owned half of it and she talked your Grandad into lending your Dad the money to get a car of his own after he first brought me home, something decent to take a nice girl out in, bless her soul. That's when he got the '57 Chevy hardtop. Now that was a nice car. There should be a picture of it in here somewhere."

Laura started pushing pictures around, searching for the Chevy, and Tom's attention turned to the new search. My focus remained on the '59 Rambler. The picture, as far as I knew, was the only one left of that car. Dad had taken the picture of me standing by the driver's side door, with Mom beside me. My hand was stretched out onto the roof of the car and my other arm was curled around my Mom's waist, standing beside me.

We were looking through boxes of Mom's old pictures. She passed away last year, three years after Dad. My eyes focused on the picture of my mother, about forty then but looking trim and youthful. We both wore big smiles, still innocent of what would happen in the car which, as Laura noted, was shared between my mother and me. I put the picture in my shirt pocket and joined the search for a picture of my beloved '57 Chevy, the car in which Tom

would had been conceived if Laura hadn't been so insistent on me using condoms.

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I enjoyed this part of the day, evening, after everyone else had gone to bed. I was sitting in my lazy boy, feet up, lights dimmed, TV showing the news but the sound turned way down, sipping a glass of 20 year old port. My thoughts turned back to the picture of the Rambler and I pulled it from my shirt pocket.

The Rambler. So many special memories. Laura was right about one thing. Mom did make Dad lend me the money to get a car, money I never paid back. And Mom didn't want me to take Laura out in it, but Laura was a long ways away from the why of it. Thank god.

I closed my eyes, picturing those first days in the Rambler.

\* \* \* \* \*

I sure as hell didn't want that Rambler. It was a dorky looking car, that was for sure. I wouldn't have minded, though, if it had been all mine but my father insisted that I could only have a car if I shared one with Mom and after a year, if I didn't have any accidents, I could either buy her out or get one on my own. I was pissed at having to share a car, and more pissed at the car Dad picked out. But wheels were wheels so I capitulated, with as much grace as I could muster under the circumstances.

I didn't need to look at the picture to remember the Rambler or to see Mom as she was then. Mom was a tall woman, only a couple of inches shorter than me, and thin. Her face, outlined by dark hair worn straight to just touch her shoulders, was a little too drawn to be called pretty. She would more aptly have been

described as a handsome woman. But one thing that did stand out about her was her lithe figure and normal sized breasts that seemed overly large and pert on such a long, slender frame. Perhaps to compensate for her not-quite-there beauty, Mom had a penchant for wearing tight sweaters made of soft material that tended to cling to her breasts, emphasizing their size and perfect form. The picture certainly showed that the way she was standing beside me, leaning in with her head against my chest, her body twisted so that one breast was thrust out more than the other. Her straight hair was unique then, too. At that time, if a woman wore her hair mid-length, it fell just past her shoulders and was flipped up and out in a little semi-curl. Mom's fell just short of her shoulder and curled in, like a modern cut today.

How did it all start? ... What was it?

Oh, Yeah. I was arguing because I wanted the car on Saturday night but I had already had it Friday night and all day Saturday. Mom wasn't using it but my Dad imposed his will and said I couldn't have the car all weekend, no reason provided. That was it. I could go to the drive-in in Tim's car for a change. It didn't matter that the Rambler, with its fold-down 60/40 seat was better for the drive in -- how could I explain that to my Dad, especially in front of my mother? Not that we had any dates lined up, but we were always hopeful that we could pick something up cruising the town before the movie. Mom lobbied for me but Dad's mind was set and that was that.

That's when Tim phoned and, after I broke the news, told me that his Mom was using 'his' car -- he was in the same stupid car situation as me -- to go to the drive-in because there was a movie on that she wanted to see. Tim's mom knew we always parked his car anyway and used mine. She was a little more with it than my parents.

So now it looked like we had to go to the drive-in with Tim's mom in tow. We weren't in the cool crowd at school and this would

certainly make sure that never happened. Mom overheard me talking on the phone and signaled that she wanted to talk to Tim's mom. They were friends of course, as many people the same age were in a small town like ours. On the phone, Mom invited herself to see the movie too, and then hung up.

I was left standing looking at the wall phone as Mom walked into the living room to inform Dad that Tim's Mom wanted company to see a movie so she was going to join her and they would use our car so Tim and I could use his. She turned back to me as Dad nodded his consent and told me to hurry so she wouldn't be late for the show.

In the car, Mom confided that she didn't really care about the movie. She was only going so I Tim and I could use our car and she would go with Tim's Mom, Millie. I think that was the first time I realized that my mom was actually kind of cool.

Cooler than Tim's mom anyway. It turned out that Millie didn't want to go to the movie that was on in town after she heard about the double feature playing at the drive-in in Middleton where Tim and I wanted to go. Tim ran out to meet Mom and I to explain this. His mom wouldn't relinquish the car, insisting that we take her and my mom to the drive-in, at least for the first movie which she wanted to see and then she'd turn over the car. As an added incentive, she offered to buy gas for the next two weeks and let him have the car both nights the following weekend. Tim implored me to agree. What could I do?

So we drove to the edge of town and dropped the car off in the empty, outside mall parking lot, the only one in town, and headed for Middleton in the Ramber with the two moms in the back seat. Just before town, I pulled over.

"What's wrong?" Mom asked, leaning forward, concern in her voice.  
"Are we out of gas?"

"No."

"Then what's wrong?"

Tim looked as confused as our moms.

"We can't go into the drive-in like this."

"Like what?" Tim piped in.

"With us sitting in front and two girls sitting in back," I said impatiently, exasperated with his lack of insight. "We'll look like real dorks."

"It's better than driving in with our moms," Tim retorted

"No one will notice if they keep their faces turned away. We'll be through the gate and in the dark before any sees."

"Thanks a lot," Millie spoke up. She turned to Mom, laughing, "God forbid they should be seen with two old dinosaurs."



"Millie," Mom said. "You remember what it was like to be a teenager. Let's just switch seats until we get inside." Without waiting for a response from Tim's mom, Mom pushed on the seat behind me. "Let me out."

Mom walked around and waited for Tim to crawl into the back to sit next to his Mom, who scooted over behind me. As we drove on, Mom took some money out of her purse and handed it to me. "Here, I'll treat so you can pay quickly."

I took the money and tried to make my appreciation for Mom's understanding obvious in my voice. "Thanks Mom." She didn't say anything but reached over to affectionately pat my leg a couple of times.

At the gate, Mom turned to talk to Millie, not once facing the girl in the ticket booth. We were through in record time and I steered the car close to the far side, away from the usual gathering spot for kids from our town. I offered to fetch pop and popcorn and Tim's mom insisted on paying. The first feature had started by the time I got back. I breathed a sigh of relief to see that everyone was still seated in the same spots.

After getting settled inside and handing out the drinks and popcorn, I said to Tim, "It's a good thing you didn't change seats."

"Why?"

I ran into Anderson and that bunch with their girlfriends in the lineup. Anderson said he saw us parked over here and asked where we picked up the two older girls."

Both of the moms laughed out loud. Tim was concerned, "What did you say?"

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"I said we took a spin by the college and got lucky. I told him I'd owe him one if they didn't bug us and he said ok but I had to spill the beans if we got lucky. Getts said they'd be too busy themselves anyway. I don't know what Karen see in him, lucky asshole. ... Sorry, Mom."

"It's ok."

"What a riot," Millie laughed. "This is hilarious. Come on, Mary, let's take a walk."

"Mom, don't!" Tim yelled, restraining his mom as she tried to reach past Mom for the door handle.

"I'm just kidding, don't freak out," Millie gasped, laughing so hard now she could hardly speak. "We'll play along."

Mom looked at me, reassuring, "Yes, we'll play along."

We all turned to watch the movie. About ten minutes later, Millie complained.

"Tim, what are you doing?"

I looked in the mirror to see Tim's shadowy head moving into the middle of the backseat, squeezing his mom into the corner.

Page | "I can't sit way over there," he said. "It will look like we bombed  
10 out."

"What?" Millie sounded confused.

"If we're sitting way apart, those guys will think we bombed out and Rick and I will get the shit bugged out of us on Monday."

"Watch your language," Millie said, then, with more understanding, "Oh, I see." There was further rustling in the dark as Tim completed his move, then Millie complained, "But I can't see through the middle now."

"Rick," Tim said. "Move over."

I didn't move, staying behind the wheel. Tim pushed on the seat several times, hard enough to jerk me ahead.

"Come on, move over. Don't blow it."

"Come on, honey," Mom kicked in. "I won't bite you." She picked the popcorn up from the seat, opened the glove box and set it there. "Come on, play the game," she beckoned.

I shifted over about half way from behind the wheel, leaving about a foot between us. Silence settled into the car, except for the sound of the movie from the speaker box hanging in the window, the munching of popcorn, and the odd suck through a straw. After another ten minutes or so, Tim's mom spoke again.

"Timmy, can you pull the seat back so I can see over it?" Her voice was quieter, almost like a real date half an hour into a movie.

Tim wiggled the seat. "Move over more, Rick."

I complied and Rick must have leaned down to pull the seat lever because it pulled back as soon as I shifted over. I had to move even more then to support myself and ended pressed very close to Mom. I felt awkward.

"Sorry, Mom," I whispered.

"It's ok. You haven't cuddled with me since you were little. I don't mind," she assured me.

Mom nestled against me and I put my arm around her a minute later, not knowing what else to do with it. As the movie played on, we gradually shifted about, getting more comfortable, Mom turning her back a little more to the door and me shifting closer to her because the screen was to the left of the car and I needed to twist toward Mom to save my neck.

Silence reigned in the car again. In the quiet, I became aware of Mom as a woman, even before the first sex scene. The scent of her perfume, tastefully applied in small amounts, filled my nostrils. I

found myself pretending that I was relieving my neck by looking away from the screen but I was really looking at the front of Mom's sweater, pleased to see that she was wearing one with a deep 'V' cut that showed the inner swells of her breasts. I truly hadn't noticed until then but, once seen, I couldn't help looking again and again. Mom didn't seem to notice my attention.

Mom's breasts were captivating in the flickering cinematic light. She must have been wearing one of those bras that connected only at the bottom because I could see quite a bit of her cleavage without any sign of a white restraint. On my umpteenth perusal of her assets, Mom suddenly fidgeted and I thought I had been caught. This would be awkward. But she only complained about her foot going to sleep and lifted her left knee to dangle her leg over mine. I was thrilled when the flickering light revealed that Mom's skirt had been pushed back from her knees to reveal tantalizing glimpses of tender, white thigh.

For the next while I was torn between admiring Mom's breasts and trying to dig my eyes deeper under her skirt between her legs, trying to catch a glimpse of white panty. I was also surprised to realize that at some point I had started toying with Mom's hair and stroking the nape of her neck. Stranger yet, she hadn't said a thing or given any indication that she was even aware I was doing it!

Just then, there a rustling in the backseat, followed by Millie whispering.

"What are you doing? ... Stop it, Tim."

"Shhhhhh." I presumed it was Tim responding. "Just play along or they'll figure it out."

More rustling followed by an unintelligible protest, then a long pause. I looked at Mom and she looked back at me. We were still regarding each other when we heard the unmistakable sound of kissing. Mom's eyes widened, as I'm sure mine did, and then looked into the backseat. I kept my gaze fixed on Mom's face and I remember clearly thinking that she wasn't just handsome, she was beautiful. Mom looked back at me, eyes sparkling, her face crinkling up into a conspiratorial smile of shared discovery.

"Tim ..."

"Someone was standing behind the car. I think those guys are checking us out."

Millie's response was cut off by the sound of more kissing. Mom smiled at me again and turned back to watch the movie but I had to twist my head around to see if Tim really was kissing his mom. He was. They were necking as hard as he did with any girl I'd seen him with. When I turned back, I cast my eyes down over Mom's chest and suddenly realized that my left hand was on the outside of her right knee. I must have moved it naturally when I twisted around. Mom was paying it no attention, so I left it where it was.

When the light flickered brightly across Mom's features I again realized how truly beautiful she now seemed. As the light dimmed, I impulsively leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the cheek in response to the overwhelming affection I felt for her at that moment.

Mom turned, perhaps in surprise. She must have mistaken my intent, thinking I wanted her to play along like Millie was doing with her son, for she leaned forward and kissed me softly on my lips. I was taken completely by surprise and was shocked into stillness but when Mom's lips stayed pressed to mine, I kissed her back. She didn't pull away when my lips began moving on hers so

I curled my arm tighter around her neck and started to really kiss her. And kiss her, and kiss her.

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I lost track of time. I don't know how long we were necking but when the drive-in lights flicked to indicate the end of the first movie and concession time, my tongue was inside my mother's mouth and I continued to kiss her while the credits scrolled up the screen behind me. When I relented to the gentle pressure of Mom's hands against my chest, I realized that Mom had settled further into the door and I was leaning over her. Mom smiled sweetly at me, perhaps to show me that she wasn't upset with me. I looked down and realized that my hand had slipped up the outside of Mom's leg from her knee and was now underneath her skirt, though still on the outside of her thigh. I pulled back to sit upright, reluctantly dragging my hand with me. I turned to look into the backseat.

Tim and his mom were looking back at me, a little sheepishly. They were somewhat disheveled and Millie's legs were stretched over top of her son's, like Mom's were still stretched over mine. Millie was lying more prone than Mom, having settled deeper into the corner of the backseat. I could see in the still quite dim light that Tim had a big smile on his face. His hand was on his mother's leg, still slightly under her skirt, but inside her legs! I quickly turned away to hide the shock on my face.

Mom was still lying back against the door. "Well, Millie, that was fun," she said languidly stretching her body, her bottom pushing my legs further away. "Should we get going?"

"No let's stay for the next movie."

"I don't know, Millie. It's getting late. I really should go home."

"But I told Norm we were going to a double feature," Millie complained, adding to her argument after a brief pause. "And it isn't fair to make the kids leave so early."

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I looked back to see Tim's face still painted with his satisfied smile, his hand draped casually between his mother's legs, near her knees. I looked back at his face and he flared his eyes to acknowledge what I'd seen. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed his hand slip an inch further between his mother's legs.

"I don't know, Millie. I think we've played enough games for one night." Mom shifted upright, sliding her legs across mine but she didn't twist them off, staying turned toward the backseat as she continued talking to her friend, leaning with her elbow on the top of the seat. I noticed how her outstretched arm tightened her sweater over her breast and was able to truly appreciate its magnificent shape when Mom suddenly lifted her hand to brush her hair away from her face.

"Oh, come on. How often do we get to do something new. We should stay until just before the end of the movie so those kids will think our sons hit it really big with some college girls. They'll be heroes."

I noticed Mom glance down at her friend's knees, then quickly fix on Millie's face again. She must have seen Tim's hand.

"Yeah, c'mon Mom," Tim pitched in, adding his plea to his mom's. "Help us out."

Mom looked at me, possibly surprised by how far Millie had 'played along' yet not wanting to deprive her friend of something she seemed to want, or perhaps she simply felt awkward and wanted an excuse to look away.



"Do you want to stay longer, Rick?"

Page |  
16 I looked into her eyes. "Yes."

Mom nodded. "Ok, then."

She twisted her legs around off of mine then, leaning down to get her purse. She fixed her face and brushed her hair, all the while chatting to Millie about the movie the way she would normally talk to her when they were having tea together. Obviously, she'd been watching the movie, unlike myself who couldn't have told you a thing about it. Looking back on it now, I realized that she never did say anything about the last part of the movie.

Anyway, when the movie started again, everyone quieted down. Mom kicked her shoes off and swung her legs up onto mine as the car darkened. She scooted down to rest her bottom against my legs which made her lean further into the door than before. I quickly resumed my survey of her chest and skirt. I was pleased to notice that her scooting action had pushed her skirt higher on her legs so the hem was now stretched across her upper thighs and the bottom of the sweater had pushed up as well, leaving a thin band of tummy showing. I was truly thrilled when I noticed a flash of white panty as Mom squirmed about to get comfortable, her legs parting in the process. She didn't close them and I began to twitch under my pants.

"Mmmmmm." Tim and his mom had wasted no time resuming their deep kissing.

I looked at Mom to find her watching me with a big smile on her face. I was thankful that the car was dark enough that she wouldn't be able to see my face go red at getting caught looking under her skirt but Mom seemed oblivious to my transgression, holding her arms out toward me. I leaned toward her and naturally slid my right arm under hers, past her waist and behind her back instead of around her neck like before. My face closed on hers and she closed her eyes, lifting her mouth towards mine. It was only seconds before my tongue slid inside her mouth. She sucked me in.

A minute later, in the middle of an urgent kiss, I put my hand on her leg and slid it up until it slipped under her skirt. Mom offered no protest, despite the fact that it was no longer on the outside of her leg but on top of her thigh with my thumb trailing down between her legs, grazing the soft part of her inner leg where the muscle thickens. Would she have been so accepting if she hadn't noticed Tim's hand between his mother's legs?

I kissed Mom for a long time, not daring to move my hand, afraid to call attention to its new position. Eventually, since she had shown no indication that she was aware of any difference, I let my thumb slowly slide back and forth, gently caressing the inside of her upper leg. Mom didn't object. If anything, our kissing intensified. Slowly, I tried to push my hand deeper under Mom's skirt, dragging my grazing thumb higher until I was scraping up and down on the inside of her upper thigh.

I was so far under her skirt, I should have been scraping the inside of both thighs but I wasn't. I realized with titillating surprise that Mom must have opened her legs more in response to my caress. My cock, already very hard, stiffened even more, straightening through the leg of my underwear and stretching down inside my jeans.

Several more minutes of seriously long snogs and my hand reached the bend in Mom's leg that signaled my progression onto

her hip. I continued to push, my thumb grazing warmer and softer, slightly damp flesh. Our breathing was rapid, shallow and ragged, our chests heaving together, but Mom displayed no signals that she wanted me to stop.

And then, the tip of my thumb, on a downward slide, scraped down the front of Mom's panties. I felt her tense up and when I dragged my thumb up, exerting sufficient pressure to push a wave of panty ahead of my thumbnail, Mom pulled her lips away from mine.

"Ricky, no," she whispered, much more quietly than the frantic whispers we continued to hear from the backseat. There was no question only I could hear her quiet protest. I liked the way Mom was more private than her friend.

"They won't know," I whispered hoarsely into Mom's ear, even more quietly than she, as if that were the only concern. Before she could answer, I swept my thumb through its downward arc, making sure the tip rubbed down the front of her panties, trying to find the center groove.

"Shhhhhh," I whispered, pressing my lips to hers. My thumb made several more return trips while I applied the gentlest, most seductive and nonthreatening kiss I could muster.

When the kiss broke, Mom protested quietly again, "Ricky, no."

I kept moving my thumb, slowly up and down, now in the groove.

"Shhhhhhh," I whispered, raining several quick and fluttery kisses on her lips, sliding the tip of my tongue along the breadth of her lips, dipped slightly between, then slowly pushing my tongue inside her mouth. I lined my thumb up along Mom's groove and rocked it from side to side, slowly turning her shallow trench into a small valley that threatened to flood from within.

When I couldn't hold the kiss any longer, our lips parted but there was no further protest from Mom. I continued rubbing her panties, loving the little reactions that were now evident on her beautiful face even in the dim, flickering light. Mom's right leg moved, opening her thighs even wider to improve my access. Quick to take advantage of her welcome, I expanded the territory my thumb encompassed, rubbing all around now, determining the outline of the pussy lying underneath those damp, white panties. I showered fluttery little kisses with my lips and the tip of my tongue all over Mom's face, loving the way her head tipped back, stretching her neck, offering it to my welcoming lips. The look of ecstasy on her face almost made me cum.

I had twisted my hand now so my fingers stretched down between Mom's legs and my thumb was circling around at the top of her mound, digging inside there to find a little nub that Mom seemed to really like having rubbed. She was mine now. She was twisting her hips in tiny movements, up against my fingers and thumb, pushing into me, grinding against my hand.

"Ricky ... ohhhh ... Ricky," she whispered, so quietly.

"I love you ... I love you," I answered to each call of my name and uncontrolled, trembling, "ohhhhhh."

She was moving faster and faster, her hips bucking, the 'ohhhhhhs' so frequent they were almost strung together. I changed my

whispered response. 'I love you' was too long to answer her 'ohhhhhhs'.

Page | "Fuck," I whispered, over and over, pushing my hand hard against  
20 her panties, squeezing and rubbing her frantic mound.

Suddenly, her legs stiffened and her hand clamped onto mine, holding it in place. Her back arched as she strained against my hand, her mouth open in a silent scream. My hand felt warm and wet and I kept it against her panties when she relaxed, falling back into the seat. I watched Mom's face, eyes closed and full of grace, keeping my hand lightly pressed against her pussy but not moving.

After a minute Mom opened her eyes and smiled at me, looking satisfied and at peace with the world. She gave no indication that I should remove my hand so I kept it there. Her eyes strayed as if trying to look over the back of the seat which she could no longer do from her slumped position. Mom's smile widened as she listened to the louder whispers and moans emanating from the backseat, the sounds leaving no doubt about what was going on. Millie sounded like she was about to reach orgasm but then her low moans subsided. A moment later this was repeated. Tim was teasing the shit out of his mother.

Mom's smile turned into a silent grin. With her eyes on me, I pulled my right arm from behind her back and slipped my hand under the front of her sweater, bringing it to rest on her left breast. Mom shook her head from side to side.

"They're almost finished," she whispered.

I persisted, gently squeezing her tit. Her head continued to shake but her expression changed to one of resignation as I continued

milking her breast. It changed again, however, when my fingers slid down to bottom of her bra and tried to flip it up and over her tit.

"No," she whispered, her head starting to shake again but more vigorously.

I ignored her and kept trying to flip her bra up. Head still shaking, but more slowly, Mom's hands suddenly appeared. I braced myself to resist the push I expected but instead Mom lifted her sweater up and pulled her bra off with it. I was staring down at her bare tits for the first time in my life.

They were awesome. They had to be for I was in awe. Even lying back, they burst up from her chest, capped by darkened aureoles about an inch and a half wide with protruding, stiff nipples rising more than half an inch from each proud tit. I leaned down and sucked the nearest one into my mouth and didn't let go of it lest she change her mind. Mom's hands curled around the back of my head, holding my mouth on her breast. I sucked and sucked and sucked until I felt her moving against my other hand again. I kept sucking but I started rubbing too. Soon, I was loudly slurping and she was moaning as she literally fucked my hand, no longer worried about being quiet. She came for the second time a couple of minutes later, once again arching her back and stretching rigid, her panties shuddering in my squeezing palm.

When Mom fell back and we began recouping our breath, Millie's voice sounded from the backseat.

"Should we all have a smoke."

All of us burst out laughing. We laughed for a long time, took a breather, and started laughing again. The joke wasn't that funny but it was a perfect edge on which to release our tension about how to renew our interaction as a foursome. It allowed all of us to acknowledge what had happened, leaving no need for secrecy, not between us. I remember finding it strange that I had considered us a foursome, Tim and I and our two mothers, excluding our fathers. I turned it over in my mind, becoming more comfortable with the thought of us as the men for them, and then thinking it was natural, meant to be.

"Is the movie almost over?" Mom asked.

"Only half way through," Millie replied.

