

Backseat Fun & Games



Ellen had moved up to the Mt. Charleston with Frank, her soon to be ex-husband, and Jimmie, her 18 year old son at the beginning of last summer. She thought the change of scenery from Las Vegas and its myriad of vices would maybe save her marriage. Simply put it was all only wishful thinking. Her marriage was still a train wreck despite the change of scenery.

Frank was sitting at home drunk and in ill spirits as usual and began to heap his usual diatribe of verbal abuse on her as soon as she walked in the door from a long day at work.

She was in no mood to take it tonight, maybe fueled by the glass of wine or two she shared with her best friend Marcy after work. Things escalated to the point where Frank slapped her across the face. She told him to leave or she would call the police.

He had a better idea. Why didn't she leave and not come back. In fact, it was his idea to file for divorce first thing Monday morning. He even went as far as to call Jimmie and order him to come pick up his mother.

Frank was an asshole, but he did not want blood on his hands. He knew that his wife, between their fight and the wine she had consumed, was in no condition to drive, especially when it was threatening to rain on this cold September evening.

Jimmie answered his cell just moments after Katie gave him the heartbreaking news that not only were they breaking up, but she didn't even want to stay friends. At the tender young age of 18 his heart was

broken into a million pieces for the first time. Foolishly, he had thought they were going to get married and live happily ever after.

Now at least he was doing something to keep his mind off of her in rescuing his mother. After being dropped off by Katie and saying a tart goodbye to her, he dashed into the house just in time to see his dad and mom screaming at one another.

It was one of those rare times when Jimmie actually agreed with his dad. His mom needed to get the hell out of there and pronto. He grabbed her car keys from the kitchen counter before he turned to his mother and grabbing her by the wrist he practically dragged her out of the house. It was beginning to mist as he backed the car out of the driveway and they roared off into the night.

"Honey you came to my rescue. My knight in shining armor." She told him with a giggle that indicated she is or has been drinking.

"Yeah well you needed rescuing Mom. Sorry you could not pack a suitcase but with the way Dad was cussing and turning red I think he was about to blow. I thought it best you get out of there pronto."

"Suitcase what do I need that for? Am I not going back home tonight?"

"I don't think that is such a good idea. I am taking you down to the hotel tonight." He paused while, glancing at her briefly with a stern look on his face so she knew he was serious.

"But honey I-"

"No argument Mom, I have decided."

"Oh you have, have you? I thought I was the parent here?" she retorted with a short laugh secretly charmed by the way her young son is taking control of the situation.

"Trust me, it's for the best."

The mist had turned into a quiet rain as he slowly negotiated the winding road. It's about a 15 minute trip roughly half way down the mountain to the hotel on Kyle Canyon Road.

Upon reaching the hotel Ellen decided she was not yet ready to retire for the evening.

"Honey can we drive around a bit before you I check in. I'm just not ready to sit alone in a room as of yet."

"Really are you serious. I mean it's starting to rain harder and it's getting cold and you don't even have a jacket on."

"Yeah well you didn't give me time to get one remember. Please can you just like take the scenic loop on Hwy. 157? It's so beautiful up there and it will give me time to think and clear my head."

Before heading out for their drive they stopped at the one stop small general store inside the hotel so she could buy her a coke to mix with the small bottle of Jack Daniels she had taken from the house. She took it basically to spite Frank as Jack was his favorite but by now had decided getting a bit drunk on some Jack and coke would be a rather fine idea.

Armed now with a pair of large cokes from the soda dispenser they headed back onto into the night. As he headed back up the mountain towards the scenic drive she jokingly began to hassle him a bit about not giving her a chance to change her clothes before he dragged her out of the house.

"You could have at least let me change before we rushed out of there. You know how I hate wearing my work clothes."

"Why are you still dressed in them? It's about nine and you get out of work at what six?" She was a bookkeeper at the local church and they expected her to dress formally every day. Today she was wearing a pretty crème colored blouse with a rather short navy blue skirt.

"It's the end of the month so I was extra busy and when I got home it was a bit late. Real late actually since I stopped and had a drink with Mandy after we finished up. Then your dad started in on me and we got to fighting so I never bothered to change. He was on me to get his damn dinner started as soon as I walked through the door."

"What an a-hole. Sorry but it's true."

"I know," she sighed.

"Yeah well I would have let you change but I sensed that he was ready to blow. You know how he gets when he starts to turn red. I just thought it best I get you out of there, the sooner the better."

He looked over at her liking the way the short skirt revealed a rather generous portion of her well-toned legs and added, "Besides I like your-ahh work uniform. You look real nice. Sexy even maybe."

"Oh just maybe. What a charmer you are son," she commented wryly even as she blushed from his observation.

Even though it was only about 9:30 by now this was late for Mt. Charleston so there was little if any traffic on the roads. The late hour, plus it being Tuesday, only added to the sense of isolation as they reached the scenic loop.

Jimmie glumly noted how the rain was not stopping, but instead if anything, was picking up in intensity.

Normally, he would have been thrilled at this alone time with his mother who he secretly adored. Secretly because Frank had been insanely jealous of his pretty Filipino wife even with his own son so he was careful to hide his love for his mother.

She is all of 5' 1" and might weigh roughly around a hundred and seven pounds. She is both pretty and petite. Short and sweet. Despite her rough life with Frank she has aged well. Her pretty face hardly has any lines to mar its distinctive beauty. Her lovely black hair fell to her shoulders with nary a hint of grey.

But maybe most of all it was that warm smile that she could turn on like a thousand watt bulb that charmed him. His mom's smile was inviting, magnetic, and alluring all at once while also seeming to possess a beguiling bit of mischievous naughtiness to it when the mood struck her.

All in all, Jimmie thought his mother was a stunning beauty who was only growing finer with age. In the dark of night, alone in bed, he often wondered what she looked like - naked. Such thoughts brought him shame, along with a powerful erection.

He glanced over at her and noticed the top three buttons of her pretty crème colored blouse were casually undone which allowed a generous portion of her rich olive dark skin to be revealed. Not for the first time that night did he marvel what great shape she was in for a woman who had recently turned 44. Trying to keep his eyes focused on the road was growing difficult as between her unbuttoned blouse and her short skirt there was plenty of alluring bare skin to look at sitting right next to him.

As they drove on into the night, Jimmie started to get the sense that this night was somehow special. Maybe it was because he had been dumped, just like her, or maybe because he planned on suggesting

strongly she end this tired old sham of a marriage did things feel different.

Moreover, he felt emotionally raw and in need of serious comfort, much as he suspected she was feeling. His mood was not helped as his thoughts were a bit dark on this cold night. Mainly they centered on how mismatched him and his mom seemed to be. She was pretty, outgoing, easily smiled, well liked while he, on the other hand was none of the above.

Instead, he thought of himself as plain in nearly every way. At 5' 10" and a hundred and sixty five pounds soaking wet he was slightly built with a smattering of freckles across his baby face. He had light brown hair, a light dull complexion, a non-descript nose and chin, average ears, average this, this and this etc. etc. etc.

She is beautiful, I am plain such is life he thought darkly to himself before she interrupted his thoughts.

"Jimmie you are handsome and Katie is a fool for not taking better care of you."

Jimmie was taken by surprise by his mom's comment. He knew he should not engage in any real conversation with her now, but instead should be giving his full attention to the road. But what she said piqued his interest to the point where he had to respond. "What do you mean by that?"

"It's so obvious honey, the hurt on your face tonight, she dumped you huh."

"Shit mom how did you know?"

"A mother bear always knows when her favorite cub is in pain sweetie."

He glanced at her with awe. How did she know? He had given no hints as far as he could tell.

Jimmie looked at her as she greedily was sucking down her potent rum and coke and now understood the fight between his parents must have been real, real bad for her to be drinking like this.

That simple look turned out to be a near lethal mistake because once more his eyes lingered first on her open blouse and then on the generous portion of thigh that her skirt showed off.

He tore his eyes off her body just in time to see a tiny woodland creature of some sort darting across the road unexpectedly in front of the car. Ellen screamed, "Look Out", as Jimmie instinctively swerved to avoid hitting the poor critter.