There was a long silence broken a few minutes later by renewed rustling and kissing in the back, quickly followed by quiet murmurs. They were at it again. I looked down at Mom's gorgeous tits and was about to descend to possess them again when she shook her head. This time, I obeyed.

Mom reached down to my jeans. She didn't undo them like I had hoped but her slender hand slipped inside and stretched down, inside my shorts, searching for my hard cock. Quickly, I grasped my belt and expertly unbuckled it, then twisted the button undone, pulling to open the zipper. Mom's hand slid down, finding and sliding along my member until she found the tip, squeezing it, milking it. I tried to twist toward her and she opened her legs to let me rise up to face her.

After making it so hard I thought it could never be pulled out of my pants, Mom deftly defied physics and pulled me upright and free. Immediately, she started stroking my cock, staring at my cock, fascinated, almost as if she hadn't seen one before. She jacked me and jacked me, fast and slow, sometimes pausing to

stretch my cock up for a close examination. On one such inspection, I twisted toward her to make it easier for her to see and she pulled me closer, opening her mouth and swirling her tongue across her lips in a provocative come on. I leaned closer and Mom jacked my throbbing cock at her face.

I don't think she ever meant to take me inside her mouth but when a splatter of precum flew off my cock onto her face, her eyes focused on the sticky cream oozing from my tip. Mom's mouth suddenly opened wider and she slumped very low in the seat. I pushed my hips forward to follow but didn't stop a few inches away where she'd been holding me. I nosed my cock between her lips, and pushed inside.

Fucking glorious! Incredible. I had never, ever had my cock sucked before. I was crammed into the corner, against the side of the car, my cock trying to slide further into Mom's hot, wet mouth. I immediately tried to fuck her face but she was controlling how far inside I could get. I was still trying to jam it into her when she suddenly wrapped her hands around my legs in a frantic effort to hold me in instead of out. I realized too late that she could sense I was about to cum and was trying to keep my cock in her mouth so I didn't make a huge mess, but as I said, I was too late.

I exploded, detonating on Mom's face. Some gushed inside but since I was still pumping, I pulled out and squirted some on Mom's nose and cheek, then I was back inside for a prolonged gush and out again, spraying her chin and neck, then back in for good, humping, humping, humping. Finally, I was still, and pulled out, mortified at what I'd done.

Mom was lying with her eyes closed. "Hand me my purse," she gurgled.



I reached down and passed it into her blindly waving hands, sickened yet awestruck by the sight of her face covered in my cum. As Mom opened her purse and dug inside until she found and extracted a wad of tissues, a strange thought crossed my mind. It burst into my mind fully formed. 'I've marked her,' I thought, 'Marked her for life.'

I apologized several times while Mom cleaned her face. She comforted me as she cleaned her face, saying that it wasn't my fault, that it was probably my first time and I didn't know any better, that I would know for next time.

I turned at the sudden increase in backseat moaning just in time to see Tim blow his load. His jeans were down to his knees but his shorts were still pulled up. He was dry humping his mother with gay abandon. Her legs were wrapped around him and though I couldn't see, I was sure she was still wearing her panties. Mom was watching too and when I turned to look into her eyes just as they both starting cumming, I whispered, "No one saw."

Mom nodded. "Our secret," she whispered back.

By the time Tim and Millie were done, Mom and I were all straightened up and ready to leave.

The following Monday, the legend had already spread around the school. The Rambler had been observed, all fogged up, bouncing on its springs, but it had left before anyone caught a glimpse of the mystery college girls. Tim and I became minor heroes and were suddenly sought after by some girls that hadn't given us the time of day before. But we were elusive. Rumors started that we were hung up with the college girls but they had left us behind. We, of course, weren't talking.

## Chapter 2

As you can no doubt imagine, Tim and I were eager to compare notes about our experience at the drive-in but in the aftermath we were both showered with interest from girls who previously hadn't given us the time of day. It was overwhelming, not in numbers but the sheer unexpectedness of it all. To our credit, it soon rang hollow and neither of us were predisposed to respond favorably, partly because we were confused about the new choices and also wary about the validity of the options.

Our procrastination led to a defensive reaction of feigned disinterest from the best of our new fan club, a trend which accelerated into waning real interest with the growing scuttlebutt that we had simply been one-time lucky with a couple of college girls that had since saw the error of their ways. The rumor settled into high school lore when the Rambler failed to make an appearance at the next two drive-in features.

In any event, by that time we had both independently decided that we were really more enamored with our moms which we discovered when we finally did get time to really talk, first discussing the fact of our regressing popularity, and then quickly moving on to a more important topic, our moms.

In some ways, it seemed, the past few weeks on that front were similar but in other respects they were quite different. My home life continued as if the whole drive-in episode had never happened while Tim's fell short of his boyish dreams yet offered more than a glimmer of hope. In fact, it shimmered in comparison to mine, making mine look like purgatory.

This was hard to fathom, to say the least. Both of us had gone further with our mothers than we had with any other girl. Tim, who had started the ball rolling, had necked longer and more

intensely than ever before and then rubbed himself and his mom to orgasm. And I, unbeknownst to him, had gotten farther than he, actually sliding my cock into Mom's mouth and humping her face until I left a deposit that, as far as I was concerned, marked my territory. All this was forgotten in the ensuing weeks and I now wondered if, in our whirlwind triumph at school, we had neglected and possibly lost the true treasure that had always surrounded us.

My belated attempts to get Mom alone were mostly rebuffed and when I finally managed to corner her she made it plain there was nothing to talk about. She didn't say anything but her body language was not welcoming and whenever I mentioned what was on at the drive-in she simply said the car was mine and she'd make sure there was no argument from Dad.

Tim reported a similar reaction from his mother. We were both bummed out talking about at the drive-in where our lonely appearance was duly noted by our peers and confirmed the rumor about being dumped. The following week, we kept more or less to ourselves but I noticed that Tim seemed less bummed out than I. It wasn't until half way through the movie the following week at the drive-in that he owned up that things had improved for him on the home front. He may have experienced a setback but at least he was still on the game board.

Apparently, at the Sunday night dinner table the previous week, Tim started talking about the movies we'd seen with our moms at the drive-in. His father, of course, wasn't the least bit interested but something made him persist when he saw how uncomfortable his mom was with the topic. She actually blushed and looked down at the table when he first started talking about the movies. Only he noticed since his father was listening to the TV which was still on in the living room and soon got up to leave, cued by the start of some program.

Tim continued with his description of the first movie but despite his father's absence and, he thought, any reason for discomfort,

his mother still avoided his eyes while quickly finishing her own meal. As soon as she was finished, she got up and began clearing the dishes from the table. My friend kept talking while he watched his mother fill the sink with soapy water, his eyes catching every move she made.

Chewing the last bits of his meal, he realized that his mother probably wasn't joining her husband in the living room in fear of her son following and pursuing his distressing conversation. Tim, a more competitive sort than I, sensed an advantage, and decided to stay in the kitchen to pressure his mother, reminding her of their previous intimacy and shared indiscretion. He could tell that his discussion and visual attention was flustering his mother. He wondered, he told me, whether she was just afraid that he might let something slip about what had happened, or if the memories re-ignited the sexual excitement of that night. He got up from the table, bringing more dishes from the counter.

"Here, I'll help you with these, Mom."

"No, no. You go watch TV with your father. I can manage this," Millie quickly took the dishes from Tim, verbally shooing him away.

Undeterred, Tim snagged the dish towel that was hanging from the oven door handle and stood behind his mother, admiring how she filled the back of her skirt. "It was one of those knee-length skirts with heavy pleats starting just where the material crests the upper slope of the butt," he said, eyes kind of glazing as if he was picturing it in his mind. I formed a visual too and felt a stirring in my loins as Tim continued with his story.

Millie seemed aware of her son's attention and grew even more agitated, washing glasses much more quickly than normal, even putting them into the dish rack without rinsing them as she usually did.

"So I calmly rinsed the first glass and dried it, then did the same with the next one," he said. "I felt a strange sense of control," he told me, "feeling no need to rush. On the third glass, Mom started rinsing the dishes but she still washed them faster than usual."

Tim said he kept describing the movies, now on the second feature, and his mother eventually calmed down, slowing her pace until she was washing at her normal speed. Tim had fallen behind and the rack had filled so his mom had trouble finding a spot for a bowl. That's when Tim casually took several clean dishes off the rack and put them back in the soapy water.

"I don't think you got these clean enough," he said to his mom.

His audacity staggered me and from the grin on his face as he related this to me, it was still amazing to him.

"What happened?" I asked incredulously, expecting some strong rebuke from his mother or, even worse, a call to his father.

"Nothing," he replied, a tinge of surprise in his voice. "She didn't say a thing. She just started washing them again, really slow."

"You're kidding?"

"I kid you not," Tim laughed. He paused then, regarded me with a serious look on his face.

"What?" I implored, knowing something was coming but with no idea of what. "Come on, give."

"That's when I did it," he said, as if 'IT' was somehow obvious.

"Did what?" I resented having to pull it out of him, all the while realizing that the effort would increase the value of the prize.

"Patted her ass," he revealed.

Tim had reached down and lightly patted his mother's skirt several times, allowing his palm to briefly mold over her right cheek, cupping it gently and almost holding it as he leaned toward her to say, "That's better," as if he was the one in charge.

I couldn't believe my ears. Evidently, there hadn't even been a small rebuke. His mom, he said, acted as if nothing had happened. So then, after each dish was washed, Tim patted his mother's ass. It wasn't long, he said, before he simply kept his hand on her butt and massaged her cheek after each dish, ignoring the dishes in the rack and leaving them to dry on their own. When his mom finally finished washing all the dishes, even after he returned several more for re-washing, Tim said he pressed his raging boner against his mom's skirt, kissed her on the cheek, and whispered, "I'll help you with the dishes tomorrow night too, Mom."

Tim explained that this continued for the rest of the week. Every night, after his father left the kitchen, Tim and his mother would set about doing the dishes. There was no need to return any dishes to the sink. Millie washed everything thoroughly, taking extreme care to be sure each item virtually sparkled before it was placed in the rack. Tim had so much time between dishes that he found a need to employ both hands, rigorously exploring all of his mother's

backside. Eventually, he stood with his boner firmly pressed between his mother's skirted cheeks, allowing the dishes to be placed in the rack while his hands explored her blouse, leaving no inch of its spongy expanse untouched.

By Friday, despite progressing to intense stand-up body rubs accompanied by serious ear and neck nibbling, Tim was unable to convince his mother to go to the drive-in with him again, but he did extract a promise, he said, beaming with pride.

"What, what?" I cried, in eager expectation, awaiting some magic words to match his radiant features.

"She said she'd go again if your mom would too."

I struggled to breathe as that bomb sunk in. It was up to me, then? I couldn't even approach my mom and I was supposed to convince her to go? My excitement, built up so high listening to Tim talk about his week with his mother, crashed to the ground. I said as much to Tim.

"Don't worry," he said. "Mom will ask. You just have to get yours to agree."

I remained unconvinced.

"If she doesn't say anything," Tim went on, "just say I said my mom wanted to go to the drive-in and I won't take her alone unless you bring your mom too."

I was only half convinced.

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31 "It'll work, don't worry about it," Tim exuded his typical confidence. Except for getting dates with the good looking girls at school, things almost always worked out for Tim.

"Ok," I replied, uncertainly.

That was Saturday. After that, I ran every time the phone rang but hung back, waiting for someone else to answer. Whenever it was for mom, I lurked nearby out of sight, listening. But there was no call from Millie, at least none that I heard, though I couldn't be sure they didn't talk during the day when I was at school. By Wednesday, Tim was tired of me bugging him about it.

"Mom promised she'd call. Don't worry about it."

That was fine for him. He got to shove his dick into his mother's skirt every night after supper and grope her tits and last night, he took joy in telling me, she let him hump her butt until he came in his pants.

I had started helping with the dishes every night since Sunday but couldn't bring myself to make an advance on Mom, afraid I'd ruin everything if Millie did call. And though I brought up the subject of the drive-in, Mom neither responded nor seemed bothered by the topic. Her dishwashing was as fast and efficient as ever and I didn't have the courage to put any of her finished products back in the sink. So the week went on. Wednesday night turned in to Thursday and then Friday. Saturday was hell. I called Tim in desperation when there wasn't a single call all morning and at lunch Mom didn't say anything.



"Have you heard anything?" my voice pleaded for a positive response.

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"Your mom hasn't said anything?" Tim seemed surprised.

"No. Why?"

"Well, Mom said she talked to her yesterday. You sure she didn't say anything?"

"Positive," I countered, my heart, and dick, sinking. The answer must have been no.

"Huh," Tim replied, sounding mystified rather than devastated the way I was feeling.

"I'll look into it," Tim promised.

I hung up, got some lemonade from the fridge and wandered out to sit on the patio. I was only dimly aware when the phone rang several minutes later though I'd jumped at every ring for the previous week. It rang and rang. Finally, it stopped and Mom's cheery voice sang out from around the corner where the phone hung on the kitchen wall, "Hello."

"Oh, Millie. Hi."

"Yeah, sorry. I just got so busy, I forgot."

"Oh, I don't know, Millie. I don't think so." Mom's voice suddenly lowered, "Things got so carried away last time."

I slumped back into the lounge. There was a long pause, punctuated by a few 'mmhmmms'.

"I know, Millie," Mom's voice lowered even more. "I'm fine with it but just as a one-time thing," she almost whispered.

Another long pause. I sunk deeper into the cushion.

"Well, why can't you just go by yourself?" Mom's voice returned to normal.

"You're kidding. Millie, you need to get hold of yourself."

Another long pause broken by, "I know," several times.

"Yes, they are handsome boys."

I perked up.

"They think they got dumped?"

"Well ok. But just to be seen ... so it looks like they're still on."

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"Alright. Ok, Millie, I said yes ... tonight? I can't. Wayne's boss is having another party. We have to go." Mom didn't sound enthused by the prospect.

"Next week, then. Ok. Talk to you." Mom hung up.

I stayed rigidly still in the lounge, trying not to make a sound. I didn't want Mom to know I'd overheard her conversation and hoped she didn't come outside. Thankfully, the sound of her feet faded as she walked away.

I was ecstatic and disappointed at the same time. Mom was coming to the drive-in but not until the next week and clearly she wasn't into fooling around, but my spirits still rose. Mom may not want to do anything but there was no way, not after what Tim had been telling me, that there wouldn't be hot action to listen to from the back seat. If I could just get Mom to sit close to me as if we were on a date -- and Millie had clearly pitched that as an excuse -- then one thing might lead to another. A lump suddenly appeared in my pants. Down boy, I thought, my excitement rising. We have to get through the next week without ruining things.

\* \* \* \* \*

SLAM!

The sound of the door jolted me upright in bed. My head jerked around as I strained to see in the dark, then sat still to listen as I realized that was futile. Sleep fogged my brain and I could only sense the anger in the loud exchange of words and nothing of their meaning. Did I say exchange? I should have said barrage, a stream of uncharacteristic vehemence in my mother's voice, including swearing, I'm sure, though I couldn't separate individual expletives.

The sound of shoes being tossed was followed by firm stomping up the stairs.

"I don't care if you were drunk," Mom yelled.

There was some kind of garbled response in my father's voice. Stomp, stomp, stomp.

"So what! Just because those assholes were fawning all over her doesn't mean you have to too."

I could tell from Mom's voice that she had reached the top of the stairs and had turned to confront my father.

"Shhhhh," he said.

I could tell just from that, Dad was pissed.

"Don't shush me. Do you know how foolish you all look, trying to be so witty and trying to sneak look up that ridiculously slutty dress?"

That drew a drunken laugh in response.

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36 "Ohhhhh. You're such an asshole!"

Slam. The bedroom door. Dad's feet stumbling down the stairs. I guess he was sleeping in the spare room tonight. I guess Dad and the other salesmen were flirting with the boss' wife again. I had heard this all before, but never this bad. Dad's boss and his wife would get tipsy and he would start bragging about his young trophy, a woman from the other side of the tracks who had been popular with the boys in Mom and Millie's school year, because she was available to party after the other girls had been taken home. She had made it good when she met and married Dad's boss, after his first wife died of cancer, and she wasted no opportunity to rub her new position in the face of those who once spurned her friendship. She was a voluptuous woman but had a tacky and coarse way about her that many men found appealing, especially when drunk.

It sounded like Dad had gone too far and embarrassed Mom. I made myself scarce the next day, spending the day driving around by myself. Tim wanted to hang around home, the bastard. I called home in the afternoon and explained to Mom that I had gone for a drive and lost track of time so I would be late for dinner.

"I would have liked to do that today," she said. I cursed myself for the lost opportunity to be with Mom all day. "Don't worry about dinner, dear. I didn't make anything. See you when you get home. Drive safely."

Man, she must really be mad at Dad not to make Sunday dinner. What had he done?

I had stopped for a burger on the way home so the house was dark when I arrived home even though it was still early in the evening. I let myself in and quietly tiptoed to my bedroom. My parents door was closed tight which was unusual, except for the night before when Mom had shut Dad out. Was he still sleeping downstairs in the guest room? Wide awake, I read a book rather than go downstairs to watch TV, fearing an encounter with either of my parents. I didn't hear a single sound until I finally went to bed.

Even though I was up early my father was still gone when I came down for breakfast. Mom was sitting on one of the tall breakfast stools along the counter that ran perpendicular from the back door and divided the kitchen from the stairs leading down to the basement.

"Morning Mom," I greeted her rather cheerily for me, perhaps in a subliminal attempt to raise her spirits for our mutual benefit.

"Morning," Mom mumbled past her coffee mug just before it met her lips, not looking up from the morning paper.

I busied myself getting a bowl of cereal and a glass of orange juice, setting them on the counter at the far end from Mom, leaving an empty stool between. Getting the milk from the fridge, I walked around the counter to Mom's side to sit down, talking as I moved.

"Dad's not up yet?" I asked in a surprised tone.

"Gone," her answer was terse and abrupt, and she still didn't look up.

That was fortunate because I missed the bowl as I poured my milk spilling some on the counter before I recovered and stumbling onto the stool, half missing the seat. The thing I hadn't noticed while preparing my breakfast was that Mom had come downstairs with just her nightdress on. Normally, she was either dressed or tightly wrapped in her floor length robe and fluffy slippers. Daring to cast my eyes her way again since her head was still buried in the paper, I followed her legs down to her feet, both sans slippers and bare, one hooked into the lower and one in the upper rung joining the stool's legs.

I looked quickly away when the newspaper rattled but Mom was simply taking another sip of coffee so my gaze gravitated back to her legs, in particular, the outer one whose knee was raised so her foot could rest on the higher rung. This allowed Mom's elbow to rest just above her knee, taking the weight of her arm and the coffee cup she held in her hand. It also tensed the muscles in her leg and lifted it high enough for me to see the bottom of her thigh, visible because the sharp angle up from her hip let the nightdress, originally almost knee length, slip down to her upper thigh.

I loved the form of the 'S' curve that fell in a slow arc from under Mom's knee, swelling with the burgeoning flesh of her legs covered by ever softer skin until it reversed itself and disappeared under the hem of her nightdress. I was still looking, spoonful of cereal in my mouth, when Mom spoke.

"I know," she said quietly. "They're not what they used to be."

Mom was holding her mug and looking right at me, her reference to her legs clearly showing she knew where I was looking. I got the lump out of my throat sufficiently to swallow the cereal in my mouth without choking but not enough to speak calmly, but that was ok because Mom carried on, looking down at her leg as she spoke. I liked that because it allowed me to look back at her leg

and Mom didn't pull her nightdress up to cover it. In fact, she lifted her foot up a little, exposing her leg even more, purportedly to help with her self-examination.

"My skin looks so loose now, not tight like it used to be. No wonder your father and his cronies were trying to look up that slut's dress, she wears it so short."

Stunned, I watched as Mom dropped both hands to the top of her legs and pulled her nightdress back almost to her hips in demonstration. Though her legs were too tightly pressed together for me to see between her legs, her right leg was raised sufficiently for me to follow the back of her thigh down until I saw the line of a pair of pale blue panties stretched across the bottom of her legs, provoking an immediate response in the same general area of my own groin.

"Mom," I stammered, "your legs are better than hers," I said, inadvertently indicating that I knew exactly who she was talking about. Unfortunately, Mom picked up on my slip.

"Who's legs?" she asked, looking up.

"Well ... uh, Dad's boss' wife, I guess. She's the one that Tim's Mom always complains about." I looked away awkwardly, then back at her, my eyes falling to her legs as I continued. "Anyway, if you wore dresses as short as she did, those guys wouldn't give her a second glance," I said, nodding as if my own confirmation would strengthen my own theory.

"Really?" Mom sounded pleased, looking down, leaving me free to admire her leg. She pulled her other foot up to the higher rung and, with both feet raised up on her toes, swung away from the



counter, her legs parting a good eight inches they moved. I was staring straight down a long channel to a swath of pale blue slashing through a bracket of tanned brown legs that somehow conveyed soft, yielding tenderness.

"Do you really think so?" I could sense that Mom was looking at my face to verify the truth of what I was saying but I kept my eyes firmly fixed on her panties, somehow feeling it was allowed and knowing there was not a shred of dishonesty in what I was saying.

"Absolutely, they're awesome." I sensed rather than saw Mom smile. Did she know I was staring at her panties and not her legs?

"Well, your father should be smart enough to know that. He should be more like his son," she huffed, snapping her legs shut and swinging them back towards the counter, picking up her coffee mug and looking at the paper now spread flat on the counter. I finished my breakfast, taking as much opportunity as I wished to look at Mom's legs, still mostly exposed because she had neglected to push her nightdress back to her knees, leaving me with the view I had initially enjoyed. Periodically, Mom muttered to herself which, together with the fact that she never turned the page, I surmised indicated lingering hurt and deep anger at my father. When my cereal was finished, I left quietly and didn't say anything except for a muted goodbye as I left for school.

Dinner was a quiet affair that night, neither of my parents seeming to be in the mood to talk. Dad finished dinner quickly and disappeared into the living room. I was about to escape to my room too when Mom asked if I was going to help her with the dishes again like I had last week, adding a loud comment about how nice it was to have one useful man around the house. I guess the fight was still in full force and effect.

I started clearing the dishes from the table but Mom left. "I'll be right back," she said.

Mom returned only minutes later. She must have spilled something during dinner because she had changed from the slacks she'd been wearing into a loosely pleated skirt that fell short of her knees. But that didn't make sense. If Mom had spilled something on her slacks, she would have finished the dishes first before changing. As I waited while she filled the sink, my eyes traced the slender columns of her legs and I remembered the exciting view I'd had that morning between her thighs.

Mom spoke as she dumped the cutlery into the filling sink.

"I was talking to Millie this afternoon." She paused as if waiting for me to say something.

"Oh yeah," I said, keeping my voice as even as I could though my breath was catching in my throat. This was it.

"She really wants to go see a movie again .. at the drive-in."

"Oh, yeah," I said as if this was news to me though my voice was breathier and I was afraid I would give myself away.

"This Saturday."

"Uh huh." I may have only got the second of those two syllables out loud enough to hear.

"She said Tim is getting slagged at school because the kids think those college girls dumped you guys."