The car skidded out of control on the wet, slick pavement before it veered off the road. Jimmie fought to regain control but it was too late—the car plunged down a decent sized incline just barely squeezing between a large stand of evergreen trees and a large boulder.

As the car plowed its way through the underbrush while small tree branches lashed at the front windshield Jimmie fought to slow the car down and get it back under control. The car finally thudded to a halt about 40 feet off the road after smacking into a large stump. Thankfully, by the time the Cadillac hit the stump it had slowed down enough where both Jimmie and Ellen, although badly shaken, were not hurt.

"Are you all right, Mom?" he asked shooting a worried look her way as he took a deep breath and turned off the engine.

"Yeah, but I am now wearing the majority of my rum and coke." She looked down, first at her blouse where an obvious dark stain was already spreading, and then down at her dress skirt where another large stain was well underway.

"Important thing here is that we are both fine. Really, it could have been much worse," he said thankful that she was not hurt.

He took a deep breath and twisted the key in the ignition after assuring her he was OK. The engine fired up right away.

"At least it still starts. Now let's see if maybe I can back it up slowly out of here."

"Doubtful," she told him as she dabbed at the wet stain on her blouse with some Kleenex she had stashed in the glove box.

"Well, I will at least try."

He tentatively eased the car into reverse as gradually depressed the gas and prayed. The car starts to creep backwards. But gravity is working against them as he must back up the hill now which will be no easy task in the best of conditions. Now at night, in the dark rain, it proves to be impossible.

He does not get the big car more than two feet up the hill before it lurched to a stop. He opened the car door and looked behind him. The back wheels of the car have disappeared slightly into a rather deep trough of muddy water running across the path of the car. That must be the last big jolt he felt on the way down before slamming into the tree. He depresses the gas trying to get the rear wheels unstuck but they just grind deeper into the muddy trough.

"Yeah, we are not going back up that hill," he lamented with a grimace.

"No reception on my phone." Ellen told him only adding to the growing pile of bad news.

"No luck for me either," he answered after quickly checking his phone.

"So what do we do? Walk back down." Ellen asked. She is starting to get nervous and maybe a little scared.

"Mom it's a good 4-5 miles anyway till we hit something or somewhere we could call for help."

"Maybe someone would stop and help us."

"At night in the pouring rain. Sounds like wishful thinking to me."

"Fine your right. But what then?"

"How about this. I will go back up to the road and maybe by a miracle someone saw us crash down here or maybe a car will pass by."

"Jimmie, no. It's dark here and I don't want to be left alone."

"Once I get to the road I will only stay long enough to find out if anyway saw us by some chance. Then I will be right back. Be gone 20 minutes at the most."

"Fine, I guess, but hurry please." She looked at him with big pleading eyes. His mother just looked so beautiful, so vulnerable at that very moment that his arms ache to hold her.

"At least the rain has stopped." He opens the car door and sees the rain stopping was only wishful thinking. "Almost," he added doubtfully as she gave him a look of motherly concern.

"Just hurry baby please."

On impulse he leaned back into the car and kissed her fondly on the cheek before, again acting totally on impulse, he expressed his deepest feelings towards her. "I promise and remember I love you more than anything Mom."

As he tried to pull away she impetuously wrapped a hand around his neck pulling him back towards her. She gave him a kiss of her own now firmly on the lips that sets his heart literally on fire. It doesn't last long enough or maybe it lasts forever, either could be possible as time literally stopped when her warm lips, tasting of the Jack and coke she has been gulping down, pressed against his.

They parted but not before she gently caressed the side of his face. "Thanks for telling me that hon I really needed to hear it and you know I love you too with all my heart and soul."

"Yeah OK Mom be right back." He said as he slammed the car door shut. He wanted to say more, much more, but he has to get up the hill and see what he can see. As he climbed the rain which he thought had slowed down started to pick up again in intensity.

It's not an easy climb back to the road in the dark and in the rain. He climbs over, aroundor sometimes even through a variety of trees stumps, rocks- some insignificant, some quite significant - small stands of pine trees, and a wide assorted variety of scrub underbrush. Finally he reaches the road somewhere near where the car left and went crashing downwards. Hopefully anyways as he can't really tell for sure.

The road way is utterly deserted and as silent as a graveyard. Worse still there is little evidence of their car leaving the road and plunging down the slope of the hill.

He waits for about 5 minutes peering first to the left and then to the right hoping against hope to see the telltale flash of headlights. But there is nothing but rain and cold to be found here.

Dejectedly he started back down the hill. He tried to follow best he could the trail of broken bushes and snapped tree branches, but halfway down worry begins to set in that maybe he has lost his way in the dark.

The car is nowhere to be found, even after he has travelled more than enough ways down the hill to where he should have spotted it by now. A bit panicked his slow careful plodding down the hill has turned into a reckless ill-advised jog.

In the meantime, Ellen had been busy. Just after Jimmie left she hurried out of the car and popped the trunk open. She fortunately took some local residents advice when they first moved up on the mountain to always have an emergency kit packed in the car. Just in case.

Her emergency kit consists of a first aid kit, flashlight, some bottles of water, a box of granola bars, and maybe most important, three heavy blankets. She was most thankful for the extra blankets she packed as

she pulled them out of the trunk and piled them into the backseat of the caddy.

The thought of spending the night on the mountain scares her, but at the same time she is secretly thrilled. Spending the night with her handsome 18 year old son/hero, could be fun and exciting she mused. She imagined them cuddled under the blankets in the back seat of the car holding each other tight. She hurriedly gets into the front seat once again, slamming the door against the rain which is now coming down in buckets.

Ellen was now feeling the full effects of the cold as besides her blouse being soaked when her jack and coke spilled on her during the accident, she is now drenched from the rain. Feeling she has no choice she started the car and cranked the heater on high.

Much to her dismay she determined she cannot run the heater as long as she would have liked as they are nearly out of gas. The needle was just hovering about empty.

She was starting to worry about Jimmie. The 20 minutes is up and he has yet to return. To calm her nerves she poured a generous amount of Jack Daniels into Jimmie's cup and took a large swallow. The whiskey immediately worked its magic allowing her to relax.

She leaned back in the front seat of the car, sipping on the whiskey, letting her mind wander. It wandered almost immediately to that impromptu kiss she just gave him on his lips. "Jesus, Ellen, you have

not kissed him full on the lips since he was little," she says aloud in the darkness of the car.

A little voice in her head scolds her for that bold and audacious kiss. "So what!" She fired back at the voice. He deserved a kiss anyway. A nice one especially since all that had happened that day.

She could see the hurt on his face when she brought up Katie and intuitively knew, as only a mother would, her baby boy needed both love and comfort to ease his aching heart. And by God she would be there to give him plenty of both in untold abundance if need be.

The one thing she would not think about, although it was nagging at the back of her mind, was how their kiss had made her feel. The simple fact was it had taken her breath away. Her heart continued to race long after their lips parted. The undeniable fact that she refused to let come to the surface was she wanted more!!

She took another large sip of the Jack and coke and once again cursed silently wondering why he hasn't returned. He had always had a poor sense of direction so it was not hard to imagine him wandering around on the side of the hill lost in the dark.

Lost and afraid and wanting his mommy. Somehow the whole idea of Jimmie wanting his mommy gave her butterflies. She tried to ignore the feeling as she peered out the window in the darkness hoping to see him come into view.

She made a quick decision. She will start the car up- flash the lights, blow the horn- just in case he got somewhat lost.

Just as she suspected, Jimmie had managed to veer off track somehow in the dark. At a stand of trees he had to go around he went left instead of right and never got back on course. Instead, he continued to veer a bit left going slightly away from the car instead of towards it as continued down the side of the hill.

Not finding the car a nagging sense of panic was well underway. Finally he heard the car horn and then spotted the flashing of the lights some distance to his right and down the hill just a bit.

Relieved, he adjusts his course but not his speed. Instead of slowing down he actually started to jog faster as the rain is really coming down now. He is cold, tired and frustrated. He wants nothing more to get back to the warmth of the car and his mother.