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Mom's body started shaking as she turned the water off and began scrubbing one of the glasses she'd put in on top of the soaking knives and forks. I watched her pleated skirt shake and my thoughts jumped to the quivering mounds of flesh that caused such tantalizing movements. Those sexy, jiggling things moved as if they had a mind of their own, jostling seemingly unencumbered beneath the plaid covering.

Tim's description of his mom's pleated skirt suddenly seared into my brain. Had Mom changed into that skirt on purpose, for my benefit? Had Millie told her about what she was letting Tim do?

Fuck, I had a boner already. Awkwardly, I moved my legs around, finally reaching down to realign my cock into a more comfortable position. She couldn't be wearing anything under that skirt. There was no way those pleats could move like that if her bum was constrained, even if she was wearing bikini panties that only reached halfway up her butt.

"What?" I said. Mom had to repeat her question. I had missed it.

"I said, do you want me to help you too?"

I hesitated, somehow not ready for what I had been waiting so long to hear.

"I don't have to, if you don't want me too," Mom interpreted my pause incorrectly.

"No, I do. Please Mom, that would be great." I stepped close behind her and put my hands on her shoulders. "I'd love your help," I lowered my voice, allowing my groin to graze the back of her jiggling skirt.

"It won't be like last time," Mom responded. "We'll just make it look like you're out with your college girls again, nothing more." Her shoulder stiffened, dampening my rising lust, but she didn't pull away from my touch. It was the tone of her voice that pushed me away, a definite signal that I was presuming too much.

Though I kept my distance while drying the dishes I kept my eyes on Mom's enticing buttocks and she seemed quite happy to keep moving it around in this new eye-catching fashion. I guess I was welcome to look.

And that is how the week played out. Though I didn't approach Mom again I was sure my touch would have been no more welcome but the visual show continued all week despite warming relations between my parents. On Friday, Dad left after dinner for his regular bowling game with the boys and Mom disappeared upstairs, returning moments later dressed for bed, robe and all. I guess there was to be no jostling tease the night before the big show.

Mom filled the sink, dumping the cutlery in to soak followed by the glassware, as usual, but she didn't immediately begin washing. Instead, she stood with her hand on the tap, waiting for the suds to near the top edge of the sink and when it did she shut it off and walked over to the table where she stopped. Her elbows bent as she lifted her hands in front of her to fuss with something and seconds later I understood what as she lifted her robe from her

shoulders and shrugged it down her arms, slipping it off and draping it over the back of a kitchen chair.

Mom turned back and walked toward the sink without looking at me. She was wearing a nightdress, much like the one she'd worn the past Monday morning but a little shorter and with just ribbon straps over the shoulders to hold it up. It appeared to be the only thing she was wearing, a conjecture that was confirmed as Mom leaned against the sink and started washing the dishes, the thin nightie covering her bottom leaving absolutely no doubt that there was nothing constraining her quivering cheeks.

I was in heaven. I stared in awe up and down Mom's legs, but mostly at her quivering buns, as Mom seemed to take special care again to ensure that each and every dish was impeccably clean. No. I lied. I snuck a few glances around the side to watch the side of her breasts bounce up and down with her vigorous arm movements, their cleaning action seeming to intensify whenever they sensed my close scrutiny.

Towards the end, my ardent attention leaving me in quite a fix, I leaned close to Mom to thank her for helping me out tomorrow night at the drive-in. Of course, I let my throbbing, bulging jeans press in to feel the warmth of those oscillating globes and was again treated to my mother's mild rebuke.

"You're welcome, dear, but remember that it's not going to be like you think, the way it was last time. That was an accident and it won't happen again."

As before, Mom didn't push me away and this time I didn't voluntarily pull back. Her tone was less intimidating but, even so, I wasn't about to be put off of this gloriously soft and warm flesh by just a stern voice.

Nevertheless, I was surprised when Mom allowed me to continue pressing against her, my bulge worming its way deeper into her softness. I kept my hands to myself and held my ground, even gently nudged further in, while continuing to dry the last remaining dishes. Mom didn't object, washing the last couple of dishes no faster, or more slowly, than she had the rest. Then, after she finished the last dish and to my further delight, she waited for the sink to drain instead of moving away to wipe the counters. I dried the last few dishes as slowly as I thought I could get away with but she didn't complain, using the wet cloth to wipe the sink and counter within easy reach, cleaning until I had done the last dish. Only then did I reluctantly pull away, when there was no other obvious reason for us to be standing so close together.

My groin felt suddenly cold as we parted and the wrinkly indent in the back of her nightie attested to the firmness with which I had pressed into the soft flesh underneath. I stared at Mom's thinly clad ass, admiring the shadowy line defining the division between left and right cheek, even being able to make out through the thin old material where her crack ended and spread like a butterfly at the fleshiest protrusion where her panties likely rested when they were present. Mom stayed still for a moment, as if letting me have one final look before she turned and walked slowly to the table, lifting her robe and continuing her exaggerated gait until she silently disappeared into the living room.

She was sitting on the couch wrapped in her robe watching TV when I finally managed to walk without hurting myself.

"Thank you, sweetie," she called as I headed upstairs to my room.

"No problem, Mom," I replied hoarsely.

I spent the night upstairs spanking my monkey, hard.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were running down the road in my sweet Rambler, the four of us, listening to the Stones rocking out of the new cassette deck that had replaced my aging 8-track. Mom and Millie seemed to like the music as much as Tim and I, something you never would have suspected if you saw either of these women outside the confines of this car. Magic was in the air, that's for sure. I could sense it in the carefree laughter and joyful appreciation of the great music filling the car as we less-than-hurtled down the road.

Tim and I had met our moms at the mall on the edge of town where they left Tim's car and climbed into the Rambler. The moms had said they had some errands to run first. My initial disappointment watching Mom get out of Tim and Millie's car dressed in a light but long, full-length summer coat dissipated once we got underway. Everyone was in a good mood and our moms acted more like twenty year olds with a couple glasses of wine under their belt than two women soon to turn forty. I was high as a kite just knowing where I was going, my mind filled with dreams of what I hoped could happen. I was giddy.

We passed through the gate without incident, trying hard to maintain a more somber mood so the attendant wouldn't think we actually had been drinking. I dropped Tim off at the concession while we proceeded to the same area in which we'd parked before. We were early, so Tim arrived only a few minutes after we had parked and placed the speaker in the passenger-side window. Mom had already taken Tim's place in the front seat, Millie waiting for her son in the back, as before. Except this time Mom insisted that I sit by the door, a reminder that she was indeed not going to be cornered. So ok, my hopes were dashed at little, but my raw enthusiasm for this evening couldn't be squelched.

Tim entered the driver-side door with an armful of drinks and popcorn which he handed out before getting in the back, shutting the door and locking it, and reclining the front seat so he and his mom could see the movie, should they decide to actually watch it this time. I reclined our side of the seat too but not as far back so that Mom would have to stay close to me. Mom locked the passenger door and then turned away, her back twisted my way so she could watch the movie and also easily look into the backseat to chat with Millie. Tim and I said nothing, both eager for the movie to begin and not interested in anything else. That was when Millie surprised us all by pulling out a bottle of red wine and four plastic beakers.

"Your Mom and I got a head start this afternoon," she laughed, at least partly explaining the carefree attitude in the car trip here, "and since we're going to be here for at least four hours, you two can have a couple of glasses too. But only two," she warned. "The rest is for Mary and me."

I could hear the clink of two other bottles contacting each other in Millie's big-bag purse, together with the tinkle of her and Mom's laughter. The pop was set on the floor as we all began sipping wine while we waited for the movie to begin. The fermented grapes eventually loosened my tongue and Tim's too and we were all gaily yacking when the drive-in lights shut down and the screen filled with previews of the coming attractions. We were already on our second beaker of wine.

Tim and I quit contributing to the conversation and the chatting between the women gradually subsided until there was only the odd comment for the first fifteen minutes of the movie proper. I noticed Mom turn toward the backseat as if to say something but then she looked back without a sound. I looked over to see Millie wrapped in her son's arms, his head obscuring her face but the movements suggesting a long, tongue-entwined kiss was well in progress.



Tentatively, I placed my hand on Mom's shoulder, exerting the slightest pressure to pull her back closer to me but she resisted and I dejectedly resigned myself to watching the movie, hard as that was with my friend enjoying the fruits of our joint labor so enthusiastically in the backseat, apparently not shy about the sounds leaving the back of the car.

Twenty minutes passed by. I couldn't get into the B movie, the first of a triple-header horror set, though Mom seemed enthralled. I couldn't match her teasing all week with the long, form covering coat she was wearing. Why couldn't she have worn a thin, loosely knit yet figure-hugging sweater like Tim's mom was sporting, the kind of thing she so often favored, the kind of thing a quick glance in the backseat confirmed allowed easy access for an exploring hand. That lucky bastard.

"Mom?"

"Mom?"

"Shhhhhh."

I touched her shoulder, lightly pinching the material of her coat.

"Aren't you hot?"

"Hmmm? ... oh, yes, now that you mention it." Mom's elbow pulled back so her hand could start fiddling with her belt but she soon stopped, becoming engrossed in a scary scene on the big screen.

I slipped my hand forward and rested it on Mom's arm, by her waist.

"Would you like me to do it?"

Nothing. Mom stared at the screen.

"Mom?"

She nodded absently, pulling her elbow back to let my hand slide around to the front. Gently, I worked the buckle loose and pulled the belt out, then began slowly undoing the large buttons, trying not to disturb Mom. When the last button was undone, I carefully pulled the coat apart to loosen it on her shoulders, then tugged it away bit by bit, with Mom adjusting her weight to help. It took a long time but I finally managed to slip the sleeve off Mom's right arm and peel the coat away, laying it on the seat between us. I reached around Mom's front to tug the sleeve down her left arm, pinched between Mom's side and the seat cushion. Though more awkward, Mom shifted her weight to accommodate my effort, never taking her eyes from the screen. I was acutely aware of each time my forearm brushed across the front of Mom's breasts, covered by the familiar soft sweater. Finally it was done and I reached behind her to pull the coat from underneath.

"Fold it please," Mom said, "so I can use it as a pillow."

Dutifully, I folded the coat in half three times and placed the wadded bundle under Mom's head and watched as she shifted herself around to get comfortable, turning her back more to the seat than squarely toward me. I could now see her face more easily

and I took time to enjoy the slight creases on either side of her mouth that she hated so much, a growing mark of her maturity. I let my eyes wander lower then, over the pale orange, loose knit sweater that covered her pert breasts that were, it was true, also showing their maturity by lying flatter on her chest and hanging lower, closer to her tummy, than I'm sure they once did. But I bet those nipples never stood so proud and firm, thrusting strongly into the sweater that encased them so inadequately without the added support of a bra.

Mom was still watching the movie but with her face only turned party away from me I'm sure she was aware of where I was looking. I had the distinct feeling that she was purposely looking away so I could take my time to enjoy her body, to savor it after my long wait. Had she covered up and made me wait just to make it taste sweeter in the end. My optimism at that moment fervently believed it and I loved her for it. Tim may have had the joy of digging right in but his cock couldn't have been as hard as mine at that moment, not without the benefit of the magnificent tease Mom had just executed. She would have made a tremendous flyfisher.

Just as that thought flitted across my grey cells, Mom moved her legs, a movement that caught my eyes and dragged them down over her short white skirt to her knees, as far as I could then see. Short white skirt? My eyes retreated a foot. Yes. Mom was wearing a very short, pleated white tennis skirt. God, I stiffened painfully in my jeans. As I looked, Mom's hips lifted slightly and her legs opened, barely an inch, but they parted nonetheless. What an incredible sense of timing she had. My cock hurt.

I leaned closer and put my arm tentatively across Mom's waist and gradually lowered it across her tummy. I snuggled into her side.

"Ricky?" Mom whispered her affectionate name for me.

"Yes?"

"Promise you'll be good?"

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"I promise."

Mom smiled, then said, "Please try at least."

"I will," I replied earnestly, but she was already turning away to see the movie better, twisting into my arm, lifting her back from the seat. Before moving in to fill the space behind her, I pulled my arm away from her waist and, as surreptitiously as I could, I unbuttoned and unzipped my jeans, pushing them down to relax the pressure on my poor tool, down until the waistband was below my shorts. Only then did I snuggle into my mother, replacing my hand around her waist, tucking my arm in until it grazed the bottom of her slightly sagging, mature breasts, wiggling until my hips were lined up behind hers.

I kissed Mom's cheek and nuzzled her neck. She turned her head half toward me.

"Ricky?" she whispered.

"Yes?"

"Remember your promise."

"I will," I assured her, believing myself.

"Good boy." Mom pushed her mouth up, waiting for a kiss.

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I obliged, our first long, loving kiss of the evening, the first in weeks. A most delicious, memorable taste.

When the kiss ended, Mom's left tit, the one closest to the seat, was cupped firmly in my hand, its nipple digging into my palm as if the sweater wasn't there. I braced myself for her reaction, mind searching for a winning response, but Mom simply looked up at me in the darkness.

"Did you have a good week?"

"What?" she caught me completely off guard, I had no response for such a normal everyday question.

"Did you mind helping me this week? With the dishes," she explained further.

"No, not at all," I replied lamely.

"Good. I like your help."

Mom turned her face back to the movie and, at the same time, pushed her bottom back against my underwear, causing an immediate, swelling response. My reactive surge was met with

firm, if somewhat spongy, resistance. And despite the quelling efforts of my mind, that unruly bulge made its presence known in sporadic throbs for the rest of the movie. Oh, how I wished I could retrieve my arm to lift that skirt, for I was curious to see what kind of panties she was wearing, if any. But I daren't let go, for I was now squeezing that breast and even pinching its nipple, tugging it through that thin sweater, and Mom was letting me. I didn't want to lose that, or the feeling of her bottom pressing back whenever I pulled and rolled her exquisite, hard and long nipple.

Mom turned to me for another really long set of deep kisses during which I managed to lower my hand and slide it up underneath her sweater to play with both breasts. How fantastic to be with a real woman instead of a girl. A woman who, instead of giggling and trying to bat my hands away, arched her back to push her tits deeper into my hands, who relished the way my fingers pinched and tugged her nipples, lifting the full weight of her tits right off her chest. A woman that moaned into my mouth as my knee threaded between hers, my thigh pressing tightly against her pussy, loving the return thrust of her hips rubbing her pubes along my leg.

The movie ended shortly after that and as the lights came on so people could more easily find their way to the concession, I realized that I had been totally unaware of what was transpiring in the backseat. I had been completely engrossed in my own affairs.

Mom turned onto her tummy and looked over the reclined seat to talk to Millie, holding her beaker out for Tim to refill it with wine, as he did for his mother. He and I abstained while the mothers talked. We didn't even talk to each other. We were each engrossed with the woman in our own end of the Rambler.

I tickled Mom's back as she talked, swooping in slow circles the length and breadth of her soft skin, caressing her neck and dipping into the concave hollow of her waist, tracing her shoulder blades and delving into the groove of her spine to the small of her back,

trailing my fingertips along the waistband of her skirt. It was on one such trip that I unexpectedly embarked upon a new path, my finger tracing a line straight down the middle of Mom's skirt, along the crevice between the twin rises of her buttocks until it fell off the end of the pleated skirt into the canyon formed by her closed legs, and then tickled the backs her thighs down to her knees.

She parted her legs on the return trip, allowing my delving fingers to reach more of her tender inner thighs, welcoming me under her skirt where I tickled the bottom of her panties where the fleshy part of her cheeks escaped their confines. Eventually, I slid up and over. Mom paused only briefly, in mid-sentence, the only sign she yielded that her son was now brazenly caressing her ass.

I thought she allowed it because the others couldn't see and a protest would only call attention to the fact of it. So minute after minute slid by and I slipped and slid, poked and prodded, cupped and scratched, exploring every inch of Mom's perfect, womanly bottom. I discovered that Mom was wearing a pair of thoroughly modern panties, the kind only models wore back in those days. They barely reached over the crest of her buttocks, stretching tightly across her cheeks, creating the entrance to an intriguing cave which I explored with my longest finger.

In an attempt to reach further into this dark crack, the crook of my long finger tugged Mom's panties down the lower slope of her bottom, a retreat she tried to stop by twisting her hips in an effort to pin her panties more tightly to the seat but this only helped my effort by rubbing the arches of her panties over her hips, the easier for them to slide down.

In a final quick slip, the waistband of Mom's panties burst down her bottomly slope and crashed into the crease between thigh and cheek, my fingers slipping underneath, between her legs. As if in a movie, no pun intended, the lights suddenly dimmed and the second movie started.

Mom quickly twisted back onto her side, clamping her legs shut and trapping my hand. A minute passed while everyone shifted about new positions, except for me. I was rigid. Mom turned to face me and I braced for the rebuke that hadn't been delivered before but was sure to arrive now. I prepared to defend myself. Those dark eyes sought mine.

"Kiss me," she whispered.

I hesitated, unsure if I'd heard her correctly, the words still sinking into my brain. She opened her mouth, to speak again or to receive my kiss, I don't know. I kissed her, sinking my tongue into her mouth, aware that my hand was still firmly clamped between her legs, reaching through to press against the sweet, hot dampness of her pussy.

As our long kiss continued, my fingers became hot and slippery, allowing them to move more easily, though in such tiny movements, with the slight rocking motion of our bodies as we sought to meld our mouths together. When we finally stopped kissing, Mom turned her face back to the movie and I kept my hand where it was. After a bit, sensing that this transgression was to be allowed, I slipped my hand from behind, slid it up and over her thigh, and nestled it back into place under her panties, this time from the front with my fingers slipping deeper into her groove and my palm cupping her mound.

I squeezed my prize in a pulping massage and, as Mom continued to watch the movie as if nothing was out of line, I nestled into her neck and whispered in her ear.

"If you were mine, I'd parade you down the street in this short skirt knowing every man we passed was staring at your gorgeous legs,



to the ire of the women who knew their men were torn between watching your legs or your breasts bursting against your sweater, converting it from a mere clump of material into a work of art."

And while I whispered, I slipped my slippery fingers all over her soaking, rubbery lips, teasing them apart and even dipping inside, briefly tasting their clammy grip.

"And at parties, while the women gathered in the kitchen to ready the evenings treats, I'd hold you back with the men, standing behind you and sliding your dress slowly up your thighs until just a glimpse of your panties showed. Then I'd wait, with the others, until you spread your legs to show them what you kept only for me, that no other man could uncover."

Hokey, I know but it just sprang from my lips and Mom thrust her pussy hard into my milking hand. She turned her face toward me and I prepared for another long kiss.

"Put your fingers inside me," she rasped.

There was no hesitation, I was sure of what she'd said. I pushed in first one, then a second, and finally a third. I twisted and squished my fingers around in her cunt, then slowly began surging into her, digging in until my knuckles spread her puffy lips, knarling, rubbing, grinding.

"I'd drop your dress before the women came back. None of them would suspect anything since your man had been there with you the whole time, but all the men would envy me, glancing furtively at you for the rest of the night, wishing it was them and not me that got to fuck you that night."

"ohhhhhhhh, god, ricky. Mmmmmmmmm, ugghh uhhh."

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Squish, squish, squish. She was so fucking wet. My fingers were fitting right inside her stretched pussy, easily twisting back and forth.

"You're the most fuckable woman in the world."

I quickly slipped my tongue inside Mom's mouth, muffling her moans, and started furiously frigging her cunt. When I broke the kiss, her moans continued unabated and I looked down to watch my hand twisting around in her sloppy pussy. I was amazed. Mom had twisted toward me and my invading hand, almost onto her back. She had pulled her feet up to brace their arches against the front corner of the seat and spread her legs as wide as they could go. She was hot, hot, hot.

I slowed my frigging hand and began teasing Mom's clit with my thumb. Rubbing, pressing, circling, spreading. Over and over and over.

"Fuck," I whispered, again and again, spaced out, until she moaned and moaned with each utterance, and then, finally, repeated it.

"Fuck," she whispered, voice ragged and hoarse, "fuck."

Quickly, I pulled my hand away, to a wailing moan, flipped my shorts down and tucked the waistband underneath my swollen

balls, slipping my hips over her right knee and guiding my throbbing pole toward her slick, begging slit, frantically yanking her panties up to her knees with my free hand.

"Fuck," I whispered, nudging my head between her puffy lips.

"Fuck," she whispered, her cunt grasping.

"Fuck," I groaned, sliding home, all the way, no stopping for go, cock lunging, on the attack.

I paused when I was in to the hilt and lifted Mom's hips toward me for a tighter fit.

"Ohhhh, Ricky," she whispered, her arms circling around my head. "Fuck me."

I'm a good boy, and I did as I was told. I started slowly, pulling out almost all the way and then all the way back, trying to take my time but the pussy of an aroused woman can derail even the best of plans. It wasn't long before I was shoving in and out as fast as my gasping breath could support.

Both Mom and I were moaning loudly. The thought of being discreet or shy with Tim and Millie right there didn't cross my mind. I kept rocking Mom up the seat and toward the middle of the car, almost pushing her off onto the back of the driver's side which was reclined further than our side. After pulling her back several times, I got up on my knees and pulled her ass off the seat by her hips but this soon proved too difficult.

Mom pulled off and sank into the seat and arched her legs far back, closed together with her feet braced on the roof of the Rambler. What a sight that was, with her ass and the tender backs of her thighs outlining her swollen pussy. I straddled her haunches and pushed my cock deep inside her to a very loud, guttural moan. Hers, mine -- I'm not sure. Probably both.

I thought we'd been fucking hard before but that was nothing compared to the serious pummeling that happened with her womanhood so vulnerably presented to the stiffest cock I had every manned. I had to hang on to the back of the seat to stay upright and barely managed to even then. That poor Rambler -- I don't know how its crappy suspension survived.

I exploded inside Mom, gushing for what seemed like an eternity but was probably less than a minute until, finally, I sank over her in total relaxation, cock buried, until she signaled her discomfort several minutes later. I fell off to the side, still gasping for breath. I'm sorry to say she had to ask me for something to block my spunk from dripping all over the seat. I found some napkins and she cleaned herself up.

"Do you guys want to smoke a carton of cigs?" Millie's laughter peeled into the front of the car. "Wow ... and I mean wow," she said. "That was really something."

Mom laughed and said something. I was too exhausted to speak.

"Jeez, Mary. I'm surprised you didn't push a hole in the roof. You guys should make porn movies."

Our timing was perfect because the movie ended and the lights suddenly brightened. People began exiting their cars and heading for the concession. Mom turned onto her stomach so she could talk to Millie more easily and I flipped her skirt up onto her back so I could play with her ass again. I used my foot to push her panties, circling her ankles, off her feet. She let me touch her wherever I wanted and didn't protest when I urged her thighs further apart. I was fascinated to see my white spunk oozing out of her pussy.

Something about that sight made my cock suddenly harden and without thinking about the fact that Tim and Millie were facing forward or that the drive-in lights were still on, I clambered to my knees between Mom's legs, leaned way in and inserted my cock into her pussy from behind, shoving my spend back where it belonged.

"Don't mind us," Millie laughed as I began humping Mom in earnest.

"Jesus, Rick. Already?" Mom huffed one word at a time between thrusts. She pushed her ass up and back to make it easier for me and when I increased my tempo in response, she spread her arms and clutched the back of the reclined seat to stop me from rocking her right onto Tim's lap.