His jog turned into a run. An ill-advised run as he was not much paying attention to where he was stepping. About ten yards from the car his foot hits a wet patch of muddy dirt. He lost his balance, and cursing like a sailor, tumbled down to the ground. He ended up taking a rolling tumble down the steep hill for as short distance.

He finally is able to stop himself just short of the car. His mother jumped out in the pouring rain as she seen him approaching and then fall. She is in a near panic as she dashed from the car.

A few minutes later he was resting painfully in the back seat of the car stretched out on one of the three blankets she had placed across the spacious back seat. She cranked up the car heater full blast in a vain attempt to ward off his chill from his rain soaked clothes.

Jimmie was in some serious pain as he tried to relax in the back seat while Ellen was in the front seat tearing through the first aid kit looking for the bandages she apparently forgot to pack. She is worried about the blood that poured out of a ragged gash along the top of his forehead.

Before ordering him to lay down in the backseat she had told him to strip out of his wet clothes since they were only serving to make him colder. He had half followed her advice and took off his shirt which he used to dab at the cut on his forehead that was oozing blood.

While not finding the bandages she was at least able to locate a bottle of aspirin. She shook two out in her hand and ordered him to wash them down with the coke which she had, without telling him, added a generous amount of whiskey to. She hoped between the whiskey and the aspirin to deaden his pain to a manageable amount.

Before she climbed into the backseat with him he suggested she should turn off the car and save the gas for late as it looked like they would be there all night. She reluctantly agreed knowing the night as it wore on would only grow colder.

The whiskey caused him to wince as he swallowed the aspirin down. But he liked the warm fuzzy feeling it gave him so he took another large swallow of his coke before handing it back to his mother.

"Just holler if you start to get cold," she told him after turning off the car. "Maybe when can just turn the car on and off for a bit during the night to stay warm."

"Mom don't worry about me being cold. I can handle it. You are the one I think who is freezing. Jesus you are shaking like a leaf. Forget me and wrap yourself up in one of the blankets."

"Not a chance am I going to forget about you. We have to get that cut on your forehead to stop bleeding and then apply some ointment to it. Now hush up and let me take a look at it."

Jimmie playing the role of concerned son to the hilt won't hush up though despite her admonishing him to do so. "But Mom you are freezing for God's sake. Your blouse is soaked, first from the jack and coke and then from the rain."

"Well I had to get the stuff out of the trunk first," and then added playfully, "before coming to your rescue. I will be fine."

"You're not fine. I know how you easily get cold."

"Ok fine, yes I am freezing especially since we turned the heat off."

"So turn it back on."

"Honey you just told me to turn it off. Remember, not much gas left and we will be here all night. Better conserve what we got. The night will only get darker and colder remember."

"Fine, but I am going to wrap you up in this blanket first and then you can-" He actually started to raise up intending on wrapping a blanket around her, by force if necessary, if she wouldn't listen to reason, but she cut him off sharply barking, "Jimmie wrapping me up in the stupid blanket when my blouse is soaked won't help that much."

Jimmie hesitated, not sure if he should make the suggestion that her wet blouse comment caused to be rattling around in his brain. In the end he supposed the whiskey made him brave.

"So take your stupid blouse off just like you told me to take my shirt off."

Ellen, while she secretly loved how he was being brave enough to make such a bold suggestion, decided for the moment to ignore it. Instead, she flipped the overhead dome light on bathing the interior of the car in a faint light. She was curious to see if her son would press his suggestion that she remove her blouse.

She positioned herself on the edge of the seat next to him and then took the white dress shirt out of his hand that he had been using as a

makeshift bandage. It was spotted with blood besides being covered with dirt she seen with no small amount of concern.

"This thing is filthy honey you should have not been using it as a bandage."

"Well you could not find one and I was bleeding. But forget that, Mom did you hear what I just said?"

"Yes," she answered simply. She gave him a sly little grin before she added, "You desperately want me to take my blouse off, but of course why should I take your advice when you have not followed mine as I see your pants are still on."

"I took off my shirt and shoes off. That was enough I thought."

"It's a start, but your pants are a muddy mess and are messing up the clean blanket. But more important how can you get warm with wet clothes on still hon?"

"So you want me to take my pants off too?" he replied diffidently.

"Yes of course," she replied in a voice strained with exasperation, "Jimmie this is no time for modesty. Remember I am your mother and am more than prepared to do . . ." she paused, smiled at him agreeably, and then brushed aside a strand of hair that had fallen in his face. "Anything to make my baby comfortable. So just lie back and let me

help you out of those pants. Anyways I will put the blanket back over you so you have nothing to worry about."

Jimmie caught the way she said "anything" and it sent chills up his spine as does what he is about tell her. "Then you first Mom. Like you said it's no time for modesty. You are shivering and need to get out of your wet clothes too."

"Honey, I have never felt modest around you. That is not the problem. It's something else."

"What then?"

"I'm just afraid of your reaction of what I have on under my blouse and shirt."

"What . . . Hmm let me guess, a bra and a pair of panties would be my guess. Not exactly shocking Mother." He looked at her and then added sarcastically. "How shall I ever recover from the sight of that!?"

"Honey stop I am being serious. You are right. I am wearing a bra and panties of course but not my usual style I guess you would say. I am afraid of what you might think."

"All I am thinking is you are freezing and if you want to get warm you are going to have to strip out of those wet clothes just exactly as you told me."

She dabbed at the gash on his forehead making it a point to ignore what he just said, again curious to see if he would push the issue. "I something clean to get the dirt away from this gash on your forehead."

"That pretty blouse of yours is clean Mother."

"Yeah, I suppose it is," she sighed. "I guess you are right. Maybe I should strip off my blouse and use it to help clean you up a bit."

The issue finally settled, Ellen slowly began to unbutton her blouse, but not before taking a large drink of her Jack and coke to give her courage.

After a larger than normal swig from the Jack and coke the buzz in her brain from the whiskey is more than a little acute. Actually, it is rather mind numbing making her feel both bold and reckless.

"I can close my eyes if you want." Jimmie offered tentatively as he watched her begin to undo her blouse with a greater sense of expectation that he should have been feeling.

"Ahh don't be silly honey. Just try not to be too grossed out when you see your mother's new bra and panties underneath," she told him in a flirtatious voice.

She was unbuttoning her blouse deliberately slow; conscious of her son's eyes on her chest. The fact he is watching her makes the whole act

seem almost surreal. She imagined she should feel some sense of shyness, but instead she felt only hope. Hope, that is, her son will like the new colorful bra she was wearing.

Just to fuel that hope she paused in undoing her blouse and took the largest gulp yet out of the large plastic cup containing the whiskey and coke. The buzz was instant. Incredible. She felt sexy. Invincible even, as he continues to watch her.

Ellen's new colorful bra was the direct result of her new best friend Mandy's persistent badgering. Mandy teased Ellen that white was not the only color bra available in her size. Nor was it a sin to wear bras and panties that actually were all prettied up with lace and ribbons and whatnot.

After months of resistance, Ellen finally took the advice to heart and today, as fate would have it, for the first time was wearing something a bit more sexy and daring than normal. Well she hoped it was sexy anyways as God knows her husband would never tell her so, but maybe Jimmie would she wondered?

As she leisurely continued to unbutton her blouse she thanked God for the copious amount of whiskey she had consumed. Being drunk made it much easier than she could have imagined to strip out of her clothes in front of her 18 year old son.

The whiskey was also taking its toll on Jimmie, who did not consume much alcohol as a rule. The two large swallows of the whiskey filled coke had went straight to his head and given him an instant buzz. If he

had been sober more than likely he would have made it a point to turn away as she took off her blouse, but he was not sober and he was not turning away.

He marveled yet again at the pure sexiness of his mom. He remembered how he earlier had stared at those nice legs of hers so aptly on display beneath the short dark skirt. Now watching her so very eagerly take off her blouse made staring at her legs earlier seem almost innocent.

"Honey are you sure seeing your mother in her bra and panties won't be like . . ." She paused in unbuttoning her blouse about halfway down, "I don't know maybe be totally gross for you?"

He answered slowly, choosing his bold words carefully. "Mom you are a beautiful woman who should be more concerned about the anticipation your young son is feeling in waiting to see you remove your blouse and reveal this new bra of yours. Doesn't that maybe creep you out?"