I didn't care what anyone thought. I was fucking this beautiful woman no matter what. I kept humping faster and faster, and harder. I didn't notice when the lights dimmed and the movie started. All I knew was that it was dark when I came.

I had barely got off Mom and pulled my jeans up when there was a metallic knock on the window next to me. After a brief panic, I rolled it down a couple of inches. It was the drive-in manager, holding a long flashlight..

"Time for you to go," he said, pulling the speaker box off the window. "Start 'er up and get lost. Don't come back," he added, hanging the speaker on the post. At least he didn't shine his light into the car.

I got out and walked around to the driver's side to several hoots and hollers. By the time I started the car and turned the lights on, horns were honking and the hooting was widespread. We exited the drive-in, banned, to a loud chorus, Mom and Millie keeping their heads low.

After that, our reputation as cocksmen was assured at school.

On the drive home, Mom sat close to me, one arm circling my back at waist level, the other toying with the front of my jeans. Tim and Millie were similarly silent in the back but whenever the light of passing cars allowed, I noticed Millie's eyes regarding me intently through the rear view mirror.

## Chapter 3

I wish I could say I had free access to Mom after that but I can't. There were a variety of reasons, I guess. First off, getting banned from the drive-in, though not a big deal in and of itself, was a very close call with shameful isolation in our community. While Tim and I didn't fully appreciate the significance of such a calamity, our mothers certainly did. Both of them were aloof in the following weeks.

While I don't think either of our mothers were suffering from remorse they were nevertheless more cautious, making the next week at home a sexual drought for us. There was no sexual interplay while doing the dishes at home and Tim reported the same was true at his house. Mom even started lobbying Dad, without success, for one of those new-fangled dishwashers. Thank god there was no place to put one in our kitchen unless the counter with the stools was removed, something Dad wasn't about to do. Still, I interpreted this a not-so-hidden message from Mom.

A trip to the drive-in was out of the question, given our banning, and there was no way we could go to the one in our town where friends of our parents might be encountered. So, if we couldn't do anything at home, what could we do? Tim suggested going to the next town west of us but he said his mom was cool to the idea when he mentioned it.

School Grad superseded our sex woes and Tim and I were swept in the enthusiasm for a drunken party out in the sticks. Despite our fame, neither of us had dates. At first, everyone thought we'd been dumped and didn't want to associated with second-rate stuff, and after that they assumed we'd be going with our college girls. We both actually did ask a couple of girls, who were already committed by the way, foolishly saying the college girls didn't want to go to a high school thing. We discovered that no girl wants to play second fiddle. Duh.

Stuck without dates, both of us got hammered at Aftergrad. We went in Tim's car because Mom refused to let me take the Rambler. Just as well, since we were too drunk to get anywhere with the girls that showed up at the party, not that we didn't try, and we both got sick while passed out/sleeping in the car. It took me most of the next week for my head to stop throbbing with Dad harping at me all along about getting a summer job to save money for college. Mom was silent on the issue.

So it was late on a sunny, Thursday morning when I shuffled into the kitchen to catch Mom filling the sink and just starting the breakfast dishes. I stood in the kitchen doorway, yawning and scratching my ass, appreciating the way the sunlight streaming through the kitchen window washed over Mom's form. The tent in my pajamas didn't jump into existence instantaneously, it lurched into being as my lower brain awoke from its slumber more quickly than the cortex that supposedly controlled my behavior.

Mom was wearing a knee-length, white knit dress protected by an apron. I could tell she was wearing a bra by the muted expression of her breasts but the thrust of her bottom was impossible to camouflage regardless of what device she used to constrain her cheeks. Her legs, already starting to tan, were shaped in perfect feminine contours, sleek without looking muscular. Her right ankle was adorned by a very fine gold bracelet, attesting to her advanced sense of fashion for the times.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," Mom greeted me. "Or, should I say afternoon." She glanced at the clock and added, "Almost."

I shuffled across the floor, snagging the dish towel draped over the oven handle, and turned to stand behind Mom, waiting for her to wash the first dish. I held back until she began, conscious of her reserved demeanor over the past few weeks. When she set the first glass in the rack, I stepped forward to retrieve it, wrapping it in the



towel using both hands while I allowed my pajama tent to press lightly against the rough material of her knit dress.

Mom didn't say anything until she placed the second glass in the rack while I was still drying the first. She sighed.

"We really can't continue this, Ricky."

Her hands were still, hidden in the sudsy sink. I leaned closer to her, flattening the top of my boner against her skirted bottom.

"Why not?" I asked, adding a nearly imperceptible twist to lock my bending member into her rear end groove. Her breath caught for an instant before she spoke again.

"Because we just can't, that's why."

I didn't reply, instead giving my tingling cock a slightly more affirmative rock in her bottomly notch.

"We almost got caught," Mom cried out. "Can you imagine what would have happened, how that would have spread around town?" Her voice was close to tears as her head hung down toward the sink.

Unmoved, I continued to rock my cock deeper in her crack while she hunched over the sink.

"And your father could have walked into this kitchen any time," she said, expressing a fear I didn't share. "You know what would have happened then."

"He isn't here," I said, applying a slight forward thrust to emphasize my point.

"Oh, Ricky," Mom said, exasperated, realizing she was talking to a teenage boy with a raging libido.

I put the towel, still wrapped around the glass, in the rack. Hands free, I grasped her waist and pushed my cock more firmly into the soft flesh of her ass.

"Ricky stop." Then she provided justification as if she needed to have a reason, "You'll crease my dress and I have to go out."

Mom's voice was denying me but her hands skidded forward in the sink to counter my forward pressure, causing her behind to push harder against me as she bent over the sink. My hands slipped down to her hips and I pulled, burying my hard cock deeper in her dress.

"Ricky, really. I have to go out," Mom protested louder but still offered no physical resistance.

Using my fingers, I scratched at Mom's hips, inching her dress higher, and increased the pressure from my own hips which were now rutting rhythmically into her behind. An enormous thrill coursed through me as I sensed that I could soon be inside my mother's wonderful pussy again. I loved the way her head bounced

toward the window with each thrust and the way she seemed resigned to take it.

"Oh, God, Ricky," Mom gasped as her dress skimmed to the top of her buttocks and my pajama-covered cock pressed into her panties. "Can't you stop?"

"No," I rasped, leaning forward even more, pushing her well over the sink and trapping her dress above her hips so I could free my hands to pull her panties down.

Mom used her head to swing the tap sideways out of the way as my frantic hands yanked her panties down to her knees. My pajamas followed suit as Mom lifted her soapy hands to brace herself against the edge of the sink in the nick of time as my eager cock started nudging between her legs, searching for nirvana.

I must have missed the mark ten times but finally, with a helpful tippy-toe rise from Mom, I slid inside, instantly forgiving her for the recent drought as I reveled in the oozy slickness of her gripping, womanly channel.

"Ohhhhhhh, yesssss!"

Mom's clear delight belied her earlier protest and weeks of feigned disinterest. I knew from her sighs and the way she squeezed my cock that she wanted it as much as I and from now on, no matter what she said or how she acted, I was going to give it to her. I shoved in hard with manly, primal satisfaction, causing Mom's hands to slip and a small tidal wave of sudsy water to surge over the back of the sink and then return to wash over and onto the floor.

"Unnnnnnghhhhh," Mom cried, followed by "ugh ugh unnnghhh," to several urgent follow-up thrusts.

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I wish I could say I was thoughtful and gentle but I wasn't. Mom's reaction spurred even harsher lunges that almost lifted her from the floor. My only nod to gallantry, if it could be described as such, was to take a handful of Mom's hair to lift her head away from potential damage on the tap. After that I lost control, as my hips launched a rapid and sustained series of thrusts, each more desperate than the last.

"AAAHHHHHHHagggghhhhhhh," I screamed as my balls boiled over, shooting a searing stream of frothy cum inside my mother, releasing weeks of pent up sperm in a huge pressure burst, the muscles in my thighs straining to the breaking point as I stood rigid, cheeks flinching as I bulged my cock, the better to empty my seed within her.

Exhausted, I stepped away, my trembling legs unable to hold me, slipping to the floor in an awkward slump, my arms swinging behind to stop me from falling flat on my back. Gasping for breath, I looked up at my mother, dress now fallen into place, panties stretched across her legs just above her knees. My eyes traced down Mom's shaking legs to fixate on the delicate gold, bracelet lying broken on the floor beside her feet, my fogged brain reconstructing its demise as a toe snagged it by accident in an effort to digger deeper inside my mom.

I was still breathing heavily, leaning back on one hand, when Mom quietly stepped back from the sink and, without looking at me, walked away, slowing but not stopping as she reached down with one hand to tug her panties up, her briefly raised exposing a trickle of my cum running down the inside of her left leg. She was gone.

A few minutes later I heard the front door close and just caught sight of Mom getting into the Rambler. She had changed her clothes. I guess the white knit dress had gotten wet.

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I called Tim to find out what he was up to. We made plans for him to come and pick me up. Nothing more detailed than that, just to drive around and kill some time. Maybe go to the lake. Just before he was about to hang up, I told him what had just happened.

"I just fucked Mom," I burst out, in the middle of his sentence, unable to conceal the excited pride in my voice.

"When?" he asked.

"Just now, in the kitchen."

"You're kidding," he said.

"No. By the sink. She got her dress all wet," I added, as if that was an important detail to mention.

"Wow. So did I," Tim said.

"This morning?"

"Last night," he replied. "I'll tell you about it." He hung up.

Driving down the sunny country road, listening to Simon & Garfunkel's Bridge Over Troubled Water, Tim told me about his incestuous reunion with his mother in their own kitchen the previous evening. Like me, he hadn't been treated to the same nightly treats that had heralded our second drive-in adventure. Thus, my friend had built up an enormous sperm attack craving for release.

"It was the skirt that did it," Tim said, finally letting me in on what had happened, now that we were safely ten miles out of town.

"The skirt?" I said, leaning forward to turn the sound down, afraid of missing any part of the story.

"Yeah, the skirt."

Tim turned to look at me as I sat back in the seat, a broad grin on his face. Thankfully, he looked back and kept his eyes on the road as he told me what had happened, sometimes speaking so fast he could barely get his breath and sometimes stopping altogether until I prompted him for more.

"It was just like with you. Mom seemed to be freaked after getting busted at the drive-in. I don't why. Neither she nor your mom were bothered on the way home, but by the next day, things had changed. I wasn't too bummed out until later in the week when it became clear she wasn't going to play anymore. I was really depressed that night."

Tim turned to look at me again.

"I thought I'd never get to shove it in her face the way you did that first night." He laughed at the shocked look that must have covered my face. "Yeah, man. After the first time, Mom told me about you almost climbing over the seat. She was afraid you were going to choke your mom."

"We didn't think anyone saw," I said.

"Mom did," Tim said. "She said you must have come on her face because you were fidgeting around so long after. She thought your mom was cleaning up because she saw you grab some napkins." Tim's prodded me for confirmation. Though I didn't say anything, my reddening face was answer enough.

"I knew it," he cried, elated, turning back to watch the road.

"Mom thought that was real hot. Her voice got really hoarse when she told me about it. I knew then she was going to let me do it to her. I was going to trade seats with you last time but when I got into the car after getting back from the concession, Mom was already hot to trot."

Tim turned to face me again.

"I don't know how much wine they had before they met up with us but when the movie started, I put my hand between Mom's legs as soon as I kissed her and she grabbed me by the wrist and yanked my hand right up."

Tim dropped his right hand from the wheel, between his legs, then yanked it back hard to cup his crotch.

"Like that," he laughed, thrusting his hips forward into his hand, mimicking how eagerly his mother had rubbed him that night.

Tim's face muscles slowly relaxed until I couldn't tell what he was thinking about. His hand lifted to take the wheel again. Then he started speaking.

"It was the pleated skirt," he said, returning to where he had started. "The same one that started it all."

I nodded, silently urging him on.

"I had stopped helping her with the dishes, you know, not because I didn't want to but she kept sending me out of the kitchen every time I tried. So I quit."

Tim paused.

"I was watching TV with Dad when she came downstairs. She'd gone upstairs right after dinner," he explained, "but she came down about half an hour later and went straight to the kitchen. I thought nothing of it except for this funny look she gave me as she walked by. It was weird. I was watching the show but I kept thinking about that look, and one time when I played it over in my head, I realized she was wearing that same skirt."

Tim laughed again, looking over at me. "Man, I gotta tell ya, that gave me an instant woodie. I couldn't very well sit next to Dad with a big bone on for Mom, so I got up and went into the kitchen."



"She was doing the dishes already, but differently than usual. Slower, almost like she'd been waiting for me to come help and she didn't want to get too far ahead. She was wearing a summer blouse, the kind with no sleeves and I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra, the way it jiggled when she scrubbed something. She does that in the summer sometimes, you know, not wearing a bra. But only at home, and never when Dad's home," he mused.

Tim shook his head. "Anyway," he said, "I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra, and she wasn't wearing pantyhose. She was barefoot. No slippers or anything. It was kinda primal, man."

He certainly had my attention.

"So I walked up behind her, slow like. Something told me not to rush, but I felt more sure of myself than I had in weeks. I just stood behind her. I didn't even get a dish towel. I just watched those pleats swishing behind her bum as she scrubbed away. She turned and smiled at me once but went back to the dishes right away. After a minute, she asked me what I was doing."

"Nothing," I told her.

"Aren't you going to help?" she asked me.

"No," I said.

"Then what are you doing back there?" she asked me.

"Watching you," I said.

"Watching me?" she asked me.

"Yeah," I said. "I'm watching your skirt."

"Timmy," she said.

"What?"

"Behave yourself," she said. "Your father's in the next room and his show hasn't started yet."

"She meant he was still watching the news, waiting for his show to start," Tim explained. "So I didn't do anything, I just kept watching her. She turned around and saw me looking straight at her bum."

"Timmy, stop it now. The news is almost over. He could come in any minute."

"I kept looking at her and a few minutes later, he did come in. I picked up a towel as soon as I heard him get up and started drying the dishes. While he was getting a beer out of the fridge, I put a few clean dishes back into the sink. Mom stopped and looked at them but she didn't say anything. Dad said he was glad to see me helping Mom again and went back into the living room. A minute later, I heard his show start."

"It was tense after he left. We both knew he wouldn't come back in while his show was on but I still didn't do anything. I just kept looking at Mom's bum, and she knew what I was doing. After a few minutes, I dropped the towel over the dishes in the rack. I could tell Mom thought I was going to touch her ass because her shoulders went all tense like she was expecting me to."

"You didn't," I said, thinking that was exactly what he was going to do.

"No," Tim said.

"Then ..."

"I just watched for another minute," he cut me off. "I was going to touch her, but it felt really cool watching her knowing she was expecting me to, but not doing it. She was breathing real quiet like, in short breaths, almost like she was scared."

"So you didn't touch her?"

"Not right away," Tim said. "I took my thing out."

"You what," I cried incredulously.

"I undid my jeans and took my cock out," he said, laughing.

"What happened?"

"Nothing at first. She heard me. I could see her head start to turn a bit and then stop."

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"What are you doing, Timmy?"

"Nothing."

"I heard something," she said.

"I'm just looking at your ass," I said.

"Quiet down. Your father's in the living room!" she whispered harshly.

"I know," I answered. "Let me see it."

"What?"

"Your ass."

"She glanced back at me then but quickly looked away."

"Put that away," she hissed.

"Show me."

"No. Do up your pants, right now!"

"Not until you show me."

"She wasn't going to do it," Tim said. "I was standing there, swaying on my feet, jeans open and zipper down with my cock hanging out. I was starting to feel a little foolish when Mom's hands lifted out of the sink and reached down outside of her skirt, one by each thigh."

Tim suddenly swerved off the road, scaring the shit out of me. But he was just pulling into a pull-off. Not a viewpoint or anything. It was too minor a road for that. He stopped the car and shut off the engine.

I looked intently into his eyes, waiting.

"She pulled her skirt up real slow," he said, "like she was unveiling something special. She went so slow I could hear her breathe in and out several times as if we were in a slow motion movie. She kept pulling until her skirt was sitting on top of her bum."

Tim paused. My eyes were riveted on his face.

"She wasn't wearing anything underneath," he said, his voice still full of awe. "Her ass was bare, two cheeks hanging down, sloping out like two pears. I remember staring down her crack, dimly

becoming aware that there were no panties covering her, pretty obvious because there was a tuft of hair sticking out from between her legs."

Page |  
77 "What happened?" I gulped.

"She turned around and looked at me. She could tell I was awestruck and I remember thinking how pleased she was, especially when I whispered how awesome she was, that her ass was absolutely stupendous. She didn't tell me to quiet down then," Tim laughed.

"What then?" I asked.

"It was her turn to watch," he said. "I grabbed my cock and gave it a full pulls, then reached out with my left hand and cupped her cheek, pulling it apart a little so I could see more."

"Remember your father," she whispered. "You better put it away."

"No. Let me touch it first."

"I leaned closer. She tried to pull away but she had nowhere to go. I pushed my head between her cheeks. She groaned when she felt me, like I did. I almost came when I heard that."

"Timmy, stop," she whispered frantically. "Your father."

"Shhhhhhhh, then," I whispered back. "Be quiet or he'll hear you."

"I was rummaging around with my cock, steering it with my hand, trying to find her slit. I slipped my left hand around to her belly, under her skirt, to hold her still but I still couldn't get it in. And then I said the magic words."

"What words?" My eyes and ears were almost off my head trying to pull his story out of him.

"I said, 'I want to do you from behind the way Rick did his mom.'"

I stared at Tim.

"She went all still and relaxed and my cock was suddenly inside her and I was shoving it in, all the way, right up into her. It was incredible. I was fucking her right there in the kitchen. It was insane! Dad was in the living room watching TV and I was fucking Mom against the sink. I mean, not rubbing her fully clothed. There was no way I could have jumped back and pretended nothing was going on. My cock was all the way up her cunt, man."

I just kept staring at Tim. He went on.

"She started making sounds, so put my hand over her mouth and kept banging her. It was fucking awesome. All of a sudden, I was cumming, jerking into her and spewing like crazy. Mom slumped over the sink then but I kept holding her. She felt so good, I kept her ass tight to me, plugged to the hilt inside her, though I was finished."

Tim shook his head.

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"It was weird. The clock seemed to be ticking really loud and I could hear the sounds of Dad's TV show. After few minutes, I realized that Mom's hair was hanging down in the dishwater. I tried to pull her up but she was like a rag doll, so I pulled her away from the sink. She just flopped forward and would have fallen to the floor if I wasn't holding by the hips to keep myself inside her."

"So we stood like that, Mom flopped over, hair hanging down to the floor, and me with my cock still plugged inside her. I'm not sure when I started, but I realized that I was no longer just holding Mom up. I was swaying in a circle, with a steady rhythm. I was starting to fuck her again."

"She just let it happen for awhile but then she must have consciously realized what I was doing and she tried to pull away but she quickly ran into the cupboards and I pressed her so the back of her head was against them. She ducked closer to the floor but I followed, squatting to keep myself deep within her. She couldn't get away, not with the iron grip I had on her hips."

"I started gouging into her then, really rooting her. My cock felt huge, like it wasn't mine. I felt like a star in a porn flick wielding a weapon that women couldn't get enough of, and Mom was the sexiest woman you could ever fuck."

She is, you know," he looked directly at me. "Her pussy has the most fantastic feel to it," he said, adding a moment later, "Especially from behind."



"We were fucking so hard that Mom's head slid along the cupboards and she ended up on her knees with me squatting behind her, our backs to the kitchen doorway and the living room, until I finally unloaded in her again."

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"We were just finishing up the dishes when Dad brought his dishes in halfway through his show. It seemed like I'd been fucking her for hours but it couldn't have been more than twenty minutes once we got started. And we did it twice at that. The first one couldn't have taken more than two minutes," he laughed.

We got back on the road after that.

"What a bummer," Tim said.

"What?" I asked, turning the music back up, thinking the opposite, that we were both back on track.

"Getting kicked out of the drive-in," he said. "What are we going to do now. We can't keep doing it in the kitchen. We'll get caught."

"Right," I agreed.

"Anyway," Tim said. "It was more fun together."

"Right," I agreed again.

We drove on. The miles passed, beautiful, sunny countryside.

"We'll go for a drive," I said, suddenly inspired.

"We are on a drive," Tim looked at me like I was on something.

"Exactly," I said. "Sunday. We'll go for a Sunday drive, with our moms."

Tim looked at me, and I knew then what Einstein must have felt like when people looked at him.

"Right on," Tim agreed enthusiastically, his hand slipping between his legs again. We both laughed uproariously.

\* \* \* \* \*

That was Thursday. That night, I didn't offer to help Mom with the dishes. After listening to Tim's story, I was afraid I'd try to lift Mom's skirt and shove it in. No. I needed to give Mom some distance after what had happened. The next day, I was out all day looking for another part-time job and I went to the local theater to see a movie. Saturday, I was the model son, helping out around the yard. Mom and Dad went out to dinner that night with some friends but I was still up when they got home.

It turned out that Dad was going fishing with some friends early in the morning and Mom and I would be home alone. She seemed nervous about that but I jumped in and asked if she wanted to go for a drive with Tim and his mom instead of sitting at home by ourselves. She couldn't very well argue that in front of Dad. Or

maybe Mom thought going for a drive the lesser of two evils, and agreed. She waited for Dad to go upstairs first.

"I talked with Millie a few days ago," she said. "There won't be any funny business anymore, despite what happened Thursday. You just caught me off guard, is all."

"Of course not," I replied cheerily. "When did you talk with Millie?" I asked, as if it wasn't important.

"Wednesday. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered if they were still going for a drive," I said.

Sunday morning, Mom had already called Millie and she confirmed that Tim had indeed suggested going for a drive since the men would be gone fishing all day. They organized who would make what to take for a picnic lunch and an hour later we went over to Tim's place to pick he and his mother up. We took the Rambler, of course.

Mom got out when we arrived and quickly sat in the back with Millie before Tim could get in. We left, Tim and I both trying hard to be nonchalant and upbeat. Mom was apprehensive but Millie was in fine spirits and Mom soon relaxed.

We drove for more well over an hour. I retraced the route Tim and I had followed and pulled off a dirt side road that dipped through a field and then lazily wound around and climbed a lightly treed, grassy knoll. I pulled off and parked the car in a spot offering a view over a distant farmhouse. I opened the door and stepped out,

pulling the seatback forward and offering my hand to Mom to help her out in a very gentlemanly fashion.

I opened the trunk and we spread a couple of blankets on the grass, unloaded our picnic baskets, and sat down to enjoy our lunch with the Rambler's doors open so we could listen to the stereo. Millie had brought wine and that, together with the surroundings, beautiful sunny day, and the casual, innocent behavior exhibited by both Tim and I, seemed to relax my mom.

We were all lying on our backs, on the blankets, chit chatting and singing along to the music. The wine helped but neither of the moms seemed to be aware of it since either Tim or I replenished the bottles with fresh ones from the trunk, unobserved. I noticed that both women were very relaxed, and Mom had finally quit tugging her skirt down every time it rode up on her thighs. She was wearing a pleated, plaid skirt just like Millie's, I imagined the same one that had gotten Tim so fired up. The hem was resting about three inches above Mom's knees which were parted just enough to make me think about what was up there, beyond the shadows that prevented further inspection.

"God, we should have brought chairs," Millie complained, stretching and arching her back.

"I'll get the backseat out of the Rambler," I offered, struggling unsteadily to my feet.

Mom frowned. "I don't think that's a very good idea."

"No, no. I'm fine," Millie protested, but I was already reaching inside the car and Tim had jumped up to help from the other side of the car.

It was an easy task. A sharp jerk on the front of the back seat pulled it from its clips and Tim and I soon steered it out of the car, setting it down at the top of one of the blankets behind our moms with the narrow, rear end facing their backs. They soon shuffled back to lean against it. Soon, all four of us were leaning back, feet stretched out before us, sipping the last of the wine.

Millie finished hers first, tossing her plastic glass over Tim onto the grass. "Well, we're stuck here for a couple of hours until this wears off," she giggled. Mom agreed, wondering how we had drunk so much wine.

"Because these little buggers probably wanted us to get drunk," Millie tittered, elbowing Tim.

"That's what I'm afraid of," Mom said, eyeing me suspiciously.

"We'll just have a nap, and then we'll be ready to go," Millie suggested, pulling the other blanket over top of us and worming her way down into a more prone position but with her head still on the seat. Tim crooked his arm over his mom's head and snuggled closer to her, straightening the blanket over her while Millie wiggled closer to her son.

Mom held off for a few minutes, watching Millie's closed eyes, then slipped lower and tugged the blanket over herself too. A moment later, I snuggled down closer to Mom.

Time went by. We listened to the birds and the distant sound of the odd car driving by on the road back over the hill. Once in a while I opened my eyes and looked for the birds, then watched

Mom. Tim was still lying with his arm over his mom's head, but his eyes were closed. I could see his other hand moving slowly over his mother's body, caressing her belly and running over her breasts. Millie seemed content. I was jealous.

Tim opened his eyes and looked at me, then down at his mother. He leaned down to kiss her face, slowly nipping her skin with his lips until hers met his. A long, languid kiss ensued, with Millie arching her neck for more.

Mom opened her eyes and looked at her friend, lovingly kissing her son while he clearly fondled her breasts under the blanket. She turned her head toward me but I was unable to read the dark pool of her eyes, and she made no effort to clarify her thoughts.

I went for it. I lowered my face to hers, stopping short of her lips, slipping my hand under the blanket until it rested on her stomach. Glancing at the maternal couple next to us, I looked down at the blanket and moved my hand, but up to caress her breasts as my friend was doing to his mom. No, my hand moved lower, onto her skirt, flexing to bunch it up, pulling the hem higher until I could slip between her legs and pull my fingers up to hook over her pantied pussy. Only then did I drop my tongue to tease its way between her lips, flicking side to side as my finger mimicked the same action across her panties.

"It'll be a while before we're sober enough to drive," I whispered, tongue and finger gently flicking their respective targets.

"Then you'd better take your time," Mom whispered back, opening her legs and pushing up, working around until she was shoving the dip between her lips onto my finger.

"I can picture the shape of your ass," I whispered.

Mom lifted higher but I drew my finger away, though not so far she couldn't pursue and easily capture it with her muff.

"That's it, reach for it," I whispered, digging my finger briefly into her pantied slit before drawing away again, loving the way her mound quickly regained the pressure of my finger.

A tiny moan escaped Mom's lips, showing that she, too, was enjoying our little game. Her hips dropped to the blanket and my finger followed her down but didn't reconnect with her damp panties until she spread her legs wider. I slipped my tongue fully into her mouth as my finger pressed between her lips and wormed its way as deep as her panties would allow. It was a very long kiss and by the time it was over my hand was inside Mom's panties and my finger was digging into her slit.

"I love your cunt," I whispered.

"Don't talk dirty," Mom moaned, capturing my tongue again and sucking it into her mouth.

"I can't help it," I gasped for breath, continuing our conversation as soon as the kiss broke. "I love it and I want to kiss it."

I started working my way down her body, pulling the blanket away as I went, Mom futilely trying to hold my head high to no avail. Maybe she didn't try to hold me so hard. Anyway, I was soon lying between her knees, head under her skirt, following the pungent odor to her soaking panties, tugging them down past her knees.

Her legs parted as my face skittered along the inside of her tender thighs and she wasn't shy when my mouth finally enveloped her, wet, hairy lips.

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She pulled her knees up when my tongue began lapping inside her slit. She absolutely loved it and moaned so loud I wondered if my Dad ever did this for her. She was really hot for it. I rubbed my thumb across her pussy as I licked her, pulling it back when I dug my tongue deep inside. I grew adept exchanging thumb for tongue and realized with a start that when I pulled my thumb back, I didn't stop to rest it on her perineum but let it slide back to rub over her asshole.

Shit! My thumb was right where my Mom shit. I was grossed out for a second but quickly realized that was when Mom's moans grew louder and more primitive. I rubbed my thumb gently over her little asterisk while exercising similar delicate attention with my tongue. She moaned wildly.

"Ohhhahhhhh."

I retracted my tongue and drooled out a long stream of thick saliva, directing it down to my thumb and rubbing it all over her crinkly bud.

"Ohhhh, ohhhh, ahhh, ohhhhhhh."

I angled my hand up and pushed my thumb inside, covering the nail.

"ohhhhhh goddddd ohhhhhhh, Ricky."



I covered Mom's pussy with my mouth and pushed my tongue deep into her cunt, sucking with my mouth. I kept my thumb in place and slowly worked it deeper inside Mom's ass. When she came, one hand banging the blanket beside me and the other holding my head firmly between her legs, my thumb was pushed in as far as it could go and rather than being treated like an unwelcome invader, Mom's bucking hips seemed intent on getting as much of it as they could.

When she finished, I crawled up and kissed her.

"Please don't push me away anymore," I asked.

"I won't, baby. I won't."

Mom's arms circled my head and held it tightly to her chest. My face was turned inward and only then did I realize that Tim was fucking his mom. They came while we watched and like us, lay one on top of the other, quietly smooching.

"What were you doing down there?" Mom whispered.

"Kissing you there. Didn't you like it?"

"Yes. ... I meant the other thing."

"Did you like that too?"

For an answer, Mom turned my face to hers and pushed her tongue aggressively into my mouth and her arms circled my head to hold me close for a long, intense kiss. When it was finished, I got up and walked to the trees to relieve myself of some of the wine I had drunk. Tim followed. After a few minutes, we could hear giggling behind us.

When we turned around, we discovered that our moms weren't laughing at us peeing in the woods. They had got up and were lying bent over the carseat from the thicker edge with their heads on the blanket and bottoms toward us. Their skirts were flipped over their backs, baring their backsides.

They giggled a chorus, "Guess which is which."

It was obvious of course, of course, but we played along. I was about to end the game when Tim suddenly knelt behind Mom, motioning for me to do the same, leaning together so our voices originated from the middle behind our moms. Tim pushed his pants down, allowing his re-hardened cock to flop out. He grazed it across the top of my mom's ass and motioned for me to do the same to his mom. I did.

"Guess which one," we sang out, barely able to contain our laughter.

Our moms laughed too, so the silly game continued with Tim and I rubbing our cocks all over our mom's rear ends, laughing and repeating over and over, "Guess who?"

"Eenie, meenie, minie, moe," Millie sang out, to be oft repeated by the two of them in chorus.

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We kept rubbing our cocks around until both of us were really hard. I was definitely thinking about stopping this silly game now because I was seriously wanting to slip my tool inside Tim's mom, and almost did. But just then, Tim upped the ante. He pushed his cock down with his fingers and slipped it under Mom's bum, between her legs, its springy tension immediately pressing it up against her pussy.

I was shocked. Partly by Tim's action, partly by the wild look on his face, and partly because I followed suit, pushing my cock down and slipping it between Millie's legs, delighting in the feel of the slippery wetness of her taboo pussy pressing on the back of my cock.

"Guess who," I said throatily, belatedly followed by Tim.

Neither mom answered. They were uncharacteristically silent, lying over the seat, arms stretched out onto the blanket, faces turned down. I looked at Tim, resolving that we really must stop this before it got further out of hand. Tim's face wore as shocked an expression as I was feeling, but he wasn't looking at me. He was looking at his mom's behind. I followed his gaze down to his mother's ass and the cock lodged between her cheeks, just in time to understand the look on Tim's face, to see myself slide all the way into Millie's pussy, to feel the clutching squish of her striated cunt as my cock passed through it.

It was as if time stood still. Tim stared. I froze. Then, I pulled out, in slow motion. Both moms were silent and still, even Millie, who had just received the full length of my cock. I pulled right out and let my cock hung suspended in the air an inch behind Millie's

delicious ass. I looked at Tim, horror mixing with confusion on my face.

Tim stare blankly back at me, then looked down at my own mother's bottom. He pulled back, allowing his cock to spring up from between her legs and then, turning to look at me, slid forward, overcoming the briefest resistance before plunging deep inside Mom, forcing a heavy exhalation from her lungs.

I nudged my cock back to Millie's ass, found her slit, and pushed inside. Tim and I looked at each other, both pulling back, than slamming in. We began fucking in unison, gearing up to match stroke for stroke, reaching forward to grasp our moms' waists at the same time, lunging, earnestly fucking, concentrating now, each intent on doing the best for the woman kneeling in front of him. We grunted with the effort, our knees digging into the coarse grass for leverage, struggling to follow as we pushed the seat and our moms further onto the blanket.

We leaned over to rest our heads on our mothers' backs, on top of their flipped up skirts pushed up under their breasts and still covering their heads. We looked at each other as we fucked, our heads rocking as our mothers' backs reacted to each hunch of our hips. I watched Tim slide his hands under Mom's blouse and grabbed her tits. I imagined her long nipples being squeezed between his fingers, helped along by her groaning response. I did the same with Millie, finding her tits to be larger than Mom's but with short, fat nipples. I pulled them down hard, pinching, as I slammed into her hard, pleased by the loud grunt my effort produced. I made it happen again, and again, and again.

What are the odds that we both came together? But we did. Loudly. Moaning and grunting as if nobody could hear. Well, so what? We were alone except for the distant farmhouse, and the birds.

Tim and I exchanged places while our mothers' heads were still covered by their skirts. When she could speak, still gasping for breath, Mom turned around and admonished us.

"What are you boys thinking? We're not schoolgirls you can trade around."

"Oh Mary," Millie gasped. "Lighten up. You can see they're on the right sides. They may have touched us up a bit for fun, but they ended up where they belong. Right boys?"

Tim and I both nodded, but Mom looked uncertain until Millie jabbed her with her elbow and we all laughed when she said, "That was the best blind date I've been on."

Tim drove home and Mom and I sat in the back seat. The wine must have made her weary because she stretched her feet out and laid her head in my lap. Tim stopped on the way home to pick up some cokes and Millie turned around to face me as soon as he got out of the car.

Looking down at Mom, she asked, "Is she really sleeping?"

I nodded, "I think so."

Millie stretched then, arching her back in an exaggerated fashion, cupping her breasts in her hands and sliding her palms slowly up onto their fronts.

"Oh, that Timmy," she sighed. "He was so rough with these." Millie dropped her hands and quickly turned to face me. "But I liked it," she said, dropping her voice to a hoarse whisper.

She pinched her nipples from outside her blouse, then suddenly lurched forward as if something had pushed her sharply from behind, then jerked ahead again. Her face broke out into a big smile and she dropped her hands just as Tim approached the car.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had an overwhelming need to have my mother that night. Maybe I needed to prove my love for her. I don't know, but the need was real. Dad wasn't home yet and Mom, despite her words to me that afternoon, wouldn't do anything in case he arrived. We ate a quiet meal. I could tell something was on Mom's mind and I wondered if she knew I had let Tim fuck her, and that I had fucked her friend.

Dad finally got home about nine, completely bushed. He went straight to bed, telling Mom not to wake him and to call in the next morning to say he was sick. Mom said she was tired and was going to bed early too. I went upstairs but changed my mind, returning downstairs dressed only in my shorts after a brief stop in the bathroom. I sat on the couch, in the dark, and waited.

It was at least half an hour before I heard Mom's door open. The light in the bathroom flashed on and off, followed by the soft pad of my mother's bare feet coming down the hallway, her dark form soon discernable in the darkness, but only barely, the creak of the stairs revealing her position as she descended the stairs. She paused by the kitchen doorway to turn on the light, disappointment flitting briefly across her face before she stepped out of my sight.

The kitchen light had outlined her body under the flimsy and worn summer nightgown she was wearing, long nipples jutting into the material so hard they lifted it away from her breasts. That her nipples were so hard stiffened my cock in my shorts. She was thinking about today, about me, I was sure of it.

I heard the tap running, a glass filling, then the sound of water being gulped down an eager throat. The slap of glass on the counter was followed by soft footsteps coming closer. Her body appeared, then half turned to turn out the light, pausing as she saw me sitting on the couch. Her high, patrician features expressionless as she regarded me, only the twitching lines at the side of her mouth, the ones she hated so much, indicated that her rigid body was indeed alive.

My eyes were drawn to a wet spot perfectly circling her left tit, starkly delineating her stiff nipple and flattening with tight cohesion on the silver dollar sized areole where water had splashed when she tipped the glass too high, overflowing her mouth and spilling from her chin.

The light flicked out.

I couldn't hear her moving on the carpet and in the fresh darkness I couldn't see, but I sensed she was coming toward me. The brush of her legs on mine confirmed my suspicion.

"What are you waiting for here in the dark," she asked, her normal voice sounding so loud I thought it could wake the dead.

I didn't answer.

"You didn't think I was going to come looking for you?"

I remained silent.

"Did you? With your father right upstairs?" Her voice was quieter now.

I kept quiet.

She didn't speak. Seconds ticked by, only our breathing marking the passage of time.

"Is that what you thought?" she whispered.

I don't think she expected me to answer because she whispered again right away.

"Have you got it out?"

I slipped my shorts down, under my ass, and pushed them to my knees. The rustling audible even though our breathing was louder now.

Seconds ticked by again. She was waiting, now, teasing while my cock wobbled in the dark, summer air. Now it was I that was frantic with expectation.



I felt her knees, outside mine. Was she getting ready to get on me? I braced myself. A moan escaped my lips.

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Mom's mouth had suddenly enveloped my cock. How she had done it, how her aim could be so perfectly accurate, I'll never know, but it is a feeling I'll never, ever forget. To have your hard cock suddenly covered by a warm, wet mouth without any warning. Incredible.

She was sucking, sliding her lips tightly up and down my rigid member. I reached up to grasp her head, to guide her mouth but her hands batted mine away. I let them fall limply to my sides as my mother sucked and sucked my sensitive cock, sometimes swirling all around my head, and sometimes dropping unexpectedly down my shaft. She went down all the way, her lips nibbling around my root, my cockhead squished into what must have been the entrance to her throat.

Then she would slide up and release me with a loud, sucking pop followed by gasps for air and the drool of her saliva oozing onto my helmet, dripping down my shaft. It was fantastic, exquisite torture. I couldn't stand it anymore and reached again to control her head.

This time, she let me. Immediately, I began thrusting my cock into her mouth, desperate for release. She allowed me to fuck her face, slowly at first, but then faster and faster. The sound of her struggle to accommodate my plunging only increased the speed of my frantic lunges until I was bursting in her throat, flooding her tongue, then feeling the rivulets of my spend that couldn't find a home in her mouth, trickling down my cock and onto my balls.

I collapsed back into the couch. Mom was moving and when I felt her knees outside my shoulders I knew she had stood on the couch, even before I felt her wet, hairy pussy pushing against my mouth.

"What was that bad word you used today?" her cackling whisper revealing a wicked sense of humor.

My silence provoked a twisting rub that smeared her juices across my chin and lips.

"Hmmmmm?"

"Cunt," I whispered, followed by a sharp intake of breath as I, correctly, anticipated her wetness covering my entire mouth.

Mom's hands grabbed the sides of my head, like I had gripped hers moments before. She pulled away.

"Do you still love it?"

"Yes," I whispered, quickly sucking in air.

"Then lick it," she cried, yanking my head forward and grinding her pussy on my face.

She didn't speak again, at least, she didn't utter any sounds that were intelligible. And, though she periodically released my head, I

knew she didn't want me to speak, only breathe. Eventually, her cunt was rubbed more delicately on my face as she guided me to lick and suck and poke my tongue exactly where she wanted it. I thought it would take longer than it did. Maybe it was a long time but I was still surprised when she suddenly gripped me hard and ground her pussy in a sustained, hard series of bumps and grinds, then collapsed, falling limply to the couch beside me.

She was like a rag doll when I manipulated her body onto her stomach, leaning forward to stretch one leg behind me and draping the other over my lap. My fingers found their way into her pussy and though she had so recently experienced a fulfilling release, her bottom was soon twitching in response to my sensitive ministrations.

I searched around until I found the little jar I had brought downstairs with me from the bathroom. I opened it with one hand, not stopping my pussy titillation, and set it in the hollow of her back. I scooped up a big gob of petroleum jelly and worked the edge of my hand between her cheeks, spreading them before twisting my fingers down to smear the slippery goo on her asshole.

Mom's head jerked around.

"What are you doing?"

Instead of answering, I spread the jelly around on her cheeks, then returned to push the remains onto her puckered hole.

"Ricky, what are you doing?"

I pulled my fingers out of her pussy and held the jar while I dug out a large wad of jelly. I was silent while I greased my cock, then pushed the rest all over her ass, pushing her thigh out so I could cram it onto her bud with my thumb.

"What are you doing to me," she whispered.

"Turn your face into the couch," I whispered back.

"What are you doing?" she repeated.

I spread her cheeks and placed my thumb onto her crinkly rosebud. Slipping my finger back into her pussy, I whispered, "Put your face in the couch."

I began finger fucking Mom and gently rubbing my thumb over her dark crinkle, gradually pressing harder until my thumb tip was dipping in just the slightest bit. Minutes passed and Mom relaxed, recognizing play that was similar to that she had enjoyed in the afternoon accompanied by my teasing tongue. Though she remained silent, her face still looked back, eyes glinting intensely even in the darkness.

I raised my pussy hand up and arched its thumb up to join its brother that was teasing Mom's asshole. I inserted it into the little hallway, the greeting room in which I knew I had to linger before being invited into the chamber of sighs.

Mom buried her face in the couch.

She didn't make a sound until my hand pressed against her slippery ass and my thumb, pushed in as far as it would go, bursting through the inner door. That's when I learned the sweetest hello in the world could be a simple grunt.

After a while I replaced my thumb with my finger but, though longer, it was too thin so I pushed another one in and worked Mom with the two but I knew it was time for the real thing. I positioned myself behind her, my cock nudging her now open asshole.

"Easy," Mom cautioned.

"OK," I responded. "You come for it."

I held still, rubbing her rear end with my cock. She didn't move, still waiting for me to push in.

I repeated, "You have to take it."

More rubbing until finally, tentatively, her ass pushed back, pinching my tip in her dark well, paused, and then pushed harder. I popped inside. She waited for a full minute, then pushed slowly but steadily back, scraping tightly over my shaft until I was all the way in. Again, she waited.

At last, she rasped, "Move."

"What?" I asked.

"Fuck it," she cried. "Fuck it."

I pulled back slowly, not far, maybe an inch, then gently pushed back in. There was no response, so I carefully copied that move, then again, and again. Soon I was traversing two inches, but more quickly, though still not fast. It took me a good three minutes to confidently launch full strokes in and out of Mom's ass, and another three, after she began making appreciative sounds, before I started mixing it up with more interesting thrusts and parlays.

Her moans and grunts showed she liked a period of slow in and outs to be followed by a sudden flurry of hard, ramming thrusts, capped by a long, shoving, grinding plug. I tried to cover her pussy with my hand but hers was already there and refused to relinquish its prized position. Conceding her pussy to Mom's more expert fingers, I concentrated on reaming her ass, dropping my right foot to the floor to leverage myself above her arched up bottom, allowing me to really dig in and root around.

I was surprised by this sexy woman, my mother. She loved getting it in the ass, something she'd never done before and later told me she was petrified when she knew what I wanted to do. Yet she let me have her, just like she had allowed me to come on her face. Though I didn't know it in the latter instance, I knew while I was gouging her bottom that she would never have let my father do this to her. I instinctively knew that, despite how much she loved it, she would never let anyone else have her ass. And when I became aware of that, at the moment Mom's moans turned into such a howl she dug her face into the crease between the cushion and the back of the couch, I emptied my balls inside her, holding her hips to keep her ass arched up to accept my gift.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Tuesday, I got a job. I rushed home to tell Mom the good news. As soon as I saw her, standing by the kitchen, a plate of sandwiches and a large of milk waiting on the table, I wanted her. I walked straight to her, ignoring the food despite my hunger, taking her in my arms for an intense kiss.

"I got a job," I managed to get out between kisses.

"I know," she said. "I could tell."

I pulled her dress up with my left hand and slipped my right under her panties, my long finger snaking between her cheeks to find her asshole.

"No, Ricky," she whispered unconvincingly. "Eat your lunch."

"Fuck that I said."

But she broke away and ran, laughing as she stumbled up the stairs. I rushed after her but didn't catch her until she had reached her bed, pushing her forward, spreading her legs and shoving her dress over her hips and ass, yanking her panties down. Her struggle and giggles stopped then. She lay open and exposed in front of me, spread legs and ass lewdly pushed up toward me in invitation as I undid my belt and pushed my jeans down to free my raging cock. Her hands were scrabbling in the headboard, searching for something, finding it, one hand reaching back to offer me a tube. I pointed it at her ass, inserted the nozzled end between her cheeks, and squeezed until a thick oil bubbled out from her crack and onto the roundness of her buttocks.

I pushed my cock in to replace the tube, pushing the goo into her hole, stopping to wait for her to push back, to receive me at her own discretion, moaning when she finally popped me in. Within two minutes, I was reaming my mother's ass for the second time in my life.

On Thursday, I took her again.

That's how the summer went. Two or three times a week we managed to fuck at home, at least once in the ass. On weekends, we joined Tim and his mom for a drive, stopping to fuck in the great outdoors, close to each other but never again switching moms.

At the end of the summer, I went to college in the next town, where our college girls were supposedly located. Tim went to Vietnam.

I had sex whenever I could with Mom throughout the fall and winter. It was tough on Tim's mom, especially at Christmas. The following summer, Mom and I renewed our Sunday drives and even managed to get into the drive-in again. We had become very practiced lovers, well-attuned to each others joys.

One day, I came home from an early shift at my summer job to find Mom and Millie having coffee. They were sitting on tall stools at the counter, sandwiches and milk placed in front of the end stool for me. I sat down and began eating. I hadn't seen Millie since Xmas when she looked drawn out and tired. She looked better now, with a little summer sun. She and Mom both wore fancier dresses. They must have been at some kind of luncheon or something, or were going to one. I munched away while they chatted, until Mom suddenly included me in the conversation.



"Millie's really been missing Tim," Mom said.

It took a moment for me to realize that she was speaking to me. I turned toward Mom, looking across Millie since she was sitting on the stool between us, with a mouthful of sandwich.

"So do I," I mumbled around a mouthful of tuna salad and bread.

Millie burst out laughing, stretching her hand onto my thigh, patting it.

"Each your sandwich, kid. We can't let a lonely mother's pining get between a man and his food."