"Actually the truth is . . . it does wonders for my self-esteem knowing you are waiting so anxiously to see your mother getting undressed." She gave him a most mischievous smile at that point which only made him wonder if she was serious or not.

He said nothing in response only continuing to stare as she looked down at her blouse concentrating on undoing the large buttons. Jimmie suspected his mother was going slowly very much on purpose if for no other reason than create suspense.

Her blouse, unbuttoned all the way, but still in place enough to cover the much talked about new bra, left him feeling anxious and curious.

Instead of making a move to take it off she only leaned over towards him and peered at the gash in his forehead. "Hmm it appears to have almost stopped bleeding. Now we just need to get it cleaned out."

He caught the briefest glimpse of something colorful underneath the blouse and it only increased his anticipation. "Mom don't worry about my damn cut now. You are still shivering so you had bett-"

"I know, I know take off my wet blouse." She interrupted him with a playful smile. She paused letting the drama build before she got down to it and leisurely began to strip off her blouse. She sighed audibly thinking of how very wonderful it was her young son was so anxious to see his mother strip off her blouse.

He tried at first to look away. Tried to urgently maintain some kind of innocence between them but in the end his curiosity is simply too much. His eyes shifted over to her just as she peeled back her blouse revealing a beautiful turquoise colored bra with black trimming running alongside the tops of her bra cups.

His eyes drink in every lovely detail of his mom's beautiful new bra noting how the black trim ends in the middle of the soft valley between her tits making a lovely little black ribbon.

Ellen noticed how eagerly he stared at her chest which caused her heart to swell with a tawdry confidence in her own innate sex appeal. But still it would be nice to hear him say aloud something nice about her looks.

So Ellen decided to go fishing for a compliment anxious to find out if he would nibble. She looked at him evenly and said in a cool voice, "Well I guess the eager way you keep staring at your mother's chest must mean you like her new bra huh, sweetie?"

Jimmie understood that by now his mother was well on her way to being intoxicated and therefore highly emotional and awfully sensitive. The slightest little thing could send her off on an emotional crying jag. He must be careful to not bruise her fragile self-esteem at all costs. God knows his dad had done enough damage to her self-esteem to last a lifetime.

He measured his words carefully. "I hope you don't mind me staring Mom because honestly your bra looks really, really pretty on you and I guess that is why I was staring."

"Ahh sweetheart you really mean that?"

"Yes, seriously I do, Mom."

"I was so worried you would think I looked gross in it or something," she replied positively beaming from her son's praise.

Now before she loses her nerve she pushes forward with a bold and reckless plan that was beginning to take fruition in her heart.

She wadded her blouse into a loose ball and used it to dab a trickle of blood off his forehead. He winced at the pain of her blouse hitting his raw cuts.

"Sorry honey. Here you do it. Hold it in place as it is still bleeding just a little while I take off my skirt."

She slid off of the edge of the car seat from where she had been sitting next to him. She used the back side of the front seat for balance, gripping it with one hand, while she used the other to pull her skirt down and off.

Jimmie watched with rapt attention the unveiling of his mom's delicious ass. This time he does not even make a pretense of trying to look away as he knows it's hopeless.

He sees she is wearing a pair of pretty lace black panties. It only get better as she leaned forward over into the front seat placing her skirt there. His eyes zoom in on that delectable derrière of hers like a pair of twin laser beams.

He felt his cock growing hard in his jeans as he eyes maintained a bead on his mother's well shaped rear end. He gripped the blanket, thankful for its protective covering, tighter around his lower body in an attempt to cover his growing hardness.

Finally, after taking what seemed to be forever arranging her skirt in the front seat she turned back to him and asked, "Is it nice?"

"What . . . is what nice Mom?" He answered feigning innocence. How could she know he had been so intently staring at her ass when her back was turned to him?

"Why your mom's ass, of course, sweetheart. You were . . . ogling it . . . the whole time I was putting my skirt in the front seat, were you not?"

"Mom I was not . . ." His denial dies on his lips as she smiled and then tapped the rear view mirror. She whispered a single word- "Busted."

Of course, she saw him looking in the rear view mirror. How stupid of him! He turned a bright red embarrassed by this sudden turn of events against him.

"Oh, look he is blushing. How cute", she said with an unconcerned laugh.

The fact she did seem so wholly unconcerned that he had just been caught staring at her ass makes the experience all the more erotic. Jimmie said nothing in his defense, but instead tried to change the subject.

"I think it has stopped bleeding," he told her as he pulled her blouse away from his forehead.

"Let me see." She leaned in over him and examined the cut on his forehead. "I think you're right. It has stopped so let me get the ointment and clean this thing up a bit."

She grabbed the ointment out of the first aid kit and settled herself back down next to him making no attempt to hide her half naked body. "Now baby this is going to sting a bit. That cut is deep and nasty but we gotta get it cleaned out."

He nodded his head slowly distracted by her pretty bra and ultra-sexy panties.

"Here, straight from the bottle. It will help dull the pain sweetie." She handed him the bottle of whiskey obviously expecting him to take a big drink of it. Not wanting to disappoint her that is exactly what he does.

He winced once as the whiskey burned its way down his throat, before resting his head back against the seat ready for his mother to give him what he hoped was a whole lot of TLC.

What happened next was like a bit of heaven and hell for Jimmie. Hell because the pain was quite excruciating as his mother dabbed at the raw gash on his forehead. Heaven because while she tended to the wound she leaned over him so very close that he got an up close and personal view of her lovely bra along with the cleavage it exposed.

Finally, she was finished. She looked at him and smiled. "You were brave, barely saying a word hon."

"The whiskey did the trick I guess. It . . . you know dulled my senses, Mom."

"Well, I hope you can feel this." She was acting strictly on drunken impulse now as she leaned in and gave him a nice kiss on the lips.

"What was that for?" he asked while he squirmed in the seat. Between the kiss and seeing that racy bra up close and personal his cock was not exactly in a "relaxed" state of mind.

"For being so concerned about your mother that you were rushing back to the car and hurt yourself."

"Clumsy."

She shook her head no and stroked his cheek warmly. "No not clumsy . . . concerned. Then again you have always been concerned about my well-being haven't you?"

"Yes," he answered quietly liking where this was maybe heading.

"Just as I am about yours. Now that we got that nasty cut taken care of let's get you out of those wet pants and tucked under the blanket nice and warm."

She did not bother to wait for an answer. She reached down and pulled the protective blanket away and brazenly unbuckled his belt. She made quick work of his belt before immediately unzipping his jeans. He started to protest but she hushed him up quickly, "It is only fair James. After all, I am out of my wet clothes and in my underwear. Now you should be too."

He understood just how serious she was when she called him by his formal birth name. She yanked his jeans down slowly telling herself she would not look. She can't look. It would be wrong to look.

She looked anyways. Slyly, out of the corner of her eye, she beheld a most awesome sight. Her young son had a fantastically large bulge showing under his tight white briefs. As she pulled his pants down she took a second longer look as she pretended to be having a difficult time getting his pants off from around his ankles. Most assuredly he is hard. The very idea of this sent her heart racing.

The business of cleaning up his wounds finished they find themselves cuddled together, both under their own blankets, in the corner of the backseat. She was still shivering as he wrapped an arm around her and pulled her tight against him.

"So now that we are all alone and have a whole night to kill I wanna know why little Ms. Katie thought it was alright to break my baby's heart?"

"Mom stop being so dramatic. She dumped me that is all."

"I am drunk and when I am drunk I'm dramatic son. Get used to it. I can tell it's something bad as I sense a great sadness in your heart. Talk to me sweetheart."

He tried his level best to change the subject, but she was like a bulldog and simply would not let it go. She wanted to hear what was bothering him and that was final. Finally, he decided to break down and tell her a little bit of what happened.

"We were at a party the other night. Over at Johnny's house, his mom and dad were gone for the evening and there was like me and Katie and a couple other guys there with their girlfriends."

He paused while she added more Jack Daniels to the drink they were sharing. His eyes darted to her chest as the blanket has fallen away from her as she mixed the whiskey into the coke.