They both laughed and Millie turned back to Mom to carry on their conversation but she left her hand on my thigh. Though she didn't do anything, I became intensely aware of its presence due to its proximity to my groin. I couldn't help it that my groin started growing closer to her hand. Mom and Millie were reminiscing about the last summer while my little guy stiffened and filled the crotch of my jeans, trying to straighten out down the leg that Millie's hand so delicately decorated.

"Wouldn't it be nice if Millie could join us for our drives again?" Mom asked. I looked at Mom's inquiring face. She added, "And maybe see a movie with us?"

Just then, Millie's fingers retracted, scratching along my inner thigh. Both women were looking to me for a response, though I'm sure it wasn't the one I was currently forming.

"Uh, sure," I bumbled out awkwardly.

Millie turned to Mom, "That's great, when would be good for you?"

Her fingers scratched me again as she spoke and waited for Mom's answer, stretching closer to my groin and dragging her hand higher up my leg so the next move, which quickly followed, allowed her fingers to lightly scrape over the tip of my burgeoning cock.

"Why not this Sunday?" Mom replied. She continued with even more enthusiasm, "We could go to the drive-in again. We can get in now and there's a triple feature showing this Saturday. Remember that first triple feature we went to?"

Millie laughed, nodding, her fingers executing a longer scratch the length of my cock.

"Do I? That was really something."

My cock grew even more under her stroking fingers.

"Millie! What are you doing?" Mom suddenly barked.

I froze, but Millie's fingers didn't, and I couldn't help responding.

"What?" Millie's voice was the epitome of innocence.

"Your hand is on Rick's leg."

"It is?" Millie's innocence was extended.

My right hand had moved to cover Millie's on my left leg but it was too late and it dropped in my lap, at least blocking any further advance onto my crotch.

"Damn right it is. It's right between his legs. What's it doing there?" Mom was indignant.

I didn't know what to do. I hadn't done anything. I was just sitting there, face red, breath hard to come by.

"Touching your son's cock," Millie answered calmly.

I was shocked.

"Oh," Mom replied in an equally calm voice. "So, what do you think? Can you make it on Saturday?"

I was stupefied!

"Yes, I think so. I'm sure my loving husband doesn't have any amorous plans for me."

Millie's hand suddenly slipped back, grabbed my hand from my lap and pulled it over to drop it on her leg, just above her knee. She nudged my hand between her legs before slipping her own back to resume its position, clamping over my cock.

Mom spoke again, her voice inquisitive rather than angry. "Millie, what are you doing with Rick's hand?"

"Putting it between my legs," Millie replied, her hand sliding further up my leg so her palm was scraping against my balls as her fingers cupped my cock.

"Oh," Mom said. "Can you come on Sunday, then?"

This conversation was too bizarre.

"Sure." Scratch, scratch, scratch.

"That's great," Mom kept contributing to this surreal interaction. "That's never going to work," she said. "That dress is far too tight."

Mom reached down to grasp the hem of Millie's dress, between her legs, almost touching mine which was still holding the inside of Millie's right leg, just above her knee. She started tugging Millie's dress, trying to pull it higher.

"Come on, Millie. Open your legs," Mom said.

My disbelief was being replaced by the slow realization that I had been set up.

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Millie's legs opened, her right thigh moving until it hit mine whereupon she lifted her leg and draped her knee over mine. Her widening thighs had caused my hand to slip higher up her leg. Mom tugged the dress higher, exposing Millie's white panties.

"Is she still touching your cock?"

I looked up into Mom's eyes. She was looking directly at me.

"Yes." My voice was so hoarse it didn't even sound like a word to me.

"Then it's fair for you to touch her."

I couldn't speak.

"Can you see her panties?"

I nodded. Millie's hand scrunched tightly over my cock.

"Touch them."

I stared. Millie's pulsing mound made her panties seem alive.

"She really misses Tim," Mom whispered.

I pushed my hand forward, twisting at the last minute so it could cup Millie's pussy, arching my hand so the long middle finger could nestle between her puffy lips. Millie's hand tightened even more and she released a loud sigh as her panties pushed against my fingers.

For several minutes, I rubbed my friend's mother's pussy while my own mom kept her dress pulled away so my hand was free to move. When her dampness soaked through to my hand and her aroma filtered up to flood our nostrils, Mom stopped us.

"That's enough," she said, getting off her stool.

I didn't want to stop. I was enjoying the strange situation and the feel of Millie's pussy. I wanted more. But Mom insisted, pulling Millie off the stool and away from my eager fingers.

"But Mom," I protested, "she really misses Tim."

"Well, she shouldn't have touched my son's cock without permission."

Mom took hold of both Mom's hands and, walking backward, towed Millie out of the kitchen. Millie had trouble walking but followed, kicking one high heeled shoe away that had fallen half off her foot and managing to discard the other as she entered the

living room. I followed, cock painfully bent, loosening my jeans to relieve it.

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I had expected Mom to lead Millie to the door and out but she turned her into the living room, over to Dad's big chair, sidestepping the large ottoman in front that Dad used to rest his feet. Mom squatted between the ottoman and the chair, pulling Millie down to her knees on the opposite side and stretching her across by pulling her arms.

Millie submissively flopped down, laying her head on its side and letting her arms fall limply to the side of the ottoman without a struggle. Mom leaned over her and stretched out to grasp Millie's tight dress, pulling it up her legs, baring the back of her thighs, then higher, until it was bunched above her hips.

Mom looked up at me. "She's been very naughty."

I just nodded, looking down at Millie's exposed thighs and panties, not sure what was going on or what Mom expected me to do. Mom's hands slipped up to hold Millie down under her armpits.

"Smack her bottom," Mom commanded.

"What?"

"Smack her bottom."

"Mom, I can't ..."

"Yes you can. She touched you without permission. Now do it."

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I reached down and lightly smacked Millie's pantied rear end.

"Harder."

I spanked her again with a little more force.

"Harder, or I won't let her come to the drive-in."

My cock would never have forgiven me if I let that happen.

Smack, smack, smack. Millie moaned

"Again. Harder."

SMACK, SMACK, SMACK.

"Ohhh, unnghh, unggghhh."

I was beginning to enjoy this.



"Stop."

I raised my hand.

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"I said stop."

I lowered my hand, confused, frustrated.

"Pull her panties down."

"What?"

"Pull her panties down."

I got down on my knees behind Tim's mom. Looking at Mom for confirmation, I grabbed Millie's panties at each hip and dragged them over her bottom, pushing down until the waistband stretched across the backs of her knees.

"Keep spanking her."

I slapped Millie's ass until her moans were loud and her cheeks red.

"Stop."

Mom leaned over Millie, close to her head.

"Do you want it now?"

Millie's head shook ... in affirmation.

"Please." That small word escaped amid a series of rapid breaths.

Mom looked up at me, kneeling behind Tim's mom, breathing hard.

"Fuck her," Mom said.

Mom prodded me again, looking down at my bulging, loosened jeans, then back up to my face.

"I said fuck her. She can't wait until Saturday."

I pushed my jeans down, my huge boner flopping forward into attack position.

Mom held up her hand and leaned down to Millie again.

"Tim's friend is going to fuck you now. For your son."

Mom waved me on. "Take her."

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I lined up with Millie's inflamed pussy and slipped inside, easily sinking my whole shaft in. She was incredibly wet. I immediately started banging her hard. I was so fucking excited and Millie was really ready for it. I really hammered into her.

"That's it, that's it." Mom cried, spurring me on. "You know she likes it hard."

I knew in that instant that Mom had known all along that I had fucked Millie the day they bent over the Rambler's backseat on the hillside, and I had let Tim fuck her. I went wild, pumping Millie from behind like a maniac until I blew my load inside her, leaning over her back, gasping, gulping for air.

I pulled out quickly when Mom flung herself back onto Dad's chair, lifting her legs up and out to display her rosy, freshly shaved pussy. I had never seen it without a thick thatch of hair; in fact, it was the first shorn pussy I had ever seen. I stumbled around Millie, shuffling with my feet still in my jeans, falling to my knees and throwing my face between Mom's legs, gulping a huge breath just before her hands violently yanked my face onto her soaking wet, bare cunt.

She hunched on my head frantically and in less than a minute she flooded my face with her pungent juice. I remained licking between her legs, reveling in the occasional appreciative twitch. At long last, Mom stood, straightened her dress and smoothed it in place over thighs while Millie did the same, having already pulled her panties up and snugging them into place.

"So, Saturday and Sunday, then?" Mom looked over me at Millie.

"Definitely," Millie responded. "Pick me up at eight?"

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"We'll be there," I chipped in, struggling to my feet with jeans still around my ankles, appearing a little foolish compared to the now-composed mothers, "Maybe even a bit early."

\* \* \* \* \*

I kept thinking about that afternoon over the next few days. I've thought about it a lot since. It seemed too unreal to be true and, in a sense it was. but that day was the culmination of months of pressures and shared emotional moments for Mom and Millie, starting the Xmas before when Tim's absence really came crushing down on his mom. Both moms were uncomfortable that Mom had me there and Millie didn't have Tim and it came to a head in the summer when I was around every day. Millie found it too hard to take and began avoiding Mom. So, they came up with a solution and, as women often do, it was one that shared the communal wealth.

Fantastic for me, that's for sure.

I won't tell you about the following Saturday at the drive-in or the Sunday drive other than to say it was absolutely incredible. I'm sure you can imagine what happened. It was just the first of many subsequent movie and summer drive in the country experiences that ensued through the rest of the summer and fall, and beyond.

We also had lots of fun in our home on afternoons that I had off. They kind of blend into one another now. My real memory is of having a constant hardon but thankfully one that was consistently relieved. A year of constant, bare-backed fucking. Oh, those glory days.

The moms manipulated their two spouses, who knew each other but weren't friends, into becoming close pals. There were many fishing and hunting trips over the next few years where they were both gone for days at a time and we knew exactly when they would be home. I, of course, could never go because of work or college. Darn!

We also began that summer to have barbecues at each other's homes. The first one was at our place and still provides a searing set of memories for me today. Mom sent my dad and Tim's out to the barbecue to warm it up for at least ten minutes before putting the potatoes on and then to wait a half hour before following with the steaks.

Ah, the danger-piqued joys of slowly slipping my hard tool in and out of a man's wife from behind while she held her summer dress with one hand over her hips for me so my hands were free to twist and tug her nipples, while she sipped on her drink, hidden behind the counter as she leaned on it and watched her husband standing by the barbecue. A slow, languid fuck ten steps from getting caught.

Oh, and I should mention Mom's hand reaching around to cup and tickle my balls while the fingers of her other hand circled the base of my shaft, occasionally pulling me right out of Millie, teasing us both, before steering my cock back inside her friend. Mom would follow up by either slamming her pelvis into my ass or pressing me gently but firmly. I could never tell which was coming. Sometimes she kept me pressed in and others she pulled me back right away, sometimes all the way out as I mentioned above but usually only

part way. She controlled us, governing the way I fucked Tim's mom.

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117 And if that wasn't delicious enough, she was always whispering in my ear, issuing conditional promises like, "If you tease her right, you can do it our special way tonight."

I knew I'd "done it right" because the moms encouraged the dads to drink lots during and after dinner so mine wouldn't wake up to the loud moans and groans filling the house in tune with the movements of his son's cock in his wife's ass.

As soon as Tim's parents left, Mom sent Dad upstairs to bed. "Rick can help me clean up, dear."

He had no sooner disappeared than Millie knocked on the door, stepped inside and closed it, pushing her body hard on mine when she saw that Dad had already gone upstairs, shoving her tongue deep into my mouth for a long, fully entwined kiss. When Mom appeared behind us, issuing a "Umhmm," Millie broke off the kiss, laughed and whispered in my ear.

"Tease the shit of her tonight. She deserves it." She left to drive her husband home, but not without a final grope.

"Go check on your father," Mom instructed me, turning on her heel and walking toward the kitchen. I watched her go, hips swaying, each cheek taking its turn straining against the light material of her loosely skirted summer dress.

Dad was planted face-first on the bed, shirt and sandals off but shorts only pulled part way down, exposing his middle-aged, hairy ass. It was a shock to think that Mom was only six years younger than him. I walked down the stairs, trying to go slowly so I could savor what was coming, but failing.

Mom was standing in front of the side counter, where Millie had leaned earlier that evening with me and Mom behind her in a chain. She was still fully clothed. I walked up behind her, unbuttoning my summer shorts and letting them drop into a pile around my bare feet. My hand lifted high enough to hook my thumbs into the waistband of my underwear, pushing them down over my ass. I had to bend forward and lift the front to get them over my sky-hunting cock. Although I'd blown my load often lately, I still felt that I had a bad case of blue balls.

When I straightened up, Mom issued another instruction. She didn't wait for my report on Dad.

"Unzip me."

I found the little zipper under the hair at the nape of her neck and pulled it down the long length of her back, following the arc of her spine into the dip before the track swung out to end just above the swell of her buttocks, the crack leading to the joys below just starting to peek out beneath the zipper.

Mom waited, unmoving, not speaking. Delicately, I inserted my index fingers just under the shoulders of her dress and slipped it over her shoulders, slowing its fall down her arms, which she straightened until her hands were free, replacing them on the counter in front of her, out of my sight. I stooped to follow the dress down, over her hips and past her buttocks, unencumbered by panties, and down to her knees where I waited patiently, dress held up from the floor, until Mom stepped out of it, one foot at a time. I

draped the dress over the counter to Mom's left side, eyes roaming up and down her naked body.

I reached around to cup Mom's bare tits, lifting their weight in my palms before slipping my fingers up to possess those long, stiff nipples I loved so much.

Mom tolerated barely a tweak before barking, "Don't touch me!"

I jerked my hands back, surprised, confused and, yes, hurt by her rebuke.

Within seconds, I saw that all was well when Mom's right hand swung into sight at her side, palm held up, fingers closed to contain a large handful of petroleum jelly.

"Put it on yourself first and then, very carefully, rub it on me." Her voice was all soft and feminine, in sharp contrast to her recent rebuke.

I dipped my finger into the bowl of her hand and dabbed some jelly onto the top of my helmeted soldier, smearing it around and under the head with my fingers, then returned for more to coat my shaft. I placed the next bit in a single gob on top of my tip and pressed it between her cheeks, pressing my fingers against the underside of my shaft to force it near her puckered hole.

She started whispering to me then as I retrieved gob after gob, smearing it between her cheeks in the same manner.



"Did you like pushing your cock under Millie's dress when her husband was right outside talking to your father, you nasty boy?"

Page | Oh, god. She was in a mood.  
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"Did you like it when I pulled her panties down so you could slip it under her musky pussy?"

I didn't answer her queries. I knew she didn't really want me to. This was all part of it. We had already started. She was fucking my mind.

"What kind of slut would let you do that, let her son's teenaged friend push his cock into her cheating slit while she smiled at her husband, and then happily ate the steak he labored to cook while she was pushing her ass back, begging for more stiff cock?"

I scraped the last of it from her hand and loaded my cock, ready for the last application while she smeared the remains in her hand all over her tits. Spreading her cheeks, I guided my cock to her brownish opening.

"What kind of mother would help her friend cheat with her own son, and then let him shove his filthy, unwashed cock into her ass while her husband lay passed out on their marital bed?"

"You would," I gasped, pushing my cock into her, steadily overcoming the diminishing resistance in her well-used chute, letting loose the first loud groan of the night, but definitely not the last.

Mom leaned forward to make her asshole more readily available, pressing herself to the counter, but not before my hands managed to slip under her greasy tits to squeeze them just as the root of my cock crushed against her cheeks. Grinding around in a slow circle, I lifted her up onto her toes, letting my tip scrape the soft tissue of her inner chamber.

"Ohhhhhhh, godddd, you do that so well," Mom cried.

"What?" I begged the obvious.

"Fuck my ass," she moaned as her pucker tried to hold my retreating pole.

"Do you like the way I do it?" I asked as her pucker switched direction to desperately chase after my thrusting cock as it blasted upward, lifting her onto her toes and then off, reaming her slippery bunghole.

"I love it, baby," Mom groaned. "God help me, I love it."

She grunted my name with each subsequent thrust.

I don't know how we managed to stay upright but we did. Afterward, I could see a huge crease across Mom's abdomen where she met the edge of the counter. Women are tough man. I couldn't have taken that and I also knew her moans weren't groans of pain. She'd taken it all like a woman.

That scenario was repeated several times that summer, at our house and Tim's. Once, on the way home from a barbecue there, Mom leaned over and sucked me off while Dad lay passed out in the backseat of his car. It was as we were crossing through the almost empty main street, about eleven at night. Mom just leaned over, rubbed my crotch for a moment, then deftly opened my pants and pulled me out. Her mouth slipped over my head, tongue swirling around, then pulled off and flicked all over my throbbing helmet. As we passed in front of the deserted theater, Mom pushed her lips tightly over my shaft right down to the root, munching all the way until her throat encountered my head, and enveloped it. I managed to get down our street without hitting any parked cars. The car jerked to a halt when I prematurely slammed it into Park and grabbed the hair at the back of Mom's head, shoving her down into my thrusting hips, my cum exploding into her mouth. I had stopped in the nick of time.

I still managed to fuck her ass after getting Dad into bed, dangerously taking her on the carpet in her bedroom, unable to wait after she came out of their bathroom, totally naked with her ass already greased up. I realized there was method in her madness. She wanted me to last, so she made sure I could on the way home. Although there had been lots of clandestine groping at Millie's, I hadn't actually been able to get enough time to fuck her.

What an incredible woman Mom was. The more time passed the more I couldn't be near her without being hard.

BTW, I never did take Millie's ass, or any other woman's for that matter. That was something truly special shared only between Mom and me. Strangely, Millie never offered though she knew I was doing Mom that way. I don't think she was afraid to try it, nothing scared her. I guess she just realized there were certain boundaries you don't cross.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tim finally came home but I was out of town with friends and he left before I could get home. He only stayed for two days. It wasn't anything to do with me fucking his mom, he didn't find out about that. According to everyone who saw him, old friends and even his mom, he wasn't the same person. He was different somehow, uncharacteristically moody. He left abruptly, without saying a word.

Tim didn't show up for another two years. By then, he was a Sargent in the special forces. We had a few beers together in a local bar where several other guys who were also just back from the Nam were drinking. They kept their distance, according Tim a strange respect as soon they saw some kind of insignia on his uniform. It was almost like they were in awe of him but at the same time wary, even afraid. I mentioned it to Tim but he just brushed it off.

"Fuck it," he said, something he said a lot in the few days he was home.

He never talked about fighting in Vietnam, but I had overheard those guys mentioning Cambodia and Laos after they backed away.

That was the last time I saw Tim. He never came back. Oh, he didn't get killed. He became a mercenary and Millie got postcards about once a year and then less often, never a letter, from a variety of countries in Africa, Asia, and Latin America, wherever there was trouble.

I continued having fun with Tim's mom, often feeling nervous about him finding out and not liking the idea. But hey, if you were

presented with Millie's willing mouth, open legs, and quivering bottom, what would you have done?

It stopped when I met Laura and it became evident she would be the one for me. For mom at least. I did stray a few times with Millie on visits home. That woman just wouldn't be denied once her mind was set.

So that's it. I fucked my head off and never got caught.

But that's not the end of the story, not quite anyway.

## Chapter 4

Not quite the whole story.

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That was less than a mouthful, that's for sure.

It was little more than a week after we had pawed through the pictures that the bomb arrived in the mail in the form of a bill, forwarded from my mother's last address, for the next year's storage fee. The bill didn't state what was being stored, just the square footage and a rate per square foot for heated indoor storage space, and a total payable within 30 days or the contents would be seized and disposed for services rendered.

I called, but the attendant didn't know what was in the storage room. The room was secured by the owner's lock which he couldn't open unless I had proof that the owner was indeed deceased and that I was the rightful owner according to the will. If I presented a notarized document to that effect, he would open the locker and allow me to remove the contents after paying a fee or continue to store it in a new contract in my name.

The next week, I drove up to the storage facility armed with the appropriate legal documents and a lot of curiosity. I wondered what could Mom have been storing so long - the attendant said the storage contract was the oldest one they had on file, almost 20 years he said. Why did she need to store things outside her home, in the next town no less?

With a profound sense of mystery, I eagerly peered under the rising metal door as the attendant lifted it with two hands and pushed it toward the roof where it rolled along the ceiling and bounced back

and forth, handrope dangling wildly as the door bounced off the stop springs.

Page | "A car!" the attendant exclaimed.  
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It was indeed a car ... under a fitted canvas cover.

The attendant stood back to let me by. I walked in, squeezing alongside the car to the far corner. There was nothing else in the room. I bent to lift the cover and the attendant rushed to help, thinking I wanted to remove the cover though I only meant to take a peek.

"I wonder how old it is?" the attendant said, lifting the canvas at the other end.

Together, we exposed the side and I followed as the attendant dragged the canvas over the roof toward the other side of the car. A lump had developed in my throat as soon as the red and black two-tone paint was revealed in the dim light.

"Wow, what kind of car is that?" the kid said. "Some kind of early Lincoln?"

"No," I replied, having difficulty speaking. "It's a 1959 Rambler American Continental," I informed him, an old yet still familiar defensive tone creeping into my voice.

"A what?" the kid said.

"A Rambler," I muttered, dropping the canvas to the floor and walking over it to the driver's door.

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I opened the car. It smelled very musty. I squeezed inside and sat behind the wheel, ignoring the attendant who was saying something. Dust rose up as my weight hit the seat and I looked around the car, then opened the glove box which was empty except for a sheaf of old and dry papers. Insurance papers for the last year the car was driven, 1975, some twenty-four years ago, about a year after Laura and I met and five years before we married.

I closed the glove box but kept the registration papers. Continuing my inspection, I noticed the car keys dangling from the ignition and removed them. Craning my neck over the seat, I confirmed the backseat was empty before extricating myself and walking out of the garage.

"You going to want to keep it here?" the attendant asked as I opened the trunk.

"I don't know yet. For a while anyway," I said.

"OK," he said, walking away. "Stop and let me know before you leave," he called over his shoulder.

"Uh huh," I acknowledged, moving back to lift the trunk.



Spare tire, a small tool box, an old blanket, a picnic basket and a couple of empty wine bottles. The last three items held oodles of memories for me.

I wondered what happened to Jeez, Dad. What an ugly car.

Now, it seems, Tom thought the car was 'cool', a great project for his automotive class at school. He and his friends could blow everyone away if they could recondition this 'relic' from the past.

"C'mon, honey. Let him do it," Laura piped in. "Your mom loved that car. Why would she have kept it all these years, in secret, if she didn't?"

"Yeah, Dad," Tom moved in for the kill. "It might even be worth big bucks. I mean, man, it's got to be rare."

"It'll bring back the magic of those days, too, sweetheart," Laura added, delivering the coup d'etat.

I felt cornered. Why was I resisting. It wouldn't cost much if Tom's instructor let him and his pals take it on as a project. I had already dealt with the flood of memories that had assaulted my brain as soon as I had turned up the corner of the canvas covering the Rambler. What was it? Something nagged me to say no but, against my better judgement, I agreed.

"OK. You can ask Mr. Martens, but it has to remain original. Gran wouldn't have wanted to see it all hopped up."

"Awesome," Tom jumped up in a mock cheer, right arm thrust aggressively up, ending in a closed fist. Laura looked pleased and I knew it was because she believed this would motivate our son who was not exactly pleasing us with his attitude and performance at school. Maybe that's why I said yes.