"I am listening," she told him before she handed him the large fountain drink now almost half filled with whiskey. They both took two quick drinks before he resumed his story.

Jimmies' eyes were glued to his mother's pretty little tits once she settled back down back next to him as amazingly enough she had not bothered to pull the blanket up far enough to cover her chest.

If she plans on showing off like this all night man you are in for a real treat, he thinks to himself trying to unglue his eyes from her chest.

He wondered if she was doing all this showing off on purpose or was it an accidental result of being drunk. Deciding it was best not to dwell on such matters he continued with his story.

"Anyway, we were downstairs just hanging out playing pool, listening to the stereo and then the lights got turned down."

"I am assuming the lights got turned down so you all could maybe start making out and messing around a bit huh. And I can imagine you were very much for this as that Katie is a pretty girl."

Jimmie made a face that his mother immediately picked up on. "What, you weren't really wanting to do this?"

"Oh, no, I mean I did, but me and Katie, well we had only been going out for a little bit and I . . . ahh . . ."

"You two had never really kissed before huh and now you would have to do it with other people around. I understand."

"Yeah, I guess that is it," he said nervously as he fiddled with the blanket.

Ellen has leaned back against the opposite corner of the backseat and has now, thankfully or to his disappointment, he is not sure which at this point, pulled her blanket back up covering her chest.

"And maybe, since Katie is older and I'm guessing, more experienced in such things that made it worse."

He sighed heavily, before he answered with a heartfelt, "Jeez I am such a wimp and how the hell do you know all this so perfectly?"

"Because I know you perfectly son and I guess you have never really made out with a girl before huh?"

"No, not really. You know I have always been super shy around girls. Plus a bit naive about sex."

"Yes, one of your many enduring traits hon."

"Yeah sure more like a curse if you ask me."

There was a long moment of silence as they both sipped on their whiskey powered cokes.

Breaking the silence he told her quietly, "There is more to it."

"So tell me. I can help. I promise." She gave him such a warm and understanding look that before he knew it he told her everything.

Told her how he had done his best to make out with Katie, but his lack of experience made him nervous and unsure of himself. Bottom line—Katie was less than impressed. Told her how when the whole ordeal was over and he was on his way home with the other guys they were all bragging about how they made out with their girls and much, much more. They teased Jimmie that he probably didn't even feel Katie up. He hadn't.

The next day at school Katie broke up with him. Then just today, before the call came to rescue his mom, he had been over her house, still helping her with her homework, and begging for a second chance when finally she told him to just leave her alone. Period. Exclamation point. Done.

"So now you feel like you are somehow less of a man because your friends were teasing you and Katie thinks you don't know how to kiss and you didn't try to even feel her up a bit."

"Yeah that pretty much sums it up Mom, I am a failure with girls."

"You are not a failure son, just ahh inexperienced and naive is all. Katie was your first real girlfriend right?" Ellen looked at her son with a most alluring smile before she added faintly, "Other than me of course."

She moved a bit closer after flashing her pretty smile to him while letting the blanket slide down her chest revealing once again that alluring bra to his hungry eyes.

"Yes, Mom she is . . . ahh I mean was now stop teasing me."

He tried not to stare too hard at his mom's chest while wishing to hell she was his girlfriend. He suddenly felt shame at such an appalling thought and turned away from her. He moved away- across the seat to the opposite corner- and stared out the window into the darkness.

"I am not teasing son. I am serious. I mean don't you remember how you used to think I was your girlfriend when you were little. God, you were so jealous of me."

"Yeah well, I ain't little anymore."

"Maybe it's not that, maybe it's just your mom is not girlfriend worthy anymore as she is now old and washed up."

"You ain't old." Jimmie stared glumly out the window. Talking about the whole ordeal with Katie has depressed the hell out of him.

"I'm 44," Ellen said simply. Sadly.

"So? You still look great," he half mumbled while still staring morosely out the window into the darkness.

She sensed his sadness as any good mother would have so she moved closer to him. Her heart was set on providing him comfort in his time of need. Emotional comfort for sure. Physical comfort—if she played her cards right. She just needed to steer the conversation in the right direction.

"Yeah right. I look so great and that is why you would rather stare out the damn window than look at me."

He glanced over at her quickly and seen she was making no attempt to hide the upper half of her body under the blanket. He swallowed hard unsure of what to do.

He turned away to gaze out the window again and then remembered that would only further upset her so he twisted his face back towards her. Her soft smile is disarming. The colorful bra tantalizing. The sexy panties dangerous.

She reached out and took one of his hands in hers and spoke tenderly, "So you did not get very far with Katie, so my guess is she put her tongue in your mouth and you did not respond well because you were inexperienced with that sorta of kissing. Maybe kinda of got nervous coz you did not know what to do."

"Mom!!"

"Shh let me finish. Maybe we can both help each other out. Right now my self-esteem is suffering greatly as my son finds a few stupid rocks and trees outside the window better to stare at than his half-dressed mother that he claims to find so beautiful."

"Mom I do-"

"Let me finish," she interrupted him gravely. There was a brief moment of silence as Ellen composed her thoughts.

"Listen baby, I know you are in pain from what happened. Let me take your pain away and at the same time maybe you can warm me up too in the process. Take a look at me hon, can't you see how cold I am."

He stared at the goose bumps that were forming up and down her bare arms, but more importantly he noted something else. The twin outlines of her extremely erect nipples were pressing invitingly up against her bra.

"Jesus Mom put the blanket back around you." He was making a real effort not to stare at her tits but it was a losing battle.

Despite his protests, Ellen made no attempt to hide herself under her blanket. Quite to the contrary, she left her blanket bundled up in the other corner of the backseat. He doesn't know what to say or why she left it there. It's like she wanted him to look at her half naked body.

Instead, she makes a startling revelation to him. "Yeah well I have a confession to make in that regards. The blanket no matter how tightly I wrap it around myself does not keep me nearly as warm as when I notice you staring at my chest hon. I . . . well that just sets my heart racing and warms me up so much."

There is a moment of silence between them while the raw sexual tension between them rose to an almost unbearable level before she leaned and whispered pleasantly in his ear, "Don't you want me to take away your pain while at the same time you will be warming me up?"

He shrugged his shoulders unsure of what to say. That was exactly the reaction she expected from him - uncertainty—and she was well prepared for it.

She used both hands to turn his face towards her and keep it in place. "I have a most wonderful suggestion of a rather nice way you can help warm your mother up hon."

She slipped under his blanket and nestled up close to him not waiting or needing a reply from him. She had a plan or maybe better yet a trap and was about to spring it on him.

She moves her mouth to his ear and begins to whisper tenderly to him. "It's a known fact that when someone is kissed by someone they really, really love it raises their body temperature and since I really, really do

love you Jimmie maybe you should try and give me a whole bunch of kisses until I'm all warmed up."

"Really Mom you want me to kiss you?"

"If I have to ask twice, I am going to be hurt sweetheart and since your heart needs mending from what that bitch Katie did to you I should be allowed to kiss you back. You know only a mother's kisses, soft and sweet, warm and loving, can truly heal a baby's broken heart." She whispered all this solemnly as she intently stared at him. He had no reason to doubt she is anything but serious.

He said nothing, instead he wrapped an arm around her and gave her two affectionate caresses of his lips upon each of cheeks in turn before shyly pulling back.

"Honey if you are going to start a fire inside of me you need to do better than that. Your kisses need to be . . ." She patiently brought one finger up to her lips and whispered a single word that set his heart on fire, "Here," she breathed so soundlessly that he felt he had fallen asleep maybe and was dreaming.

He sighed heavily while basking in the warmth of his mother's intense beauty so near to him. Her face is so close, her lips so near, that he found it impossible to stop what happened next.

Their lips came together. Slowly they kissed- soft and sweet at first- honeyed, delicate kisses that break off almost as soon as they start.

Their soft kisses, so full of caring kindhearted affectionate, are shared in an intense isolated silence that served only to augment the enflamed atmosphere.

The rain, for the moment, has stopped falling in this pristine alpine forest prison where they find themselves trapped by their desperate fiery adoration for one another. Their soothing, tender kisses soon give away to longer, deeper kisses.

Ellen remained in charge not letting her timid 18 year old son back away from her. She kissed him over and over again each kiss more aggressive, more affectionate, than the last.

Finally, she drew her mouth away. "Honey you are not such a bad kisser. You just need practice."

"Really?"

"Really, in fact I think you should let me show you how women really like to be kissed. Follow my lead sweetheart and then take over."

Her hands glided up to his face and brought it close. Their lips come together and they kissed- this time with no pretense of innocence. She let her tongue slip out and slowly, carefully swirled it around in his mouth. She felt him tense momentarily before he relaxed allowing the unthinkable to happen.

She pulled back and cooed, "Now. Let's try that again but this time don't tense up sweetie. Instead relax and enjoy my tongue in your mouth and then it's your turn. Kiss me like back leading with your tongue."

Their lips crash together once more as Jimmie was impatient to do exactly as his mother wanted. He felt her tongue slip into his mouth and this time welcomed it. As soon as she withdrew it he tentatively slipped his tongue out to return the favor finding her mouth to be warm and inviting. He also found his cock to be growing hard as they continue their little kissing 101 session.

The tension inside the backseat of the car becomes neigh unbearable as his restless hands skated all over her exposed tummy while she traced miniature circles with her fingernails on his bare chest.

Both of their hands desired more. Both wanted to go in opposite directions. Hers wanted to slip down and across his chest, past his stomach to the front of his briefs, maybe because the earlier sight of her son's large bulge still burned bright in her mind.

As for his hands, they badly wanted to skate upwards to the swell of his mother's breasts. To fondle them while feeling the silkily smoothness of that pretty turquoise bra would be a dream come true. But both of them showed restraint and kept their hands in a holding pattern if only for the moment.

They spent the next few minutes letting their tongues work their magic on each other before breaking off their kisses. She pulled back and beamed at him.

"You are a fast learner sweetheart," she says as she pulls the blanket back up covering her desirable chest.

"I c-can't believe we are kissing like that. I mean -"

Ellen promptly interrupts him as she does not want to go down the path of "what is right, what is wrong".

"Sweetheart don't dare say it's wrong. I bet the whole time we were kissing you didn't think of Katie one time. Am I right?"

He nodded his head in agreement. Katie, indeed, was nowhere near his thoughts for the first time since she had dumped him.

"And your kisses made me forget about the coldness in the car, but more important the coldness in my life. Your father has never made me feel desirable Jimmie and you just don't know how important that is to a woman, especially as she gets older."

"Mom you are desirable!!" he blurted out.

She leaned back slightly from him, letting the blanket drop away from her upper body. "Desirable enough where you may want to try and feel me up when we start kissing again."

Jimmie, at first anyways, was thunderstruck at his mom's suggestion, but then made a quick decision that she was simply teasing him a bit. Probably. So he decided to ignore her comment about wanting to feel her up and focus on the kissing comment only.

"What, so you want to kiss some more?" He replied shyly not believing she enjoyed it enough to want more.

"Don't you?"

"Yes."

"Kiss me and since," she paused dramatically before she continued. "You missed out on feeling up Katie, well I was thinking why not take a chance . . . and try to feel up your mother."

"Mom!!" Damnit stop teasing me. It ain't funny," he barked at her.

Ellen looked at her son seriously. "Mom is not teasing baby. Those demons will bother you for some time unless you exorcise them tonight here and now with me. You know maybe it was not all your fault. Maybe Ms. Katie was simply not aggressive enough with you. Not a problem I will have."

Jimmie said nothing. He swallowed hard. He continued to stare at her chest fixedly. His dick was stiffer than it had ever been in his life.

When he does not respond Ellen, the whiskey making her feel so carefree and flirtatious, figured what the hell, let's see just how far I can tease him before he snaps.

"Well you were so desperate to get your mom's blouse off of her so I can't imagine you . . ." She tilted her head at him seductively while at the same time she pushed her chest out towards him. She prayed he took the bait. "Not wanting to feel me up a bit."

"Mom, it was your idea to take your blouse off," he retorted going on the defensive while conveniently forgetting that it was his idea that she should take her blouse off.

"Hmm well yeah that is not the way I remember it, but regardless ever since I've had it off I have noticed the shy little subtle glances you have been casting towards my chest, which only leads me to believe you were not lying when you told me earlier how pretty, real pretty that is, your mother's new bra looked on her."

"I wasn't lying, it is pretty Mom."

She decided to go for broke. She looked at him deep in the eyes and said warmly, "So aren't you just a little curious to find out if your mother's new bra feels as good as it looks."

She was glad when he didn't answer, but instead just sat there and fidgeted nervously. She liked the feeling of being in control and calling the shots. She reached out and stroked the side of his face before she took his hands into hers.

She carefully guided his hands upwards- off of her lap- and onto the smooth plain of her bare tummy.

"I am curious a-about that but . . . w-would you let me do that Mommy?"

He called her "Mommy" by accident as it just sort of slipped out. It's like he had slipped back into a time when she was the all-powerful queen and ruler of his world and he always called her "Mommy" with such sweet reverence.

That simple word and its meaning was not lost on Ellen. She jumped on it, meaning to use it for all it's worth. She sensed he too has fallen under the same lecherous magic spell that has taken her heart away and made it hunger for what a mother should not hunger for.

Ellen fully planned on capitalizing on that simple word while introducing the theme she hoped it would produce between them. A theme of purity, innocence and beauty that exists between mother and son transported into the wicked environment of what was happening in the back seat of this old battered Cadillac. She sensed the underlying theme of innocence especially shall appeal to her heart-broken son.

"Of course baby. But only if you tell me . . ." She paused before beginning to guide his hands upwards before introducing this new theme. "Mommy will be the first."

"The first?"

The muted tapping of rain that fell mild and gentle upon the car's roof created a mesmerizing effect. In the darkness of the backseat this effect seemed in direct contrast to the otherwise corrupt atmosphere slowly building between mother and son.

"That mine will be the first breasts you ever explored. It would just melt my heart sweetheart to know that my breasts will be the first those sweet virgin hands of yours have ever touched, have ever fondled."

He is beginning to suspect that he has opened some new door when he called her "Mommy" by accident just a moment ago. It looked as though she relished thinking of him as her adorable baby boy.

"This could work to my advantage," Jimmie pondered. He was not at all thinking like an innocent baby but scheming like an adult as he lowered the tone of his voice while trying to make it sound as cute and childlike as possible.

"Y-yes they would be Mom-Mommy."

She steered his hands up to a few inches below the gentle rise of her tits before stopping. She said nothing for a moment letting the unbearable sexual tension that had been gradually building all night rise even more.

"Really wow. I feel so special."

"Well you should because you are special Mommy." Jimmie again swallowed hard; his self-effacing nervousness is offset by the growing hardness inside his briefs.

"You have been dreaming of touching them all night huh. Tell Mommy you have been please little boy." Her voice was so pleading, so soft and sugary, yet with a desperation that he found heart-warming.

Just as he heard the impatient imploring in his mother's voice it dawned on him what maybe she was doing. By referring to herself as "Mommy" and him as "baby" or "sweetie" or most especially "little boy" she was trying to maintain a semblance of innocence between them. Probably so she won't feel so guilty about what is happening.

If he didn't understand the game she was playing fully before he certainly understood it now. He decided it would very much be to his benefit to "play along" with this not so innocent little fantasy she had created in her mind.

He dove in head first. "Mommy I, yes I mean I h-have been dreaming of playing with your boobies for so long." His hands crept slowly upward and then pause.

"Oh really," Ellen answered with a bemused little smile on her face. She was truly ready to go all in now on the fantasy she had created for them.

"So that means you are going to be a brave and see if Mommy's bra feels as nice as it looks?"

"Oh, can I please Mommy?" He gazed tenderly into her face trying to appear as adorable as possible sure this was what she wanted.

"Of course, sweetheart you know Mommy never, ever can deny her adorable little boy anything he wants." She quickly decided that while the sweet and innocent theme is nice he needed a reminder, every now and then anyways, that he is a grown man so she looked at him seriously and said, "Of course my little boy is . . ."