\* \* \* \* \*

The project was nearing its end. Tom and three of his friends from class, the 'Rambler' team were meeting in his room. Their meetings, originally held in our kitchen, had moved to his room about a month ago. Just before that, they adopted a curious habit of lowering their voices, stopping their conversation or changing topics whenever anyone else came near the kitchen.

At first, I thought they were talking about something else than the car, some girls or plans to get hold of some booze for the weekend, but eventually I realized they were keeping something secret about the car itself. I became suspicious that they were contravening my rule about not customizing the car.

Rather than go to the school to find out, which might embarrass Tom, I queried Laura whether she knew if Tom and his pals were up to something with the Rambler and was surprised by her response.

"I don't know. Why would you think I would know anything about it," Laura snapped.

I looked at my wife's back as she whirled away from me and pulled something out of one of the cupboards, though she had looked like she was leaving the kitchen when I came in and asked her what she knew about the Rambler and the boys' secretive behavior.

"I don't know," I answered, confused by the intensity of her response. Looking at her, now crouching in front of the lower cupboards that held pots and pans, I noticed her neck and the bit of her face that I could see from behind was rosy red. "I was just wondering."

"Well, I don't know anything about it," Laura snapped.

Bewildered, I backed out of the kitchen. Now, more than ever, I was determined to find out what was going on. I was convinced that Tom and his pals were hopping up the Rambler and that Laura knew about it and was afraid to say anything to me. I went to the school.

"Nope, it's completely stock. All original," Dennis Martens assured me. "Those boys are really into this car. They're here every spare class and after school until I kick them out. They've done a beautiful job, just look at it." He waved his hand at the Rambler, all shiny red and black in the far bay. I had to agree. It looked great, and original.

So what were those boys up to, and why had it upset Laura so much when I asked? Come to think about it, she had been acting kind of funny for the last while. On edge, like.

That was my excuse for searching my son's room. I'm not proud of it, or of the fact that I invaded my wife's privacy, by reading her diary when I came across it.

Tom, it seems, had found a set of diaries hidden in the Rambler, stuffed in the heater blower, easily accessed by a little metal door under the dash. A cold sweat enveloped me.

According to Laura's diary, Millie had had sexual relations with her son and she thought this might have something to do with why he was so different when he came back from Vietnam. It wasn't all the war, she had written. Thank god it was Millie's diary he'd found and not Mom's.

I read on, working back from the middle and then springing ahead, but I'll give it to you from the beginning, from Laura's first relevant entry.

I found a little black book in Tom's room today. It was a diary belonging to Gran's friend, Millie. It was sad, really, because it was mostly about Millie's thoughts about her son Tim. Tim had been Rick's best friend in school. He left for Vietnam before Rick and I met and though he came back twice, I never met him. Sadly, almost every entry was about Tim. Millie must have missed him so much, I thought, but I was shocked toward the end of the little book to find out how much.

Evidently, Tim had started making advances toward his mother. The improper kind. Millie was quite concerned about it, at first sure she was just imagining it, but realized it wasn't her imagination when her son touched her one morning, inappropriately patting her bottom several times in the kitchen while she was making breakfast. Her husband was right there, sitting at the table, yet after the last pat, Tim let his hand rest on top of her buttock for several seconds, as if daring his father to look.

Millie was beside herself for several days. She hadn't said anything at the first touch because she was so shocked she wasn't sure it had happened. The second time, she just didn't know what to do and the next two times, she was afraid to say anything lest her husband hurt her son. She convinced herself she would give Tim a talking to once they were alone but the last time, when he'd let his hand linger, she was sure Tim thought she was OK with it. All that afternoon, she fretted that she had mistakenly encouraged her son. She vacillated between feelings of incrimination and guilt, the latter because the whole episode had been fraught with danger, and yes, Millie was surprised and loathe to admit, excitement.

Millie didn't get a chance to talk with her son that night and the next day the whole scene was replayed again, but this time, Tim found more opportunities to let his hand rest on his mother's ass. Again, Millie was afraid to move in case she called her husband's attention to what was going on. Unfortunately, her submissiveness encouraged Tim. He stood beside her, blocking her husband's view, put his arm around her and took the full weight of her breast in his hand, squeezing her for many seconds while she did absolutely nothing to stop him. A few minutes later, he did it again, and then sat down at the table as if nothing untoward had happened. Millie confessed in her diary that it was a couple of minutes before she could follow because she could hardly walk, having just leaned against the sink in the throes of a small orgasm.

This nonsense - Millie's words - carried on for several days. Tim was careful not to be alone with his mom, clearly wanting to avoid a confrontation with her. Friday night after supper, Millie insisted that Tim help her with the dishes instead of joining his dad in the living room.

She told her son she wanted to talk. I know, he had replied. Come to the drive-in with me and we can talk all night. At first, Millie was uncertain but then she realized that at the drive-in, she could have things out with her son without fear of interruption, so she agreed. As soon as she did, Tim's hands slipped under her arms

and each grabbed a breast, and a very firm boner lodged itself between her cheeks, clearly felt even through the thickness of her pleated skirt.

He whispered in her ear, "We'll get it all settled tomorrow night."

Millie was so shocked, she just set her hands on the bottom of the sink to brace herself against his thrusts as he ground his stiffness against her backside, massaging her tits until he suddenly shuddered, gasped into the hollow of her neck, and stumbled out of the kitchen.

Millie hung her head in shame as another orgasm shimmered through her groin, its warmth spreading as she twisted her legs tightly together, not to squash it, but to wrest every thrilling tingle from it she could. She was more shocked at herself, she wrote, than her son. His teenaged behavior she understood. Her's, she didn't.

I heard Tom coming home so I left, leaving the little book exactly where it was. I would confront him about it later, I thought, but first, I wanted to read more.

\* \* \* \* \*

I couldn't find the little book the next day, though I searched Tom's room thoroughly. That night, after we had all gone to bed, I quietly got up and went to my son's room. He was surprised to see me and even more surprised by what I had to say. He pleaded ignorance but fessed up when I threatened to tell his father about the diary which could only have come from the old car.

He had found them behind a small metal door stuffed in the heater vent under the dash.

"Them?" I asked. Yes. Evidently there was a stack of them in there. "I want to see it."

Tom got up and retrieved the little book from his school backpack. "The others?" Still in the car at school. He brought it to me where I sat on the edge of his bed. I began to read.

Tom sat next to me on the edge, reading along. I ignored him and quickly became immersed again in Millie's story. What had happened during their talk?

They had gone to the drive-in but not alone as Millie had expected. Evidently, Tim had manipulated his friend Rick into talking his mother into coming too. How he'd done this, Millie didn't know. She was angry at first because she couldn't talk but then she got swept up in the excitement of going to a drive-in, like the old days. She could talk with Tim after the show, she reasoned, when they were back in their own car.

It wasn't long after the show started, she wrote, that Tim snuggled close, arguing that they would look like dorks if the other kids could see them sitting way apart. She didn't remember letting her son kiss her, she just remembers his lips on her and that it felt nice, so she let it continue, thinking a little kissing couldn't do any harm. Anyway, in the darkness, nobody could see and, as in the kitchen that week, she didn't want to call attention to what was happening.

That was a big mistake she wrote. She drifted with the feeling of his lips on hers, which got better and better. It was quite a while

before she realized why. Tim's hand was under her skirt, way up, rubbing her panties. She was wet, soaking!

She started to struggle but Tim whispered frantically in her ear, "Shhhhhh. Don't make a fuss or Rick's mom will know."

In her muddled mind, his logic made sense. Afterward, thinking about the confined space of the car, Millie knew that Mary must already have known. Still, she relaxed and let Tim have his way with her. Soon, despite herself, she was pushing up against his hand, rubbing herself on him even harder. Before she knew it, her son had inserted himself between her legs, loosened his jeans and pushed them down, though his shorts were still on. He replaced his hand with his hard boner, a nice one she thought to herself shamelessly, as he pushed and shoved against her soaked panties.

Rather than pushing her son away, Millie opened her legs and threw her arms around him and held him tight, losing her hold only when he needed room to get his hands under her sweater, pushing her bra roughly off her breasts and taking a tit into each hand. She didn't even mind how roughly he mauled her tits. In fact, she wrote, she loved it and began bucking against her son as wildly as he was. Twice more that night, in the car, she and her son rubbed themselves to mutual orgasms, each session lasting longer than the last.

Millie wrote in graphic detail, probably because she wanted to record the depth of her feelings at the time so if she questioned herself later she would have a basis to understand what she had done. I know I found it hard to believe that the really nice lady I had known was capable of incest, but I had seen the diary with my own eyes, and I could feel the intensity of her emotions through her words.



I was surprised to find that Tom was leaning in very close to me, his arm stretched behind, and his right hand was resting on my leg above my knee, his fingers just poking into the crease created by the pinch of my thighs where they pressed together. We were both breathing faster than normal. I know I was excited reading this, so I figured a teenager must be too. I was acutely aware that I was wearing just a nightgown with nothing on underneath, something Tom could easily see by simply looking down to where I held the book a few inches in front of my chest. Tom, having already been in bed when I came in, was sitting in his underwear and nothing else. I was well aware of that, too.

I knew I had to leave but I wanted so much to read more. Tom's hand pressed down on my leg, restraining me, when I started to get up. I looked at him, apprehensively, afraid of what might happen next.

"The book," he said.

I said I would bring it back but he argued that my room wasn't a safe place, not with Dad there. I said OK but said I wanted to read more. Tom nodded and agreed to bring the book home so I could read more the next night.

That first entry had been written in April. Laura had known about this for almost two months!

I can't stop thinking about Millie and her son Tim. They would have been about the same ages as Tom and I. I just can't imagine it. I have to admit that I caught myself looking at my son differently in the days that followed. I gave my head a good shake but I found my eyes following him again a couple of times, and I was regarding him as a handsome young man. Maybe that's normal for mothers, I thought, just before their sons are about to leave home to start their own life.

I snuck into Tom's room today to read more of Millie's diary but I couldn't find it. \* \* \* \* \*

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That night, Tom brought the second book home. At midnight, I slipped out of bed and crept quietly down the hall to my son's room. Tom sat up in bed and made room for me beside him. This book was even more graphic. Millie described in detail several encounters with her son in their own home. Evidently, she had decided not to further her incestuous relationship after that bout in the car but was struggling against strong urges for the next few weeks. She couldn't help letting her son touch and rub against her and, in the end, she let him take her while her husband was sitting in the next room! I just couldn't believe it. Millie had had intercourse with her son!

At first, I felt very uncomfortable reading this with Tom sitting next to me in his underwear but I had become so engrossed in Millie's story I actually forgot he was there. I was almost shocked when I realized he was still sitting next to me on the bed, reading about Millie and Tim fucking, and became flustered for a few minutes. He was very excited. I could see his erection poking up in his underwear and his swollen balls below.

Why hadn't I worn a robe? The longer, almost knee-length, slip-like nightgown I was wearing had pulled halfway up my thighs when I had crossed and uncrossed my legs. I tried to get Tom to let me take the the book to read on my own the next day but he refused, ignoring my argument that we were both getting too little sleep. The book, he said, had to stay in his room. So I leaned back against his pillows to get more comfortable and started reading again.

I had only read four more pages when I realized I was holding the diary with one hand, even flipping pages single handedly. My other hand had strayed down to rest on my belly. Tom was lying on his

side, bracing himself on his elbow next to me. My filmy nightgown had parted slightly on my chest, widening the slice of visible skin between my breasts but still leaving them properly covered as did the skirt of my gown, though it had fallen almost to my hips when I raised my knees so I could rest the diary against my bare legs. My breasts, however, couldn't hide their excitement, poking against the flimsy material of the nightgown, but there wasn't much I could do about that, and I wasn't ready to quit reading, not yet. This diary was the hottest thing I'd ever read.

Strange, but I didn't think of Millie as a bad person. She clearly loved her son, and her husband, too. But the incredible excitement she felt when she was with her son shone through her writing and I can understand how she couldn't stop herself. She was at a loss how to explain it herself. A church-going woman, she found it very difficult to resolve and then simply gave up.

The descriptions of the sex in their home would make any woman envious. They did it everywhere: in the basement, the kitchen, and even her son's bed when her husband was home; on the stairs, the living room floor, bent over the dining room table (in those days?) and her own bed when they were alone in the house.

When I finally finished reading, my hand had slipped lower and I was almost cupping myself, my fingers resting not so lazily across the top of my panties. I didn't need to see my nipples poking through my gown to know I was very ready for sex. Shocked, I got up very abruptly and left, yet I turned to toss the book filippantly back to my son.

"Get another one for tomorrow night," I half whispered.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tom didn't bring the next diary, claiming he forgot. I was distraught but he was calm and suggested I read my favorite parts from the first two books out loud, suggesting it would help him remember to bring the next one. I don't know what he was up to but I didn't want to go back to bed without another serving of Millie soup, so I agreed.

Tom handed me the diaries as I settled on his bed, mentioning that he liked the nightgown I was wearing and was glad I hadn't worn a robe. I snapped that I had left my robe because I didn't want to wake his dad but that wasn't quite true and I had no excuse, even to myself, for putting on one of my sexier nightgowns. I had a fleeting feeling of being a little like Millie.

So I found myself whispering to my son as I lay beside him, reading the part where Millie let Tim inside her from behind while washing the dishes, with her husband watching TV in the living room. This saved Tom from having to read himself and I understood the roots of his demand as I felt his eyes roaming over my body. It's difficult to describe how nervous I was, how fluttery my skin felt. I had a hard time not touching myself and felt strangely glad about the nightdress I had chosen, with its see-through bodice. I knew my son could see my breasts and nipples in all their gory detail. Reading aloud was vastly more exciting and, as much as I didn't want to sense them, reading to my son sent amplified my feelings so high I felt I could shatter.

It was when I re-read the part where Tim first began patting Millie's ass that I felt the first brush of Tom's fingers on the back of my right thigh. I wasn't sure at first, just as Millie had been uncertain. But when he did it again there was no doubt. Still, I didn't object. Why not? My husband wasn't sitting in the room, ready to explode, as in Millie's case.

There it was again. A stroke this time, not a brush. He won't bring the rest of the diaries, I rationalized, if I make a big fuss. He's just

tickling my leg, making it feel nice. There's nothing wrong with that.

The strokes grew longer, traveling further, all the way up to the underside of my knee and then slowly down, sometimes in the center and other times outside but later, more often, down the soft inside, coming close but always swerving aside before colliding with my panties. The sparkle of my son's touch reached as far as my toes and spread through my groin. I was ready again and it wasn't just from reading.

I closed the book with a snap. "Time for bed," I said.

Tom implored me to stay a while longer.

"Why?" I asked.

"Could I kiss you?"

"What?"

"Just to see what it feels like. They seemed to like kissing a lot."

It was too far. Tom, seeing my confusion, said, "Just a little one. I promise I'll bring the next book tomorrow."

I relented, holding still and even pushing my lips up as Tom lowered his face to mine. He gave me a little peck, then another,

and another. Relieved, I laughed, releasing my nervousness, but when I did, his lips pressed firmly down on mine. We had a real kiss. A nice one. When it was finished, Tom asked, "Just one more?"

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I nodded, and we kissed again. The same way but right at the end, Tom let the very tip of his tongue push between my lips, barely inside my mouth, swiveled it from side to side and quickly pulled away.

You can imagine how I felt at this point, can't you. My wife and my son. How could she do this to me?

Tom surprised me by coming home from school at lunch today. My anger about him skipping classes dissipated when he held up two new diaries, one for this afternoon, he said, and one for tonight. I followed him as he walked upstairs, waving them beside his head, and joined him when he sat on the edge of his bed. Tom held the books away. Try as I might, I couldn't reach them, so I gave up.

"I can wait as long as you can," I sulked, not even convincing myself.

"You can't see them until you put on your reading clothes," he said.

"My nightdgown? Tom. I can't put that on in the middle of the day. What if Dad came home?"

"Why would he. It's the middle of the day?"

I made a grab for the diaries, a response to his logic not forthcoming, but he easily held them away.

Page | "All right," I said. "Give me a minute."  
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I walked away knowing it was wrong for him to ask this of me and even more wrong for me to comply, but I was surprised that I wasn't mad. I even gave my hips a little extra sway as I left his room. For some reason I can't explain, I felt strangely excited and even pleased that he was making a game of our afternoon reading session. Somehow, it made it less sordid.

I was standing in front of my dresser mirror when Tom knocked on my door and poked his head inside.

"You're taking too long," he complained.

I could see in the mirror that he was pleased. I was wearing a deep green nightgown, knee-length but cut too deep in the back to be ordinary sleeping attire. This one was designed for entertainment, not sleeping. I felt a tinge of wickedness for wearing it. I hadn't worn it for years and was pleased it still fit so well.

"I thought we'd read in here," I explained. "It's more comfortable than your bed."

Tom came in and walked up behind me in his own 'sleeping/reading' clothes. He had taken his shirt and pants off and was wearing only his underwear. He headed for my bed but I stopped him.

"Please undo my necklace for me," I asked, lowering my head and holding my hair to one side to expose my neck, stretching it to make it look long and slim. Why was I teasing my son this way? Because it makes me feel alive, I answered myself.

Tom had a difficult time getting the necklace undone but he finally managed it. I could hear him smelling my hair and neck. I knew he wanted to press against me, like Tim had done to Millie, but he restrained himself. He wasn't so cocky now and I enjoyed putting him in his place.

I turned and padded in my bare feet toward the bed, glancing in the mirror as I passed, mischievously pleased to see the effect I'd had on him. I leaned over in exaggerated fashion to fluff and stack the pillows before settling back into them, holding my hand out for one of the diaries. Tom handed me one and settled in beside me as I opened it and, unasked, began to read aloud.

It was a fantastic story. Millie described how she prepared herself all day to be with her son: soaking in the tub for hours to soften her skin, shaving her private parts, scenting herself, going shopping for sexy underwear with lacy tops, plunging necklines, and panties that barely covered but separated her cheeks. She seemed to revel in recounting every little detail. She described a long kitchen scene in which Tim had come home from school, like Tom had today, and taken her against the door of the fridge. It was very intense and exciting and I imagined myself in her place being thrust hard against an appliance my husband had bought for me.

That thought returned my attention to my son. I don't know how long I had been riveted on Millie's story but I barely noticed when Tom began stroking my thigh, like he had last night. But today he was allowing his hand to stretch out on the downstroke so the back of his fingers could caress the inside of my other thigh. I found, with a little shock, that he was no longer swerving to avoid my



panties. Instead, he let his knuckles drag between my legs, skittering over my panties down to my bottom before swooping in a long arc up my leg to start over again.

I was wet. I glanced down at my chest to confirm what I already knew: my nipples were poking shamelessly through my nightgown.

Tom's fingers glided down my inner thigh and scraped across my panties before starting another ascent. Shameless, I read on. That night, Tim snuck into his mother's room and, while her husband slept, pulled her from her bed, taped her mouth and fucked her standing up right in their room. Millie described how she soaked for hours in the tub the next day, reminiscing and playing with herself as she recalled stretching her hands to the floor to brace herself as her son rocked her from behind.

At some point during that story, Tom had pulled my nightgown off one shoulder, baring my right tit. The skin was incredibly tight over my breast and it was perking up prouder than it had for fifteen years. My nipples were aching and I scolded myself for letting my breast be exposed like this. There was no excuse for going this far, yet when Tom tugged the loose sleeve down my arm, I let go of the diary to let him slide it off my hand.

I started reading again but had barely read three sentences when Tom's head lowered to take my sore nipple into his mouth. I sucked in my breath and lifted my arms to make room for his head so I could keep reading. Tim had skipped classes again and was ramming it into his mother, holding her legs so far back her knees were on the mattress. Millie described this in such detail, I could feel it nudging at my own door.

No. It was Tom. The page blanked before my eyes. My nipple was sucked deep into his mouth but his fingers were no longer sliding up and down my thighs. His palm was pressing against my bottom

but his fingertips were on my panties and they had worked their way into my secret crevice. They moved so gently, as if they didn't want to call attention to themselves, to get caught. Oh, so delicately they pressed.

If I don't react, I remember thinking, I can pretend I don't know. I'll stop in a minute. It felt so nice. Oh, god. He was worming his finger around so good. How did he know to do it that way?

I read more, soaking in encounter after encounter, until I butted up against some pages stuck together. No, not stuck. Taped. I banged the book down on Tom's head and showed him the taped pages when he reluctantly pulled his mouth off my tit with an audible, sucking smack.

As he looked at me, groggily, I didn't recriminate him for sucking my breasts or invading the sanctity of my panties. Instead, my eyes pleaded, begging him to remove the tape. I needed to read more. I wasn't just super curious, I was horny as hell. As I looked at my son, he sat up and moved his hand, between my legs like before but now all the way, snug against my mound, cupping his fingers in a firm massaging grip, moving as if trying to squeeze water out of a wet tennis ball.

I should have been outraged, I should have smacked him, but I didn't even look down. I wanted to read more and my eyes must have told the story because Tom kept massaging my panties, pressing his thumb which stretched across the top and curling his fingers to cup my pussy.

Tom nodded at the tape and, with this approval, I removed it and began reading again. I felt my panties sliding up my thighs within seconds, to my knees and over, down my calves. Absently, I lifted my feet so my son could slip my panties over my toes.

I can't say I didn't feel Tom slowly run the tips of his finger along the sole of my foot and then drag his nail up the center of my calf, do a little circle around the back of my knee, and then creep with agonizing slowness down my inner thigh to return to where my panties had been. They paused there for a moment before beginning the first, tentative exploration of their new, unprotected claim. The tiniest little touches, flicks and rubs. For my own sanity, I pushed my nose back into the diary.

I was in the middle of an intense fuck in the Rambler at a drive-in movie when Tom slipped his fingers inside me. Strangely, I felt like part of the story when my son's fingers first pushed into my slit, then slid forward, pushing past my lips and into my wet pinkness. It's just part of the story, I thought, when I felt his knuckles widening my opening.

I offered no resistance when Tom urged my legs wider and his fingers began moving steadily in and out of my pussy. I actually opened my legs more and began twisting my hips to meet his incestuous hand, reading the story, becoming the story. I don't know how long I let Tom finger me. I know I came, at least once, but I didn't return to the real world until I finished the book and then I knew why Tom had taped it shut.

Millie described it so well, looking over Tim's shoulders while he squirted the last dregs of his spend inside her, watching Rick almost falling over the seat as his hips hunched into his mother's face. This affected Millie deeply; she made a special note in her diary, in capital letters: 'I WANT TO BE MARKED TOO.'

Rick had had sex with his mother? In the Rambler? Was that why she wouldn't let him take me out in it? Why she'd kept it all these years?

I dropped the book. I was barely aware of Tom, pulling my legs wide apart and thrusting his stiff undershorts against my soaking pussy hair, vigorously dry-humping me. Well, not so dry. Within a minute I realized his cock was sticking out of his waistband, just before it began spraying his frothy cum all over his stomach and mine as he groaned his way to his first orgasm on his own mother. Rick got his mother's face, Tom got his mother's belly.

This has to stop before it's too late, I thought, as I scraped a palmful of Tom's spunk off my tits.

Thank god, Laura had come to her senses before real harm had been done. A fingering. I could live with that. I had no choice. But not I knew that Laura knew about me and Mom. That's why she's been so difficult the past couple of months. If I'd cum on my own mother, then who else wouldn't I try to have sex with? She must be wondering about that. I turned the page, looking for the next entry, to see if she had forgiven me in her mind. There wasn't any more entries, not yet.

I couldn't sleep. That's my excuse. Lying awake, staring at the dark ceiling and listening to Rick snore, I couldn't get Millie's reference to Rick and his mother out of my mind. That sweet old lady that had looked after her grandson so many times, might have fucked her own son. Had she really, or was it just that one time, a blowjob?

I pointedly didn't think about the afternoon, and Tom, but I convinced myself that I needed to get that next book. I needed to read it tomorrow, to find out. I would demand that Tom give it to me tonight.

Cautiously, I snuck out of bed, easily getting to the door and out without so much as a peep or interrupted snort from my husband. Yes, I admitted. I could have easily slipped on my robe. Without so

much as a shrug, I stepped through the door and padded confidently down the carpeted hallway in the darkness.

There was a crack of light showing underneath Tom's door. I opened it and he looked up from reading the diary, smiling, as if he knew I'd come.

"Hi Mom."

I stepped inside and closed the door behind me, then stepped toward my son, my hand held out.

"Give it to me," I demanded.

"No," Tom smiled, closing the book and pushing the hand that held it under the covers.

"I mean it. I'm not playing around, Tom."

"I am."

"I want to read it, by myself, tomorrow."

"No way, Mom."

"Yes."

I kneeled on the side of Tom's bed and tried to get my hand under the covers, succeeding easily but several minutes of struggling proved that I wouldn't be able to pry the book from Tom's grip. Flushed and panting from my efforts, I twisted around and sat on Tom's bed. Tom sat up and began fluffing his pillows, setting them vertically against the headboard before leaning back, sitting up, watching me. I ignored him, concentrating on catching my breath, wondering how I could get the book away from him. Tom pulled up on his covers, trying to pull them open but couldn't because I was sitting on them.

"C'mon Mom. Let's read a little tonight," my son said, his voice pacifying.

I shook my head.

"C'mon Mom. You know you want to. I'll let you read the rest tomorrow by yourself if you do."

Tom tugged on the covers and, after a moment, I lifted my weight, allowing him to pull them back. I twisted my back toward him, lifting my feet onto his bed and slipping them beneath his covers.

"Just for a few minutes?"

"Yeah," Tom replied.

"You won't get carried away like this afternoon?" I asked for his self-control, privately doubting my own.

"No way," Tom replied, handing the book to me.

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I opened the book and, as I sucked up the first two sentences, Tom's hands pinched my neck, a gentle massaging assurance, then caressed my shoulder and outer arms, pushing the ribbon straps of my nightgown off my shoulders, then down and over my elbows.

"No funny business, Tom," I said, leaning back into the pillows.

"I know," my son acknowledged as I settled into the book, not missing a word as I passed the book from one hand to the other, facilitating his removal of my arms from the straps of my nightgown.

I was deep into the next part of Millie's story but I still felt the rustle and then a thrill as my son tugged the loose front of my nightgown down and away, freeing my breasts. They were already taut, nipples hard, trembling before his gaze. I lifted the book higher, the better for him to see. I turned the page and began reading Millie's description of her conversation with Rick's mom as she twisted around in the Rambler to talk while her son obviously fingered her from behind.

Tom's hand closed over my left tit and squeezed my nipple, released it for a moment, rolled it between his fingers, then tugged it upward, lifting my breast from my chest. He let it fall, then started rolling, squeezing and tugging. I was about to say something when Tom's mouth enveloped my right nipple and sucked it long and hard. I decided to keep reading. I'd already let him do this before. What harm could it do? I let my hand caress the back of his head, my fingers toying with his hair as I concentrated on what Millie had to say.

He fucked her! He fucked her! He took her from behind.

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Oh god. Tom's fingers were on me again. Shit! When had he done that? My panties were halfway up my thighs, my legs as open as the stretched panties would allow. Oh god, that felt so good. His fingers were fluttering all around my pussy and dipping, unexpectedly, just a little bit in. Fuck. He was so good at teasing me. There. Now. The little dip. Yesss. Ohhhh and up my slit, opening me, letting my wetness seep out. Oh, yeah. Fluttering, fluttering, dip, slide up my slit, now ... OMG, oh fuck.

Tom had suddenly plunged two fingers deep inside me, right into my pink hole, then shook them like a little vibrator.

"Shhhhh, Mom."

I must have moaned out loud. His fingers pulled out, made a quick circle around my soaked puss, then pushed inside, deep, the thickness of his hand pressing against my pubes, shaking. Ohhhh, jeez.

My panties were at my knees. He must be pulling them off with his other hand. I wasn't reading. My eyes were closed. My legs were pulled back, probably in reaction to his first deep insertion. I couldn't let him take my panties off. They were sliding down my calves, already at my feet. I can't, I can't let him. They were scraping over my toes. I lifted my feet, stretching my toes in futile resistance, trying to hook the waistband of my panties. They were off. I couldn't stop him.



Immediately, my legs opened wide, very wide. I don't know if Tom pulled them apart or I let them fall but I know I reached out to clasp my knees, holding my legs lewdly back, wide open.

"Tom," I murmured.

"I'll let you take the book," he whispered, his lips pinching the tender inside of my thigh, his fingers already making my lower lips scream again.

"Promise?"

"Yes."

God. His thumb was inside me, his fingers stretching down toward my bottom. What was he doing? His mouth was here. He's ... he's ... licking me. OH GOD. Oh god. Oh god. Don't stop. Wiggling thumb. Tongue. Tongue. Tongue. Magic. Lick me. Lick me. Right there. Oh yes, right there. Suck it. Yeah, suck it. Yeah, licking, I know, licking, suck it again. What's your finger doing? Poking me there. Why?. Oh, yeah ... that's it, suck it, suck it, like a little cock, that's it, suck it, suck my woman cock, yeah, ok, your finger, if that's what you want, just keep sucking, yeah, yeah, yeah, baby, yeah, baby, suck, I'm cumming, cumming, cumming, ohhhhhhhhh, gooooodddd!

Jeez, my hips were humping, humping his face, so hard, ... there, again, ohhhhh, goooood, yeah, humping, fucking my son's face, buck, buck.

Finally, nirvana. Relax. Relaxed. I looked down. Tom's head still between my legs, his thumb inside me, his finger ... in my ass. God, that's so weird. No one has ever done that. He's wiggling it. It's so weird. So different. He's licking again, sucking. No, I'm done. ... Where's that from? That tingle, surging, yess, yess, spiking, yess, ohhhhhh, yeah, wiggle, suck, wiggle suck wiggle, suck, ohhhhhh, ohhhhhh, ohhhhhh.

Now, finally, RELAXED.

Tom. Climbing over me. NO. I closed my legs, clamping tight. I can't, you must understand, son. He's still climbing, straddling my thighs, my stomach, over my chest. Oh, god, he's naked. His cock is pointing right at me, he's holding it, jacking it, leaning forward, no, Tom, I can't, I can't, mmmphhhhhh, no, Tom, mmmmmphhhhhhhh, ok, mppphhhh, ok, slow, mppphhhhhh, give me a chance, mmmmpfhhhh, mmmmpfhhhh, mmmmpfhhhh, jeez, in my mouth, c'mon, not my nose, shit, it's in my hair, how am I going clean that before going back to bed, gurggle, gurgle, I can't hold any more, Ok, on my face, that's it, empty it, mark me, mark me, mark me.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day I rushed around getting all my chores done so I could reserve the afternoon for reading Millie's diary and nothing else, in my room, alone. I had a bath first, thinking about it, then settled in on my bed wearing my big white, fluffy, terry cloth bathrobe with only my scented body within. Not long after I began reading, my wicked right finger, the long one, crept under my robe to ruffle my pubic hair. But not for long. Soon it was exploring my sensitive nub, dipping lower to retrieve a little natural lubrication to spread around, in tiny, loving circles.

Millie detailed several encounters with her son. She and Tim were fucking like rabbits now, every chance they could get. Millie had long since passed any semblance of reluctance but she did play it up, though briefly, just to tease her son. She confessed that teasing Tim was the most erotic foreplay she had ever experienced and couldn't help wearing the pleated skirts he seemed to like so much. She found many opportunities to open her legs while they were all sitting in the family room to let her son see her naked but nicely trimmed and scented pussy, tripping on the potential danger inherent in a simple twist of her husband's neck. She thrived on the shock on Tim's face and the visibly growing lump in his pants, especially when she lifted both legs from the couch, stretching her legs and curling her toes, perfectly matched with a seductive smile, and sometimes a blown kiss. By the time she snuck out of her room, she had to scurry down to the basement with Tim hard on her heels. He was so worked up the first fuck was inevitably hard and noisy.

Sexy as Mille's record was, I found my mind straying to Tom. I kept wondering if he wanted me as much as that, if he would stay as interested if I actually let him, not that I could ever bring myself to do it. But look what you've done already, Laura, I forced myself to face the facts. You let Tom kiss you down there, put his finger in your dirty place, got him so worked up he came on you. Had I secretly been wanting that ever since I read Millie's description of Rick doing it to his Mom?

I dropped the book beside me, opened my robe and legs wide and used both hands to pleasure myself. My eyes closed, I imagined Tom skipping classes, coming home and finding me like this, legs wide open, hot and wet, loving myself. Wide open. Yeah. My finger moved faster while the other rubbed harder. How would he fuck me? I knew he would. There wouldn't be any choice, not with his libido driving him. He'd have to and I wouldn't be able to stop him. I'd have to let him take me.

I orgasmed soon after that. Tom didn't skip school and he didn't come home. I was both pleased and disappointed. I was properly

dressed when Tim and then his father came home. I put the diary under Tom's pillow with a thank you note saying I had finished it, that it had been a special time sharing its secrets but now it was over, our own secret to be cherished for the rest of our lives.

"So you finished it," Rick said as soon as he came in.

I blanched, blood draining from my face as I turned to look at my husband. How did he know? I tried to wipe the guilt from my eyes as I faced him, but he wasn't looking at me, he was looking at Tom, both of them with huge grins on their faces.

"When?" Rick asked.

"This afternoon," Tom replied. "Do you want to take it for a spin after supper?"

"Let's go now," Rick replied, excited. He turned to me, "Is that OK, Laura?"

"Sure, sure," I said, shooing them off.

So they went for a ride. They were gone over an hour. When they returned, Rick insisted that Tom take me for a drive the next day to show me what I had missed. Tom was more than pleased, assuring his father that me definitely intended to show me what I had been missing.

So now we're up to date. I had begged off joining my son and wife on the Saturday drive. There things I needed to do.

What ludicrous words I had uttered last night, before I found Laura's diary this morning, and the note with Millie's diary she'd left under Tom's pillow. Now I was waiting for their return. They were gone all day and I couldn't read their faces when they came home. If anything, they acted more normal than they had for the past few weeks. Well, we'd see about that. All I had to do was wait for Laura's next entry in her diary. Probably Sunday or maybe Monday after I had gone to work and Tom to school.

Tom had told me he only had the car for a week and then he had to let the other members of the team use it for a week each so it wouldn't be back for at least three weeks after this one. I figured if something was going to happen, it had to be this week.

It was a lovely day for a drive. I was apprehensive about being alone with Tom in the car where it had all happened for his father but thought the confrontation may be necessary for to find closure, for both of us. I made a nice picnic lunch, including a bottle of merlot to take the edge off, should it be needed. What the hell, I thought, I threw in an extra, just in case.

Tom was the perfect gentleman, taking us for a long drive. I wondered if it was the same place he'd taken his Dad because it would certainly have been memory lane for him, in the country outside his old home town. Tom pulled off onto a windy country lane that climbed a small knoll and curled around to the far side, out of sight of the main road. He pulled off of that in the grass and pointed the Rambler toward the valley below us, a small quaint farm in the distance. It was very picturesque.

I started to get out so we could have our picnic on the knoll behind us but Tom suggested we stay in the car and enjoy the view without the bugs. So we did. As we ate and drank our wine - from plastic beaker, such class - I waited for Tom's plea to revisit our new relationship. I girded myself, resolving to stand fast, but the

assault never came. We finished our sandwiches and fruit, and then the bottle of wine. Tom pulled the second bottle out of the basket. Against my better judgement, I let him open it after he promised we would stay put for a couple of hours at least to enjoy the splendid scenery. How often did we get to spend a relaxing afternoon in such a beautiful place, he asked?

I was very relaxed, even a little tipsy, when Tom made his move. He lowered the back of his seat and urged me to do the same, so we could have a little nap and let the effects of the wine melt away. I declined, saying I was quite comfortable the way I was but after a few minutes, I found it awkward sitting upright while Tom reclined next to me, so I relented and set my seat back to his level, lying almost flat. The back of the Rambler's front seat reclined all the way until it was resting on top of the back seat, creating a makeshift bed that was almost but not quite flat. Expecting Tom to make a move, I braced myself for the inevitable confrontation.

"Not sleepy?" Tom asked.

"No," I replied quickly, nerves too jumpy, not enjoying the prospect of a fight with my son. I wished it hadn't been such a nice day. It was too warm to wear a coat, so here I was wearing a sleeveless summer dress and sandals with nothing underneath but bra and panties. At least my dress was modestly cut in front, showing the tops of my breasts but that's all, and the loose skirt fell almost to my knees. Actually, I looked like a mom.

"Want to read a little, then?" Tom asked.

That caught me off guard. "Read?"

"Yeah. I have one of the diaries with me."

A tingle raced down my spine and dissipated slowly through my pelvis.

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"I don't think so, Tom. I've read Millie's stories. I wouldn't mind reading them again one day, but by myself."

Tom took a long sip of his wine, craning his head up to avoid spilling. "Suit yourself," he said.

Minutes passed until my curiosity finally got the better of me.

"Do you have one I haven't read?"

"Of Millie's? No you read all of them."

"I didn't quite finish it," I said.

"I'll give it back to you, if you want."

"Ok."

Tom craned his neck and finished his wine, tossing the empty beaker behind him. Clasp ing his fingers behind his head, he sighed, sounding very relaxed.

I was perplexed. My son wasn't going to cause a scene, taking the news about the end of our special relationship calmly, as if he was already resigned to it, or more accurately, that he wasn't bothered by it.

I felt a weird twinge, one I hadn't felt since I was a young teenager during my first year of dating. It felt like I wasn't the one calling it quits, and I didn't like that. I knew I was, but he should be upset, and he wasn't. He's a libidinous teenager, I reasoned, recovering my pride, he must be faking it.

"Tom?"

"I don't have that one with me," Tom said, assuming I was asking about Millie's diary, but I had already forgotten about the diary. Had he not found it under his pillow with the note?

"Didn't you get it with my note?" I asked, suddenly nervous again.

"Yes, I got them," Tom answered. "They're still there."

"Then?" I said, inquisitively, providing the opportunity for him to let loose, to tell me how much he wanted to go further, and for me to deny him, for our own good and that of our family. I braced myself for the emotional onslaught I knew would now be forthcoming.

"I thought you'd like to see one of the new ones, so I brought one along," Tom's new information floored me. It was like an unexploded bomb had landed, sizzling between us.



"One of the new ones?"

"Yeah. One of Gran's."

KABOOM!

"One of Gran's?"

"Yeah," Tom turned on his side to face me, lying closer. "Do you want to read it?"

There was a long pause. "Yes," I said breathlessly.

"Turn around then," Tom instructed.

My whole body was tingling. Feeling suddenly meek, I turned around onto my side, facing away from my son. I could hear him fumbling behind me.

"Close your eyes," he said.

As soon as I did, his his passed over me and rested on mine.

Tom didn't say anything, so I opened my eyes to find a small red diary, red like my own instead of black like Millie's.

Page | "Read it," Tom suggested.  
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I opened the book and began reading, to myself, flipping through entry after entry of mundane stuff until I encountered Mary's misgivings about her son's sudden interest in her, similar to those felt by Millie about Tim. Her misgivings were followed many entries later by a subtle shift in attitude, to one where Mary was piqued by Rick's interest, even flattered.

Considering her son's lust to be a temporary phase, Mary confided that she couldn't help having some fun while it lasted and began engaging in actions she knew would heighten the experience for both of them. She wore clothing she knew would catch her son's attention, walked and sat in ways that would emphasize her legs, and wore soft sweaters that would capture Rick's eyes. The more she play acted, the more she scolded herself, and the more she played the more she enjoyed the feel of Rick's eyes on her body. She became addicted to her son's lustful attention.

And then, Rick said Tim's mom had suggested they go to the drive-in with their sons. Bull as it turned out, but neither Mary nor Millie knew that.

As I read about the first 'date' from Mary's perspective, Tom removed my sandals. I had tucked my legs back on the seat.

"You shouldn't put your shoes on the seat," he admonished me, slipping my sandals from my feet. He didn't explain why his hands needed to stay on my legs, brushing up and down, his fingers scratching along my calves, nor did he offer any reason why his

upper hand eventually slipped around my knee and under my dress, caressing the top of my left thigh.

Mary was describing what transpired at home between the first and second drive-in excursions when Tom pulled me closer to him. His leg hand was now caressing the top of my thigh from knee to hip under my dress. Stop him, a little voice whispered in my head. Tom's other hand was tickling my neck, so platonic, so nice. It wasn't until I finished Mary's description of Rick's manipulation under her skirt as she lay on her stomach talking to Millie that I realized that my dress was unzipped and the back of my bra unsnapped. How could I be so focused not to feel myself being undressed?

His fingers finally dug inside my panties, Mary wrote. I was lost again. Dimly, I was aware of Tom pushing my dress up and over my hips, shoving my left hip forward, tipping me onto my stomach. I accommodated his efforts, my sole concern keeping the diary where I could read it easily.

Tom moved in close; he was reading over my shoulder. Mary's description of Rick's surprisingly masterful manipulation of her secret lips was making me very wet. I felt Tom's fingers behind me, scraping up my inner thighs until they were rubbing underneath my panties, in the damp part between my pussy and my ass. When had I opened my legs to beckon him so blatantly? I knew I had. He rubbed with more and more friction as I read until, suddenly, there was none. His fingers had slipped through the leg, inside my panties. His other hand slid under my dress, outside my lower leg and up my waist, curling around to my tummy and then up to palm my right tit, flattened against the seat. My stiff nipple was firmly grasped between Tom's fingers, squeezing hard. I bit my lip as my son's lips began nibbling my neck.

Put your fingers in me, Mary wrote. The thought echoed in my mind. Put your fingers in me, son. As if he could read my mind, Tom's fingers slipped inside me again. Mary's description of the

way Rick fingered her was matched exactly by my own son's invasion of my cunt. He was reading along with me; we were playing roles: Rick and Mary, Tom and Laura. I opened my legs wider, welcoming his fingers, knowing the squishing sound was implicit in Mary's writing. I was lost.

Tom's hand was moving aggressively inside me, pulling out and banging in with a twist. I loved it, as I did the fingers roughly squeezing my tit. It was as if he was fucking me with a big stick, trying to get more and more inside me. Suddenly, he pulled out and grabbed my panties, pulling my hips up, then dragging my panties down over my thighs to my knees. I stayed up, shamelessly presenting my backside with wide open legs, my pussy literally dripping.

I moaned out loud as soon as I heard Tom unbuckling his belt and groaned when his jeans were shoved roughly over his hips. I twisted my head, leaning on my forehead to look under myself, instantly mesmerized by my son's dangling weapon positioning itself behind me. Am I really going to do this? Mary did, she gave herself to her son. Why shouldn't I?

I was still pondering when Tom's cock pushed into my slit. I was watching all along but I guess you can see something and not think about it at the same time, so it surprised me. Now he was through my slit, spreading me. God, he felt so good. It wasn't that he was bigger than Rick, though we may well be, it was the tensile strength his youthful pole vibrated into my clasp muscle, singing I'm here and I love it. It sang so vibrantly, passionately bursting forth and just as arduously withdrawing, pausing for the chorus to chime in, then thundering through the hall again.

I struggled to help him fit me perfectly like I'd never done before. I had never put such effort into being fucked. Sweat poured down my face, over my forehead into my hair and onto the seat. I dug my toes into the floor to push my ass wantonly up to meet my son, begging him to drill me down to the seat, grind me with

exhuberance, and pull back for another onslaught, my trembling ass cheeks following him up to ready my hole for the next attack.

He filled my pussy with his spend, and then some. It overflowed, dripping down my legs. Exhausted, Tom collapsed on the seat, sweating as profusely as I.

I'm proud to say that it was me, and all my years of exercise, that recovered first. Tom was still gasping for breath, his still cock wavering in the air above his lap, when I straddled him and lowered myself, enveloping his manly member, my cuntlips struggling to scrape down his tired shaft. I felt like my tonsils had been given a tickle when our pubic hair mingled. He was definitely a little bigger than his father. I began fucking him, lifting and letting myself fall with a bang, pulling his head to my tits, shoving my long nipple into his mouth, grinding his face on my chest. Nipple to nipple, again and again, over and over, until his semen seeped into me again, the excess once more spilling down the inside of my legs. He certainly manufactured a lot of cream.

By the time Tom felt ready for another one, it was too late in the day. He tried to convince me, telling me that later in the diary, Gran described an afternoon right here in this spot, that is, the hill behind us, when Tim and Rick had fucked their mothers from behind as they lay over the removed backseat of the Rambler.

"Another time," I told him. "You can't do it all in one day."

Tom smiled, "But it has to be this week. I have to give the car to the other guys for a week each. That was the deal for their help."

"Just the car, right?" I asked.

"And the diaries too. They saw them."

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I started to argue but Tom stopped me, "Only the ones about Millie and Tim, not the ones that mention Dad."

I was satisfied. It wasn't until we were on the way home that the implication dawned on me.

"Your friends are going to try to do their moms, aren't they? That's what you've been whispering about for weeks."

Tom turned to me and smiled wickedly, "Yes."

I nodded, digesting this delicious information. I knew all these women, had known them for years.

"Will you tell me everything you find out?" I grinned at my son.

"Of course," he grinned back, dropping his hand from the wheel to grip me firmly between my legs. "Then you can write it down and read it while we ... fuck."

I pulled my son's hand tighter against my reviving pussy, "Don't talk like that."

Despite my protest, his talk made me tingle again. He slipped his finger inside me, wiggling as he drove and talked, whispering to me how he thought his friends would approach the seduction and capture of their moms, my friends. I came again on the long drive home.

But it was such a long drive. I stretched out for a nap, my head lying in my son's lap. In the darkness, I unzipped his jeans and pulled his healthy young cock into my mouth, bobbing and weaving, he loved it all, even when I scraped my teeth down his shaft. Perhaps he loved that most of all because as soon as I did it he burst inside my mouth, rocketing the last of his jiz into my throat.

I lay quietly the rest of the way while Tom caressed my neck and shoulders. I thought about how Tim and Millie had fucked like rabbits, everywhere they could. I wondered if it would be like that for us now.

I was angry reading Laura's diary the following week but when I finished, my cock was in my hand and I was masturbating. I too wanted to hear about what happened with the other moms. Even through my anger, I realized a certain balance to it all. Anyway, how could I confront them without bringing it all out into the open. None of us wanted that.

**THE END**