She carefully pulled back the blanket that was covering the lower half of his body. Her breath catches in her throat as her son is sporting an extremely rather large bulge under his white briefs. It was quite large enough where it literally takes her breath away.

"Jesus, not so little anymore, but big and strong and quite hard it appears," she finished while she stared pointedly at his crotch.

Jimmie's hands, emboldened by this glowing compliment, felt confident like a man's, yet still innocent much like new born baby exploring things for the first time, move unflinchingly upwards towards the mild ascent of her petite boobs so enticingly clad under that tantalizing turquoise bra of hers. He began to explore them slowly, carefully through the maddening plush material of her bra.

"Oh, that is it, baby." She murmured as she rested her head back against the seat. "Do they feel nice?"

"Y-yes Mommy," he pants barely able to believe this fantastic fantasy was actually happening.

Jimmy continued to rub his hands all over her bra experiencing the feel of her heavenly boobs underneath to his heart's contents. Finally, Ellen let out a mild sigh and pulled him into her arms. They exchanged a pair of slow and easy kisses that soon turned into several long hot sizzling kisses that made their earlier make out session seem innocent in comparison.

Sometime during the kiss, she noticed Jimmy becoming brave and reaching out with his hands to explore her tits once more. Breaking the kiss off she senses it's time to advance their game to the next level.

She swung one leg over and positioned herself where she was straddling him. He required no prompting this time as he eagerly used both hands to attack her breasts with untamed vigor.

She let him play with her boobies for a bit before she whispered, honey dripping from her tender voice, "Do you wanna see them baby?"

"Y-yes." His voice came out in a hoarse whisper full of a terrible craving to finally see his mom's bare tits.

"Will mine be the first you have ever seen, other than in a movie or pictures of course."

"Yes," he answered truthfully, his voice barely rising above a whisper.

She looked at him with a sly smile as she leaned closer. "Go ahead then and unhook your Mommy's bra sweetheart."

His hands moved around to her back while his heart trip-hammered inside his chest as his fingers commenced a fumbling, bumbling attack upon the intricate hook and eye closure. He tried to undo it, but the elaborate hooks befuddle his novice fingers.

Ellen sensed her son's growing frustration and came to his rescue. "Here sit back and let Mommy do it, baby," she whispered using one hand to push him back against the seat.

His hands fell away as his poor heart continued to pound away inside his chest. He finds it fantastic the very first bare boobs he will ever set eyes upon will be his mother's.

He watched with rapt attention as she reached back and undid her bra with little effort and then slipped it down tantalizing slow off of her breasts revealing inch by inch the heaven underneath.

She tilted her head to one side and in a honeyed maternal voice sighed, "Do you like them, sweetheart."

"Oh, God yes, Mommy they are so . . ." His voice caught in his throat momentarily before he could finish. "Beautiful."

She took his hands up and guided them to her breasts. "I'm so glad you like them, sweetie. Now that Mommy's bra is not in the way you can really play with them huh baby?"

His hands provided the answer as they eagerly fondled her breasts. Like a novice explorer in a new land sampling forbidden treasures he took his time investigating every inch of her luscious little boobs. He especially enjoyed how when he flickered his fingers over her fully erect nipples she would let out a subdued moan so he decided to concentrate his efforts there.

His hands and fingers lightly brushed over the entire surface area of her breasts. He traced lines and patterns near her nipples coming ever so close before backing away. Finally figuring that he had teased her enough he slowly scraped his fingernails over her stiff nipples sending shock waves of pleasure throughout her body.

He was delighted much like a baby playing with a new toy would be to witness this amazing new thing of how her nipples snap to attention whenever he flickered his fingers lightly across them.

Jimmie boldly explored his mom's nipples to his heart's content. He traced his fingers slowly over each one before using his thumbs to brush her rigid nipples back and forth several times. This elicited a quiet moan from her. By the third time he has done this she was squirming in his lap losing control.

Her eyes opened as she raised her head up and grabbed his hands yanking them away. Surprised, he wondered if he did something wrong.

"You have been teasing Mommy for too long. Jesus, you need to give me more!"

Her voice was low and husky with desire. "Now suck on them!!" she demanded harshly, before she tempered her voice to a hot-blooded murmur, "Please sweetheart suck on your Mommy's boobies."

She placed one hand behind his head and guided his face to her tits. His lips were mere inches away from her nipples. He is so close he can see every contour of her beautiful little breasts topped by her ripe nipples.

Instead of diving right in, he paused to lick his lips in anticipation of doing the unthinkable. This caused the impatient Ellen to plead with him.

"Come on love. Please suck on Mommy's tits. Please, baby. I want you to sooo sooo bad," she implored him. Her voice was deep and throaty with raw untamed longing.

Jimmy, inexperienced as he may have been, possessed an innate sense of just what to do to turn his mother on. He began by kissing every inch of her tits slowly. His lips moved cautiously not wanting to miss even one inch of her delicate little breasts which only served to drive Ellen crazy with a carnal lust that bordered on insanity.

His lips were lingering everywhere while staying nowhere all at once. He took his sweet time and showered the entirety of her breasts with tender loving kisses and deliciously tantalizing flicks of his tongue while being sure to avoid her lush nipples altogether.

Jimmie somehow knew that it was her nipples more than anything that she wanted him to suck on. Tentatively, after he observed his mother's increasingly desperate moans and the way she squirmed in his lap, he lowered his lips to one of her fully erect nipples and flashed his tongue lightly across it.

Ellen let out a loud moan and begged for more. "That's it baby suck on Mommy's tits. Please."

Very much pleased with himself, Jimmie pulled on his mom's nipples, one after the other, with his lips after he flicked his tongue over them each nice and slow. He increased the speed of his flickering tongue which only caused Ellen to writhe with unabashed wicked delight before she whimpered louder than ever.

Jimmie, warmed to the task at hand, experimented with wrapping his tongue around first one and then the other of her nipples trying different things, at different speeds with the sole purpose of seeing just how loud he can get her to moan. He was soon rewarded as first she pleaded for more, then begged for more, before finally she demanded more.

Ellen arched her back and tried frantically to force her pint-sized tits deeper into his warm wet mouth, "Stop teasing Mommy and suck on them baby, pleeeeeeeeeeease."

Jimmie responded to his mom's pleas and captured first one, and then the other, of her breasts in his mouth. He slurped at them sloppily as if his very life depended on it. His mouth flew back and forth between the modest peaks of these most delightful little cupcakes. He bathed each of her splendidly large nipples with his tongue before he opened his mouth wide and suckled on each one in turn.

Ellen bucked her hips in a wild frenzy of uncontrollable passion. She can feel her son's hardness poking at her through his briefs. The simple idea that she has made him so very hard has sent her into a frenzied state of mad hunger. It is a wild craving of that which a mother should never have for her natural born son yet there it was in spades.

Simply unable to control herself any longer, she slipped off his lap and onto her knees. She clawed at his tight white underwear. Her eyes never left that large bulge as she uncovered his manhood. Like a ferocious tiger freed from his cage his robust six and a half inches of hard cock springs out.

"Close your eyes hon and let Mommy make you feel so good."

He obeyed. He shut his eyes and leaned his head back. The last thing he remembered before he died and went to heaven was his mother on her knees licking her lips greedily while she stared at the tremendous erection he was sporting.

It seemed almost too far out to believe that this old Cadillac that he has ridden in literally hundreds of times as a young boy would be the scene of his very first blow job. The fact it was his mother on her knees getting ready to eagerly swallow his cock made the scene all the more surreal.

Ellen looked down at her son's jutting rigid cock and ran her tongue over her lips in wanton anticipation of what she was about to do. A virtual storm of lustful zeal to have that cock in her mouth overtook her restless lecherous heart. She stared at his cock- wanting to burn the memory in her soul forever- before she did the most inconceivable, the most immoral, and the most depraved thing of an otherwise rather dull and boring life.

Ellen took her son's cock deep into her mouth and swallowed it whole. Jimmie sighed. A sigh of exquisite pleasure. His mother's warm moist lips, her flickering, darting tongue, combined to give him such blissful gratification that he truly felt he had died and went to heaven.

He twisted his fingers in her beautiful hair and began to push her head up and down as she sucked his cock as eagerly as the cheapest five dollar whore might well have done. Ellen sensed he was close to exploding already, not really a surprise considering how young and inexperienced with sex her son was.

She broke contact, letting that glorious hard member escape her lips just long enough for her to look up at him and whisper sweetly, "Baby you can cum in Mommy's mouth if you want."

"Arghh," Jimmie muttered an unintelligible response as the power of even simple speech evaded him. He was too far gone on this new drug that was his mother's mouth sucking on his throbbing cock.

She smiled to herself knowing he was about ready to burst. She lowered her mouth back onto that hard cock ready to accept his love. As a coup de grace she brought one hand up to cup his balls as she slowly circled the head of his trembling cock with her wet and wicked tongue.

She expertly flickered her tongue slowly across the sensitive underside of his shaft before dropping to the base and gradually licking, kissing and nibbling her way to the top. She gently massaged his balls as she

attacked his cock with delicious delicate licks and nibbles of her tongue and lips.

Jimmie squirmed something awful ready to erupt. She suddenly wanted very much to watch him cum; wanted to see the volcanic explosion of cum burst forth from his big hard cock. She pulled up at the very last second just as he let out a long mournful moan of "Oh God Mommy I am going to cum."

She used one hand, while still jiggling his balls delicately in her other hand, to swiftly stroke his cock up and down faster and faster until he does, indeed, erupt. The sticky white sperm surged out of his cock much to her satisfaction. She gave him a small smile before she leaned down and licked the mess clean with her tongue.

Their lust momentarily sated mother and son cuddled under the blanket after Ellen took a large drink of whiskey and coke to get the taste of his cum out of her mouth, but moreover to keep whatever guilt that might be starting to creep up on her at bay.

They spent a few minutes in silence just enjoying the closeness of their warm bodies pressed together against the icy chill of the night. Jimmie started to say something, started to apologize maybe, but she shushed him up with a kiss, along with a quiet, "I love you more now than you can ever understand honey."

Not wanting to press his luck he snuggled her body closer to him secretly thrilled she has not bothered to put her bra back on. He loved

the feel of her supple naked tits against his bare chest as they cuddled under the blanket.

They are waiting for what must come next. She is allowing him to rest and recoup knowing that he is both young and strong so it should not take too terribly long.

A desperate growing need was building inside of her. A need that only continued to develop as they huddled under the blankets exchanging deeply heartfelt and genuine endearments of their unquenchable love for each other.

By this time, her need was both simple and direct- nothing less than having that big, hard cock of her son's inside of her -will suffice to satisfy Ellen.

It started with a kiss. Soft yet suggestive. Maybe 25 minutes had elapsed. The kisses grew longer. This time Jimmie needed no encouragement to shove his tongue into her mouth or to fondle her breasts. He does both very willing and very aggressively much to his mother's slightly amused surprise. He is no longer playing the role of the bashful little boy which is just fine with her.

Their tongues intertwine as he flicked his fingers across her breasts making her nipples snap to attention. She guided his hand down inside her panties whispering to him about how wet he was making her.

Jimmie, with her help, pushed first one finger, and then two, up into his mother curiously exploring the spot where his life started 18 years ago. His mouth fell to her breasts. No need for begging this time on Ellen's part as her son eagerly attacked those lovely little tits with reckless abandon while he continued to shove his fingers faster and deeper up and inside her dripping wet pussy.

Ellen's moans grow deeper and more desperate by the minute. His mouth on her tits, his fingers up and inside of her was creating a fierce tempest of animalistic sexual cravings deep inside her heart and soul.

She simply cannot take it anymore. She pushed him back and away from her as a prelude to the final and most forbidden act of this little drama that was unfolding in the backseat of her car. She saw with utter joy his cock is fully recovered. It is jugged upwards- hard and proud- ready to be mounted.

She rubbed her wet opening against his hardness after she straddled him for the second time on this fateful night. He liked the way her silky smooth black panties felt being rubbed on his cock.

He closed his eyes as he wrapped his lips around one of her ripe hardened nipples. He was so very close to losing his virginity now that he was actually trembling with anticipation. His mom's wet opening hung just barely inches above his fully erect cock just waiting to be filled.

"Mother needs you sweetheart. Inside of her now. Are you ready for me to take your virginity?"

"God, yes Mom. I want you so bad," he replied his voice rough with passion.

She reached down and pulled aside her black panties. They stared deeply into each eyes both knowing the moment of ultimate truth was at hand. She was about ready to take her son's virginity.

She carefully lowered herself onto his throbbing erection. She let out a deep hiss as she felt his nearly seven inches of manhood pierce her.

"OHH GOD! Honey you feel so good."

She admonished him to go slow and easy. She wanted someone to make love to her, real love, for the first time in forever. Ever the obedient son, he did her bidding, actually letting her do most of the work as she rocked slowly up and down on him while they leaned forward and exchanged several mushy kisses during this opening act of lovemaking.

Jimmie had always been worried about his first time. He was insecure, unsure of himself, almost afraid of the act itself. Simply, he was afraid he would get it all wrong. In short, he was a mess of insecurities when he thought about doing it for the first time, but with his mother, his beautiful sweet mother to guide him through this most wonderful, most special act, his insecurities all but melted away under their red hot passion for one another.

The second act is coming fast. Ellen rides her son's cock harder and faster; she encouraged Jimmie to fondle her tits, while she bounced up and down on son's glorious rigid cock. Jimmie picked up the pace. He rammed his hips up and forward with a fierce intensity that had Ellen groaning with pleasure.

She responded by wrapping her arms around his neck and initiating a long and intense kiss that broke off into a breathless series of little fond kisses intermingled with panting, breathless exclamations of love.

Rarely are two people when they make love so totally in sync with one another. Mother and son, joined together in the naughtiest of fashions, seem to have melded into one living breathing entity. Their minds, bodies and souls are strictly, totally in tune with one another. They are making love like an orchestra makes harmonious music — soft, soothing and sexy.

Watching her bounce up and down on his hard cock was so intensely erotic that Jimmie had to bite his lip from coming right there. She appeared totally lost in a world of pleasure- her head back, eyes shut, diminutive tits shaking, her breath coming in short frantic gasps. All the while she moaned lovable little terms of endearments to him in a deep throaty voice that barely qualified as a whisper.

"Baby you feel so good inside me. I want us to come together darling." She bounded up and down on his cock faster and faster as they sprinted towards the finish line.

Sensing a mighty orgasm approaching, Ellen slowed down to a gentler pace. She did not want to leave Jimmie behind.

"Come inside your mother, honey." She begged again and again. Jimmie was too lost in a world of pleasure to respond with any intelligent words other than with the simplest of exclamations of love.

"I love you so much Mom," he whispered. Their eyes find each other all full of love and lust. "I am near, Oh God! I think I am. . . ." His words become lost as she leaned forward and crushed her mouth against his for one final intense kiss.

She fell back quickly the climax upon her. She lolled her head back and rocked harder and harder up and down on him. Again Jimmie cried out as the intense orgasm building inside of him was nearing the tipping point. He was shaking all over as he cried out in fiery anguish, "Mommy I love you!!"

Knowing it is the grand finale of this intense drama, Ellen pistons her slim trim body up and down on his cock wanting to match his orgasm. Amazingly enough, she managed to do just that. She collapsed into his arms, riding the colossal wave fueled by the most intense climax she had ever experienced.

It was a mere moment in time for the both of them, but what a glorious perfect moment it was. They have managed to perform that rarest of feats-the simultaneous orgasm. What a perfect ending to their little drama.

They are both left shaking and clinging to each other as they tried to recover from that monumental peak they just achieved. Ultimately, she mustered the power to climb off of him and wrap herself in the blanket.

Tears of joy flow freely from her. Almost like the curtain falling at the end of a play, the rain had stopped. It was deathly silent in the car. Mother and son huddle tightly under their blankets. Neither said a word. None were needed such was their love for each other now confirmed in the most forbidden way possible.

They fell gently asleep in each other arms to await the dawn and the start of their new life together. A new and exciting life that holds the promise of many erotic adventures between mother and son.